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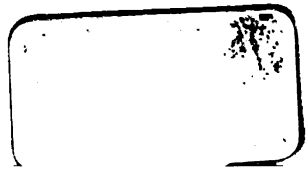

THE CASQUET

OF

LITERATURE.

BLACKIE & SON, LONDON, GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

THE CASQUET OF LITERATURE

CHILDHOOD

LONDON
BLACKIE & SON PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS
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THE CASQUET

OF

LITERATURE:

BEING

A SELECTION IN POETRY AND PROSE

FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRED AUTHORS.

EDITED,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES,

By CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

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THE CASQUET.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TILL.

[Douglas Jerrold, born in London, 3d January, 1803; died at Kilburn, London, 8th June, 1857. Midshipman, printer, dramatist, journalist, novelist, essayist, humourist—and potent in all the many parts he played. His success was won by dint of hard honest work; his end came in the sunshine of success. He was noted for saying "sharp things:" he should also have been noted for saying them only when falsehood of some sort or other called them forth. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*, in which the *Caudle Lectures* and other popular sketches first appeared. It was as a dramatist and humourist that he was best known; but it was the productions of his more serious moods which exhibited his best powers, whilst they showed his earnest sympathy with all who struggled and hoped, and his love of rural life. This is most apparent in the *Chronicles of Clovernook*, which, according to his son—Mr. Blanchard Jerrold—was his pet work. "The *Chronicles* are a fragment of what it was originally intended by the author they should be;" says Mr. B. Jerrold in his interesting preface to the admirable edition of his father's works issued by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans and Co.; "but the fragment, it was his belief, had a better chance of reaching the hands of future generations, than the rest of his works. All the qualities of his genius shine their brightest here. The study of benignant nature is rich and rare. The 'Legends' have purposes in them, from which the author, being in downright earnest with the world, could never long wean his fancy." The following "Tragedy of the Till" is one of the legends, told by that most delightful of modern Friar Tucks, "The Hermit of Bellyfulle." The book is full of quaint fancies, and presents a world in which the wrongs of our world are humorously set right.[1]]

"IT is a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the tricksiness of an extravagant spirit; and some, perchance, may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir.

"There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London, a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and store-house by half the neighbourhood. All the creature-comforts of the poor—from bread to that questionable superfluity, small-beer—were sold by Isaac. Strange it was, that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts, and of all shopkeepers, was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the Mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash, who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No, a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash, but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the by-ways and short-cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in his house to pay the undertaker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow; he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to anybody—he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single

[1] The chief dramatic works of Douglas Jerrold are: *Black-eyed Susan; The Rent day; Nell Gwynne; Time Works Wonders; the Bubbles of the Day; the Prisoner of War; the Cat's Paw*, &c. His miscellaneous works are: *Cakes and Ale; Men of Character; Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures; Punch's Letters to his Son; The Man Made of Money; Story of a Feather; St. Giles and St. James; Chronicles of Clovernook*, &c.

herring to a debtor's score; no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little girl sent to the shop by the rejected mother,—'he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.'

"Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called nature, though in his dim, close shop, he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless, he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—'they threw,' he said, 'such a nice light about the place.' A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthuses, and, won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit. The man with wall-flowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. 'If we can't go to nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring nature to us?' Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house, the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of nature for the darkened dwellers, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit—"to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny-roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlaboured and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapour over him;—it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth beside food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit.

"Most certainly," we answered; "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise."

"Why, sir," said the Hermit benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances—touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odours cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him, and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—the poor housewife pays for root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge."

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. "But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman, Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money with a fine independence of the state, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea, as Pugwash believed of statute gold, was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamoured and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think you Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjurer, who in a neighbouring attic was a sideral go-between to the neighbourhood—a vender of intelligence from the stars to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabout of the felon coiner, and—the thought was anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife—the knave would be law-throttled.

"With sad indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjurer called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quack-salvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables, heavy as bullets, upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocuspocus of twelvepenny magicians was

scorned by Lotus. There was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits: on the contrary, perhaps, the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman, at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge, that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek coloured like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjurer. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon —the vulgar catch-pennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea; could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' said Lotus, smiling, 'of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state—but let me look at your tongue.' Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. 'Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this—we must cure you of the disease.'

"'Disease!' cried Pugwash. 'Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.'

"'Ha! my poor man,' said Lotus, 'it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on, quietly breaking us up, ourselves knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll, when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone, and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon.'

"'God bless me!' cried Pugwash.

"'A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you! for consider, my poor soul,' said Lotus in a compassionate voice, 'in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.'

"'I have not a sharp eye for money,' said Pugwash modestly. 'It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift.'

"'A sharp eye! An eye of horn,' said Lotus. 'Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have, in the profundity of their wisdom, made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic; whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put, as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer, or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—incapably mad.'

"'I'm not so bad as that,' said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"'Don't say how you are—it's presumption in any man,' cried Lotus. 'Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you, if you'll give attention to my remedy.'

"'I'll give my whole soul to it,' exclaimed Pugwash.

"'Very good, very good; I like your earnestness, but I don't want all your soul,' said Father Lotus, smiling—'I want only part of it: that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger. Ay, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now, then, for examination. Now, to have a good stare at this soul of yours.' Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee, for he had been patting her all the time he talked, and turned full round upon Pugwash. 'Turn out your breeches' pockets,' said Lotus; and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. 'So!' cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown holland whereof they were made —'very bad, indeed; very bad; never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.'

"Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjurer: he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eyeing

the brown holland, 'I can see it all; a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried; 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches' pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"'Well, but, Father Lotus,'——

"'Peace,' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of your's cured?'

"'If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbours. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"'Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"'I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard very nervously.

"'I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small-beer to'——

"'Silence!' cried Father Lotus; 'don't offend philosophy by thus bragging of your follies. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul: nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said—for the wizard began to awe him—'I'm very much obliged to you.'

"'Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"'A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"'A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brick-dust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes, when the sun shines, and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However—patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude.—And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"'God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"'Well,' said the conjurer, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"'Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash, with a smile, and reverently putting the volume in his pocket—(the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased)—he descended the garret stairs of the conjurer.

"On the morning of the eighth day Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"'How do you feel now?' asked the conjurer with a knowing look.

"I haven't opened the book—'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"'I know that,' said Lotus; 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly coloured; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. 'Well, the book has worked,' said the conjurer, 'I have it.'

"'Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"'Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added, gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"'Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is, as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? How is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like any body else?'

"'Ha!' said Lotus, 'that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, ay, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession; bless you,' and the conjurer laughed maliciously, 'it's a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em.'

"'Well,' said Pugwash, 'if it's true that you have, indeed, my soul, I should like to have a look at it.'

"'In good time,' said the conjurer; 'I'll bring it to your house, and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you; 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal.'

"'And what am I to do all the time without it?' asked Pugwash, in a tone of banter. 'Come,' said he, still jesting, 'if you really have my soul, what's it like—what's its colour; if indeed souls have colours?'

"'Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands,' said the wizard; 'but 'tis changing daily. More; it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.'

"'And pray, good father—for the matter has till now escaped me—what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?'

"'Nothing,' answered Lotus, 'nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labour. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh, no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.'

"After further talk Pugwash departed, the conjurer promising to bring him home his soul at midnight, that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that, in very truth, he went through the labours of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more; he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields: and then for flowers and plants, why, Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls, than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity, that made him seek the conjurer.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjurer. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"'Have you brought it?' asked Pugwash.

"'Or wherefore should I come?' said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"'The till!' cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"'Speak not irreverently,' said the conjurer, 'but show a light.'

"'May I live for ever in darkness if I do!' cried Pugwash.

"'It is no matter,' said the conjurer: and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"'How did it get there?' cried Pugwash in amazement.

"'Through the slit in the counter,' said the conjurer; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjurer had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life he felt himself ill at ease, left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor, upon a crown-piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's—'How are you? *I* am comfortable.' It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark-naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash; 'as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the till: it was to him such a counsellor, and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish: if a poor woman—an old customer it might be—begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter, than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the colour of money, and capering, and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropped—dropped in. In time, the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after, he sent his soul to his banker's—the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," said we, "the man flourished, and the conjurer took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For

some time it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old, very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king; but he died, shrieking in his madness, to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; "such the Tragedy of the Till? A strange romance."

"Romance," said the Sage of Bellyfulle; "sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their souls in a Till?"

THE TRAVELLER;

OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

[Oliver Goldsmith, born at Pallas, Leinster, Ireland, 10th November, 1728; died in London, 4th April, 1774. The pathetic and yet amusing narrative of his early years is well known; his wanderings at home and on the Continent, his misfortunes and final settlement in London, are familiar to most readers. Of his works there is only one opinion: his histories are full of errors in the statement of facts; but are models of English composition; his imaginative works—poems, comedies, and novels—are classics. Lately, *The Traveller*, like other important productions of his genius, we fear, has been more talked about than read, and therefore we reproduce it here. "*The Traveller*," wrote Sir S. Egerton Brydges, "is indeed a very finished and a very noble poem. The sentiments are always interesting, generally just, and often new; the imagery is elegant, picturesque, and occasionally sublime; the language is nervous, highly finished, and full of harmony."]

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale!
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest'd.

But, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks, where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contami: a'e the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteor's glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtue's o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcon's cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,[1]
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown,[2] and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

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[1] This line is said in Croker's *Boswell* to have been written by Dr. Johnson, as were also the last ten lines of the poem, with the exception of the last couplet but one.

[2] Referring to the torture of a red hot iron crown fixed round the head of a rebel in Hungary.

"HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD."

In the ancient city of Dort, or Dordrecht, in South Holland, on the banks of a canal, dwelt, where his father and grandfather resided before him, Jan Dirk Peereboom. By trade he was a timber-merchant, and was the purchaser of large rafts which were brought down the Rhine for sale, and there broken up; and as there were many saw-mills in Dort, and ship-building forming a large branch of its industry, Jan Dirk Peereboom was a thriving man. He prided himself considerably in being an inhabitant of the same city which gave birth to Gerard Vessius and the brothers De Witt. But Jan Dirk Peereboom lacked somewhat of the usual Dutch prudence in his marriage, for instead of entering into the blessed state of wedlock with the daughter of a neighbouring merchant, where the interests of trade could have also been united, he made an alliance that much disturbed the consciences of his relatives, who were lineal descendants of those excellent and learned worthies who translated the Bible into the Dutch language, John Bogerman, William Baudart, and Gerson Bucer. The alliance into which Jan Dirk Peereboom entered was caused by the timber-merchant, when on a visit to Amsterdam, becoming fascinated with the charms of Madame Coralie Comifo, a principal *danseuse* of the theatre, and who was in high vogue at the period in the principal city of Holland.

She was a widow; and the cause of her becoming so had created considerable interest amongst the frequenters of the opera; for Monsieur Comifo, getting rich and corpulent on an extravagant salary, was representing Zephyr in a newly imported ballet from Paris, and in which he had to fly lightly through the air; this aerial feat was to be accomplished by the means of wires which were affixed to a sort of pair of stays which were laced round the body of the fat Zephyr, and by which he was to be guided in various directions across the stage. But Monsieur Comifo forgetting his weight, and only thinking of his consequence, insisted on performing this principal part. He got safely through the rehearsals, but alas! on the first night of the representation, as he was most gracefully floating through the scenic air, the wires suddenly snapped, and, piteous to relate, down came Zephyr with such force, that he effectually made his way plump through the stage of the Amsterdam theatre, which, from the peculiar construction of that aquatic city, could not boast of the convenience of a *mezzanità* floor: so poor Monsieur Comifo unfortunately fell into the muddy water, on a level with the canals, and surrounded by the huge piles on which the edifice was erected. Before efficient aid could be obtained, for Dutch stage-carpenters are habitually slow, Zephyr was drowned. This proved a considerable damper to the performance of the evening; and some practical economists amongst the spectators, with a proper and exact feeling of commercial arrangement, went and demanded back the price of admission from the money-taker, as the manager of the theatre had made a breach of his contract. This being refused, the proceeding opened the door to several petty lawsuits, and the case being a novel one, and quite without precedent, the aforesaid *suits*, which at first were so small that they would barely fit anybody, became gradually enlarged, until they completely enveloped the persons of the fattest and wealthiest burgomasters.

We will not dwell on this painful subject, but skip over a six months' widowhood, when the still charming Madame Coralie was enabled again to skip over the stage with her customary grace and elasticity.

It was about this time that Jan Dirk Peereboom arrived in Amsterdam on business, and having partaken of a plenteous dinner, and indulged in exciting potations, resolved to finish his day's amusement by a visit to the theatre. But oh! when he saw the celebrated Coralie voluptuously dressed—he stared—he was breathless—he fell over head and ears in love with her.

The love of a Dutchman is not of so ardent a nature as his own Geneva; he usually takes it "cold without," but in the instance of Jan Dirk Peereboom it was like igniting a cask of spirits—he was all in a blaze; he endeavoured to smoke off his passion, but in vain; the more pipes he smoked, the more enamoured he grew, he neglected all his timber concerns.

"Adieu, for him.
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give."

We have quoted the above lines from *Acheinside* to give a proper notion of the condition of Jan Dirk Peereboom.

The friends at Dort could not divine what had come to him, or what detained him so long at Amsterdam. Jan Dirk now thought, that as he had observed that perseverance and

money can carry everything in the world before them, that he would try their effect. He accordingly obtained an introduction to Madame Coralie Comifo, where he made himself as agreeable as he could, but that was not very sprightly; by his looks and manner he soon discovered to the cunning Frenchwoman that he was her devoted slave. She acted her part to admiration, giving him no encouragement, but at the same time, apparently unconsciously, displaying in a hundred little ways the charms that had captivated him.

Jan Dirk could no longer endure to exist without the fair widow, so he abruptly told her the amount of his fortune, and that, if she refused to accept him for her mate, he would inevitably drown himself in the deepest and muddiest canal.

Now Coralie had a tender heart: she had already lost one lover by drowning (poor Zephyr!), and she took into consideration that the property of Jan Dirk Peereboom was a very comfortable thing to retire upon, that dancing nightly was a great exertion, and that dancing cannot last for ever, though Holbein has endeavoured to perpetuate it in his painted moral "The Dance of Death;" she therefore implored time to consider. Jan Dirk was delighted, for he knew enough of the world to be aware, that if a female demands "time to consider," she has already fully made up her mind. It soon came to preliminaries. At the expiration of six months, the conclusion of Madame Coralie Comifo's theatrical engagement, she was to quit the stage, to be married to Jan Dirk Peereboom according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, as she professed that creed, and was very particular; as well as being also united to him in the Presbyterian form, in which Jan Dirk had been brought up; that her own property was to remain in her possession, and that she was to have the unlimited power of spending it as she pleased. The love of Jan Dirk Peereboom also occasioned him to give way to a most tyrannical requisition, which was no less than that he was to leave off smoking his pipe, as the smell of tobacco was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the fair widow. Coralie made also some other stipulations, which savoured more of a cautious engagement with a playhouse director than an agreeable understanding with a good-natured husband; but these occurred from habit, the lady in her day having always been in turmoil with her managers. Amongst the articles specified, her favourite poodle *Mouton* (almost as big as a sheep) was, if she required it, to travel with them; and although she did not condescend to give her private reasons for this measure, she had frequently found the great benefit of her large white, glossy, curled poodle being her *compagnon du voyage*. This will require a little explanation, but will simply solve itself thus. Madame Coralie, not being permanently attached to the Académie Royale at Paris, frequently visited the provincial theatres of France and the Continent generally. Now everybody who has travelled abroad is aware that there is not the same attention paid by landladies, and chambermaids, and garçons, to the airing of bed-sheets as is practised in England. Indeed, we have heard of the garçon sprinkling the bed-clothes with water in the interim between the departure of one nightly occupant and the arrival of another. Madame Coralie had undergone the usual result of this refreshing proceeding, and rheumatism was consequent; and as rheumatism is decidedly the worst disorder, and the most readily taken, that a public or private dancer can experience, she, with that ingenuity for which French women have always been admired, after dismissing the chambermaid or garçon, ordered Mouton to jump into the bed. The warm silken poodle was so thoroughly accustomed to this, that it became a matter of perfect habit, and if any damp was in the sheets or coverlets, Mouton extracted it unheeded and unhurt, rendering her beloved mistress perfectly safe from the ravages of cold or *sciatica*, and leaving a minor annoyance only, in the shape of that most active, industrious, and (as it has been proved in this enlightened age) intellectual animal, the *Pulex irritans*.

The six months glided away, and Jan Dirk Peereboom, after having been kept in the state of misery so delightful to a lover, at length was united to the object of his passion.

He had not dared to mention the matter to his grave friends at Dort. It could not be supposed that the descendants of the celebrated Synod, who were rigid Calvinists, would countenance a marriage with a French opera-dancer. Perfectly aware of this, Jan Dirk Peereboom, accompanied by Madame, went to Paris.

With infinite astonishment Peter Bogerman, auctioneer and agent at Dort, received directions from Jan Dirk Peereboom to dispose of his house, timber-wharf, stock in trade, ships, barges, &c. &c.

The announcement was the subject of conversation in Dort for one entire month. But when the sedate, plodding, and money-getting merchants ascertained that Jan Dirk had actually married Madame Coralie Comifo, there

was a general commotion of tobacco-puffs, turning up the whites of the eyes, hemming, and lamentations at his gross imprudence. The spinsters of Dort were utterly enraged.

Jan Dirk Peereboom, in the height of his honey-moon, made the reflection that he had married to please himself, not to gratify his friends. He therefore visited with his beloved Coralie all the places of public amusement, and partook of every gaiety that the fascinating city of Paris afforded.

We have in a former page hinted that Monsieur Zephyr Comifo had an extravagant salary for the performances of himself and wife, and this was rendered exceedingly necessary, as both Monsieur and Madame were very expensive in their *habits*, stage and otherwise.

Madame Coralie figured away three pairs of shoes nightly, and the fact is recorded to introduce a personage who will turn out to be of some importance towards the end of this narrative.

This individual was named Scheck Stalman, and at the period we are describing he was in thriving circumstances at Amsterdam as a ladies' shoe-maker; he was manufacturer to Madame Coralie Comifo.

When Jan Dirk Peereboom first paid his addresses to the enchanting Coralie, she was struck by the resemblance in features between her lover and her *cordonnier*.

Scheck Stalman had an excellent customer in Madame Coralie; and though he was occasionally obliged to give her considerable credit, yet, when she did pay, she paid most liberally. He was also in the habit of discounting the notes of hand of Monsieur Comifo, at a large rate per cent., which the improvidence of the dancer rendered necessary; Stalman was therefore a very useful person to Madame, and knew exactly the length of her foot.

But Scheck Stalman in heart was a great rogue, he prospered for a time; but when a Dutchman *is* a rogue, perhaps from their extreme punctuality in business, and exactness in keeping accounts, the rogue cannot escape detection so long as in other countries. And about the period of our tale some new fiscal arrangements with the French government introduced without a duty the manufactures in which Scheck Stalman excelled, and his trade declined at the moment that he had made some unlucky and over-reaching bill-discounting speculations. All his attempts to reinstate himself proving ineffectual, he in despair committed a forgery, for which, when convicted, he was condemned to a singular punishment, we believe peculiar to Holland, and which has a refinement of cruelty to recommend it that could only have entered the imagination of a Dutch or a China man.

Scheck Stalman was condemned to seven years' imprisonment, *and to live without salt to his food.*

The consequence of this sentence to the unhappy beings who have the misfortune to fall under it is that they become dreadfully infested with worms.

Some, whose obstinate spirits could never be subdued, used in bravado and ridicule to call this punishment *the Diet of Worms.*

As we cannot help Scheck Stalman in his predicament, however large the bump of benevolence may be on our cranium, there he must remain, and return we to Jan Dirk Peereboom and his bride.

The Dort auctioneer, Peter Bogerman, after writing several letters of remonstrance to Jan Dirk, but without any avail, proceeded slowly, but surely, to sell the effects to the very best advantage; but the worthy agent, and nearly all the town of Dort, were sore on account of Jan Dirk Peereboom's marriage; for his family had been mixed up with an extraordinary event, well recorded in the province. This event has been variously related; and at the period it occurred it created so great a sensation, that the money coined at the mint of the city (pieces of which are to be seen to this day), dollars, stivers, and doights, bore the impress of a milkmaid milking a cow.

Well, what was the occasion of this? Why, the Spaniards, under the cruel Duke of Alva, undertook suddenly to surprise the town of Dort. They made forced marches in the night, and arriving within five miles of the city, 3500 soldiers were placed in ambush, to wait for an opportunity to attack.

In the neighbourhood of Dort resided a farmer, by name Booser; his riches consisted of a large number of cows, from which he supplied the town with milk and butter. When his dairy-maids went to their avocations in the morning at a very early hour, one buxom lass, Elizabeth Peereboom, espied some soldiers in strange uniforms lying on the ground behind the hedges. With great presence of mind she insisted on her companions milking the cows as usual, and singing merrily; when they had completed their task, they returned unmolested with their pails to the farm. Elizabeth Peereboom now went to Booser, and related what she had seen. He was sorely alarmed, but took her with him on a horse to Dort, where he aroused one of the burgomasters, who lost no time in sending for the aid of a force

from Rotterdam. The government then commanded the sluices to be opened, which speedily laid under water the ground on which the Spaniards were in ambush, and a great number of them were drowned. The timely information and presence of mind of Elizabeth Peereboom thus saved the city, and she was afterwards munificently rewarded with a handsome annuity, not only on her own life, but to her heirs for ever.

We have made this digression, because Jan Dirk Peereboom, being a descendant of the noble-spirited milkmaid, was in the present receipt of this same annuity, which made him care the less about giving up his timber trade.

All for a time went on gaily with the new-married couple, but at length the husband began to discover that he was dragged too often to the theatres in the evenings, and he grew sick of the eternal *pirouetting* of the various *corps de ballet*, particularly as Madame criticized every dancer with much severity, though she insisted on seeing them perform. The mornings of Jan Dirk Peereboom began now to wear heavily for the want of his counting-house and timber-yard. He had relinquished his accustomed employ.

"A want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

His circulation of blood became sluggish, his spirits sunk, he grew pettish and fretful; he brooded over every little vexation or inconvenience; he not only increased his real, but conjured up imaginary evils, and got no sympathy with any one in either; his original and grand resource in his bachelorship, under any calamity, was a pipe of tobacco; and of this, under his marriage articles, he was deprived.

Jan Dirk Peereboom certainly preferred the smell of his late pipe to all the fragrant and subtle Parisian perfumes in which his wife delighted.

Jan Dirk thought he would endeavour to pave the way to resume, with Madame's permission, his favourite recreation, so he turned over in his mind as to how he should introduce the subject of tobacco; and as they were sitting together, he suddenly said,—

"Did I ever tell you a curious thing that happened to a nephew of mine, of my own name, whom I sent out as a supercargo to Batavia, from whence he was to proceed with a freight to Japan?"

"Never, my dear," replied Madame Coralie Peereboom, yawning.

"Then I will," continued Jan Dirk, "for I think it will amuse you."

"Don't let it be a very long story, *mon ami*," again yawned the lady.

This was a discouraging commencement, but Jan was a Hollander, and possessed perseverance; if he was flung in a ditch, he could raise an embankment.

"If I tire you, Coralie, with my relation," said he, "you can but stop me."

"What *relation* was he?" asked Madame.

"My nephew, Jinks Peereboom," continued Jan, "a staid demure clerk, who had been brought up with a proper respect for his superiors, and with a knowledge of what is due from man to man in any part of the globe; and under his immediate charge was placed a valuable commodity already imported from our other settlements, a ton of tobacco."

"*Ah, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Coralie, "don't mention that filthy drug, which would poison our apartments, and tincture, with its odious smell, our linen,—nay, our food; and, moreover, our poor poodle Mouton cannot endure it; it positively makes his dear eyes water."

Jan Dirk perceived that he had not made much progress: he however persevered.

"Well, Jinks Peereboom——"

"Who did you say he was?" inquired Madame, languidly.

"My nephew. Well, the youth conducted himself with credit, arrived at Samarang——"

"Where is that, dear? in Africa?" asked Coralie.

"No, my love, Asia."

"And where is Asia?" said Coralie, with a prodigious yawn; "somewhere in America, I suppose?"

The imperturbable Dutchman was aroused to a smile by this remark; but he felt somewhat of a superiority, for the first time, that he exceeded his wife in geographical knowledge. He did not think it worth while to discompose her good opinion of herself by any remark on her profound ignorance, but continued his narrative.

"When Jinks Peereboom discharged his cargo at Batavia, the ship was newly freighted with Dutch goods and the TOBACCO for Japan——"

"Why do you lay that stress on tobacco, my dear?" said Coralie.

"Because," replied Jan Dirk, "I consider it to be the most cordial, cheering, and valuable vegetable production supplied by nature. I am sure it saved Jinks Peereboom's life. I have said the lad was well brought up, and he had been informed that the Japanese were a very polished, polite, and ceremonious people, and when his ship arrived at the island of

Desima, on which is situated the Dutch factory, Jinks perceived certain of the inhabitants waiting to receive him, two of whom, in long flowing gowns, held white wands in their hands. As Jinks Peereboom was fond of respect, he took it as a very great compliment that two chamberlains, or gentlemen-ushers, should have been appointed to superintend his disembarkation.

"As he landed, these two Japanese chamberlains saluted him very respectfully, but Jinks was rather surprised, on casually turning round, to observe that one of them had placed his white wand against his back from the ground, as if taking his altitude; however, he said nothing until they arrived at the Dutch governor's dwelling. The governor was a rough Hollander, who hated anything like ceremony; and when, after dinner, Jinks was expressing his extreme satisfaction at the marks of respect with which he had been received on his landing by the chamberlains with their wands of office, the Dutch governor, albeit not a laughing man, roared outright in Jinks' face.

"'Ha! ha! ha! chamberlains, indeed! Bless your simplicity, young man! Ha! ha! ha!'

"Jinks could not comprehend the governor, who soon explained,—

"'Are you not aware—ha! ha! ha!—that this part of the world is most unhealthy in climate for Europeans?—not one constitution in ten can resist it. The Japanese always have an eye to business; those chamberlains, as you call them,—ha! ha! ha!—are the undertakers here, and they took the earliest opportunity on your arrival to measure you for your coffin! Ha! ha! ha!'

"Jinks Peereboom was aghast, but became somewhat relieved by the governor asking him if he had brought plenty of tobacco. Jinks replied in the affirmative.

"'Then,' said the governor, 'your only chance is to smoke morning, noon, and night, as I do.'"

"The filthy wretches!" exclaimed Coralie; in fact, the lady was as much exasperated against the Indian weed as James the First and sapient, of "Counter-blast" memory.

Jan Dirk Peereboom now positively pined in the absence of his pipe. He was a man of his word, and he had promised to abandon the luxury in his wife's presence. He had held out now some months, but he could no longer resist. One day a party was made up, consisting of several *artistes* of the Grand Opera, to go to St. Cloud, on a sort of pic-nic recreation, and Mynheer and Madame Peereboom were included in the invitation. Jan Dirk, who for some time past had been nauseated with the society of dancers, made up his mind to be taken ill on the morning of the event, not so very bad as to prevent his dear Coralie from joining her friends, but sufficiently indisposed to afford an excuse for staying away. He, however, had very little difficulty in persuading his wife to go and enjoy the day in the fresh air with her light-hearted companions. But directly the carriages, with their gay occupants and eatable and drinkable contents, had rattled away from the door, the Dutchman, with a feeling of satisfaction to which he had been a stranger for some time past, involuntarily exclaimed,—

"Now *I* will go and make a day of it!"

He had promised not to smoke at home, but that was no reason why he might not take a whiff of tobacco abroad; so he repaired to the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, where he was not long in scenting out the *Estaminet d'Hollande*, which he briskly entered, and was speedily furnished with the objects of his desire —tobacco and an Amsterdam gazette. The room was so full of smoke, reeking from the lips and the bowls of the pipes of the *habitués*, that he could scarcely discern a feature in the company; but each frequenter was enjoying himself, and not caring a straw for any one else.

Here Jan Dirk Peereboom filled his pipe again and again without intermission, until he had whiffed off three dozen replenishments, with a liquid accompaniment of veritable Schiedam, by way of atonement for the time he had lost since his wedding-day. He resumed his accustomed placidity, and glanced, as well as the clouds of smoke permitted, at the Amsterdam gazette, when his eye caught an *advertentie:*—

"Jinks Peereboom begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he has commenced the business of general broker at Dort on his own account, and trusts that his long experience in the house of Messrs. Clarenbach and Voute, as well as in the service of his uncle Jan Dirk Peereboom, will enable him to do justice to those friends who may be pleased to favour him with their commands.

"His office is established at No. 14 west side of the Great Canal Street, where all orders will meet with immediate attention."

Jan Dirk sighed as he read the modest advertisement of his nephew, and inwardly wished that he himself had put forth such an announcement to the public. Another newspaper, the *Amsterdam Courant*, was lying on a table, around which sat three Dutch merchants, smoking at each other like rival steam-boats. In this paper was a fac-simile of young Jinks'

advertisement. Jan Dirk's back was toward this party, but he had the infinite mortification to listen to a dialogue broken all to bits by pipe-puffs, to the following effect:—

1*st Smoker.*—"I see by this paper that Peereboom the younger is commencing business." (*Puff, puff.*)

2*d Smoker.*—"What a confounded ass his uncle Jan Dirk made of himself by marrying that French dancer! Three years hence, he will not have a stiver to bless himself with." (*A huge puff.*)

3*d Smoker.*—"Oh! fool as Jan Dirk has been, he knows how to take care of his money!" (*Puff.*)

2*d Smoker.*—"Then he goes the right way about it, for this very morning I saw his wife with a gay party of people in three carriages, apparently going out of town for a *fête* for the day."

1*st Smoker.*—"That is not done for nothing." (*Puffs.*)

2*d Smoker.*—"His credit is gone at Dort, although he must still be rich, besides being the holder of the milkmaid's annuity; and, I warrant me, he will soon melt down his guilders in the bank of Amsterdam."

These remarks made Jan Dirk Peereboom feel very uncomfortable, and he was reluctant to discover himself, after having been stigmatized as an ass and fool, without resenting it; he in his own defence puffed up such a cloud of smoke that he became invisible; for, indeed, now he began to think that he had done rather a weak thing.

After the Dutch merchants had quitted the *estaminet*, Jan Dirk ventured to go home, where, subsequent to some uneasy reflections, he reclined himself at full length on a sofa, and went fast asleep. When Madame Coralie Peereboom returned from her country excursion, having inhaled during the whole day the pure air of St. Cloud, her senses were mightily annoyed by the strong odour of odious tobacco (and the French tobacco being a government monopoly, it is notoriously the worst on the face of the globe).

"*O mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed as she entered, "these fumes will annihilate me! What has happened during my absence?"

And then she discovered Jan Dirk snoring heavily. She shook him up briskly, but he was not at all inclined to stir; and under the influence of the smoking, the Schiedam, and his wounded feelings, as well as the peculiar irritability which most persons have felt at certain periods at being waked from a nap, he, for the first time since his marriage, exhibited his real Dutch temper. The air and temperature of the climate of Holland has, as a matter of course, an effect on the national character, and incline to produce phlegmatic disposition both of body and mind. And yet a Dutchman is irascible, especially if heated with liquor. Therefore, when Coralie, shaking his arm, in a shrill tone of voice demanded where he had been, he replied,—

"What is that to you?"

"Jan Dirk, what have you been about?"

Mynheer Peereboom answered with a hiccup,—

"Why do you expect I should tell you when I don't know myself?"

"Indeed, sir!" said Coralie impatiently, "I see no reason why I should not ask you."

"If women were to always have their wills," grunted Jan Dirk, "the world would be rarely governed!"

"How, what is all this?" exclaimed Madame, in a tone of utter surprise, "did you not marry me for love?"

"Yes, and you married me for money; so you have your reward, and I have mine!"

"What is it that now offends you?" asked Coralie, a little subdued.

Jan Dirk answered gloomily, "Two clergymen!"

"What, in the name of Heaven, have they done to you?" inquired Madame.

"They married me!" groaned Dirk,—"fettered me in both churches—Catholic and Protestant;—I find that I have been a great fool!"

"I am glad to observe that you have some discernment," tartly replied Coralie; and she indignantly left the room, told her *fille de chambre* that Monsieur had unaccountably come home in a state of intoxication, and that she intended to lock herself in her chamber, and to see him no more that night.

Jan Dirk stretched himself on the sofa, and presently fell into a profound slumber.

Here was the first open matrimonial dispute.

Coralie could scarce believe what she heard, for, with a considerable portion of French vanity, she imagined that her husband was devoted in his affection for her, though she was aware that she had never loved him.

The obstinate nature of Jan Dirk Peereboom would not permit him to make any concession in the morning, although the facile French woman gave every opportunity; so that the slight wound, which might have been healed by the soothing bandage of common sense and good temper, gradually grew more and more inflamed, until it created a constant petulance in the wife and moody brutality in the husband.

And in this miserable way did they pass eight years, occasionally travelling from place to place, occasionally residing in Paris. Coralie, to dissipate thought, dissipated her own money, over which Jan Dirk had no control, while Mynheer Peereboom, whenever he could find an opportunity, steeped his cares in Schiedam, cognac, and tobacco.

This ill-paired couple were now, for the first time in their lives, in the agreeable city of Aix-la-Chapelle, with a view of the benefit that Jan Dirk Peereboom might derive from the mineral waters; for, from his inebriated habits, his health had commenced visibly to decline: he was about fifteen years older than Coralie. But all the bathing in the emperor's spring, and all the drinking the sulphureous waters of a temperature of about 143° Fahrenheit, proved of no avail to Jan Dirk.

One day as the man and wife were being driven in a carriage east of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the neighbouring little town of Burtschied, Coralie, looking out of the window, beheld a face she well remembered, although she had not seen its owner for years.

The said owner was standing at the door of a mean-looking shop, overhung with one antiquely built story. The wares in the window, though few, did not accord with the appearance of the warehouse, being of superior form and workmanship. Madame Coralie recognized Scheck Stalman; but oh, how altered in appearance! instead of the bustling, well-fed, rich, supercilious *cordonnier*, who once had all the better part of the ladies of Amsterdam on his books, peered from the portal, as if almost ashamed to breathe fresh air (probably because he had been of late years unaccustomed to it), the prison-discharged criminal, who had been sentenced *to live on food without salt*, with a pale cadaverous countenance furrowed with the traces of care and suffering. Madame Peereboom could not resist remarking that the indisposition that had reduced her husband still rendered their features as much alike as when he and Stalman were both in robust health. She took an after opportunity to drive over alone to Burtschied, when she entered the little shop, and, to the surprise of Stalman, introduced herself, and gave him an order to supply her with her *chaussure*. He expressed himself in terms of gratitude at this unexpected visit and employ. From old associations, Madame Coralie Peereboom did Stalman, in his reduced circumstances, other charitable kindnesses.

Jan Dirk Peereboom decayed gradually, and, being of a superstitious turn of mind, added to his ailments of body, he beckoned Coralie to his bedside, and, in great confidence, communicated to her that he had heard, during the preceding night, continually the death-watch clicking. The study of entomology at this period being very little attended to, the terror that this noise inflicted upon hypochondriac persons frequently caused the event imagined to be prognosticated. Madame Peereboom could not instil any sort of confidence into her husband by laughing at the affair; and he lay restless and oppressed, listening to the heart-sickening tick of a small beetle, that was, in its own mode of merriment, giving an affectionate call to its female companion.

A few days more passed, and Jan Dirk rapidly declined. He then told Coralie that he had not made any will!

The physician of Aix-la-Chapelle who attended was a perfect stranger to them, and as he had to visit a vast number of equally perfect strangers who resorted to Aix-la-Chapelle when it was too late to render them the slightest professional service, he was quite contented to receive his fees, without being very particular as to further intimacy or any inquiries into affairs.

Madame Peereboom became exceedingly anxious when she heard that Jan Dirk was likely to die intestate; she was aware that she never would have any claim to the "Milkmaid's Annuity," as that must, by the original grant, descend to the next male akin bearing the name of Peereboom; but still, with Jan Dirk's saving habits latterly, there must be a considerable sum in the bank of Amsterdam. Coralie had no one to advise with her—she was at a distance even from her dancing friends, and while she was reflecting as to how she should *act*, the Angel of Death suddenly arrested the body and soul of her husband.

After the first shock was over, she resumed her presence of mind. She felt she was utterly ruined to all intents and purposes, as no will had been made in her favour; she racked her theatrical brains, which, by the way, had often assisted the stage inventions of her former husband, to devise a scheme by which she might secure to herself the property of her second. At length she hit upon a notion which she imagined would prove infallible.

Coralie was a woman of adventurous character, and had to contend with difficulty from early youth. The first thing she did was to refrain from giving any alarm in the ready-furnished house in which they resided; it was evening, and she securely locked up the bed-chamber door, wherein poor Jan Dirk Peereboom

lay. The next *step* was to wrap herself up in a large silk mantle, secretly to make her way through the garden-door unobserved, even by a servant, and to walk hastily to the little town of Burtschied, where she suddenly rapped at the door of the humble shop of Scheck Stalman. He was utterly surprised at beholding Madame Coralie, and thought that she had come to rebuke him because he had not finished her blue silk shoes; and yet it was a strange time of night for her to come alone. Coralie then thus addressed Stalman:—

"You are under some obligations to me?"

"Greater than I can ever possibly repay," answered the *cordonnier*.

"You must immediately come with me to Aix-la-Chapelle, and without asking any questions," said Madame.

"I am ready," replied Stalman, promptly.

And they quitted the house together, and walked on in the dark; during which Coralie told Stalman what had occurred to her husband, that he had died without a will, remarked on the extraordinary resemblance existing between the two persons, and then, rogue as she certainly was, proposed that Stalman should go to bed in the house, personate Jan Dirk Peereboom, and dictate a will in her favour, and that she would so amply reward him, that he would be provided for during the remainder of his existence.

There was a plausible reason for supposing that this expedient would succeed, as they were all strangers in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The great difficulty to be overcome was to introduce Stalman into the house unseen. Coralie unlocked the garden-gate, and told him to remain concealed in a summer-house until she came to fetch him.

She then went in-doors, and going to the room where she had left her *fille de chambre* at work, said to her suddenly,—

"How has your master been during my absence?"

"VERY QUIET INDEED," said the unconscious girl, who had ofttimes been disturbed by the effects of Jan Dirk's drunkenness.

"I do not like that quiet," remarked Coralie, "it bodes no good; go you, my good girl, for the doctor, you know where he lives, and tell him I wish to speak to him immediately."

The chamber-maid obeyed her mistress. Madame then sent her other servant, who officiated as her cook, to the poulterer's, to buy the smallest and tenderest chicken she could find, to make some broth.

Having despatched them both on these errands, she admitted Stalman at the garden-door, made him ascend to a spare bed-room, where he got into bed, and, attired in a night-gown and cap of Jan Dirk Peereboom's, his own worm-eaten frame made him exactly to resemble a man in the last stage of life. There were plenty of empty physic-bottles to place about the room.

The cook returned first home, and began busily to prepare the chicken-broth for her poor master; she even shed some honest tears into the stew-pan, by way of salting it mildly.

Then arrived the *fille de chambre* with the physician, and this was the moment that required all the dexterous art of Coralie as an actress.

She told the doctor that her husband had aroused, and was so far better that she had been induced to remove him to a fresh bed, and was now in a mild slumber, from which she should not like to hazard awaking him, apologized for bringing him out, but handed him his fee, and at the same moment, after sending the *fille de chambre* out of the room, she in a confidential tone acquainted the physician with that which he before knew, that they were strangers in the city, and that she would be eternally under obligation to him, as her husband had neglected the extremely necessary obligation of every man who had anything to bequeath,—in fact, he had not made his will; if he (the physician) would be good enough to recommend to her an honest attorney.

The physician immediately stated that he had a brother, a most respectable person, who followed the law;—and if he had stated that he had also a cousin that was an undertaker, he would not have spoken falsely. They were a profitable sort of family circle amongst themselves, as far as turmoils, tumours, wills, medicine, and coffins went.

The physician took his departure, promising to send his brother the lawyer, but ventured to entertain sanguine hopes that the patient might recover, although at the moment he felt perfectly confident that there was a job for his cousin the undertaker.

Madame Peereboom was thus far completely successful, but she continued in a state of considerable anxiety until the attorney arrived, attended by two clerks as witnesses; she took them up to the chamber where Stalman was in bed, entreating them to go very gently that her poor husband might not be disturbed; the attorney and the two clerks, led by Coralie, entered the room on tiptoe.

"He is awake," said Madame; and addressing Stalman, who, from the effect of the Diet of Worms, certainly looked the character he re-

presented to the life, or rather, we should say, to the death—raised his head from the pillow, and rolled his eyes so horribly, that the very clerks were alarmed; he spoke, with apparent difficulty, "Who are these people?"

Coralie replied, "My dear, did not you express a wish that I should send for a professional gentleman, to receive directions about your property?"

Stalman sighed, "Ah! we know not how soon calamity may fall on us in this world. I shall not be long in it."

The attorney here interposed in a bland tone of voice, saying, "Put reliance in Heaven, sir; never give up hope. I am certain you will recover. I see it in your face."

The two clerks winked at each other; and the attorney, notwithstanding that which he had just uttered, lost no time in preparing the necessary document.

"And now, my poor sufferer," said Madame Coralie Peereboom, "to whom will you bequeath your property?"

The attorney had commenced writing the customary preamble, when Scheck Stalman, having been lifted up by his supposed wife—looked as if every instant he was going to give up the ghost; he then uttered distinctly, but in a faint voice, "To you, my beloved Coralie, I bequeath half of my estate."

"Half?" said Coralie, faintly.

"Half," repeated Stalman. "The other half of my estate," continued the impostor, "I hereby bequeath to Scheck Stalman, shoemaker of Burtschied, and formerly of Amsterdam."

The widow was thunderstruck at being so entrapped, any one might have knocked her down with a straw, the reply was so different from that which she expected; but in the cleft stick in which she had placed herself she did not dare to negative the will of Stalman, for fear of losing the whole of the property; while the cunning old rogue in bed was laughing in his sleeve at the thought of dividing with her the fruits of a project which Madame Peereboom had intended for her own sole benefit (a small annuity excepted for the shoemaker.)

There was now no alternative left for her; but it was with great bitterness and mortification that, falling into her own trap, she saw Stalman (his hand shaking very much, and the pen almost guided by the attorney) sign J. D. Peereboom to the will, which was duly attested by the two clerks. The testament was taken away to be registered, and affidavits were made by the clerks, before the proper legal authorities, that the testator at the period of signing it was so dreadfully ill that the signature was hardly to be recognized as the handwriting (when compared with the real sign-manual of Jan Dirk) of the husband of Madame Coralie Peereboom.

The moment the attorney and clerks were gone, Madame flew at Stalman, and overloaded him with reproaches for his roguery and ingratitude; and as she was rating him vehemently, he very calmly advised her to hold her tongue, or her servants would overhear her, and then every stiver would be lost, that the best thing for her to consider was how to get him, unobserved, out of the house again; and then to send for the undertaker to prepare the funeral of her real husband. At last he talked so sensibly to her, getting louder and louder in his tone every minute, that Coralie Peereboom was compelled to own the truth of the proverb which we have thus displayed, that

"HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD."

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

GILLE MACHREE.

Gille machree,[1]
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, "To other lands I'll roam,
Where Fate may smile on me, love;"
I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

[1] *Brightener* of my heart.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said, "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends, thus left behind her."
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure,
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.
Sing *Gille machree,*
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

DARA.[1]

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
Made his own village by the self-same spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway, to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith, and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear,
That, though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said, that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and light with heapèd jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight;
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand:
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!"
'Twas done; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the head;
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids;—before 'twas night
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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[1] From *Under the Willows and Other Poems;* by James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co.

WHY LADY HORNBURY'S BALL WAS POSTPONED.[1]

[Henry Kingsley, born in 1830. He is recognized as one of the best of our modern novelists. Upon leaving Oxford, in 1853, he proceeded to Australia, where he spent five years. Shortly after his return to England he became for some time editor of the Edinburgh *Daily Review*. For that journal he acted as war correspondent during eight weeks of the Franco-Prussian war; and, after the famous battle of Sedan, was the first Englishman who entered the town. His chief works are *Geoffrey Hamlyn; Ravenshoe; The Hillyars and the Burtons; Austin Elliot; Mademoiselle Mathilde; Stretton; Hetty* (a cheap edition of these is published by Macmillan & Co.); *Old Margaret* and *Hornby Mills*, which have been issued by Tinsley Brothers. Of the latter—a series of stories and sketches—the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "All are very characteristic of their author . . . and generally exalt virtue in a way that our practical world has too little idea of."]

COURT JOURNAL, April 12th.—"Lady Hornbury's ball on May 2d is unavoidably postponed."

"What is the matter?" said all the world and his wife. On this occasion the world and his wife were very easily satisfied; Sir John must have had another stroke, and Lady Hornbury would soon be the most beautiful widow in England of her age, while her daughter Edith would be one of the greatest heiresses. The male line was notoriously extinct. Sir John was a shrewd man of business, a little apt to be near, and the very last man in the world to enrich unnecessarily a successor to his house in the shape of a new husband for Lady Hornbury. The world and his wife were easily satisfied; one of the pleasantest houses in London would be closed that season, and of course Lady Hornbury could not go out in the present state of her husband's health. So said the world that week; but the world was astonished out of all propriety when it went into the Park next day to find Sir John—faultlessly dressed and as upright as if paralysis and he had never made acquaintance—riding his celebrated bay, with his faultlessly appointed groom quite a long way behind him, by no means close to him, as he used to ride when Sir John was likely to have a seizure. The world, in short, was utterly puzzled; the more so when he answered that Lady Hornbury was perfectly well, but had been called suddenly from town on business, and would probably not appear for a considerable time. Sir John was a man who generally did his own business as well as his wife's, and it seemed very strange that he should be riding about so coolly in the Park, and Lady Hornbury gone away on business. Mystery was added to mystery when Hunter, of the Dragoons, came on the scene and reported himself returning from the camp at Chalons, where he had been professionally examining the French cavalry: he said that he had met Lady Hornbury at the station at Calais, just getting into the Paris train. Here was a great mystery; Edith Hornbury was at school in Paris, and was to come out at the great ball now postponed. What on earth was the matter?

Sir John and Lady Hornbury were, deservedly, nearly the most popular people in London; they were wealthy, clever, kindly, and good-humoured. He was much older than she, but she was absolutely devoted to him, and never left him for an instant in his very numerous illnesses, one of which had resulted in a very dangerous attack of paralysis. There was perfect confidence between them, although Sir John had hitherto left all matters relating to his daughter to the care of his wife, only asking from time to time how the girl was getting on. She was all that could be desired; discreet, beautiful, accomplished, and perfectly obedient in everything, a most model young lady in every respect: early in her life she had shown a will of her own, but it seemed to have been perfectly subdued by her parents' kindness and indulgence. An event which had taken place a year before this had shown her submission in the most remarkable way. She had been staying at a country house, her old Aunt Hornbury's, where there was a large general society, and a style of living under the careless, good-humoured old maid most conducive to mild flirtation, or, what the old lady called it, "the young people being happy together." The old lady, however, drew a pretty sharp line in these matters, and thinking that Edith's attention was a little too much engaged by a very handsome young fellow, a Mr. Holmsdale, wrote to her mother quietly, and Edith went very submissively home. Her mother never mentioned the matter to her, and all was perfectly secret, until, some months after, the maid who had been with her at her aunt's tremblingly told her that Miss Edith was corresponding with this Mr. Holmsdale, and handed her a letter, of which the following were the contents:—

"SIR—Once more I request you to cease this utter folly. I have unfortunately once told you that you are not indifferent to me, and for that one expression in a moment of

[1] From *Hornby Mills and Other Stories*, by Henry Kingsley. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

weakness I am to be persecuted to death. You must take your final answer, and further letters from you, sir, will be instantly laid before my father."

"I think that our girl has behaved very well indeed," said Sir John, when his wife showed him the letter. "Deuced well. I wish my sister would keep her house in better order. The girl shan't go *there* again. I think we are very well out of it; give me the letter."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Send it to him addressed in my handwriting, with my name signed in the corner. I shall send it under cover to my sister; her butler knows his address. Who is this Holmsdale?"

"I don't know; the villain!" exclaimed Lady Hornbury.

"We don't know that he is a villain, my dear," said Sir John; "he must be a gentleman, or my sister would never have had him to her house."

"A clandestine correspondence!" said Lady Hornbury, bridling.

"My dear, did we have no clandestine correspondence when I was a younger brother, and a dragoon, with five hundred a year, and you a fine lady, with Lord Bumpster at your heels everywhere? Did not you tell me once that if your mother pressed on the match with him that you would run away with me on five hundred a year and your own fortune, and trust to my poor brother Tom to get us something? And you would have done it, my lady, come."

"I was very young and foolish," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, and Edith is young and wise," said Sir John, kissing her. "Now the first thing to do is to turn that maid of Edith's out of the house."

"Why, we owe her much," said Lady Hornbury.

"I tell you that no right-thinking young woman would have betrayed a kind and gentle young mistress like Edith in a love affair," said the atrocious dragoon, Sir John. "What would you have said to your own maid in old times if she had done it to you?"

The *argumentum ad hominem* was a little too much for honest Lady Hornbury, and she had to laugh again. "But," she added, "if we send her away she will talk about the matter all over the town and country."

"Well, then, double her wages and let her stay," said Sir John; "but don't let me see her. And as for Edith, let her have change of scene; give her a year's school somewhere. Send her to Comtesse d'Aurilliac, at Paris; she can't come to any harm with that old dragon."

"My daughter will come to no harm anywhere," said Lady Hornbury, proudly.

"That I am quite sure of, my dear. But the society at the old lady's pension is very agreeable, none but the very best legitimist girls, and no followers allowed."

"I would not be vulgar, Sir John, if I were in your place," said the lady; "will you *ever* forget the barracks?"

"You were very nearly knowing a good deal about them yourself, my lady, that night when you proposed to run away with me."

Lady Hornbury swept out of the room majestically and left Sir John laughing. There was very little conversation between mother and daughter, for Edith found in a day or two, by an answer which came from Holmsdale, that her father and mother knew everything. She was completely impassive in their hands; but apparently the Holmsdale wound had gone a little deeper than her mother had thought for. Edith spoke very little, and seemed cheerful at the thought of going to Paris. In a week she was with the Comtesse d'Aurilliac.

Every letter from the comtesse breathed delighted admiration for her charming and beautiful pupil. Since madame had been forced by the lamentable occurrences of the Revolution (her two aunts perished in the September massacres) to take pupils, she had never had such a pupil as Edith. She was the admiration of every one who had seen her, and the brightest star in her little legitimist galaxy: everything went perfectly well for three months, and Sir John and Lady Hornbury were delighted.

About this time there came to Sir John and Lady Hornbury a lumbering young nobleman of vast wealth, who was in some sort a connection of theirs; so near that they called him cousin. He called one morning to say that he was going to Paris, and to burden himself with any commissions to Edith.

"I should like to see my old playmate very much," he said. "I was a lover of hers when we were in the schoolroom; I should like very much to see her once more, though I suppose she is getting too fine for me."

There was not the slightest objection to his seeing as much of his cousin as he chose, and Lady Hornbury wrote a note in her best French (Madame d'Aurilliac did not speak English, nor did Lord Lumberton speak French), whereby

the Comtesse d'Aurilliac was requested to receive Lord Lumberton as one of their own family. The comtesse received him in French, and he responded in English: he stayed on in Paris, and in two months the comtesse found it necessary to write to Lady Hornbury as follows:—

"MADAME,—My Lord Lumberton's visits are extremely frequent here, and I should be very glad to know your instructions as regards them. I have not the least reason to believe that anything has passed between milord and your beautiful daughter, but at the same time, madame, I think that he thinks of her a little more than he does of my other young ladies, while she treats him with merely the kindness of a cousin. I observe that in our little family parties she prefers dancing with M. de Rocroy, a gentleman of the very highest refinement and introduction, until lately gentleman-in-waiting to his most Christian Majesty Henri V. at Frohsdorf (whom may the holy saints have in their keeping!); M. de Rocroy, however, appears as indifferent to her as she is to him. This feeling of milord Lumberton's may ripen into an attachment, or it may not. I only await your instructions as to my management in this affair."

"What shall we do now?" said Lady Hornbury to her husband.

"Do!" said Sir John. "Nothing at all. If Lumberton likes to fall in love with her, I don't see why we should put a spoke in his wheel. The lad is a good honest fellow enough, and would make any woman in the world happy. Old d'Aurilliac says that she doesn't care for him, so there is no immediate danger: let Lumberton go to her, but don't say anything to the girl herself. Write and tell old d'Aurilliac that we approve of his visits."

"But Edith is not out," said Lady Hornbury.

"My banker's book tells me that," said Sir John. "If she can make up her mind before she does come out, all the better for her."

"He may gain her affections before she has had an opportunity of choosing."

"That is precisely what happened to yourself, and if you don't regret it I am sure I don't; you know that we were engaged before you came out. No, there is not an unmarried man in London whom I would prefer to Lumberton."

"But, Sir John, submissive as Edith is now, you must remember the time, not so very long ago, when she had both a will and temper of her own. Any attempt to force her inclinations would be fatal."

"When will a woman learn to argue?" said Sir John, testily. "I don't want to force her inclinations, I only want her to receive Lumberton's visits. If you don't wish Lumberton to see her, you are doing the very best thing to make her think more of him by sending him to the right-about without the ghost of a cause."

Lady Hornbury gave way after a time, good-humouredly. She was a woman, and, good and honest as she was, would very much have liked to have had Edith out in London, and to have gone through that game of chess with eligible suitors as castles and knights, and with ineligible suitors as pawns, in which every British mother delights. But she yielded; Lumberton would most certainly "do." She wrote to Madame d'Aurilliac at once before she went out, and, being in a hurry, wrote in English. What follows is part of her letter:—

"Both Sir John and I quite approve of Lord Lumberton's visits. Edith and he were cousins and playmates, and the matter is quite a family one."

Which madame, with the aid of a dictionary, translated to mean that the two families had agreed on a *mariage de convenance* in the French fashion.

The effect of this wonderful discovery on the part of madame was singularly delightful to Lord Lumberton, who was by this time honestly head over heels in love with his cousin; and also singularly and terribly disagreeable to poor Edith, who, for reasons of her own, was nearly out of her mind. Whenever Lord Lumberton came now he was left alone with her, Madame d'Aurilliac always quitting the room after a short time, with a far-seeing air, as though she was looking towards St. Petersburg to see if the ice was breaking up so as to allow of navigation; and the young ladies leaving also with that air of *espiéglerie* or archness of which some Parisian ladies are mistresses, and which has occasioned more than one British islander, while suffering from the spleen, to long to throw his boots at their heads. Lumberton desired to do nothing of the kind; he was in love, and he liked it, though sometimes he would have wished when they were alone that he had something to say for himself. Edith of course knew that he loved her, and she had no dislike for him, but would chat with him over old times, about his sisters, his horses, his dogs, and such things, which helped him on wonderfully. Edith knew that some day or another he would speak, and she was quite ready for him. Good fellow as he was, she would as soon have married a chiffonier. She never alluded to his attentions to her mother, and Madame d'Aurilliac only occasionally mentioned his presence at her house as a matter of

form. So matters went on for months, until there came a cataclysm. Lady Hornbury received this letter:—

"MADAME,—When I receive a viper into my bosom, or a snake into my house, what do I do? I expel that snake or that viper. Madame, I have discovered a snake in the form of your daughter's maid, Rose Dawson, and I have expelled her with ignominy, having first had her boxes searched by warrant from the Juge d'Instruction. Madame, we found four thousand francs in gold, which we could not retain, so she is gone free.

"My eyes, madame, have long been directed in a certain quarter. I have now, in consequence of the Revolution, to address my attention to the forming of young ladies. I have therefore an eye not readily deceived. I have noticed for a long time looks of intelligence pass between M. de Rocroy and your daughter's beautiful, but wicked, maid. I saw an intrigue, and I watched; last night they were in the shrubbery together for an hour, and at last I came on them as they were saying farewell. Him I banished my house at once, telling him that his sacred majesty Henri V. (whom the virgin and saints preserve till he comes to his own!) should hear of this violation of my hearth. Her I despatched as you have heard. I have broken the truth to your sweet and gentle daughter, who has acquiesced, though with sorrow."

"I told you that girl was no good," said Sir John. "You had better send for her home and provide for her, or she will be talking about the Holmsdale business with emendations and additions. I shall, if Lumberton ever says anything to me about Edith, tell him the whole of that matter."

"I suppose we ought," said Lady Hornbury. "If Lumberton cannot see how well she behaved, he is unworthy of her; but wait till he speaks, for it is not everybody's business. I don't think that he cares much for her. I hear nothing of it from Madame."

But Lumberton spoke very shortly afterwards. He spoke kindly, honestly, and tenderly. He said he would wait any time she chose, that she should come out and look round in the London world to see if there was any one she liked better, but that he would not take No as an answer now. He looked so noble and manly in his faith and honour, that for one instant she felt inclined to confide everything to him, but she felt a chill as she reflected that she was in France, and that a deadly duel would be the consequence. She had been ready for him very long, and she was ready for him now.

"Cousin," she said, "if you think that I do not love you and respect you for what you have said, you are very much mistaken; but I vow before Heaven that if you ever speak to me like this again I will enter the Romish church and take the veil."

"Edith!"

"Do you remember in old times my starving myself for a day because I was not allowed to go to Lady Maitland's children's ball?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"I will starve myself for good if you ever speak to me like this again. Now you must go; you must go at once."

"Never to meet again?"

"Never until you have given up all intention or hope of mentioning this subject to me."

"Then it is never," said the poor young gentleman. "Good-bye, Edith." And so he went.

"I could have managed him in no other way," thought Edith, after he had gone. "Poor fellow! how happy he will make some good woman when he has forgotten me." . . .

On the 11th of April Lady Hornbury received the following telegram:—

"D'Aurilliac, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, to Lady Hornbury, Portland Place, London. Come instantly. Frightful trouble about Edith."

"What on earth is the matter now?" said Sir John.

"I can't conceive," said Lady Hornbury. "Edith must be ill. I must hurry away. Put off the ball."

And so we have got round to the beginning of the story again.

We must, however, leave Lady Hornbury to go to Paris, and stay in London with Sir John for a short time. Sir John took his ride in the Park very comfortably in spite of Madame d'Aurilliac's telegram, he not believing that anything very great was the matter. During his ride he met with an old friend who inquired after his wife, and on being told that she was gone to Paris, asked Sir John to come and take dinner with him. Sir John declined, on the ground that his lawyer was coming to dine with him, and to discuss very particular business. "Indeed," he said, "old Compton is so very urgent and mysterious that he makes me a trifle uneasy: his news is very disagreeable, because he says that he will only discuss it after dinner."

"That looks bad," said his old friend, laughing. "I'll bet you five pounds that you have lost some money."

"I suppose I have," said Sir John. "I

shall sell that horse and groom yonder. What will you give me for them?"

"I'll take the horse," said his old friend, "but I won't have the groom. You and your wife have an ugly trick of making your servants so comfortable that they are discontented everywhere else."

So they parted, and Sir John went home to dinner at six, the hour in which he delighted, but at which he never was allowed to dine when Lady Hornbury was at home. Mr. Compton was very punctual, but was evidently very serious; and before dinner was over Sir John had calculated his losses at about from ten to twenty thousand pounds. When the servants were out of the room, and Mr. Compton proposed business, that gentleman looked so very grave that Sir John thought he should be well out of it with fifty thousand.

"Now, frowner, how much is it?" said Sir John, laughing. "How much is it? Put a name to the figure, and have it over."

"To what figure, Sir John?"

"To the figure of the sum I have lost. You look so black that I have put it at fifty thousand pounds. Is it the colliery?"

"The colliery is doing splendidly, Sir John. The sixty-fathom level has been struck, and the seam is seven feet thick. But——"

"What is it, then?"

"Sir John, did you ever hear of your brother, Sir Thomas's, domestic life?"

"Yes," said Sir John.

"Do you remember a certain Marchioness de Toul?"

"And poor Tom's connection with her? Certainly."

"I fear that he married her."

"Then why on earth did he keep his marriage secret?"

"He was not proud of it," said Mr. Compton. "It was a discreditable affair from beginning to end. She found that by her conduct she had lost all claim upon society, and she led him a terrible life, accusing him, perhaps with reason, of having cut her off from the world she loved so well. She got terribly anxious about her future state—superstitiously so. She left him to enter a religious house at Amiens."

"Yes," said Sir John.

"I fear," said Mr. Compton, "that he had married her before she left him: in fact, I *know* it."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Yes; and I fear that, out of mere spite to him and to his family, she concealed the fact that she had a son by him in that religious house. Such is apparently the case, however, and according to the other party's statements, that same son is alive."

"This is too monstrous to be true!" said Sir John.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mr. Compton. "You never can reckon on an angry woman. It would seem that she left with the lady superior at her death a packet which was not to be opened for twenty-four years. This trust was handed from one lady-superior to another, and was opened last year only. It contains, according to the other party, the proofs of her marriage and of the birth of this boy, which the other party have verified and are prepared to bring into court to-morrow. The other party have a terrible case, and Watson and Hicks are about the most respectable and safe firm in London."

"Then I have never been Sir John Hornbury at all?" said Sir John, with a coolness which utterly astonished Mr. Compton.

"If their story is right," said Mr. Compton. "*We* have got to see about that."

"What became of this boy?"

"He was given over to the Jesuits, and was brought up at Stonyhurst. His mother provided for him partly with the nine thousand pounds which she had drawn from the estate in three years, and partly from her own property, which was a very good one. The Jesuits were honest stewards for the boy, according to Watson and Hicks, and although he refused to become a priest, the young man is pretty well off."

"Do you believe this story?"

Mr. Compton did not speak one word, but shook his head.

"Ruin?" said Sir John, quietly.

"It looks very much like it," said Mr. Compton. "I have been busy about the thing without troubling you, and I cannot at present see that we have a leg to stand on. But I come to the strangest part of the whole story. This young man will make any compromise which you please on your own terms; will leave you in possession of the estates and title for your life: will do anything you can suggest, on one condition."

"You amaze me. What is his condition?"

"The hand of Miss Edith."

"Like his impudence," exclaimed Sir John, "to ask Edith to marry him before she has seen him. Why, Compton," he went on, almost violently, "if Edith were to offer to save me by such an unnatural match, I would refuse my consent in such terms as would render a renewal of the offer impossible. I would sooner live in a garret on bread than consent to such

an arrangement. And Edith, my own daughter, do you think that she would degrade herself by marrying a man she did not love? You know her better, Compton?"

"I do, Sir John, and I know you pretty well also. Of course neither of you would consent for an instant—only——"

"We shall have nothing, then," said Sir John, "if this be true. My poor Mary, my poor Mary!"

"You will have Lady Hornbury's fortune, Sir John, five hundred a year."

"Aye, but he will want that. I must be £300,000 in his debt."

"It is settled on herself."

"Aye, but I will make her give it to him—every penny; she never disobeyed me yet, and she will not now."

Mr. Compton looked at his old friend with eyes which were brightened with admiration. "And this," he thought, "is the man whom the world calls mean in money matters, and jealous of his young wife?" "Sir John," he continued aloud, "I have something to tell you which will surprise you more than anything, my dear old friend. This young man has told Watson in confidence, and Watson has told *me* in confidence, that he not only knows Miss Edith, but is absolutely certain that he gained her affections eight months ago when she was staying with her aunt. Mr. Holmsdale says——"

"What!" cried Sir John.

"Mr. Holmsdale—by-the-by, I forgot to tell you that the young gentleman who claims to be Sir Richard Hornbury goes by the name of Holmsdale, which the Jesuits gave him (they seem to have given him none of their evil ways, for he is behaving very well)—Mr. Holmsdale says that he is absolutely certain that his attentions would not be disagreeable to Miss Edith, and should his claim, on examination, be allowed by you, he asks you to put the question to the young lady herself."

"Why, Compton," said Sir John, solemnly, striking his hand on the table, "Lady Hornbury and I sent that young man to the right-about with a flea in his ear eight months ago. I believe Edith did care for him, though she behaved splendidly, sir; nobly."

"Of that I have no doubt," said Mr. Compton. "Now the question is, supposing all things go wrong with us, will you——?"

"You must ask her mother about that. If Edith really cares for the man, I would drop my title and live quietly at Huntly Bank on a thousand a year. I should be sorry to lose my servants and horses, but Mary could go into society as well as Mrs. Hornbury as she could as Lady Hornbury. No, if she cares for this man, and he is really the man——"

"Of which we are not sure as yet," interrupted Mr. Compton.

"Of which we are not sure as yet," repeated Sir John; "I would do anything I could for peace. For, Compton, we must not take this into court without a very good case; a better one than we have at present. I am not going to throw £100,000 into Watson and Hicks' lap, and leave you unpaid."

"I'd fight the matter for you if you were bankrupt to-morrow, Sir John," exclaimed Mr. Compton.

"I have not the least doubt of it at all, you obstinate old man. Now I will go to bed and sleep over it. I should like to see this Holmsdale. Have you any idea whether he knew of this when he first knew my daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Compton, "as Watson pointed out to me, he had been to them about his claim before he ever saw her. His affection for her is utterly disinterested. When he got his dismissal from her he waited to see if he could see her again, and win her affections entirely without letting her know the fearful power in his hands. Watson says—and Watson knows young men pretty well—that Mr. Holmsdale will not move in the matter at all during your life unless Miss Edith marries some one else. That is Watson's opinion. I am of opinion that he might if he was to find a young lady more accessible than Miss Edith, but that is all guess-work. Has Miss Edith any predilections in another quarter?"

"That good ass Lumberton seems smitten," said Sir John, "but I don't think old d'Aurilliac has given him much chance. Good night!"

We must now leave Sir John to his own thoughts, and take flight to Paris, where the most terrible events were taking place. Lady Hornbury got to the Hôtel Meurice by two o'clock in the day, and by half-past two she was in the salon of Madame d'Aurilliac, in the Rue St. Honoré, awaiting that lady's pleasure with deep anxiety. She had not asked for Edith, considering it wiser to see the duenna herself. It is worthy of note that Lady Hornbury had been thinking matters over, and had come to the conclusion that Edith was not ill. Having allayed her maternal fears on this point without the least foundation, she had travelled on alone, and by thinking about her sea-sickness, the rumbling of the railway, and her postponed ball, she had arrived in Paris extremely cross, and was just nourishing a mortal hatred against Madame d'Aurilliac for having tele-

graphed instead of writing more fully, when that good lady entered the room in full war paint and feathers, looking daggers. Lady Hornbury saw that there was going to be a fight, and was determined that she would not be the last to begin it. The conversation was carried on in French, which was greatly to Madame d'Aurilliac's advantage. But then Lady Hornbury had a great advantage in not understanding the most stinging of Madame's points, and so preserving a coolness which deserted that lady at one period of the conversation.

"How do you do, madame, and how is my daughter Edith? May I ask the reason of this mysterious telegram, and whether my daughter is ill?"

"I am not in the least degree aware of the state of your daughter's health, madame."

"Would you be kind enough to explain yourself, madame?"

"Certainly. Your daughter left here five days ago."

"And where is she gone, if you please?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Into Burgundy."

"With your leave, madame?"

"No, madame, without my knowledge. I have nourished a viper in my bosom which I was weak enough not to expel."

"If you allude to my daughter as a viper, madame, you forget *yourself;* and as for expelling her, she seems to have expelled *herself.* Are any further explanations convenient?"

"I have been most grossly deceived, yet I have borne everything. Madame, when I took your daughter into my house, did you say a word about the clandestine correspondence with Holmsdale?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Hornbury. "It was no business of yours: and what you choose to call a clandestine correspondence was limited to a single letter from her, in which she forbade Mr. Holmsdale to speak to her."

"Madame, her late maid tells quite another story," said Madame d'Aurilliac.

"If madame chooses to believe the word of a discharged and most unprincipled servant in preference to mine, I can only pity madame: my daughter is incapable of a mean or underhanded action."

"I think that you will change your opinion of Madame Rocroy directly," said Madame d'Aurilliac.

"Madame Rocroy? I never heard of the woman," said Lady Hornbury.

"Your daughter Edith is now Madame Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurilliac. "She was married four days ago secretly at the mairie of this arrondissement, and afterwards at the Carmelite chapel in the Rue de Brissac, and at the Protestant church in the Rue d'Aguesseau."

Though Madame d'Aurilliac said this while she was looking straight into the eyes of Lady Hornbury, the Englishwoman never flinched or changed colour. Her mouth was as dry as dust, and her heart going wildly, but she never moved a muscle before the Frenchwoman. "Not before her," she thought, "not before that woman."

"And who," she asked, "is the gentleman whom madame has selected for my son-in-law?"

"Madame is kind enough to throw the blame on me. I thank madame very much indeed for allowing me to admit a viper to my house, and then throwing the blame of what has happened on me."

"Now, my dear madame," said Lady Hornbury, who by this time had managed to moisten her dry mouth and get her heart a little quiet. "We do not want any more vipers, if you please; we have had vipers enough. I must ask you civilly to give me an account of this matter from beginning to end, first requesting you to give me your honour as a D'Aurilliac that my daughter was married as you say."

"Madame de Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurilliac, "has made a marriage which I should have recommended myself had it been sanctioned by your ladyship. M. de Rocroy is a gentleman in every way worthy of the best woman in France, and of fortune, not large, but good. He is a gentleman high in favour with his majesty Henri V., as these jewels will show. It would seem that his majesty condescended to take interest in the love affairs of M. de Rocroy, and knew what was going on, for these jewels have arrived only to-day from Frohsdorf as a bridal present for Madame Rocroy. Here are the jewels, my lady; perhaps you will take charge of them."

"Thank you," said Lady Hornbury, coolly. "I may as well take them until my daughter arrives in England: they are very fine jewels: indeed, I think that I will wear them myself until my daughter, Madame ——, what name did you say?"

"Rocroy."

"Ah! Rocroy claims them. And now, my dear creature, how did all this come about? I am really dying to know."

"Insular wretch!" thought Madame d'Aurilliac; "she cares nothing for her daughter."

There was a wild, nearly bursting heart behind Lady Hornbury's broad bosom which told another tale though; and one sentence

was ringing in the ear of her mind continually —"It will kill John; it will kill John:" but she faced the Frenchwoman as though she had no fox under her tunic.

"In consequence of your directions with regard to the visits of Lord Lumberton as the fiancé of Miss Hornbury——"

"None such were given," said Lady Hornbury, interrupting.

"I beg madame's pardon. Here is madame's letter, in which you told me that his visits were a family affair."

"I wish I had written in French," said Lady Hornbury.

"I wish you had, madame. I suppose that with that letter in my hand I may be excused from blame."

"Go on with your tale, and we will talk about blame afterwards," said Lady Hornbury, who felt a trifle guilty, though she would have died sooner than show it.

"In consequence of that letter I admitted Lord Lumberton's visits; nay, after I had discovered the affair Holmsdale, I encouraged them."

Lady Hornbury nodded, and sneezed in the most unconcerned manner, and said, "Go on, madame, for you begin to interest me."

"I encouraged his visits, knowing what I knew, and at last he proposed to her. She refused him with scorn, and he told me of it. I went to her and told her that in consequence of the affair Holmsdale she was destined to marry that young man by her parent's orders."

"Oh, you told her *that*, did you, madame?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Yes, madame; I considered that I was acting under your instructions, and I told her that. I told her that she must give Lord Lumberton a favourable answer in five days. On the second day after that she was gone, and at night the young Comte de Millefleurs came and told me all that had happened: he had acted as groomsman, and his sister as bridesmaid."

"How very nice of them," said Lady Hornbury. "You have not got such a thing as a hair-pin, have you, countess? for I slept in the train last night, and my hair is coming down. Now about this young Millefleurs. He is quite respectable?"

"He is gentleman-in-waiting to his majesty Henri V."

"Ah! we call him Comte de Chambord; I respect your prejudices; he will claim his title as King of France some day, and I wish he may get it." (This vulgarism was utterly lost on Madame d'Aurilliac.) "Well, madame, if you will send me a note of my daughter's expenses here to my hotel to-night I will discharge it. May I ask, had you any suspicions of the attentions of M. de Rocroy towards my daughter?"

"Madame's memory is short. I thought that his attentions were directed to your daughter's maid, and so I discharged her; she was only the go-between subsidized by Rocroy."

"Ah! I see," said Lady Hornbury. "Well, madame, I suppose that neither of us has much cause to talk about this matter. I do not want to talk about it, and I should think you did not either. *You had better not.* If you hold your tongue I will hold mine; if you speak I will ruin you: you depend on your pension; and affairs of this kind, so grossly misconducted as this has been by you, would ruin a dozen pensions."

So Lady Hornbury got into her fiacre and went to the Hôtel Meurice after her great victory. Madame d'Aurilliac would have given a year's income had she seen her in her bedroom, alone with her maid, an old friend, who had been her nurse in times gone by.

"Pinner," said Lady Hornbury, throwing herself in a chair, "I have borne up before that woman, but I am going to die."

"What is the matter, my lady?" said the maid, kneeling before her.

"I never can face Sir John. And oh, my Edith! my Edith! dearer than ever, why could you not have trusted your mother?"

"Is Miss Edith dead?" asked the frightened maid.

"No, Pinner; but she has married a Frenchman, and deceived us all. Oh, Madame d'Aurilliac, I will remember *you!*"

Pinner got her mistress to bed as soon as possible. Lady Hornbury wrote a letter to her daughter, poste restante, Dijon, full of tenderness and kindness, only regretting that Edith had not confided in her, and putting her entirely in the right about Lord Lumberton's attentions. "I will not conceal from you the fact, my darling, that we should have liked you to marry Lord Lumberton, but that old idiot, Madame d'Aurilliac, mistook everything. As for this Rocroy of yours, give him a box on the ears for me, and tell him that I will give him another when I meet him."

That was the way that Lady Hornbury got out of the difficulty: was she a wise woman, or was she not? I think that she was wise. She said to Pinner before she cried herself to sleep, "She shall love me still, though that miserable old Frenchwoman made her distrust me. We must be off by the first train to Calais, and

I must break it to Sir John. That woman d'Aurilliac will send in her bill to-night. Wait up and pay it. It will be 10,000 francs, or thereabouts. Don't haggle; I'll give her *her* receipt some day."

Sir John slept over Mr. Compton's astonishing communication, and he came to this conclusion, that it was in all probability perfectly true.

In the first place, it was obvious that Compton believed it, and Compton was the first solicitor in London. It was also obvious that Watson believed it, and Watson was the last man in the world to take up a case unless he was as good as certain. Compton *might* still find something not known as yet, but it seemed highly improbable. Sir John quietly acquiesced in the matter as far as he was concerned: the worst thing was the breaking it to his wife.

"How will she take it?" he repeated to himself a hundred times over. "There will be one explosion when I tell her the truth about Compton's story, and another when I order her to give up her fortune. I wonder how she will go through with it. Poor sweetheart, she has never seen trouble yet."

Here she was, late the next day, fresh from Paris with a new bonnet and a frank smile. "Now, John," she said, "you may kiss me, but if you rumple my bonnet you rumple two pound four, and so I warn you. And how are you, my dear?"

"I am as well as ever I was, I think," said Sir John. "I am wonderfully well. But I will come up to your dressing-room while you change your dress for dinner, for I have some very heavy news to tell you."

"I suppose that you have heard about half the truth, John," she said. "Come up and tell your story, then I will tell mine. Any one to dinner?"

"Mr. Compton."

"The very man," she said. "Now, my dear, tell me your story while I am dressing."

"Mary, I fear we are utterly ruined."

"How? In money?" she asked, combing her hair.

"I fear so."

"How very curious! Have you been speculating?"

"No. I am, it would seem, not Sir John Hornbury at all."

"Don't say another word," she cried. "I know what is the matter. Tom was married, and had a son."

"My darling, I fear that it is only too true."

"I *knew* it," she said, looking at him triumphantly, and plying her hair-brushes. "I knew it as soon as you spoke. Tell me all about it, and don't keep me waiting. I was certain it was that when you spoke."

Sir John sat down and told her the whole matter, as Compton had related it, from beginning to end.

"Well," she said, "surprises will never cease in the world. At all events, we have my fortune, and we can be very comfortable on that."

"Mary," said Sir John.

"Yes, dear."

"If this man is proved to be my nephew, I shall owe him about £300,000."

"I am afraid so; but we never can pay it."

"We can pay him your £15,000."

"If you think it necessary to your honour, of course I will obey you; but it leaves us penniless. I suppose that we ought to give it. I will tell you what I can do better than most women—I can give music lessons."

"You are not afraid of the future, then, without a penny?"

"Not in the least. I have got you, John, and it will go hard but what I will keep you. *I* am not afraid so long as you are with me."

"Come here, you golden woman, and sit on my knee," said Sir John.

She came, and their cheeks were together, and her brown hair was mingling with his gray hair, and they sat in the silence of love.

"Then you do not mind it?" he asked.

"I don't see that there is anything to mind in it," she said. "I like money and society more than most, but I love you better than all. We are not the first people who have lost their money, and we sha'n't be the last. I should have liked my fifteen thousand pounds for your sake, but it must go if it turns out that we have been living false lives."

"Edith could make everything straight for us," said Sir John.

"How?"

"The claimant is that young man Holmsdale who was in love with Edith. He will never move in the matter during my lifetime if Edith marries him. He says that he has won her love could the match be brought about. And, by the way, how is Edith, for I had forgotten to ask you?"

"Now this *is* checkmate," said Lady Hornbury. "How is Edith? Why, Edith is as well as a bride can expect to be. Edith, living in that atmosphere of lies which every Frenchwoman carries about with her, has been frightened by old D'Aurilliac into running away with a French count. Edith is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Is he a gentleman?" asked Sir John.

"Oh yes; a man about Frohsdorf. By-the-by, here are the jewels which the Comte de Chambord sent her."

"She might have done worse," said Sir John. "Has he money?"

"He has enough," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, then, under the circumstances, we really must not grumble," said Sir John. "Now come, let us go down and meet old Compton."

Old Compton was waiting for them, and dinner was waiting for all three of them; but old Compton wanted a few words on business before they went into the dining-room.

"Sir John," he said, "you have, I suppose, put her ladyship in possession of the facts?"

"I have," said Sir John.

"My lady," said Mr. Compton, "I have been at work ever since I spoke to Sir John, and I have to tell your ladyship that we have not a leg to stand on; those Jesuits are good men of business."

"Well, we have prepared our minds. We are beggars."

"Sir John told you the terms of the compromise?"

"Yes," said Lady Hornbury, "but such a compromise happens to be impossible. My daughter Edith has married a Frenchman. She is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Madame de *what!*" shouted old Compton.

"Madame de Rocroy," said Lady Hornbury. "My daughter's husband's name is Richard de Rocroy."

"Have the goodness to bring me a glass of wine," said old Compton, "I am faint."

Lady Hornbury rang the bell violently, and, not waiting for the footman, hurried Mr. Compton and Sir John into the dining-room, where she poured out a glass of wine.

"Don't you see what you have done?" said Mr. Compton, after he had drunk his wine.

"Not in the least," said Lady Hornbury.

"Don't you see that your daughter has married Holmsdale, the very man we wanted her to marry? This Holmsdale, whom I believe to be your nephew, always has taken the title of Rocroy in France. Your daughter has married her cousin, and we are uncommonly well out of it. Sir John, do you forget everything when you forget that the family name of the De Touls was Rocroy?"

"I had completely forgotten it," said Sir John. And so they went to dinner and discussed matters very quietly.

"How could this astounding result have come about?" said Sir John.

"It is perfectly plain to me now that we have to thank the folly and stupidity of the Comtesse d'Aurilliac for this," said Lady Hornbury. "She put things in a false light to Edith, and Edith was foolish enough to believe that we should force her into a marriage with Lumberton. Well now, what do you say about my going to Dijon and taking Mr. Compton?"

"Or what do you say to my going to Dijon and taking Lady Hornbury?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, you must fight it out on the way as to who is the commander-in-chief," said Sir John, "but you had better both go. Compton, you have full power to act for me with this man. I feel sure that I shall like him. Mary, my love, what do you say to dropping the title, and becoming Mrs. Hornbury?"

"I think on the whole that it would be the best thing to do for Edith's sake. The world will say some hard things of us—will say, for example, that we discovered the justice of the claim, and sacrificed our daughter to save ourselves, but we, knowing otherwise, can laugh at that. However, nothing can be done until I have taken Mr. Compton to Dijon."

Edith had written a letter to her mother, which had crossed that lady's; she was therefore profoundly astonished, as she was sitting alone deeply anxious, to see her mother come sailing into the room, and saying, "My sweet Edith, get me some tea. I am as tired as if I had walked all the way. Where is your cousin?"

"My cousin, mamma?"

"I should say your husband. Don't you know that you have married your cousin, and are Lady Hornbury? Come here and kiss me, you curious child. So he has never told you."

Meanwhile Mr. Compton and Edith's husband had been in conversation. At first that young gentleman refused emphatically to touch the estates, titles, or anything else, save a decent allowance from Sir John. The most that he could be got to do was this: he was to be received as a nephew of Sir John's and heir to the baronetcy at Sir John's death, drawing such money as should be decided on from the estates. The marriage was to be immediately announced, and Sir John was at once to be told to do so.

"Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you to do a certain thing very much."

"I will do it," said Richard Hornbury.

"*Go at once, to-morrow, to Frohsdorf*, and take your wife with you. You are pretty sure of a welcome there."

"*I* see," said the bridegroom, laughing.

People in London have got over the matter very easily. Sir John appeared in the Park on his famous horse, and told everybody his own version of the affair. His daughter Edith had married her cousin Dick abroad, and her mother had gone over to see her. The bride and bridegroom were staying with the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf: the jewels which the bride had received from the legitimist aristocracy were very handsome, monstrous handsome: the girl had won everybody's heart over there.

The world was a little puzzled about this new nephew of Sir John's, and also rather amazed at the suddenness of the marriage; but there came half a dozen other things to wonder about, and so the postponement of Lady Hornbury's ball was soon forgotten.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a-field thou hast not flown;
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure:
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumbing.

Well; let it be!—through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

WIND AND STARS.

The stars are shining fixed and bright,
I stand upon the windy height,
Alone with sorrow and the night

O stars so high, from earth apart,
Ye are the hopes that stirred my heart;
O wind, its beating wings thou art.

The wind may rave, the starry spheres
Unheeding shine, nor moved by fears
Nor shaken into trembling tears.

O hush, wild heart, regarded not;
Sink to the level of thy lot,
In pity sink, and be forgot.

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

A BLIND BOY'S SONG.[1]

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, tho' often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell;
While touch'd to my heart with its deep thrilling strain,
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain.
What brightness of hue is with music combined?
Will any one tell me? I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?
Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight
A poor little boy, that knows not of sight?
The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined,
Oh! tell me what light is: I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

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[1] Appropriate and beautiful music, composed by W. R. Dempster for this song, is published by R. Cocks & Co., London.

MARRIED? OR NOT MARRIED?

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Countess von Werbe became a widow very young. Her husband was old and rich when he asked her in marriage. She rejected his addresses, and wept in the arms of her father. Her father laughed at her tears. He did not conceive how it was possible to reject the count, and his daughter did conceive it. Her father reckoned the estates of the count, and she reckoned his years.

She had sometime before become acquainted with Herr von Welt, who had fewer estates, and fewer years over his head, danced well, talked tenderly, and loved ardently. But the count was pressing—the father severe—the Herr von Welt was poor, and the count rich. She continued to love the Herr von Welt, and gave the count her hand.

The count had no children. The gout and a cough reminded him of temperance, and he retired in the arms of Hymen to one of his estates. The young countess lived in solitude; the count coughed worse, and remained without children. His old age and his infirmities increased every day; in two years he left the world and his estates, and the young wife was a widow.

She laid aside her white dresses and put on black. The countess was fair—the dark dress set off her complexion—mourning became her.

The count left her all his property: but old people are often fantastical! According to a singular condition of the will, if she married again, the greatest part of the property reverted to one of his relations, living at the residence.

Herr von Welt hastened to comfort the widow. He found her beautiful, and she found him as amiable as before. He talked all day long without coughing, and she listened to him all day long without yawning. He could relate a thousand little anecdotes, and the countess was curious. He spoke of the torch of love and his own feelings, and the countess felt. He described the torments of separation, and the anxieties which had martyred him, and the countess was compassionate. He lay at her feet; protestations of his passion streamed from his lips, and his tears upon her hand, and the countess loved; but she thought with tears on the conditions of the will. She was melancholy. It was already six weeks since the count had bid adieu to his gout for ever, and grief appeared now for the first time on the countenance of the countess.

"My dear friend," said Herr von Welt to her in the morning, "you torment yourself with doubts, and it remains in your own power to put an end to them."

"How so?" said the countess.

"You believe in the possibility," continued he, "of my ceasing to love you; you consider the band of the feelings not strong enough to withstand time; but, my dear friend, how easy it is for the hand of the priest to join ours together; you will then be tranquillized."

"Have you then forgotten the will?" said she weeping.

"My love, the question now is only about making you easy. We will be married privately. You and I, the priest—and love will hear our oath."

"But you see, there must be a priest," said she, hastily.

"Let me manage that," said Herr von Welt. "Here in the neighbourhood lives an old man, who is borne down by poverty and close upon a century of years. He is as worthy as the times in which he was born, and as silent as the tomb which will soon receive him. He will carry our secret with him to the grave, and we will bury it in our bosoms."

The countess threw herself into his arms, and entreated him to hasten. Welt did so. The conscience of the priest was tranquillized; twilight, and a distant summer-house, concealed them from the eye of suspicion, and Welt embraced with rapture—his wife.

A year passed away; she no longer looked after him with inquietude when he rode out, and his eyes were no longer fixed on her window when he returned; she could yawn when he related, and he sometimes felt *ennui* though she was sitting by him—but they lived together. The servants had observed familiarities not warranted by friendship; yet their attachment did not appear to be ardent enough to account well for their being together. A year had made them feel secure, and they no longer paid that strict attention which they did at first to their conduct and conversation. People began to conjecture, to doubt, at last to believe, and after a time to impart their sentiments to each other.

The Count von Werbe, who was to inherit the property in default of the condition of the will being observed, was at this time out of favour with the prince, through the intrigues of his numerous creditors, and had left the residence with his wife, to take refuge in the arms of nature. He had purchased the situation of grand chamberlain to the prince—had squandered his property by giving balls and

fêtes, and destroying his health by dancing and dancers. His wife was formerly a lady of honour—people had formerly paid homage to her charms—she was formerly surrounded by a circle of admirers, but the boundaries of this circle grew smaller, and it was now many years since she had found the residence empty and tiresome, and the taste of the times quite spoiled.

Their estate joined that of the countess. The count attended with much interest to the suspicions which were imparted to him, and hastened to the castle of the countess to pay his respects to her as a relative, and to convince himself of the truth of the opinion of his neighbours; but he did not convince himself. The countess was prepared for his visit. The Herr von Welt was tender and attentive—his eyes riveted on her. The countess showed all the cordiality of friendship and the attentions of a warmer affection. The count returned home sorrowful.

"Dear Augusta," said the count, as he entered the chamber of his wife, "our neighbours are not prudent. It is only necessary to see them both to give no credit to the tale they have amused us with. I was there two hours, and he had not the courage to come within three steps of her."

"But that proves for us," cried the countess; "he would have sat at one end of the room and she at the other."

"Not so, my love," said the count; "respect seemed to keep him at a distance. Their eyes sought each other—her countenance appeared to complain of my presence. Then the interest with which they spoke of each other! No, my love, we see each other—we talk to each other, but believe me, on my word they are not married."

"But," said the countess, "our neighbours have eyes; did you never, then, observe nothing which can justify their opinion?"

"My love," replied the count, "you may suppose that I observed everything very attentively. It is not my fault if our creditors are not paid."

"Trifles often betray us," said the countess. "Reflect a little; did she not once drop her pocket-handkerchief?"

"Her pocket-handkerchief?" said the count, and considered a little; "no, but her fan fell down."

"And she picked it up again?" said the countess, quickly.

"Truly yes, she picked it up," said the count, looking at her with astonishment.

"And he was there, and suffered it?" said the countess.

The count looked thoughtful—she struck him playfully on the shoulder: "Believe me, good count, our neighbours are in the right."

"When I consider well," said the count, "it appears to me probable; she was very well dressed; her toilette was certainly a few months behind the fashion, but we are in the country, and I was astonished at her taste."

"And he?" asked the countess.

"He held a long dissertation upon taste; he went through the whole history of fashions, from the fig-leaf of the first lady to the last gala-dress of the grand-duchess. He particularly admired the Grecian costume."

"And was she dressed like a Greek?" said the countess quickly.

"Oh no," said the count: "she was true German—buried up to the chin."

"They are man and wife," said the countess, throwing herself into his arms.

"But her eyes," said the count, shaking his head.

"You are a keen observer," said the countess. "What proofs do you wish to have? The lover would have fallen to the ground with the fan, the husband remained quietly seated; the lover would have had eyes only to admire, the husband had time for a long conversation; the lover would have been delighted to see a German woman he admired dressed in the German fashion, and the husband praised the Greek women. My dear count, are you not aware of all that?"

The count laughed. "Well," said he, "we are invited to-morrow to our neighbour the chamberlain; the Herr von Welt and the countess will likewise be there. In a large society we fancy ourselves less remarked, and give ourselves up more to our ease; we can therefore both observe them. You may be in the right, but her countenance, and her eyes. I have had the honour, during the last fifteen years, of presenting many married men to his royal highness, and I know mankind well! Matrimony has a peculiar look, something like despair—if you are right, my knowledge of mankind is good for nothing."

The next day all the company was assembled at the chamberlain's except the countess and Herr von Welt. The chamberlain was impatient, all eyes turned toward the road; at last a cloud of dust was observed, and then the carriage of the countess driving quickly up. She was looking out of the right window of the carriage. Welt, leaning on his arm, was looking out of the other. The lady of the grand chamberlain touched her husband and smiled; he turned round good-humouredly, and

said in a low voice, "I believe you are right." The carriage stopped; Welt sprang out, the servants assisted the countess; he stood quietly by and brushed the dust from his coat. "They are man and wife," said the grand chamberlain's lady softly.

"Yes, yes, I begin to doubt my knowledge of mankind," said the count.

The countess made excuses for being so late; Welt knit his brow in vexation. Dinner was announced; the master of the house offered his arm to the lady of the grand chamberlain. The grand chamberlain and Welt, the countess and a strange lady remained. Welt offered his arm to the strange lady, and left the countess to the grand chamberlain. His wife looked back and smiled; the grand chamberlain nodded significantly. The society was gay. Welt sat between the countess and the strange lady. He conversed with the stranger on fashion and feeling, and left the countess to be amused by the grand chamberlain. The latter smiled, his wife looked at him good-humouredly. After dinner Welt approached the countess. He talked of the influence of the body over the mind, which occasioned satiety in everything. The countess yawned. "That is the body," said she. Welt continued calmly talking, and the body of the countess yawned again.

The grand chamberlain stole up to his lady. "They are man and wife," she whispered.

"It is certain," said the grand chamberlain.

The chamberlain proposed a walk in the garden, and the company went. A narrow plank led to a fine waterfall. The grand chamberlain had brought his vertigo with him from the residence; the chamberlain was too lusty to trust himself on the plank, and the ladies were timid. Welt sought to tranquillize them. He escorted them over the plank; but he offered his services last to the countess.

The grand chamberlain stood smiling on one side, and his wife stood smiling at him from the other. It was evening, and the company hastened back to the house. The countess was behind, Welt near her. He walked on thoughtfully; she followed him fatigued.

The grand chamberlain pressed the hand of his wife. The carriages were ordered; the party separated, and hastened home.

"You are a clever woman, my love," said the grand chamberlain; "it is certain they are man and wife."

"Now, my dear," said the countess, "only take the pains to get certain proofs."

"Leave me alone," said the count. "The thing is clear, and when that is the case, there must be proofs." Accordingly he went round the neighbourhood to obtain more information; but he wanted proof, and could only procure conjectures. People had heard this, and seen that; one referred to another; and when he wanted proofs, the one had said nothing, and the other had heard nothing. He came back sorrowful. "My dear," said he, "I return just as rich in conjectures, and as poor in proofs."

"Indeed!" said the countess. "Can the people yet doubt that they are married?"

"Alas! no," said the count; "but no one can prove it. However, I will try what I can do; the day after to-morrow Herr von Welt has business in the residence; I will send immediately to my lawyer. We must take advantage of the moment, for conjectures lead to nothing."

The lawyer was called; they were shut up together, and on the second day he drove to the chateau of the countess.

"All alone?" said the grand chamberlain, as he entered the room with an appearance of surprise.

"Herr von Welt is in town," said the countess; "he will be sorry that he was not at home when he finds that you have been here."

The grand chamberlain took a seat near her; he admired the arrangement of the house, and some pictures which were in the room.

"My husband was a connoisseur," said the countess. "The collection of paintings he has made proves his taste."

"Ah! his taste proves other things still more," said the count, smiling; and he kissed her hand. "But he was an extraordinary man; he had caprices, which he showed even to the last; his will proves that."

The countess looked at him surprised. The grand chamberlain appeared not to observe it, and continued, "So young as you are, to remain a widow can only be the caprice of an old jealous husband, who wishes to torment you after his death. The poor man forgot that the heart is very susceptible at your age."

The countess cast down her eyes and blushed.

"Herr von Welt is an old acquaintance, at least I think so," said the grand chamberlain.

"I have known him above four years," said the countess embarrassed.

"He was remarked at court for his talents and affability," continued the grand chamberlain, smiling, and his smile was expressive; "but the last year he has been quite lost to the court and to the world. How is it possible for him not to forget the caprices of an old man who is dead?"

The countess was evidently more embarrassed.

"Why were you not sincere with me?" said he, softly, and took her hand. "Your secret is known in the neighbourhood, why would you conceal it from me?"

The countess started up terrified. "Is it possible?" said she—and her voice faltered. "Can the old man have—Oh, count! what do you know—what is known?"

"Do you think," said the count, "that I watch my advantage so servilely?" and his tone was tender and sincere. "I will see and hear nothing. Enjoy in peace what you have dearly enough bought, by a sacrifice of two years. But, dear countess, I have children, who may hereafter complain of my pliability and indulgence. I must therefore do something to fulfil the duty of a father. Another in my place would here require—he would lay before you proofs on which to ground his claims, but I spare your heart, and respect your secret. The friend is silent—it is the father only entreats."

"Alas!" cried the countess, and tears streamed from her eyes, "what do you require of me?"

The grand chamberlain drew a paper out of his pocket. "You know," he continued calmly, "that my property is greatly embarrassed. Your husband left you large estates, and a great fortune; I am silent on his will, of which I make no use; but this wound which I give to my interest must not continue bleeding in my children. Sign, therefore, this writing, my dear friend. You undertake therein to discharge a part of my debts, which have been occasioned by my service in the state, and your secret will ever remain concealed."

He fetched a pen. The countess in the meantime recovered her presence of mind.

"Allow me," said she, more tranquilly, "to request that you will present me the proofs on which you ground your suspicions?"

"Why so?" said he, smiling, "the government will, perhaps, soon communicate some to you."

"The government?" said the countess, terrified.

"You know," continued he, "the steady course of justice; you will be cited. It is certainly only a form, but still unpleasant. You must appear and take your oath."

"Oh heavens!" cried the countess, and her voice faltered again.

"You take your oath," said the grand chamberlain, "and remain in possession of your property."

The countess seized the pen hastily. "Your children shall lose nothing," said she, and signed. The grand chamberlain kissed the hand which returned him the paper, and went gaily to his carriage.

Herr von Welt returned the next day. "We are betrayed," said the countess, and threw herself weeping into his arms.

"Betrayed?" said he, astonished.

"The old priest must have chattered," said the countess.

"Indeed!" says Welt, "he has not spoken these nine months, for he is dead."

The countess looked confounded. She related to him the visit of the grand chamberlain, his behaviour, and her signature.

"That is a deception," cried Welt, "he has taken you by surprise; but he shall not long enjoy his triumph." He hastened out of the room, ordered his horse, and rode to the grand chamberlain. The count came to meet him on the steps.

"I have a word to say to you, count," said Welt; "but I should wish it to be in private."

"A word also with you, for it is time to sit down to dinner, and you must be our guest," said the grand chamberlain affably, and led him into the room.

"Count," said Welt, "you expressed a suspicion yesterday to the countess, in which I am concerned."

"Quite right," replied the count; "people told me of these conjectures, and I repeated them to the countess."

"Count!" said Welt, "by what can you prove your conjectures?"

"We will talk about it after dinner," said the grand chamberlain; "it is already on the table. Our conversing longer may occasion surprise, and you do not, of course, wish that we should furnish the people with more materials for conjectures?"

Welt bowed embarrassed. "After dinner, then," said he, and his tone was somewhat milder. The grand chamberlain opened the dining-room door, and introduced him to his wife.

Two sons of the count were at table with them. The youngest, the mother's darling, sat next her, and amused himself by getting under the table to pinch the calf of his father's leg. The count drew up his feet several times, making a wry face; but the strength of the darling seemed to increase, for he clung like a crab to the calf. The grand chamberlain at last kicked him from him with an exclamation, and the darling fell screaming at his mother's feet.

"The child grows unbearable," cried the grand chamberlain, as he rubbed the calf of his leg, which was smarting with pain; and the mother wiped the tears from the cheeks of the little one. "Poor child!" said she, "has he hurt you?"

"Go on spoiling him," said the count, "and he will one day give your heart as much pain as he has now done my calf."

"Only do not torment him," said the mother, stroking his cheeks; "he must be allowed to grow like the tree of the field. It was so that Jean Jacques wished boys to be educated."

"But he is to be a gentleman of the chamber," said the father, "and you will at last make a Jean Jacques of the boy. He will then be good for nothing at most but to be a stable-boy."

"When the children are grown up," said she, coldly, "you may present them at court; that you may understand, but do not interfere in their education. You do not wish the tender plants to wither before their time."

The grand chamberlain was silent, and looked vexed; the countess expatiated on the virtues of her children, and the cruelties of certain fathers, who had no steady principle of education.

The storm subsided by degrees, and they rose from table. Welt impatiently reminded the count of his promise, who conducted him into his room.

"Herr von Welt," said the grand chamberlain, as he begged him to be seated, "am I married?"

Herr von Welt looked at him with astonishment.

"I do not know what this question means, count?"

"You were not a witness at our marriage; you did not accompany us to the altar: may I be allowed to ask by what means you know we are married?"

"I think you must be joking," said Welt; "how I know?—people have told me so."

"You consider that as a proof, then?" said the grand chamberlain quickly.

"You embarrass me," said Welt; "I knew it before I had the honour of seeing you, and my eyes convinced me."

"What have you seen, then?" asked the count.

"Oh!" said Welt, "there are certain trifles which soon discover that connection. One is more familiar together, one is not so attentive to the choice of expressions when speaking together, and sometimes one differs about the mode of education."

"Precisely so," continued the grand chamberlain, "the ardour of first love is gone by, but we live together, we bestow our attention on strangers, and leave our wives to be entertained by others: we walk onwards lost in thought, and forget that a wife is following."

"Count!" said Welt embarrassed, "you describe the most minute features of the picture. But we have digressed from the main point of our conversation."

"And I think we have been constantly discussing it," said the grand chamberlain; he went to his bureau and took out a paper—"will you have the kindness to deliver this to the countess? You may read it, Herr von Welt; it is the ratification of my promises. You see I therein renounce my claim according to the will."

"The countess will be astonished at your generosity," said Welt; "but she delivered you a contract yesterday which she requires back."

"Indeed!" said the grand chamberlain, "then I beg you to return me my writing.—But, Herr von Welt, you have withdrawn yourself entirely from court.—Do you know that people have made observations upon it? Thence arise conjectures; you must have rendered a few people jealous. I give you warning, my dear friend; no one can hurt you, but they seek to revenge themselves on the countess."

"How is that possible?" said Welt, astonished.

"I am entreated to ground a complaint on the conjectures I have heard: I have not done so, but have explained my apprehensions to the countess. The ecclesiastical court, which puts the consciences of his royal highness's subjects to proof, can put her upon her oath."

Welt looked over the paper much agitated. "I will give your renunciation to the countess," said he, getting up.

"And if she wishes her contract again," said the grand chamberlain, smiling, "it lies here amongst my papers."

"Count," said Welt, "the countess will not be behind you in generosity. Her property comes from her husband, who bore your name, and I am convinced she will be happy to appropriate a part of the property to support the splendour of his family."

He took a friendly leave of the count, who accompanied him to the hall door.

"Will you not soon travel?" said the grand chamberlain, as they descended the steps.

"Possibly very soon," said Welt; "I mean to accompany the countess, who is anxious to be in a warmer climate."

"Well, the observations you make on your

journey cannot be otherwise than instructive," said the grand chamberlain. "But, my dear friend," he continued, "when in London or at Madrid you see a man sitting opposite a lady, and the lady lets fall her fan, and he does not stoop to pick it up, or when he speaks learnedly, and the lady yawns—and they yawn at Madrid as well as here — then believe me, they are man—and wife."

Herr von Welt threw himself on his horse.

"Ride fast," said the count laughing; "make haste home; a gallop will confound the neighbours, who always walk their horses home to their wives."

Welt laughed, and spurred his animal. The grand chamberlain soon after satisfied his creditors, and returned to court.

THE HOUSEHOLD FESTIVAL.

'Twas when the harvest-moon came slowly up,
Broad, red, and glorious o'er dark groves of pine;
In the hush'd eve, when closed the flow'ret's cup,
And the blue grape hung dewy on the vine,
Forth from a porch where tendrill'd plants entwine,
Weaving a shadowy bower of odorous things,
Rich voices came, telling that there were met
Beauty and youth and mirth, whose buoyant wings,
Soaring aloft o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,
Gave man release from care, or lured him to forget.

And, as the moon rose higher in the sky,
Casting a mimic day on all around,
Lighting dim garden paths, through branches high,
That cast their chequer'd shadows on the ground;
Light maidens, dancing with elastic bound,
Like fairy revellers, in one place were seen;
And gentle friends were slowly pacing where
The dark, thick laurels formed a bowery screen;
And merry children, like the moonlight fair
With their wild pealing laughter fill'd the perfumed air.

Another hour,—and in a lighted room,
Where glorious pictures lined the lofty wall
They sate in social ease:—no brow of gloom,
No sadden'd, downcast eye, that might recall
Sorrowful musing, dimm'd the festival.
It was in honour of a gallant youth
Those friends were met,—the friends he dearest loved,—
All wishing he were there—and well, in sooth,
Might his gray father unto tears be moved,
Listening to his grateful praise,—his tears were unreproved.

Her bright eyes sparkling with delight and love,
Told his young sister of his travels wide,
Of pleasant sojourn in some palmy grove,
And Indian cities in their gorgeous pride;
Of desert isles where savage tribes abide,
And glorious shores and regions of old fame:
Then were his trophies from all lands display'd,
Belt, baracan, and bow of wondrous frame,
High nodding crest, and deadly battle blade,
And birds of curious note in glittering plumes array'd.

And, in her joyful phrase, she told how he,
Ere their next meeting, o'er the wave would come,
Like a glad spirit, to partake their glee,
And cast delight and interest round his home:
Gaily she told, how sitting in that room
When the next harvest-moon lit up the pane,
He should himself his marvellous tales relate.
—Alas! encircled by the Indian main,
That night beneath a tamarind-tree he sat
Heart sick with thoughts of home and ponderings on his fate.

The heavy sea broke thundering on the shore,
The dark, dark night had gather'd in the sky,
And from the desert mountains came the roar
Of ravening creatures, and a wild, shrill cry
From the scared night-birds slowly wheeling by.—
And there he lay, beneath the spreading tree,
Feverish and faint, and over heart and brain
Rush'd burning love, and sense of misery,
And wild, impatient grief, and longings vain
Within his blessed home to be at rest again.

Another year—and the relentless wave
Had wash'd away the white bones from the shore;—
And, mourning for his son, down to the grave
Had gone the old man with his locks all hoar;—
The household festival was held no more;—
And when the harvest-moon came forth again,
O'er the dark pines, in red autumnal state,
Her light fell streaming through the window pane
Of that old room, where his young sister sate
With her down-droop'd head, and heart all desolate.

MARY HOWITT.

ON EARLY RISING.

I hope that you are not an early riser. If you are, throw this into the fire—if not, read it. But I beg your pardon; it is impossible that you can be an early riser; and if I thought so, I must be the most impertinent man in the world; whereas, it is universally known that I am politeness and urbanity themselves. Well then, pray what is this virtue of early rising, that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, in the first place, according to the seasons of the year—secondly, according to peoples' profession—and thirdly, according to their character.

Let us begin with spring—say the month of

March. You rise early in the month of March, about five o'clock. It is somewhat darkish—at least gloomyish—dampish—rawish—coldish—icyish—snowyish. You rub your eyes and look about for your breeches. You find them, and after hopping about on one leg for about five minutes, you get them on. It would be absurd to use a light during that season of the year, at such an advanced hour as five minutes past five, so you attempt to shave by the spring dawn. If your nose escapes, you are a lucky man; but dim as it is, you can see the blood trickling down in a hundred streams from your gashed and mutilated chin. I will leave your imagination to conjecture what sort of neckcloth will adorn your gullet, tied under such circumstances. However, grant the possibility of your being dressed—and down you come, not to the parlour, or your study—for you would not be so barbarous—but to enjoy the beauty of the morning,—as Mr. Leigh Hunt would say, "*out of doors.*" The moment you pop your phiz one inch beyond the front wall, a scythe seems to cut you right across the eyes, or a great blash of sleet clogs up your mouth, or a hail shower rattles away at you, till you take up a position behind the door. Why, in goodness' name, did I leave my bed? is the first cry of nature—a question to which no answer can be given, but a long chitter grueing through the frame. You get obstinate, and out you go. I give you every possible advantage. You are in the country, and walking with your eyes, I will not say open, but partly so, out of a country gentleman's house worth five thousand a year. It is now a quarter past five, and a fine sharp blustering morning, just like the season. In going down stairs, the ice not having been altogether melted by the night's rain, whack you come upon your posteriors, with your toes pointing up to heaven, your hands pressed against the globe, and your whole body bob, bob, bobbing, one step after another, till you come to a full stop or period, in a circle of gravel. On getting up and shaking yourself you involuntarily look up to the windows to see if any eye is upon you—and perhaps you dimly discern, through the blind mist of an intolerable headache, the old housekeeper in a flannel night-cap, and her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, turning up the whites of her eyes at this inexplicable sally of the strange gentleman. Well, my good sir, what is it that you propose to do? will you take a walk in the garden and eat a little fruit—that is to say, a cabbage leaf, or a Jerusalem artichoke? But the gardener is not quite so great a goose as yourself, and is in bed with his wife and six children. So I leave you knocking with your shoulder against the garden gate—in the intervals of reflection on the virtue of early rising in spring.

March, April, and May are gone, and it is summer—so if you are an early riser, up, you lazy dog, for it is between three and four o'clock. How beautiful is the sunrise! What a truly intellectual employment it is to stand for an hour with your mouth wide open, like a stuck pig, gazing on the great orb of day! Then the choristers of the grove have their mouths open likewise; cattle are also lowing—and if there be a dog-kennel at hand, I warrant the pack are enjoying the benefits of early rising as well as the best of you, and yelping away like furies before breakfast. The dew too is on the ground, excessively beautiful no doubt—and all the turkeys, how-towdies, ducks, and guinea-fowls, are moping, waddling, and strutting about, in a manner equally affecting and picturesque, while the cawing of an adjacent rookery invites you to take a stroll in the grove, from which you return with an epaulette on each shoulder. You look at your watch, and find it is at least five hours till breakfast—so you sit down and write a sonnet to June, or a scene of a tragedy;—you find that the sonnet has seventeen lines—and that the dramatis personæ, having once been brought upon the stage, will not budge. While reducing the sonnet to the bakers' dozen, or giving the last kick to your heroine, as she walks off with her arm extended heavenwards, you hear the good old family bell warning the other inmates to doff their night-caps—and huddling up your papers, you rush into the breakfast-parlour. The urn is diffusing its grateful steam in clouds far more beautiful than any that adorned the sky. The squire and his good lady make their entree with hearty faces, followed by a dozen hoydens and hobbletehoys—and after the first course of rolls, muffins, dry and butter toast, has gone to that bourne from which the fewer travellers that return the better—in come the new-married couple, the young baronet and his blushing bride, who, with that infatuation common to a thinking people, have not seen the sun rise for a month past, and look perfectly incorrigible on the subject of early rising.

It is now that incomprehensible season of the year, autumn. Nature is now brown, red, yellow, and everything but green. These, I understand, are the autumnal tints so much admired. Up then and enjoy them. Whichever way a man turns his face early in the morning, from the end of August till that of

October—the wind seems to be blowing direct from that quarter. Feeling the rain beating against your back, you wonder what the deuce it can have to do to beat also against your face. Then, what is the rain of autumn in this country—Scotland? Is it rain, or mist, or sleet, or hail, or snow, or what in the name of all that is most abhorrent to a lunged animal is it? You trust to a greatcoat—Scotch plaid—umbrella—clogs, &c. &c. &c.; but of what use would they be to you if you were plopped into the boiler of a steam-engine? Just so in a morning of autumn. You go out to look at the reapers. Why the whole corn for twenty miles round is laid flat—ten million runlets are intersecting the country much farther than fifty eyes can reach—the roads are rivers, the meadows lakes—the moors seas—nature is drenched, and on your return home, if indeed you ever return (for the chance is that you will be drowned at least a dozen times before that), you are traced up to your bed-room by a stream of mud and gravel, which takes the housemaid an hour to mop up, and when fold after fold of cold, clammy, sweaty fetid plaids, benjamins, coats, waistcoats, flannels, shirts, breeches, drawers, worsteds, gaiters, clogs, shoes, &c., have been peeled off your saturated body and limbs, and are laid in one misty steaming heap upon an unfortunate chair, there, sir, you are standing in the middle of the floor, in *puris naturalibus*, or, as Dr. Scott would say, in *statu quo*, a memorable and illustrious example of the glory and gain of early rising.

It is winter—six o'clock—you are up—you say so, and as I have never had any reason to doubt your veracity, I believe you. By what instinct, or by what power resembling instinct, acquired by long, painful, and almost despairing practice, you have come at last to be able to find the basin to wash your hands, must for ever remain a mystery. Then how the hand must circle round and round the inner region of the wash-hand stand, before, in a blessed moment, it comes in contact with a lump of brown soap. But there are other vessels of china, or porcelain, more difficult to find than the basin: for as the field is larger, so is the search more tedious. Inhuman man! many a bump do the bed-posts endure from thy merciless and unrelenting head. Loud is the crash of clothes-screen, dressing-table, mirror, chairs, stools, and articles of bed-room furniture, seemingly placed for no other purpose than to be overturned. If there is a cat in the room, that cat is the climax of comfort. Hissing and snuffing, it claws your naked legs, and while stooping down to feel if she has fetched blood, smack goes your head through the window, which you have been believing quite on the other side of the room; for geography is gone—the points of the compass are as hidden as at the North Pole—and on madly rushing at a venture out of a glimmer supposed to be the door, you go like a battering-ram against a great vulgar white-painted clothes-chest, and fall down exhausted on the uncarpetted and slippery floor. Now, thou Matutine Rose of Christmas, tell me if there be any exaggeration here? But you find the door—so much the worse, for there is a passage leading to a stair, and head over heels you go, till you collect your senses and your limbs on the bear-skin in the lobby.

You are a philosopher, I presume, so you enter your study—and a brown study it is with a vengeance. But you are rather weak than wicked, so you have not ordered poor Grizzy to quit her chaff and kindle your fire. She is snoring undisturbed below. Where is the tinder-box? You think you recollect the precise spot where you placed it at ten o'clock the night before, for, being an early riser-up, you are also an early lier-down. You clap your blundering fist upon the ink-stand, and you hear it spurting over all your beautiful and invaluable manuscripts—and perhaps over the title-page of some superb book of prints, which Mr. Blackwood, or Mr. Miller, or Mr. Constable, has lent you to look at, and to return unscathed. The tinder-box is found, and the fire is kindled—that is to say, it deludes you with a faithless smile; and after puffing and blowing till the breath is nearly out of your body, you heave a pensive sigh for the bellows. You find them on a nail, but the leather is burst and the spout broken, and nothing is emitted but a short asthmatic puff, beneath which the last faint spark lingeringly expires—and, like Moses when the candle went out, you find yourself once more in the dark. After an hour's execration, you have made good your point, and with hands all covered with tallow (for depend upon it, you have broken and smashed the candle, and had sore to do to prop it up with paper in a socket too full of ancient grease), sit down to peruse or to indite some immortal work, an oration of Cicero or Demosthenes, or an article for Ebony. Where are the snuffers? up-stairs in your bed-room. You snuff the long wick with your fingers, and a dreary streak of black immediately is drawn from top to bottom of the page of the beautiful Oxford edition of Cicero. You see the words, and stride along the cold dim room in the sulks. Your

object has been to improve your mind—your moral and intellectual nature—and along with the rest, no doubt, your temper. You therefore bite your lip, and shake your foot, and knit your brows, and feel yourself to be a most amiable, rational, and intelligent young gentleman.

In the midst of these morning studies, from which the present and all future ages will derive so much benefit, the male and female servants begin to bestir themselves, and a vigorous knocking is heard in the kitchen of a poker brandished by a virago against the great, dull, keeping-coal in the grate. Doors begin to bang, and there is heard a clattering of pewter. Then comes the gritty sound of sand, as the stairs and lobby are getting made decent; and, not to be tedious, all the undefinable stir, bustle, uproar, and stramash of a general clearance. Your door is opened every half minute, and formidable faces thrust in, half in curiosity, and half in sheer impertinence, by valets, butlers, grooms, stable-boys, cooks, and scullions, each shutting the door with his or her own peculiar bang; while whisperings, and titterings, and horse laughter, and loud guffaws, are testifying the opinion formed by these amiable domestics of the conformation of the upper story of the early riser. On rushing into the breakfast parlour, the butt end of a mop or broom is thrust into your mouth, as, heedless of mortal man, the mutched mawsey is what she calls dusting the room; and, stagger where you will, you come upon something surly; for a man who leaves his bed at six of a winter morning is justly reckoned a suspicious character, and thought to be no better than he should be. But, as Mr. Hogg says, I will pursue the parallel no farther.

I have so dilated and descanted on the first head of my discourse, that I must be brief on the other two, namely, the connection between early rising and the various professions, and between the same judicious habit and the peculiar character of individuals.

Reader, are you a Scotch advocate? You say you are. Well, are you such a confounded ninny as to leave a good warm bed at four in the morning, to study a case on which you will make a much better speech if you never study it at all, and for which you have already received £2, 2s. Do you think Jeffrey hops out of bed at that hour? No, no, catch him doing that. Unless, therefore, you have more than a fourth part of his business (for, without knowing you, I predict that you have no more than a fourth part of his talents), lie in bed till half-past eight. If you are not in the Parliament House till ten, nobody will miss you. Reader, are you a clergyman?—A man who has only to preach an old sermon of his old father need not, surely, feel himself called upon by the stern voice of duty to put on his small-clothes before eight in the summer, and nine in winter. Reader, are you a half-pay officer?—Then sleep till eleven; for well-thumbed is your copy of the Army List, and you need not be always studying. Reader, are you an editor?—Then dose till dinner; for the devils will be let loose upon thee in the evening, and thou must then correct all thy slips.

But I am getting stupid—somewhat sleepy; for, notwithstanding this philippic against early rising, I was up this morning before ten o'clock; so I must conclude. One argument in favour of early rising, I must, however, notice. We are told that we ought to lie down with the sun, and rise with that luminary. Why? is it not an extremely hard case to be obliged to go to bed whenever the sun chooses to do so?—What have I to do with the sun—when he goes down, or when he rises up? When the sun sets at a reasonable hour, as he does during a short period in the middle of summer, I have no objection to set likewise, soon after; and, in like manner, when he takes a rational nap, as in the middle of winter, I don't care if now and then I rise along with him. But I will not admit the general principle; we move in different spheres. But if the sun never fairly sets at all for six months, which they say he does not very far north, are honest people on that account to sit up all that time for him? That will never do.

Finally, it is taken for granted by early risers that early rising is a virtuous habit, and that they are all a most meritorious and prosperous set of people. I object to both clauses of the bill, none but a knave or an idiot—I will not mince the matter—rises early, if he can help it. Early risers are generally milk-sop spoonies, ninnies with broad unmeaning faces and groset eyes, cheeks odiously ruddy, and with great calves to their legs. They slap you on the back, and blow their noses like a mail-coach horn. They seldom give dinners. "Sir, tea is ready." "Shall we join the ladies?" A rubber at whist, and by eleven o'clock the whole house is in a snore. Inquire into his motives for early rising, and it is perhaps to get an appetite for breakfast. Is the great healthy brute not satisfied with three penny-rolls and a pound of ham to breakfast, but he must walk down to the Pierhead at Leith to increase his voracity? Where is the virtue of gobbling up three turkey's eggs, and demolish-

ing a quartern loaf before his majesty's lieges are awake? But I am now speaking of your red, rosy, greedy idiot. Mark next your pale, sallow early riser. He is your prudent, calculating, selfish, money-scrivener. It is not for nothing he rises. It is shocking to think of the hypocrite saying his prayers so early in the morning, before those are awake whom he intends to cheat and swindle before he goes to bed.

I hope that I have sufficiently exposed the folly or wickedness of early rising. Henceforth, then, let no knavish prig purse up his mouth and erect his head with a conscious air of superiority, when he meets an acquaintance who goes to bed and rises at a gentlemanly hour.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

HYMN TO PAN.

O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death,
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness,
Who lov'st to see the Hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks, where meeting hazels darken,
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

Thou to whom every fawn and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward rugged precipices flit,
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiad's cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their outpeeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O Satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings: such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth;
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan
Upon the Mount Lycean!

JOHN KEATS.

THE GREAT BALAS RUBY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD.

> For faythe of knyghte may ne'er be broken;
> Come lyfe, come dethe, hys worde must be
> Faste kepte, by lawe of chevalrye.—*Sir Amadis.*

At the period when our tale commences, although the glories of Cressy and Poictiers as yet were not, these mingled influences of romance and chivalry pervaded every bosom. The spirit-stirring lay of the minstrel found an echo in every heart; the warlike tale of the *disour* had not been told in vain; and each knight, revelling in joyful anticipations of chivalrous enterprise, cast an eager glance toward the fair plains of Normandy and strong castles of Guienne, and awaited, impatiently as his falcon for her prey, as his war-steed for the battle-field, the summons that should bid him set lance in rest, and advance the red cross into the very heart of France. And now had the call been given, and a joyous response was returned by each valiant heart; for the high-minded Jane, Countess de Montfort, had sent Sir Amaury de Clisson to supplicate knightly aid of King Edward III. on behalf of herself and her small garrison at Hennebon, then besieged by Charles of Blois. What knight

could resist the call to do battle in the cause of a fair and noble lady, whose husband was captive in a far distant dungeon? a lady, too, whose chivalrous and "right valiant" bearing had rendered her the theme of admiration in every castle hall throughout the land? King Edward gave instant assent; and under the auspices of that bravest and gentlest of knights, that "flower and grace of all chivalry," Sir Walter Manny, a goodly array of knights and men-at-arms, with six thousand chosen archers, made ready.

On the evening preceding their departure, the streets of London were filled with a busy crowd; and as the summer's sun sank brightly to rest, there might be seen armourers hurrying to and fro, with file and hammer, or brightly burnished armour; herald-painters with newly blazoned shield or pennon; esquires carefully bearing the long slender lance or richly-gilded helmet; and young pages lightly bounding along with ribbon, scarf, or kind message, the parting gift of some "fayre damosel;" and many a man-at-arms, strong of limb and huge of size, and many a tall archer with sheaf of snowy-fledged arrows, and coat of Lincoln green, pressed hastily on, carolling snatches of ancient ballads, and gazing with delighted wonder at the splendid show (even then) of the London shops, or stopping to admire the graceful beauty of the cross in West-cheap, at this period one of the "lions" of London.

Amid these picturesque groups, a knight clad in tight long hose, pointed shoe, short tunic, and flat cap, leading a lady of remarkable beauty, whose long and delicately pearl-braided hair and ample silken robe, which, but for the care of her attendant page, would have swept the ground, passed along, and at length entered a house where one of the foreign dealers in gems and in the superior kinds of armour had taken up his residence. They ascended the dark and narrow staircase, which seemed to lead but to some mean abode (for the foreign merchant, to whom the protection of the wealthy and powerful London guilds was denied, found his safety in the apparent meanness of his dwelling), and entered an apartment which, in its size, the richness of its furniture, and the splendour of the plate and armour scattered about, formed a strong contrast with the rudeness of the entrance. There, at a table covered with a rich carpet, and surrounded by carved chests of various sizes, sat their owner, a Jew of advanced age and venerable appearance, who arose as the knight and lady entered, and, with more of dignity than might have been expected in one of that proscribed race, bade them welcome. Struck by the unexpected splendour of the apartment, and still more by the appearance of the master—for the Jews, although fifty years had elapsed since their expulsion, were still the objects of undefined and traditionary horror—the lady half drew back, while the knight, who seemed to be well known to the owner of these precious stores, advanced with a pleasant smile to the table.

"Well, Eleazar of Bruges," said he, "I have come to put your boastful saying to the test, ere I cross the seas to-morrow; so unlock your caskets, bring forth your choicest jewels, and let me see if I can find a gem so beautiful that even I myself shall deem it a worthy gift to my lady."

Eleazar of Bruges returned the smile, and, taking a small casket, applied the key to the intricate lock. "Ay, most noble knight, jewels so costly and so richly set that Sir Tristrem might have offered them to 'la belle Iseult,' or 'Morgain la fay' been won by them to release her long-slumbering King Arthur," cried the Jew, to whom the language of romance in the course of his various dealings among the fair and noble had become as familiar as his own.

"Nay, more costly, more beautiful, must they be," cried the knight, with a look of proud exultation, leading the lady toward the table, "since it is for one more lovely than 'la belle Iseult,' and more witching than 'Morgain la fay.'"

"And fit lady-love for Sir Johan de Boteler, the Lord of Warrington, who made all Flanders ring with the praise of his valour," said the Jew.

"Nay, peace, I pray you," said the knight; "time presses, bring forth your jewels."

"What say you to this, or this?" said the Jew, successively taking from the casket rings and brooches, enriched with gems of the finest water, and chains of the most delicate workmanship, while the lady looked on in silent admiration.

"Nay, none of these," said the knight. "Have you still that carcanet of whose beauty you so boasted at Bruges—the heart-shaped ruby, inclosed within a border of that knightly flower, the *fleur de souvenance?*"

"We will see no more," said the lady, "for these are costly and beautiful enow, methinks, even for our sweet lady and queen."

"They are so, fair lady," replied the Jew; "but choose not until you have seen the ruby, which I purchased not long since of a stranger at Bruges. Father Abraham! 'tis without

flaw or blemish, and gloweth like the carbuncle that lighteth the hall of the Soldan of Babylon." Thus saying, he arose, and from a trebly-locked iron chest drew forth another casket.

"Hasten, good Eleazar," said the knight, "name your price, and doubt not the depth of my purse."

"Shall Eleazar of Bruges take payment of the Lord of Warrington," cried the Jew, "when by his knightly prowess I was rescued with my treasures from the brutish populace at Lisle?"

"Speak not of that," returned the knight, hastily; "a knight is ever bound to defend the defenceless—but bring it forth, and fear not for the price."

"I fear not," said the Jew, "for I would you would but take it without payment."

"That may not be," said the knight, peremptorily; "the gift that a knight presents to his lady must either be won in fight or purchased with his purse—but hasten, I pray you."

The Jew took from the very bottom of the casket a small box, and, opening it, displayed to the admiring gaze of the lady a carcanet, whose delicately enamelled border of forget-me-nots inclosed a ruby of such size and of such rich and dazzling brilliancy that the eye almost ached at beholding it.

"This doth indeed remind me of tales of the eastern land," cried the lady, as she took the splendid gem from the box by its delicate gold chain, and, holding it up, gazed with an intensity of admiration which she in vain endeavoured to suppress.

"The price?" whispered the knight, beckoning to the page who advanced with his purse—not the slender silk net of modern times, but a substantial leather pouch, embroidered and embellished with gold or silver studs, sometimes even with gems, which was at this period always either carried in the hand or suspended from the girdle.

"Say nought of payment," replied the Jew.

"It is for my lady, and I may not receive it as a gift."

"Well then, thirty marks," replied the Jew.

Altogether unconscious of the value of gems, the knight, bidding the young page count out the specified sum, delightedly fastened the splendid jewel around his lady's neck, and they both departed.

Neither lady nor knight knew that the ruby had changed from the Jew's to the Christian's hands at less than one-fifth of its real value. The existence of gratitude in a Jew was too [illegible]redited for the knight to suspect that himself proved it, and that he was to prove it still further in matters of higher import. The Lady Edith was under the guardianship of the king's jewel-master, Sir Nicholas de Farendone, who wished her to wed the rich knight Sir Matthew Trelauny, although he knew that her heart had been given to the Lord of Warrington. The latter owned little more than the reputation of being a brave and noble gentleman, and he was now counting upon success in Brittany for store of ransoms of captive knights wherewith to repurchase his father's estates. Then he had little doubt of winning the favour of Sir Nicholas de Farendone to his suit for the hand of Lady Edith.

The following day the armament destined for the relief of Hennebon departed, followed by the eager good wishes and prayers of the whole population. The Countess de Montfort was sorely besieged by the French, who had nearly beaten down the strong walls of Hennebon. At length the promised succour came, but we need not delay the current of our story to tell here how bravely the flower of English chivalry repulsed the French beneath the walls of Hennebon, how well the battle of Quimperlé was fought when Don Louis of Spain, severely wounded, was forced to put to sea in a crazy boat, still followed by the victorious English.

But that brilliant victory was the beginning of misfortunes to the Lord of Warrington; for, after chasing Don Louis both by sea and land, on the third evening Sir Walter Manny and his gallant companions in arms, in the pride of victory, stood before the strongly fortified castle of Roche Perion. Then said Sir Walter Manny, "Good gentlemen, I would that we might attack this strong castle, all weary as I am, had I but any one to aid me." Then said the knights, "Go on boldly, sir, for we will follow you even until death!" And, raising their battle-cry, "St. George for merry England!" and advancing the standard on which the lilies of France glittered beside the lions of Plantagenet, they rushed to the assault. But Girard de Maulin was no mean enemy; he manned the walls with good cross-bowmen, who shot so unerringly that many knights were slain and some wounded, and among them was the Lord of Warrington, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, his rival, also.

Nor did his ill-fortune end here: René, the brother of De Maulin, hearing news of the attack, armed forty men, and, coming suddenly on the knight and esquires, who lay wounded in a field near at hand, took them all prisoners, and carried them to his tower of Favoet. Unable to reduce the castle, and grieving much for the loss of his slain and imprisoned

companions, Sir Walter Manny returned to Hennebon, and prepared to give battle to Charles of Blois and Don Louis of Spain, who, having rallied their scattered forces, had now encamped within a short distance of the city.

One afternoon, while the archers were listlessly wandering up and down the town, eagerly awaiting the time that should again place them in battle-array against the host of France, and the knights were playing at chess, or pledging each other in Gascoigne wine to the success of the noble countess, a message from their leader summoned them to the council, where with surprise and horror they learned that the two valiant knights, Sir Johan de Boteler and Sir Matthew Trelauny, had that morning been brought from Favoet to the French camp for instant execution, at the demand of Don Louis of Spain. Astonished beyond measure at this most unchivalrous and most unheard-of intention, the English knights looked at each other, wholly unable to determine what course should be pursued. Then Sir Walter Manny, ever prompt with wise counsel in the camp as with bold daring in the field, rose up, and thus said he:

"Right gallant sirs, it would be great honour to us if we could deliver out of danger yonder two knights, and even if we should fail when we put it in adventure, yet will King Edward our master thank us, and so will all other noble men, for who would not put himself right gladly in peril to save the lives of two such valiant knights!"

The proposal was joyfully received, and the chivalrous leader, having sent the greater part of his men out at the gate that fronted the French camp, in order to provoke an attack, he himself, with a hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers on horseback, sallied out at the postern, and, going round to the back of the camp, forced his way toward the tent, where, bound, and awaiting their almost immediate execution, the two knights lay. To loose them from their bonds, to place swords in their hands, and cause each to mount a steed which he had provided, was but the work of a moment; and, his generous plan thus accomplished, Sir Walter rode back swiftly as he came, to call off the main body of his forces from their feigned assault.

The first thought of the captives, so unexpectedly liberated, was to endeavour to enter Hennebon in the train of their valiant deliverer; but Sir Walter and his archer-band spurred so quickly, that they were soon left in the distance, and Sir Matthew Trelauny, who had been more severely wounded than his rival, with great difficulty urged his slower-paced steed onward.

"Good Sir Matthew," said the Lord of Warrington, suddenly returning, "your wounds are unhealed, and your horse less swift than mine—mount *my* steed, and make the best of your way to Hennebon, and St. George and St. Michael speed you!"

"I may not, my generous rival," replied the almost fainting knight; "St. George, patron of all good chivalry, forbid that I should accept an offer that might place your life in jeopardy!"

"Nay, deny me not," persisted the Lord of Warrington, dismounting; "rivals though we be, we are brethren in misfortune; lose no time—look yonder."

Sir Matthew Trelauny turned his head, and clouds of dust in the distance too plainly showed that a company of the enemy was approaching. He looked on the blood that was fast oozing from his unhealed wound, and on the sword which he was unable to wield—half an hour on a swift steed would place him safely within the walls of Hennebon—there was no time for either to lose in fruitless debate—the strong instinct of self-preservation prevailed, and he mounted the swifter steed.

"Farewell, my generous rival," said he; "no longer rival, but brother."

"That cannot be," said the Lord of Warrington mournfully; "you are pledged to run three courses against me in the August tournament, and may I lose all favour of my lady if I meet you not there!—But, away! ride, ride for your life!"

The Lord of Warrington leaped on his rival's horse, and endeavoured to spur toward Hennebon. Ill fortune a second time pursued him: some of the scouts from the French army came up, and, after a brave but ineffectual struggle, he was led captive to Roche Perion.

It was in vain for our hapless knight that Charles of Blois was finally driven back, that a truce was completed, and that the victorious army, accompanied by the countess, had sailed to England: closely confined, although no longer in danger of his life, in the topmost tower of Roche Perion, he sat disconsolately day by day, looking out upon the distant towers of Hennebon and the dark blue sea beyond. One day, while thus mournfully sitting, almost questioning the justice of Heaven, which for a deed of knightly generosity seemed thus to have requited him with stern imprisonment, he heard the distant sounds of the heralds' trumpets, as they passed along the road leading from Hennebon, to proclaim in

every town that owned the rule of the Earl of Montfort notice of the coming tournament. And nearer and nearer came the gay procession, until the proud blazonry of the banners and the scarlet tabards glittering with gold broidery were distinctly visible; he heard the peremptory flourish of the trumpets, and—harsh sound to a prisoned knight—almost the very words of the spirit-stirring proclamation, that summoned all the chivalry of France and England to assemble at the tournament in Smithfield, "on the morrow of the Assumption of our Lady."

"Saints! must my companions in arms, nay, my rival himself, take part in this gallant festival," cried the Lord of Warrington, leaning his head against the bars of his window, overcome with the feeling of his forlorn condition, "and must I remain here without chance of going forth, nay, without money to pay my ransom, and unable to fulfil my vow?"

Surely some one pronounced his name!—He looked down, and Eleazar of Bruges was standing just below.

"Alas, brave knight!" said he, "I have come hither to seek thee—and now have I found thee thus! But be not cast down; I have money for thy ransom, and thou shalt go forth to the tournament."

"It may not be," replied the much wondering Lord of Warrington. "Girard de Maulin will take no ransom, even though I might offer it, until Charles of Blois returns. Would that he might but suffer me to cross the seas to fulfil my promise, and I would return right soon."

"It shall be so," said the Jew. "Girard de Maulin longs for a right Damascus dagger greatly as you do to ride forth to the tournament; I will seek him; leave all to me, and it shall be well."

The same evening the door of his dungeon opened, and the chatelain of Roche Perion stood before him. "Sir Johan de Boteler," said he, "I have heard of your great desire to be at the tournament, and, in return for your noble present, I will grant you absence from hence for fourteen days, only taking your knightly word that you will go straight thither, return straight hither, neither raising your visor nor declaring your name all the time of your sojourn in London."

"I accept your offer right gladly," cried the knight, "and pledge you my word that I will but proceed to the tournament, and then return hither and again yield myself prisoner."

The day of the tournament arrived, with all its gay devices, gorgeous pageantry, and gallant show of mimic war. Along the gravelled and tapestry-decked streets, from the Tower to the lists in Smithfield, fourscore esquires in gay apparel slowly passed, each riding a noble steed, adorned with plumed chanfron, gilded martingale, and silken bases, rich with armorial bearings; while fourscore noble ladies, each mounted on a fair palfrey, led by a chain of silver her favourite knight. These were the English chivalry; but, on arriving at the lists, many French and many Flemish knights, and among them the Earl of Hainault, the queen's brother, stood ready.

But one there was, who, in plain armour, bearing a shield without device, and distinguished by a fetter-ring on his right ankle, attracted much inquiry. Nought, however, could be learned regarding him, save that he was a knight from Brittany, come hither to fulfil a vow. Such vows were common in the days of chivalry; and many a bright eye cast a look of more eager interest upon the nameless knight than on him who rode conspicuous in the richest armour, or him whose proud quarterings embossed his courser's bases to the very ground. Nor did the nameless knight gainsay by his deeds the interest thus excited: with lance and sword, in the lists as at the barriers, he was equally successful; and when the heralds presented the victorious knights to the queen and the ladies, he received from the fair hand of Philippa the second prize, an emerald ring of great value.

"Who is yonder Breton knight?" said the king; "bring him before me, and tell him *now* he may well declare his name."

It was in vain that knight, herald, even the gentle Philippa herself, pressed him to unlace his helmet or declare his name: to their urgent entreaties he replied that he was forbidden by his vow, and to the courteous and lofty feeling of chivalrous times that one word was sufficient.

The queen and the ladies, accompanied by the knights, retired to the neighbouring pavilion, while the nameless knight leaned against the barriers, absorbed in sorrowful reflection. He had crossed the seas to fulfil his vow, but his rival had not met him in the tournament. Lady Edith, on whose fair face he had hoped to gaze, was absent; he had been successful to the very height of his expectations; he had won praise from the queen and honour from the monarch; still, entangled by his luckless vow, he must return to captivity, nor could his lady-love know that the Breton stranger was indeed an Englishman and her own true knight.

Turning with a sick heart from the gay scene

around him, and casting a sorrowful look toward the mansion of the king's jewel-master, into which he dared not trust himself to enter, he bent his steps toward the house of the Gray Friars, hoping that, since it was within "the soke and aldermanrie" of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, he might obtain some little information from some prosing friar or garrulous lay-brother. But in vain did he pace the cloisters; neither gray friar nor lay-brother appeared; and, at the sound of the even-song bell, he reverently entered the church; and, endeavouring to cast aside his burden of anxieties and conflicting cares, he knelt devoutly at the altar.

The psalms were sung; the prayers were said; the friars, two and two, quitted the church; and the scanty congregation had departed: still the stranger knight lingered. At length the rays of the declining sun, streaming through the rainbow-tinted panes, warned him it was time to depart, and seek some conveyance over seas. He arose—but whence was that low and sweetly-breathed voice? and who was that beauteous damsel who, in simple white robe and unbraided hair, knelt at the neighbouring altar? Who else, when all were gay and joyous, would seek the solitude of the church and the solace of prayer, save she who mourned the captivity of her affianced knight —the Lady Edith!

Overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, scarcely conscious of what he did, the unknown knight drew the ring, the reward of his chivalrous feats, from his bosom, and laid it before her. "Farewell, sweet Edith," said he; "my vow compels me to return ere to-morrow; farewell!"

The lady rose hastily. "What say you of returning?—and wherefore this disguise?—and wherefore this speed to depart, when Heaven has thus sent you back?" cried she, recognizing him.

"Alas! sweet Edith, I must—I have pledged my knightly word, and it must not be broken. Farewell! Heaven grant we may meet again!"

"O stay!" cried the lady; then, remembering the place in which they stood and the sacredness of a vow, she added sadly, "But saints forfend that I should urge my dearest friend to break his knightly vow! Nay, take this token;" and, with trembling hand, she unclasped the rich ruby carcanet, her only ornament, from her neck; "refuse it not, you know not its value, its great value. O take it! who knows but it may defray your ransom?"

"It never shall," replied the knight. "Sweet Edith, I take it, but as a token from you—farewell!" and, unable to repress his feelings, he rushed from the church.

Unwilling to hazard the risk of recognition in the narrow streets of London, the Lord of Warrington, mounting his steed, took the road outside the walls. With a heavy sigh his eye glanced over the fair scene before him. All was bright, all was joyous; the laugh, the shout, and sounds of distant music, floated pleasantly on the light breeze, while from every spire rung out the music of the evening bells.

"So 'hither to the greenwood tree,' Sir Unknown Knight!" cried the leader of a troop of merry masquers, laying hold of the knight's bridle, "for I am commanded by the queen of faërie to bring you to her presence."

The eve of the tournament was a gay carnival, in which it was the favourite pastime of the younger knights and ladies to enact as closely to the letter as possible the wild and brilliant incidents of chivalrous romance.

Remonstrance was as vain as resistance; the luckless knight suffered them to lead him whither they would: and ere long he found himself in a richly decked pavilion, where, representative of the faëry queen, the gentle Philippa herself, fit presiding genius of so gay and romantic a scene, sat, surrounded by a company of the fairest damsels of her court, clad in the appropriated dress of her assumed character, the robe of grass green, the favourite colour of faërie, the "gridelin mantle," the narrow circlet of jewels on her open brow, while two beautiful white grayhounds, with golden collars, lay at her feet. And with graceful courtesy Philippa greeted the nameless knight, and urged him playfully to declare his name; while many an attendant noble cast looks of ill-suppressed rage at the highly-favoured stranger.

"And whence comes that fair jewel you wear round your neck?" said the queen.

"Pardon me, sweet lady and sovereign," interposed Sir Walter Manny, who, in the fancied dress of one of King Arthur's knights, stood near; "this knight hath come hither under vow of concealment; now to demand an answer wherefore he became possessed of that fair jewel might lead to some disclosure of whence he cometh, or who he is."

"You are right," said Philippa, smiling. "Sir Knight, we will ask ye nought—only let me one moment look at it, for, saints! I never saw ruby so bright!"

Fearing, though he scarcely knew why, that the carcanet so lucklessly brought to light as he bent before the queen might cause him farther mischance, the unhappy knight hesitated, and again Sir Walter Manny, with his characteristic courtesy, interfered. "My sweet

lady," said he, "how do we know but that the jewel may have some device or motto, whereby the giver or the owner may be discovered?—This nameless knight you may well believe is captive to no light and fanciful vow, but to a stern and solemn oath—let him depart in peace, I pray you, that he may have no cause to complain of unknightly usage during his sojourn here."

Thanks to this generous intercession, the knight was permitted to depart without further questioning, and one of the royal guard was directed to guide him safely through the city.

On the morrow King Edward entered his council-chamber at Westminster, no longer the gay and chivalrous monarch, the graceful president of the tournament, with a well-turned compliment for each victorious knight, and a word of gentle flattery for each fair lady, but moody and anxious, with stern brow and angry reply, even to his most cherished councillors.

"My lords," said he, "you all know how fiercely France hath opposed our claim to her crown, and you all know right well how in the council and on the battle-field we have no cause to fear her. But now, not content with a fair and open warfare, she hath sought other measures, and hath caused to be taken from our jewel-house a gem upon whose safe custody our success against her depends. Among our jewels is one, the great balas ruby, which Cœur de Lion won from Philip Augustus, and which a wise man then declared, so long as it was in the keeping of England the fortunes of France should quail before her—this jewel is lost!"

An involuntary expression of alarm burst from the whole council; for the belief in the powerful and mysterious qualities of precious stones was during the middle ages an unquestioned article of the popular faith.

The king's jewel-master had that morning returned from Florence, and he was instantly summoned to the royal presence.

Unconscious of the trouble that awaited him, Sir Nicholas de Farendone, worn and weary as one returned in eager haste, but with well-pleased look as one who bore glad tidings, entered the council-room, followed by several attendants bearing huge leather bags, carefully bound and sealed.

"Our sweet lady hath been right favourable, my liege," said he, kneeling; "and I have brought with me ten thousand gold crowns from the Bardi, in part of the loan which I have raised." [This loan historical accuracy obliges us to say was never, alas! repaid, but caused the bankruptcy of that celebrated Florentine house two or three years afterward.]

"It is well," said the king carelessly, for to his excited mind the sight of the well-filled money-bags, though his exchequer was almost empty, offered no solace; "but we would ask you respecting a jewel for which diligent search hath been made."

"Saints! what jewel?" cried the jewel-master; "every one was safe when I left England, and for those I took with me I found an excellent market—the great balas ruby alone sold for two hundred marks at Bruges."

"The great balas ruby! false traitor, daredst thou sell that jewel on which the success of my war depends?"

"There is some mistake, my liege," interposed the chancellor, "for we have good and sufficient evidence that *that* ruby was carried away but yesterday. We farther know that among the royal jewels are *two* great balas rubies, and that the second was placed there by your wise grandfather, to the end that, by their great likeness, the stealing of the fortunate one might be rendered more difficult."

"This is the list of jewels my liege commanded me to sell," said the jewel-master, producing a small piece of parchment—for our earlier monarchs often found that selling a portion of the crown-jewels was a more speedy, if not more pleasant way of raising supplies, than by extorting benevolences at the lance point, and gifts by threats of "donjon and gallows-tree."

"Yes, my lords," continued the chancellor, "and that precious jewel, thus strangely lost, was undoubtedly in the possession of the stranger knight who yesterday won the second prize at the tournament. He was seen near the house of the Gray Friars hanging somewhat cautiously about his neck: when brought to the queen's pavilion this was discovered to be a heart-shaped ruby; and it was observed how fearfully he drew back when the queen asked to look at it, and how earnestly, as though for his life, he prayed to depart. Moreover, Breton as he might pretend to be, he was an Englishman, and spoke, so saith the yeoman who conducted him to the Vintry, English as well as he: while what places his perfidy beyond all doubt is, that he asked for passage not to Hennebon but to Vannes, the very stronghold of Charles of Blois."

"'Tis plain as daylight," said Edward, laying down the parchment. "You, Sir Jewel-master, are not to blame; you sold the *larger* ruby. The precious and charmed one, that inclosed in the wreath of *fleur de souvenance*, is smaller."

"St. Mary!" cried the jewel-master, "it was *that* I sold!"

"Sold *that*, false traitor?"

"My liege gave no description, save the 'largest'—that was the largest; I knew not the high value you set on it, and I sold it to a Jew at Bruges full three months since."

"But a jewel just like it is said to have been seen not long since in your very house," said the chancellor, "where it was said to be kept secretly."

"I see it all," said the king fiercely; "you pretended to mistake the jewel, and took it to your own house, and then, after having made your bargain with the King of France, fearing danger if it were in your own possession, you sent a trusty messenger to convey it away. Arrest this traitor!"

"My liege," said Sir Walter Manny, "be not so hasty; I would stake my knightly honour on that young stranger: I pray you send not yonder worthy knight to prison on such light evidence."

"Sir Walter Manny, perchance, knows somewhat more about the stranger knight, seeing that he interposed to save him from discovery, and caused him to be sent safely away," replied the chancellor sternly.

"I did but what I would do again," replied Sir Walter proudly.

The council separated in much confusion, Sir Walter lamenting the harsh doom of the jewel-master, and musing over the events of the preceding day, bent his footsteps to the court-yard.

"Good Sir Walter Manny, what is this about a missing jewel and a stranger knight?" said a meanly dressed old man; "tell me, I pray you, for I may bring you aid."

"Alas! good man," replied the valiant knight, "it is beyond your skill."

"It must be difficult indeed then," returned the old man proudly; "refuse not my aid, Sir Walter, though you know me not—many a jewel, mean though I seem, hath passed through my hands, and perchance even this lost one."

There was somewhat in the manner of the aged man that commanded Sir Walter Manny's attention: he looked earnestly at him, and in the swarthy countenance and flashing eye recognized a Jew, whom, though he knew not his name, he had often met in Flanders. He hastily detailed the particulars, bade him use his utmost skill to discover the missing jewel, and promised him a fitting reward.

Again a smile, almost of scorn, passed over the old man's face. "Speak not of reward—*that* will be gained in restoring the jewel. I know where it is; I know who possesses it. Go to the king, Sir Walter; pray him to grant a respite of only ten days to the jewel-master, and all shall be well."

"But who hath taken it? and how may I tell that you will not deceive me?"

The Jew drew nearer, and whispered two or three words in his ear.

"I will trust you to the utmost," cried the well-pleased knight. "Farewell!" He turned to depart; when, looking up to the palace windows, he observed the eyes of the king fixed upon him, with a mingled expression of anger and grief.

That evening there was high feasting at the palace; but even a deeper shade clouded King Edward's brow. Was it possible that his most favourite knight, his most cherished companion, was in league with his enemies against him?—and yet, it was Sir Walter Manny who had yesterday interfered even thrice on behalf of that traitor knight; it was *he*, too, who had urged delay at the council; it was *he* who engaged in mysterious converse about the lost jewel with a stranger and a foreigner even under the palace windows; and, when charged with perfidy, had scarcely made a reply.

"A boon, King Edward!" cried Philippa, advancing with a gay smile to the recess where, involved in sad and conflicting thoughts, he moodily sat; "a boon for the queen of faërie!"

"It is granted, fairest," said the king, half unconsciously; "what would you?"

"That you take no farther steps in the business of this lost jewel, until ten days are past."

"Madam!" said the king fiercely, starting up, "would that I might deny you!—That perfidious knight, Sir Walter Manny, hath prayed you to ask this boon, that the leaders of the plot may escape. My word is pledged, and I cannot go back—but I here solemnly vow, that never shall he advance my banner, never again see my face, until all and *every one* in whose hands that jewel hath been stand together before me."

While the rash vow of the king and the probable fate of the jewel-master occupied every mind, the vessel that bore the Lord of Warrington bounded swiftly along, and ere the close of the fourth day entered the harbour of Vannes. He proceeded to Roche Perion, but there new marvels awaited him. He was received with strange courtesy, complimented on his knightly honour, shown an order from Charles of Blois directing his instant liberation, and told that his ransom had been paid by a Jew, who had returned to England. Bidding a joyful farewell to his prison towers, the Lord of Warrington hastened away, and in little more

than a week again stood upon Vintry quay, no longer the unknown knight, forbidden by his vow to disclose his name, but as the brave Sir Johan de Boteler, one of the valiant leaders of the army in Brittany, and the knight for whom Sir Walter Manny had done so splendid a deed of chivalrous valour.

But short was his joy: from the busy groups that crowded the quay he soon learned the story of the lost jewel, the stranger knight, the disgrace of Sir Walter Manny, and the imminent peril of the luckless jewel-master, who, his ten days' respite having expired, was that very morning to be brought before the council.

"It is through me and this luckless purchase," cried he bitterly; while the strangely generous conduct of the Jew, and his singular anxiety that he should purchase that jewel, assumed to his excited mind the guise of a deeply laid and malignant plot, to work not merely his ruin, but that of him from whom he had first received his gilt spur, and beneath whose auspices he had first unfurled his pennon. To make his instant way to Westminster, to acknowledge himself the stranger knight, and to exhibit the ruby carcanet, was his first impulse; and he wildly hastened to fulfil it.

Onward he went; but, as he drew near the king's palace, the busy gathering of the guard and the eager pressure of the crowd, as the hapless jewel-master was conducted along, caused him to turn aside, when an unseen hand grasped his collar, and an earnest voice exclaimed—

"Blessed be His name that hath sent you!"

He looked round, and beheld Eleazar of Bruges.

"There is no time to lose," said he; "three messengers have I sent over seas for you—so hasten—give *me* the carcanet—all depends on it."

"And wherefore?" said the knight, with a look of distrust.

"Peace!" said the Jew, sternly; "you will thank me erelong"—and, before he was aware, the delicate gold chain was broken, and the Jew had vanished with his prize.

"You must come hither with me, my fair sir," said one of the guard coming up; "methinks I took you down to the Vintry a week ago; the next road that I shall lead you will be through Our Lady's grace to the gallows-tree."

King Edward and his assembled nobles sat in council; the hapless jewel-master was placed before them; but, ere the proceedings commenced, another prisoner was brought in and placed beside him.

"Who is this?" said the chancellor.

"My right valiant companion in arms, and one who, to save my life, put his own in jeopardy," cried a young knight rushing forward. "My brave Sir Johan de Boteler, wherefore art thou *here!*"

"Because I determined to fulfil my vow, Sir Matthew Trelauny," replied the Lord of Warrington; and alas! that, through it, such unmerited disgrace should have befallen Sir Walter Manny."

"St. George is my witness I had kept my vow," returned Sir Matthew Trelauny, "had not the king sent me into Flanders, from whence I have but just returned."

"Then it was you, Sir Knight, who came to the tournament as a stranger from Brittany," said the chancellor, sternly. "But what say you of the jewel?"

"I purchased a ruby, heart-shaped, inclosed in enamel, for thirty marks, of a Jew, named Eleazar of Bruges, and it was *that* which I wore, and which was mistaken for one more precious."

"Produce it," said the chancellor.

"Would that I could! but, even as I came hither, that accursed Jew—though I scarce should say so, since he hath ever seemed to be my friend—took it from me. Would that Eleazer of Bruges were here!"

"He *is* here," said a hooded stranger beside him, "though no longer Eleazer of Bruges," throwing back his hood, and drawing himself up proudly, "but Matthias Ben Judah of Toledo. King Edward, *thou* knowest me well?"

"I do, and most gladly do I welcome thee," said the king, instantly recognizing the learned alchemist, whose fame had gone forth over the whole of Europe, and whose aid had been sought by many a Christian monarch, and by Edward himself, to replenish their exhausted treasuries by his fancied skill.

"And thou knowest this jewel," said the Jew, laying the ruby carcanet on the table.

"I do, right well—precious, priceless jewel!" cried Edward; "but how camest thou possessed of it?"

"By purchase from a stranger, but whom I find to be he who stands there, and I sold it to this knight."

"And for thirty marks *only?*" said the chancellor.

"I did:—little do you, little does the Lord of Warrington suspect the priceless service he rendered me, when my dwelling was beset by the brutal populace at Lisle. It was not for my gold that I trembled, not for my

jewels, scarcely even for my safety, but for that precious vial of liquid, bequeathed to me by that learned adept, my father, by which I trust erelong to obtain the mighty secret. The brave arm of the Lord of Warrington drove back the craven churls; and I then vowed that, in whatever trouble he might be, or whatever gift he might wish to obtain, I would always stand his friend. Good sire, I have released you from your rash vow; the jewel and the purchasers are *all* before you: suffer me therefore to pray a guerdon, since it was for this purpose, as you I know will scarcely refuse *me*, that I took from him this jewel—it is, that you will restore to the Lord of Warrington the estates which through poverty his father sold, and allow him to obtain the Lady Edith."

"Grant it, good king," cried Sir Matthew Trelauny, sinking on his knee.

"Do *you* say thus, my generous rival!" exclaimed the Lord of Warrington, overwhelmed with joy and surprise.

"Not so generous as you, my true friend," replied his rival, smiling. "The lady favours you, and I am your debtor for life."

"Bid Sir Walter Manny hither," cried King Edward, looking joyfully around. "Good Matthias of Toledo, ten thousand thanks to you—brave Sir Johan de Boteler, whatever you wish is granted—my worthy Sir Nicholas de Farendone, you must forgive my harshness, it was my own error; but from this time forth you shall have no reason to complain. And you, my tried and true friend," and his voice faltered, "what shall I say for my rash speech, Sir Walter? what shall I do for *you?*"

"Nought, my dear sovereign," replied the chivalrous Manny, "save never to think of it again."

"Follow me, brave knights," cried the king, rising, "and you, too, good Matthias; we will hold high festival and receive the gratulations of our faërie queen. And for this precious jewel, lest it should again be lost, I will place it in the keeping of my patron, St. George, for it shall be set in a chalice for his altar."

And so it was—erelong a splendid gold chalice, executed under the superintendence of Sir Nicholas de Farendone, with "the great balas ruby" conspicuously set, was placed upon the high altar of St George's chapel, where for generations it remained, challenging admiration from all, until that worthy monarch Henry the Eighth, with whom to see, to covet, and to take were synonymous, caused the beautiful chalice to be coined into gold pieces, and placed the gem among the crown-jewels. Nor few were the after-vicissitudes of "the great balas ruby." It decked the bosom of the vain and hapless Anne Boleyn, when, unconscious of her short-lived regality, she moved in state from the abbey to Westminster Hall; it blazed in the gorgeous stomacher of her more fortunate daughter, when, hailed as "goddess more than queen," she presided over the princely revels and pageants of Kenilworth; it shone proudly on the threadbare gray hat of her sapient successor when he edified the Star Chamber with lectures on theology, demonology, and that subject dearer than all, his divine right; and it glowed on the rich point collar of his unhappy son, when for the last time he quitted Whitehall, whither he was only to return a captive condemned to execution. At length, all its varied fortunes past, in the attempt to convey the crown-jewels to Holland, this splendid gem was lost: that deep depository of long accumulated treasure, that vast jewel-chamber of all past generations, the ocean, finally engulfed "THE GREAT BALAS RUBY."

MISS LAWRANCE.[1]

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.[2]

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late,
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1659).

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[1] Author of *London in the Olden Time.*

[2] This is said to have been a favourite song of Charles II.

THE GREEN WILLOW.[1]

All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland.

Alas! by what means may I make ye to know
The unkindness for kindness that to me doth grow?
That one who most kind love on me should bestow,
Most unkind unkindness to me she doth show,
For all a green willow is my garland!

To have love and hold love, where love is so sped,
Oh! delicate food to the lover so fed!
From love won to love lost where lovers be led,
Oh! desperate dolor, the lover is dead!
For all a green willow is his garland!

She said she did love me, and would love me still,
She swore above all men I had her good-will;
She said and she swore she would my will fulfil;
The promise all good, the performance all ill;
For all a green willow is my garland!

Now, woe with the willow, and woe with the wight
That windeth willow, willow garland to dight!
That dole dealt in allmys[2] is all amiss quite!
Where lovers are beggars for allmys in sight,
No lover doth beg for this willow garland!

Of this willow garland the burden seems small,
But my break-neck burden I may it well call;
Like the sow of lead on my head it doth fall!
Break head, and break neck, back, bones, brain, heart, and all!
All parts pressed in pieces!

Too ill for her think I best things may be had,
Too good for me thinketh she things being most bad,
All I do present her that may make her glad,
All she doth present me that may make me sad;
This equity have I with this willow garland!

Could I forget thee, as thou canst forget me,
That were my sound fault, which cannot nor shall be;
Though thou, like the soaring hawk, every way flee,
I will be the turtle still steadfast to thee,
And patiently wear this willow garland!

All ye that have had love, and have my like wrong,
My like truth and patience plant still ye among;
When feminine fancies for new love do long,
Old love cannot hold them, new love is so strong,
For all.

JOHN HEYWOOD (died 1576).

[1] This is the ballad of which a fragment is sung by Desdemona in *Othello*, act iv. scene 3.

[2] The allmys-dish, or alms-dish, was the dish in the old halls and country houses where bread was placed for the poor.

THE HALL OF SILENCE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains that divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, lived a wealthy and esteemed Lama, whose lands were tributary to the supreme Lama, or sacerdotal emperor, the governor of the whole country from China to the pathless desert of Cobi. But although his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the stars in heaven, yet was he chiefly known throughout all the East as the father of the beautiful Zerinda. All the anxiety that Lama Zarin had ever experienced arose from the conviction that he must soon leave his beloved daughter; and the question was always present to his mind, "Who will guard her innocence when I shall have quitted her for ever?" The Lama was at this time afflicted with a dreadful malady, peculiar to the inhabitants of the country in which he resided, which threatened, in spite of all that medicine could do, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after an unusually severe attack of his disorder, he sent for the fair Zerinda, and gently motioning her to approach his couch, thus addressed her:—

"Daughter of my hopes and fears, Heaven grant that thou mayest smile for ever; yet whilst my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the last injunctions of thy dying father: The angel of death, who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness before he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy sainted mother, who died in giving birth to thee. Yet let me not depart to the fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. Oh! my Zerinda, speak! Hast thou ever seriously reflected on the dangers to which thy orphan state must shortly be exposed, surrounded as thou wilt be by suitors of various dispositions and pretensions; some wooing, with mercenary cunning, thy possessions through thy person: others haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?"

He then reminded his daughter that he had lately presented her with the portraits of several princes who had solicited a union with his house, which they had sent to her according to the custom of Thibet, where the parties

can never behold each other till they are married; proceeded to give a brief outline of their various characters; and concluded by asking her which of all these mighty suitors she thought she should prefer? Zerinda sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired her to withdraw, compare their several portraits, and endeavour to decide on which of the Lamas she could bestow her love. At the word LOVE Zerinda blushed, though she knew not why;—her father, who saw the crimson on her cheek, but attributed it to timidity, again urged her to withdraw, and be speedy in her decision. Zerinda replied with a smile—

"My father knows that he is the only man I ever saw, and I think the only being I can ever love; at least my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit the author of my being:" and turning round, she continued, playfully, "I love this favourite dog which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favourite horse on which my father rode, until he stumbled, and endangered his master's life; but when the tiger had dragged my father to the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I LOVED Ackbar; and since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I LOVE Ackbar still."

"Zarin heard her artless confession with a smile, but reminded her that Ackbar was a slave."

"But which of those Lamas who now demand my love has created an interest in my heart by services rendered to thee like those of the slave Ackbar? And yet I have not seen either his person or his picture; nor know I whether he be old or young—but I know that he saved the life of Lama Zarin, and therefore do I LOVE Ackbar."

The old Lama gently reproved his child for her freedom of expression; he explained to her that love was impious, according to the laws of Thibet, between persons of different ranks in society. Zerinda left her father, and as she stroked her favourite dog a tear trembled in her eye, from the apprehension that she might possibly be guilty of impiety.

About this time the slave Ackbar, who for his services had been advanced from the chief of the shepherds to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; observing him to be unusually dejected, he declared that he himself had acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill in a case in which every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The Lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt. The slave, nothing daunted by the apparent incredulity of his master, proceeded—

"May Lama Zarin live for ever!—I boast no secret antidote, no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught in Europe the gradual effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from them alone that I hope to gain at length a complete victory over your disease; and if in seven days' time the smallest change encourages me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer."

Lama Zarin assented, and from that day became the patient of Ackbar, whose new appointment of physician to the Lama gave him a right to remain always in his master's presence, save when the beautiful Zerinda paid her daily visit to her father, at which times he was invariably directed to withdraw.

The first week had scarcely elapsed when the Lama was convinced that his disease was giving way to the medicines of his favourite; his paroxysms indeed returned, but grew every day shorter in duration; and in proportion as Ackbar became less necessary in his capacity of physician, his company was so much the more courted by Zarin as an associate. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his naturally good understanding by travel in distant countries. Thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to his delighted master. They talked of the laws, religion, and customs of foreign nations, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend, and almost the equal, of the Lama. Amongst other topics of discourse the latter would frequently enumerate the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, whilst Ackbar listened with an interest and delight for which he was quite at a loss to account. On the other hand, the Lama, in the fulness of his gratitude, could not avoid speaking of the wonderful skill and knowledge displayed by the slave, nor forbear relating to Zerinda the substance of the various conversations which had passed between them.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account which the physician had given him of European manners, that Zerinda blushed and sighed: her father entreated to know the cause of her emotion, when she confessed that he had so often mentioned the extraordinary acquirements of this young slave, that she could think of nothing else; and that in her dreams she saw him, and fancied he was a Lama worthy of her love; then turning to her father, she asked,

"Oh, Lama, tell me, can my sleep be impious?"

Zarin beheld her with emotion, and told her that she must think of him no more.

"I will endeavour to obey," she replied; "but I shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore the thoughts which I will strive to banish during the day."

The Lama, dreading the effects of the passion which he had himself kindled in his daughter's breast, resolved never again to mention in her presence the name of Ackbar; but this resolution was formed too late: love of the purest kind had taken possession of the maiden's heart; and whilst she struggled to obey her father, her sunken eye and wasted form proclaimed the strife of feeling in her breast.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from his physician the sickness of Zerinda; and whilst he confessed alarm for his daughter's life, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite; he saw, too, that which it was impossible for Ackbar to conceal; that he had been the fatal cause of a mutual passion between two lovers who had never seen, and but for him would never have heard of, each other. Thus circumstanced (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visits of a male physician) prudence would have forbidden his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Zerinda, whose disease was occasionally attended by delirium, would call upon the name of Ackbar, and add, "He saved the life of my father, and he only can save that of the dying Zerinda."

Overcome by his daughter's agony, the afflicted father inwardly cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and assured her that she should see the physician Ackbar. Zerinda listened with ecstasy to the voice of Zarin; and knowing that that which a Lama promises must ever be performed, the assurance fell like balsam upon her heart; but the Lama had not fixed the period when his sacred promise should be fulfilled, nor could he be prevailed on to do so till he had retired and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his mind, the more the difficulties appeared to diminish, till at length he resolved to disregard the slavish prejudices and customs of his country.

Elated by the prospect of being enabled to secure the future happiness of two individuals so deservedly dear to him, he determined to ask the sanction of that higher power to which all the Lamas of Thibet are subject. He accordingly lost no time in despatching messengers to the grand Lama who resided at Tonker, and with whom his influence was so great that he had sanguine hopes of obtaining whatever he might request, even though the boon craved should be contrary to the existing laws of the country; and being unable to conceal the joy he felt at the consummation of happiness which awaited the lovers, he communicated to Ackbar the plan of future bliss which he had formed for him, and raised in the breast of the physician a transport of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever before dared to cherish. To Zerinda he promised that she should be withheld the sight of her lover but one week longer, or till the messenger should return from the great Lama at Tonker!

From this time the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared an age to the expecting hearts of Ackbar and the beautiful Zerinda.

Seven days having at length expired, the messenger arrived from Tonker with the following reply:—

"The most Sacred Sultan the Sovereign Lama, who enjoys the life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin greeting; report hath long made known at Tonker the beauty of the maid Zerinda; and by thy messenger we learn the matchless excellence of the slave Ackbar. In answer, therefore, to thy prayer that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which, not to obey, is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, that we ourselves may, in person, witness the emotion of their souls."

This answer, far from removing their suspense, created feelings a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin believed that it portended ruin to himself and family: he now reflected on the rash step which he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet. He again recalled to mind the grand Lama's bigotry and zeal, and knowing that he must obey the summons, trembled at his situation.

Ackbar was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and the only circumstance that occasioned him uneasiness was, lest the beauty of Zerinda should tempt the Supreme Lama to demand her for his own bride; but Zerinda, whose thoughts were all purity, revered the Lama for his decree, and believed that it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love.

With these sentiments she looked only with joy to the period of their departure, which was fixed for the ensuing day; when they set out with all the pomp and splendour of an Eastern retinue.

After three days' journey, during which the Lama Zarin sometimes travelled in the splendid palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Ackbar, dividing his attention between the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind, the cavalcade arrived at Tonker, and proceeded without delay to the tribunal, which was held in the great "Hall of Silence."

At the upper end of this superb apartment sat, on a throne of massive gold, the Supreme Lama; before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with a fragrant incense; and around him knelt a hundred Lamas, in silent adoration (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the Supreme Lama, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son). To this solemn tribunal Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and knelt in awful silence between the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Ackbar and Zerinda, each covered by a thick veil, and accompanied by a mute, both of whom fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed, —all was silent as death,—whilst doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval the throbbings of Zerinda's heart became distinctly audible; her father heard them, and a half-smothered sigh stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome. At length the solemn, deep-toned voice of the Supreme Lama uttered these words:

"Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the lips of Heaven; arise! and hear! know that the promise of a Lama is sacred as the words of Allah, therefore are ye brought to behold each other, and in the august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the reward of the love which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls, and which he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but on your lives utter not a word; for know that in the 'Hall of Silence' 'tis death for any tongue to speak save that which utters the decrees of Heaven!"

He ceased; and his words, resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again pervaded the Hall; at length on a given signal the mutes removed their veils at the same moment, and exhibited the beauteous figures of Ackbar and Zerinda. They gazed in speechless rapture on each other, till by another sign from the throne the father joined their hands; and Ackbar, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms. It was now that her lover, unmindful of the prohibition, exclaimed—

"Help, my Zerinda dies!"

Instantly the voice from the throne ejaculated with dreadful emphasis, "Ackbar dies!" upon which two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and, seizing their victim, fixed an instrument of silence upon his lips, whilst others hurried away the fainting Zerinda, insensible to the danger of her lover; but the Lama Zarin, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—

"If to speak be death, let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage customs, and curse the laws which doom the innocent to death for so trivial an offence."

He would have proceeded, but the tyrant's slaves surrounded him and prevented him from uttering another word. Silence being restored, the Supreme Lama again vociferated—

"Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye brake that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death! Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of Lamas by marrying thy daughter to a slave; and thou, Ackbar, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which Lama Zarin made was literally fulfilled; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet have seen and been united to each other; and the embrace which was permitted was doomed to be the last. Now, therefore," added he, addressing the mute, "perform your office on Ackbar first."

They accordingly bound their victim, who was already gagged, to one of the altars, and were about to fix the silken string upon his neck, when they on a sudden desisted, and prostrating themselves before Ackbar, performed the obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker.

A general consternation seized all present, and the Supreme Lama, descending from his throne, approached the victim, on whose left shoulder (which had been uncovered by the executioner) he now perceived the mystic characters by which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. When he beheld the well-known mark, the voice of

nature confirmed the testimony of his eyesight, and falling on the neck of Ackbar, he exclaimed—

"It is my son, my long lost son! let him speak: henceforth this place shall no longer be called the "Hall of Silence," but the "Hall of Joy," for in this room will we celebrate to-morrow the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda!"

The history then goes on to explain this singular event by relating that some Jesuit missionaries who had gained access to the capitol of Thibet, in their zeal for their religion, had found means to steal the young heir to the throne, then an infant; hoping to make use of him in the conversion of his father's people; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by banditti, who slaughtered them all, and sold the young Lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army,—he had been taken by the Knights of Malta, afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through Europe; he finally accompanied him to India; there, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; by this means he came into the service of the Lama Zarin, without knowing anything of his origin, or the meaning of the characters he bore on his left shoulder, and which had been the cause of effecting this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with an account of the nuptials of Ackbar and Zerinda. Their happiness was unexampled; for the lessons which the young Lama had learned in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in the various countries through which he had travelled, prepared him to abolish many of the cruel and impious customs which had till then disgraced the legislature of Thibet.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

(In Belzoni's Exhibition.)

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame;
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror Cambyses
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have roll'd:—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Status of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.[1]

The solitudes of the Harz Forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.[2]

In elder times the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed that even his gifts often turned out, in the long-run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Morgenbrodt*, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baalpeor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to deter-

[1] From *The Antiquary*. "The outline of this story," said Sir Walter Scott in a Note to the Novel, "is taken from the German."

[2] The shadow of the person who sees the phantom being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

mine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burned for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attended them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz Forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under the protection of a much Greater than he while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safe-guard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it resembled those phantoms which

are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well-nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being *coked* or *charred*, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose; for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to re-kindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhlberhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognize, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud

shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;—"and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take the fire that thou camest to seek, and begone—no mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all the exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another:—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends the wretch who, having

acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers and a gallantly-equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed, to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advanced towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire MY coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom precisely on that day three years he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.

Then captured was Guarinos, King Charles' Admiral,
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,
Above all the wealth of Araby he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner:—

"Now, for the sake of Allah, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
Two daughters have I;—all the day shall one thy handmaid be—
The other (and the fairest far) by night shall cherish thee.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave:
The other—she the pretty one—shall deck her bridal bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give. Speak boldly what thy thought is."
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes:
But not a minute did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian captain was.

"Now, God forbid! Marlotes, and Mary his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ and bind me to another.
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain,
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded he should be led away;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vaults to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

With iron bands they bound his hands; that sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doomed never more to fight;
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

Three times alone in all the year it is the captive's doom
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

On these high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be—
The Feast of Pasque and the great day of the Nativity;
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first-fruits of the flowers.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are past and gone.
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it honour due,
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

Marlotes in his joy and pride a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance may fly so far, Marlotes' prize to gain.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale.
The heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down!"

The cry of proclamation and the trumpet's haughty sound
Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
"Now help me, God!" the captive cries. "What means this cry so loud?
O, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

"Oh! is it that some Paynim gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scorned fair in triumph to his bed?
Or is it that the day is come—one of the hateful three—
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said:
"These tabours, lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that hath the right
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win.

Then out and spoke Guarinos: "Oh! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
Oh, were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pie,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

"Give me my horse, my old gray horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned with plate on breast and head;
And give me the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not
My life shall be the forfeiture, I'll yield it on the spot."

The jailer wondered at his words. Thus to the knight said he:
"Seven weary years of change and gloom have little humbled thee.
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear,
An' if thou wilt I with thy vow will to the king repair."

The jailer put his mantle on and came unto the king,
He found him sitting on the throne within his listed ring;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

That were he mounted but once more on his own gallant gray,
And armed with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce at Marlotes' feet to flow.

Much marvelling, then said the king: "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the grange go seek ye for his gray steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall; seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse hath bent him to be a common drudge.

"Now this will be a sight indeed to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die:
So, jailor, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasped,
And they've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped;
And they have caught the old gray horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate, caparisoned once more.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the King,
For the horse he pranced and capered and furiously did fling:
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with calm and gentle grace.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laughed aloud. "All hail, Sir Knight!" quoth he,
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud; thy blood I look to see."

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos! nor lance nor rowel spare,
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life! The land of France lies *there*![1]

CERVANTES.

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

THOMAS NASH (1600).

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[1] Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are supposed to have heard this ballad sung by peasants on their way to work at daybreak. The number of characteristic songs contained in the great book of Cervantes are frequently overlooked in the delight with which we follow the adventures of the hero.

THE LOST COLONY.

Although now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and chequered with icebergs of immense size, Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast, in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen, which go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the Island of Newfoundland; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus! It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narragansett Bay, in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

The colony, however, continued to flouriah, and the intercourse between it and the mother country was constant and regular. In the year 1400 it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing, at regular intervals, between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406 this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores could behold the mountains in the distance, but could not effect a landing. During the greater part of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, and changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassible barrier to the entrance in their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages!

The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. And by this sudden and unanticipated change of climate they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All which is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilization and Christianity. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists when they began to realize their forlorn condition; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless, and dreary; when the summers were also cold, and the soil unproductive; when the mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their im-

prisoned and cheerless condition, and impending fate; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings, and their wants, to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain; to behold them gazing from their icy cliffs, with straining eyes, to the eastward, towards that quarter of the globe, so far distant, where their friends and relations reside, in a more genial clime, surrounded with all the blessings of life, but compelled to rest their eyes on a vast, dreary, and monotonous sea of ice, a mass of frozen waves, surrounding myriads of icebergs, extending to the utmost limit of their vision.

Fancy might even go farther than this, and portray the last of these unhappy colonists, who had lingered on the stage of life until he had seen all of his companions, all, of each sex and every age, die a miserable death, the prey of want and despair. Poets have described, in lines of beauty and sublimity, the horrors which may be supposed to surround "the last man;" but there seems to be a remoteness, and indeed an air of improbability about the subject, which robs it of half its force and majesty. But here is an event which has actually occurred, and worthy of being commemorated by the ablest pen in the land. Here, indeed, we may imagine, without offending probability, the wild horrors, invading the very temple of reason, and accumulating, until madness takes possession of the mind. Here we may look for the reality of the fanciful picture, presented with so much terrible distinctness by the poets.

JOHN S. SLEEPER.

YOU'LL COME TO OUR BALL.[1]

You'll come to our ball?—Since we parted,
I've thought of you more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken-hearted
For a week when they took you away.
Fond Fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance since it's over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall:—
I know you're a terrible rover;
But, Clarence,—you'll come to our Ball?

It's only a year since, at college,
You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence, you're grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown:
The voice that was best when it faltered
Is fuller and firmer in tone;
And the smile that should never have alter'd,—
Dear Clarence,—it is not your own:
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You *must* have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon,
To look for a covey with Pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon,
To see how your boat is laid up:
In spite of the terrors of Aunty,
I've ridden the filly you broke;
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
In the shade of your favourite oak.
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence,
I sat in your love of a shawl;
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished:
We've set up a National School;
And waltzing is utterly banished;
And Ellen has married a fool.
The Major is going to travel;
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout:
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
Papa is laid up with the gout:
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul;
And Fanny is sick of the measles,
And—I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your Beauties;—the Lily,
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm:
Miss Manners, who always abused you
For talking so much about hock;
And her sister, who often amused you
By raving of rebels and Rock;
And something which surely would answer
An heiress, quite fresh from Bengal;
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world!—from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth;
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth:
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sullen degrees.

[1] This is the first of the "Letters from Teignmouth," amongst the best of Praed's *Vers-de-Société*.

Time treads o'er the grave of affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall:—
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads—
To-day you have critical ears:
You once could be charmed with our salads;—
Alas: you've been dining with Peers:
You trifled and flirted with many;
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was *one* you liked better than any;—
Perhaps you've forgotten *her* now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthrall,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me (and what does it matter?)
You like to be praised by the throng:
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue;
They tell me you're sadly immoral,—
Dear Clarence, *that* cannot be true.
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall,
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you,
And you'll come—*won't* you come?—to our Ball!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delile characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the salons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honour: he was her companion in her walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul was, in her youth, intimate with Buffon, from whom she had imbibed a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls: his scrutiny turned rather upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the duchess's name, and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies to double the gift. Boufflers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learned how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the chevalier's protege, made it known in the neighbourhood that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day when the duke and duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that everybody laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, [illegible]ey were really of a rare and [illegible]ind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterwards received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the Duke de Penthievre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible; and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Marechal des Logis. On his first leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion by the chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and at length into all the horrors of the first Revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the King of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven

from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choiseul (who had survived her husband only a few years), and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, travelling homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the Lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attentions due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who at his death had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fete given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Boufflers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection the Countess accepted his offer; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed a caleche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which everything announced opulence and taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Boufflers works in her hand. The chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation a la Française. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear.

"Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a curtsy, and presenting to him a little gauze net: "What do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them."

"What are you—angel—sylph—enchantress?"

"What! do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?"

"Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips: "Aline, lovely Aline!—it cannot be you?"

"How! it cannot be me?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the duchess a prize of

twenty five louis, and from yours this golden cross which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?"

"I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?"

"She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers.

"My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine."

"How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once fortune was not blind?—have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity."

"Listen then," replied the countess with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all."

"Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the general's care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to take refuge in Russia; I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented [illegible] the most ardent wishes of [illegible] then what was my emotion the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is true that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

QUADRILLE À LA MODE.

Oh give me new figures!—I can't go on dancing
The same that were taught me ten seasons ago;
The *Schoolmaster* over the land is advancing—
Then why is the *Master of Dancing* so slow?
It is such a bore to be always caught tripping
In dull uniformity year after year;
Invent something new, and you'll set me a-skipping:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures!—*La Pantalon's* merit—
(*If* merit is in it)—I never discerned;
'Tis old "*right and left*," but deducting the spirit;
Terpsichore! what a mere dawdle you're turned!
Oh! think of the time when you tript down twelve couple,
To tunes it was really exciting to hear;
I fear you're grown old, and your joints are less supple:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Next *L'Eté* commences; and into the middle
A lady and gentleman slowly advance,
And practise their steps, while the harp and the fiddle
Play something much more like a song than a dance.
En avant is composed of a walk and a hobble;
A shuffle half-sideways achieves *en arrière;*
They *chassez* as if they all thought it a trouble:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Oh give me new figures!—*La Poule* my aversion—
Four ladies and gentlemen all of a row!
And so very old to see Major Macpherson
And little Miss Thistlewig dance *dos-a-dos!*
And oh! what a very strange figure *Tresise* is!
In what a confusion the dancers appear!
Now this way, now that way! I marvel it pleases:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

La Pas'orale next—see young Smith how he lingers,
Unwilling to figure as *Cavalier seul;*
Adjusting his hair, and then twirling his fingers,
And simpering round him—oh! *so* like a fool!
And now he starts off with a hop and a wriggle,
His hands in a fidget betraying his fear;
And, see! all the girls are suppressing a giggle!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

Finale has merit—for 'tis the *conclusion*,
And *that's* the sole merit I think it can claim;
And (save a commencement of greater confusion)
Finale and *L'Été* are one and the same.
And then, in the pauses they talk of the weather,
So cold, or so hot, for the time of the year;
And they part as if weary of being together!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—the *Waltzers*, I note 'em,
And wonder they're all perpendicular still:
Were *I* to attempt to perform a *Tetotum*,
A fall would soon prove me deficient in skill.
I think *Lady* Waltzers are all *spinning Jennies:*
The *Gentlemen* must be as mad as King Lear!
With heads full of sense—as the head of a *pin* is!
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—the figure of France is
A figure activity cannot but shun;
I want a new figure!—the old country dances
Were really and truly all *figures of fun.*
I want a new figure!—the minuet paces
Were slow, but a grace in each step did appear;
Cross-fillers have nothing to do with the *Graces:*
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

I want a new figure!—ah, yes! I confess it!
I want one in *every sense of the phrase:*
My waist *will* increase, though I strive to compress it
By wearing the newest Parisian stays!
I want a new figure!—it fills me with terror
To think of my weight—(I am weighed once a year)
And, oh! I can't bear to look into a mirror!—
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved! without thinking on asses."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Edinburgh, 1753.

THE JUBILEE.[1]

Some years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed by voluntary studies at the university of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G—— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording, in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an *antique* of the true Meg Dods character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently belligerent fiddles.

"A penny-wedding, by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity: "what do you mean by a 'penny-wedding?'"

"Why, sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order, of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed

[1] From *The Literary Souvenir*, 1832.

such a merry-making as you see going on yonder, while the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves. It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry *for worse* instead of better, than, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

As he spoke we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savoury as the cauldron of Meg Merrilees, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain-dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with the accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the fac-simile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually staid and somewhat aristocratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognized the old acquaintance, G——, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englisher"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico*, with a question, and with what G—— called "the first word o' flytin."

"Lord guide's! Mr. G——, what's brought you here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wiselike, nae doubt, and the house a' disjeskit this gait wi' the first and last ploy the callants e'er got me to countenance within my door? And they hadna hae gotten it now, but the silly body, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentle's fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain: and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs mony-be thretty years and mair; so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty? and gentles to light on't for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G——, in her own style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny-weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing herself up with the demure look of one scandalized with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and tho' I wad gie ye't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in't, for the fiddles 'll be scraiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin, till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch 'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye'll no be that ill for supper, for I've a curn mutton pies by ordinar' that I seasoned mysel, and there's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folk's supper comes on; and for beds, I'll send the lass to the minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the clergyman," said G——, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed to-day. I *should* like to see the manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr. Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He *is* altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words. "Grief's a great alterer, o' auld folk especially! and it's fifty year come Monday since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time since he married me and puir John Cairns doucely and Christian-like in that very spence whar thae daft deevils are making a mock o' marriage atween twa auld randy ne'er-do-weels! But it's dinn now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair to a hungry prospect-hunter, the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton-pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G—— and I did ample justice to the savoury repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whisky even I, a novice, could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whisky, sir," said the hostess, in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek; "but tak my word for't, ae devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin and daffin yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killogie, ye'll ken a' the less for being a thought primed yoursel; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, I'se warrant"—turning with a smile to G——, "a spur in the head's worth twa in the heel."

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs by the interval between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well-nigh drowned by the far more efficient "lilt" of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the "barley bree" had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who, with bonnet "ajee" and picturesquely disposed plaid, sung, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie.

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters' bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis-a-vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostelry to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady, soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as, like "Panting Time," he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G—— dashed at once into the old man's place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example—a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the few elders present, whose shrewd remarks and good-natured participations in the "daffin" of the youngsters were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene. I had never before seen a body of Lowland peasantry collected in holiday attire, and certainly their general good looks, neat shoes and stockings, and above all, the prevalence of decidedly dark hair and complexion (among the men especially), gave the lie to many a Southern quip, at the expense of the bare-footed daughters and carroty-headed sons of Scotia.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, "fast and furious." Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demurest blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for a while there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half-stifled with heat and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air, and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering our mite towards the hopeful infant *menage*), when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

"I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o' counsel. I'm sure ye'll no take it ill at my hand; but it's time the like o' you were flitting, for the maut's getting abune the meal yonder, and they tine respect whiles, and it's no wiselike to be late in a minister's house on Saturday night at e'en. Mr. G—— kens that."

"No, indeed—you're quite right," answered the painter, "and indeed we were going away fully satisfied when we met you." "Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I'll gie yon daft chiels their supper, and hae them a' out o' my house by the clap o' eleven. There sall naebody say they saw a Sabbath morning within't, tho' I wadna wonder if some o' the ill-doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o' hearing to make a night o't. There's some folk canna hae their sairing either o' daffin or drink, the mair's the pity! Hech! but ye'll be weel aff that's quiet down by!"

"I'll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs. Cairns," said my friend.

"Ay, ay," answered she, more chary of her time than her money, "ony day when ye're daunering out amang the hills. Ye're awin me a day in hairst, ye ken, for this!"

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming cauldron within, or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage an atmosphere holier and more healthful still. A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxtaposition of the lights and shadows of Scottish life could scarcely be conceived than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted (nay, from the open lattice, perfumed) air of the minister's modest apartment, and the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the bibles and psalters recently used in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been (perhaps from G——'s sense of incongruity in thus intruding) too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the venerable minister's brow, the flush of devotion on whose aged cheek rebuked more strongly than a thousand homilies the feverish glow of revelry on ours, compared or rather contrasted with the "rable rout" of reeling, romping nymphs we had left (the *elite*, it must be remembered, even of peasant maidens, were absent, of course, from such a scene). The slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming grand-daughter seemed robed in almost angel purity; and all, in short, derived romance, as well as interest, from the utmost power of contrast.

But there was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors he rose pre-eminent—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her gray-headed father by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us that G—— heard from the landlady the extent of the pastor's bereavements, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgment of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold; and the [illegible] Maxwell on receiving us [illegible] come once more to Boneil, [illegible] twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure; but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad blanks it has pleased Providence to make on your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate."

"And wherefore no, Willie?" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart; "my brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet a while with the billows. But praised be He who lent them! they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman, perhaps," turning courteously toward me, "will excuse the overflowings of a parent's heart at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed along with the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie; but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended. . . . But we'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man, cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when you knew the manse: saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among other to the penny-wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr. Maxwell, "I was spared the degradation of my office by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on further from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make will end, I fear, like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads.

"However, sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for insisting on keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld-langsyne."

"Ay, that you may, sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist: and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see, in the midst of

a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited; and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy, but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods seem attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedge-row paths teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Boneil, primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic *noblesse* in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread" was legible on the toil-furrowed cheek of all who had reached maturity. But it was a graciously mitigated sentence, long merged in the cheerfulness of man's congenial occupation. "Keepers of sheep, descendants in more than their calling from righteous Abel," formed the larger part of the aged pastor's flock; and their blue bonnets, chequered plaids, and above all, inseparable comrades, even in church, the collies or sheep-dogs, looking almost as sensible as their masters, and banishing by their exemplary demeanour all idea of intrusion on the sanctity of the place, afforded a picture not often exhibited to Southern or even Lowland eyes; and which, with scarlet plaids, still thinly sprinkled here and here, over locks of silvery whiteness, and on one or two fair unbonneted female heads in innocent girlhood, their golden tresses confined and set off by a simple black velvet ribbon, the modern substitute for the poetical "snood," wanted only the figure of the venerable minister himself, rising like some fitly adapted pillar of a time-worn edifice to crown and complete its harmony.

When he did rise, at length, manfully struggling for utterance, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dun hill-side, lest a start or suppressed bark should disturb the solemn silence. The beautiful twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever when its "green pastures and still waters" were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Boneil. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung, as the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is, by young and old, it was not the voice of the gray-haired contemporary parish-clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion.

The text was the simple words of the psalmist—"I have been young, and now am old;" and perhaps its most affecting commentary might have been found in the time-worn figure in the pulpit, whose manly proportions age and grief had sapped without being able to obliterate. But when the good man sketched with faltering voice an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above; tears, fast and frequent, as from dropping caves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

"My brethren," said he, in a conclusion accelerated evidently by overpowering emotion on both sides, "forty years long did the Israelites in the wilderness tempt and provoke Moses, rebelling against his authority, calling in question his kindness, and disobeying, nay, blaspheming his God, yet in his heart he loved and prayed for them still, beseeching that, if need were, his own name might for their sakes be blotted out of the Book of Life. Fifty years long have you, amid much human imperfection and human infirmity, cherished and borne with me—cleaving to my doctrine, following, as God gave ye grace, my counsel, and sympathizing, to the utmost of your ability, in my

welfare and my sorrows—judge then if my love to a people like this surpass not the love of woman—yea, all save that love which shall embrace us both in its everlasting arms. May we all meet at the judgment-seat above: I, to render an account of my ministry—you, to recho, if it shall please the merciful Judge to pronounce it, the lenient sentence—'Thou hast been faithful over a very little, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The effect of this appeal may be better imagined than expressed. G—— and I did not breathe freely till, by climbing the highest hill within reach, we had attuned our minds to an elevation somewhat akin to that of the half emancipated pilgrim. The evening calm, which succeeded the converse of the pastor about his absent (rather than deceased) children, the family thanksgiving for blessings granted and withheld, for comforts to cheer, and trials to wean the immortal sojourner from his exile below, will never, while memory holds her seat, pass from her inmost record.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary, my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly fetes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G—— and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had presided at the minister's ordination—the schoolmaster, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants and few-and-far-between ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society, so called, the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table young Boneil—for so from his property he was styled—walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

"Any other day of the year, Mr. Maxwell," said the frank young sportsman, "I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't, you'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and good deeds done, remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again."

"God forbid I should, Norman," said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; "a kind heart and a leal one are aye welcome. Fifty years back your father bore both, and his son is no changeling. Stay with us now, or return, as it best suits you.

"Oh! I dare not stay!" cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; "I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Anne, between this and noon yet?"

"I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Esau that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye, else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of Aunt Anne's puddings in hand."

"There goes as fine a lad as ever lived," said the pastor, as he went out. "If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better."

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me, as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!"

Another testimony of grateful affection followed hard on the sportsman's morning tribute. A parcel and letter were put into the hands of the minister from the worthy nobleman whose exemplary tutor he had been at an age when few are able to guide themselves. The letter overflowed with expressions of still youthful kindliness and gratitude. The parcel contained a snuff-mull of beautiful workmanship, inlaid with all the valuable Scottish stones produced on the noble donor's estates.

"If I have any good in me," said the writer, in honest sincerity of acknowledgment, "you dug it out from its native bed like these long-overlooked gems, which but for the hand which set them where they are might have been still trodden under foot or slumbering in their dark hill-sides for ever. When you look on this box, think on your own workmanship, and add one more to the thousand pleasing reflections which make this day a day of pride to all, save your own modest self."

It was not in man to be unmoved by a tribute like this, and from the Duke of ——, the very model and pattern of a pious and patriotic noble.

"Too much, too much!" sighed the meek

man, as he read, "God made him what he is; education can do little for hearts and heads like his."

The Lilly was called, and her eyes sparkled through tears as they glanced on the splendid present and ducal epistle; but they did not glisten, nor her soft cheek glow, as while conning every feather on the dark glossy wing of young Norman's sylvan tribute.

Lilly, too, had her present on the way—one to whose safety, in her eyes, that of empires was as nothing: and never was the delay occasioned by traiking Tibbie's late tumultuous nuptials more acutely felt than when noon arrived, bringing duly Norman's precarious prize, the roe, but no tidings of the fair fabric of Lilly's after-dinner glory—*videlicet*, a huge cake from the city, which was first to grace with appropriate devices her grandfather's honoured board, and then to gladden, with undreamed-of sweets, the eyes and palates of the whole Sabbath-school. The sight of the groups who in holiday attire were already parading in joyful anticipation, deepened her anxieties; and the joy of eighteen, like the joy of eighty, had thus its inevitable drop of alloy.

The manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly gray—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency still lived to thank him for half centuries of happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgments. Widows, whose hearts had been bound up by one acquainted with grief, brought all they had—a prayer and a blessing, to swell the general tribute; while the Sabbath-school children tottered under the load of a pulpit Bible, purchased out of the hoarded halfpence of the good man's own overflowing liberality.

With this juvenile offering he was fairly upset; and always easily overcome by aught associated with his own childless hearth and early-removed olive-plants, he thanked them with tears alone, and deputed the glad Lilly to invite them all to tea on the green. This she could do with an easy mind, for Tibbie had at length arrived: the enormous weight of the cake balanced, though imperfectly, in her panniers, by two of the hugest ewe-milk cheeses that ever owed their existence to mountain gratitude.

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—— and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The dominie himself, through the week the "observed of all observers," looked up in delighted admiration to his *own* exemplary teacher; while the rough diamond of a doctor eyed him with the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that like the good centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, "Do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh." Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so.

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say, on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly. How this was to be brought about, or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise; so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed ere the thought had well passed from the young man's troubled mind. Among the healths of that eventful evening—"absent friends"—the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then for the first time did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by duty in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled Scottish brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on this labour of love, and a father's heart *would* yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long-banished only child.

The vain wish had crossed like a passing cloud the rarely-dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind, when, as Lilly, loaded with the huge remnants of her cake, and assisted by Norman, who was leaving the house to prepare for her juvenile fete, two plainly dressed, but respectable-looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr. Maxwell was at home.

"He is," replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl, "but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loath to part with him to-night, even on business"—

"Lilly, my own Lilly!" sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart, and then finding breath to say, "How is my dear father?"

"Oh, well! well!" cried the delighted girl, hanging round her father's neck in frantic joy, "come and see him directly!"

"Not just directly, my own Lilly," said he, composedly; "seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones. Sir" (turning to Norman, who stood *studying*, all lovers will guess, how earnestly, the parents on whose fiat hung his life), "my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father's day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised! to Liverpool, and travelling day and night, were set down by coach this morning at B——. How to get on in time was the difficulty, but the backwoods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to Him who has brought us safe to our father's door, and to friends who will make us welcome for his sake. Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting."

Norman hailed the omen, and came as deliberately as joy would let him into the room. "There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly."

"From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, then sinking down again from the painful agitation; "*you* have seen and spoken to them, is all well? Norman, my son, tell me truly."

"All well even as your heart could wish; but there are those without who could tell you better, far better than any words about those you love."

"Are they still without? Oh bring them in, pray!—our friends will excuse."

"But will you promise?"—

The old man cast a bewildered gaze around —caught a glimpse of Lilly's beaming face as it peeped eagerly in at the half-open door, and exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on his chair!

We bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, and still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon restored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting half as well as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to every bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet consummation for such an anniversary.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night—our anchor'd vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When, flouting in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed half-fearful gaze;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we look'd, we named it, then;
The fount whence all colours came:
There were rainbows furl'd with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sunlit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear— and that form moved on
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just linger'd in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one pass'd
With a deep, disturbing motion;
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crush'd on a hidden rock, and turn'd
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The up-torn waves roll'd hoar,—and, huge,
The far-thrown undulations
Swell'd out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

J. O. ROCHWELL.

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —— than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred), to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart, I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces, the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, a hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. —There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through! it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its

oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upwards into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him begone. Reason then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned in their Tartarus to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half appeared an

age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapped in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have delayed already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leaned against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

Blackwood's Mag.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame,
To that one figure could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law!
A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed book without a blot!
All beauty, and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

BALLAD OF THE SAILOR'S CHILDREN.

Father! why linger on the waves? Our kitchen fire burns bright,
And shines upon your empty chair, a-welcoming the night;
The sun has seen us all day long, listening your step to hear—
Why come you not across the sea—our father, ever dear!

Long time since first you went away! We counted as it passed;
And this was to have been the day you would return at last:
Oh! how our hearts beat as it came, with thinking upon you,
And how we wearied for the dawn—our father, ever true!

We watch'd, and saw the morning sun far in the east appear:
"He must be on his way (we said)—he must be very near."
We watch'd, and saw the evening sun decline far in the west:
"He'll come before it's night (we said)—our father, ever best!"

Night has brought only clouds and storms. We heard the wild sea-mew,
And in its shrieks we thought it bade us go a-seeking you.
All day we waited at the door, your smile and kiss to find,
But now we stand upon the shore—our father, ever kind!

And wherefore come you not? The waves begin to swell and dash,
And through the black clouds, far away, we see the lightning flash,
The wind is bursting from the sky, and lashing up the flood—
O Heaven protect the ship that holds our father, ever good!

No mother now have we to pray for you at night and morn,
Or dress us in our best array the day you should return;
She is not here to kiss your brow, wet with the salt sea-wave,
If cold and weary-worn wert thou—our father, ever brave!

But come—oh, come! And you will see how bright the fire will blaze;
And we will, as she bade us, be your children good always;
And though that she is dead and gone, we would not have you pine,
Or stay away—for are not we—our father—ever thine!

And when you weary, we will bring, as we did long ago,
Our chairs about your knees, and sing "The Stormy Winds do Blow;"
And we can tell you all again the stories that she told,
How you fought the French upon the main—our father, ever bold!

Oh! ever as the lightning gleams, we think we see you nigh;
And ever as the wild wind screams, we think we hear you cry;
And ever as the towering tide sends up its hissing spray,
We think upon our mother dead, and father, far away!

But she said we would not be alone, and therefore should not weep,
For He that cares for the shorn-lamb would watch you on the deep,
And in His own time send to us, across the weary wave,
Our father, ever dear, and true, and kind, and good, and brave.

ALEX. WHITELAW.

THE SAILOR'S CHILDREN.

BLACKIE & SON LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

THE BRIGHTON COACH.

I was once placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the event made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression, indeed, which has lasted ever since.

Those who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I have known, that once muddy, shabby, dirty fishing-town on the Sussex coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of our late beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, will be aware that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry most admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage-coaches: that the rapid improvements in that sort of travelling have during late years interfered with and greatly injured the trade of posting; and that people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing Cross exactly five hours after they have stepped into it in Castle Square.

The gallant gay Stevenson, with his prancing grays under perfect command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, although he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller returns, Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; in that is the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to that admirable, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract your attention for some ten minutes.

It was one day in the autumn of 1829, just as the Pavilion clock was striking three, that I stepped into Mr. Goodman's coach. In it I found already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his upper lip. He wore a travelling cap on his head girt with a golden band, and eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself. That other fellow-traveller I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab greatcoat, which matched his round fat face in colour; his hair, too, was drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a young pig: and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, to which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat white paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach-window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female, old or young, handsome or ugly, when my speculations were speedily terminated by the arrival of an extremely delicate pretty woman, attended by her maid. The lady was dressed in the extreme of plainness, and yielded the palm of gaiety to her *soubrette*, who mounted by the side of Mr. Goodman, at the moment that her mistress placed herself next my pig-faced friend and opposite to me.

It does not require half a second of time to see and know and understand what sort of woman it is who is thus brought in juxtaposition with one. The turn of her mind may be ascertained by the way she seats herself in her corner; her disposition by the look she gives to her companions; and her character—but perhaps that may require a minute or two more. The lady in question cast a hasty glance round her, merely, as it should seem, to ascertain if she were personally acquainted with any of her companions. She evidently was not; and her eyes sank from the inquiring gaze round the party upon a black silk bag which lay on her lap. She was about four or five-and-twenty; her eyes were blue and her hair fair; it hung carelessly over her forehead, and the whole of her costume gave evidence of a want of attention to what is called "setting one's self off to the best advantage." She was tall—thin—pale; and there was a sweet expression in her countenance which I shall never forget; it was mild and gentle, and seemed to be formed to its plaintive cast by suffering—and yet why should one so lovely be unhappy?

As the clock struck we started. The sudden turn of the team round the corner of North Street and Church Street brought a flush of colour into her cheeks; she was conscious of the glow which I was watching; she seemed ashamed of her own timidity. She looked up to see if she was observed; she saw she was, and looked down again. All this happened in the first hundred and seventy yards of a journey of fifty-two miles and a half.

My pig-faced friend, who sucked his barley-sugar sonorously, paid little attention to anybody, or anything, except himself; and in pursuance of that amiable tenderness, pulled up the window at his side. The lady, like the beau in the fur coat, laid her delicate head back in the corner of the coach, and slept, or seemed to sleep. The horror I felt lest my pig-faced friend should consider it necessary to join in any conversation which I might venture to originate with my unknown beauty opposite, kept me quiet; and I "ever and anon" looked anxiously towards his vacant features, in hopes to see the two gray unmean-

ing things which served him for eyes, closed in a sweet and satisfactory slumber. But no; although he spoke not, and if one may judge by countenances, thought not, still he kept awake, and ready, as it should seem, to join in a conversation which he had not courage to begin.

And so we travelled on, and not one syllable was exchanged until we reached Crawley. There my heart was much relieved. At Handscross we had dropped the cornet with the tufts; horses were ready to convey him to some man's house to dinner; and when we were quitting Crawley, I saw my excellent demolisher of barley-sugar mount a regular Sussex buggy, and export himself to some town or village out of the line of our road.

I here made a small effort at ice-breaking with my delicate companion, who consorted with her maid at one end of the room, while I with one or two more sensualists from the outside was refreshing myself with some cold fowl and salad. I ventured to ask her whether she would allow me to offer her some wine and water. Hang it! thought I, if we stand upon gentility in a stage-coach journey, smart as the things are, we shall never part sociably. She seemed somewhat of the same opinion, for she smiled. I shall never forget it: it seemed on her placid countenance like sunshine amidst showers—she accepted my proffered draught. "I rather think," said I, "we shall travel alone for the rest of the journey—our communicative friends have left us." She made no answer; but from the sort of expression which passed over her features I was very sorry I had made the remark. I was in the greatest possible alarm lest she should require the presence of her maid to play propriety; but no, she had no such notion.

A summons from Mr. Goodman soon put the party in motion, and in a few minutes we were again on our journey—the dear interesting creature and myself *tête-à-tête*. "Have you been long at Brighton?" said I. "Some time," replied the lady—"some months, indeed." Here came a pause. "You reside in London, I presume!" said I. "In the neighbourhood," replied the lady; at the same time drawing off the glove of her left hand (which by the way was as white as snow), to smooth one of her eyebrows, as it appeared by what she actually did with it, but, as I thought, to exhibit to my sight the golden badge of union which encircled its third finger. "And," said I, "have you been living alone at Brighton so long?" "Oh, no!" said the stranger; "my husband has only left me during the last few weeks, and has now summoned me home, being unable to rejoin me on the coast." "Happy man!" said I, "to expect such a wife."

Now there did not seem much in this commonplace bit of folly, for I meant it for little else than jest, to summon up a thousand feelings, and excite a thousand passions—to raise a storm, and cause a flood of tears. But so it was—my companion held down her head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes. "Good God!" said I, "have I said anything to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—" "Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me, I am not angry with you—I am to blame." "But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand,—because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which——" "Pray, pray, ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I *do* think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed." "You may rely upon me," said I, "that, so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke." "What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising I could not pretend to divine, that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour; and certainly, if anything in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this inter-

esting creature again and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it! "Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself —that is all I ask." "Alas!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!" "Gentle spirits should be gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?" "Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess I did not so much regret as my companion *said* she did. "If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?" This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger. "If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them." "My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I *will* trust you." Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us. "I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?" "Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love. "That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly preferred another. She was right——" "And you——" "Stay," interrupted she—"hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle: talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting, which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married." "And thus you secured your happiness," said I. "Happiness!" said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. "Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. 'No,' said my angry parent; 'she has chosen her course and must follow it; and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.'" "But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?" said I. "Ah!" said my companion, "there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?" "Being to a stranger," said I, "and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may." "Then hear me," said the lady: "we had scarcely been married three years, when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he

became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me." "Shocking!" said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband's apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me. "Treatment the most barbarous followed this," said my companion; "a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could but have one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention. "But," said I, "you are now returning home?" "I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she has gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices; and why should I undeceive him?" "This rival," said I, "must be a very potent personage, if *you* are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You *must* have the power, if you have the will to do so." "No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! you little know the treatment I have received from him! —from him whose whole soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that, notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damosel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her Christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly stopped, and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a bandbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr. Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basketful of sweetheart cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption, I must candidly admit; but if the new-comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and resolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of

many years' standing; and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow-traveller put her bonnet straight, and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company! The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed. "Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?" "At a little past eight," said I. "We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady. "We do." "If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that 'ere window up, I should be uncommon oblegated, because my little Emily Lawinia is jist out of the scarlet-fever, and I am afeard of her taking could."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says in one of his Melodies,

> "The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
> Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet-fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud, conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that, while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing Cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle and the clatter of the macadamized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies, under similar circumstances, will considerately let slip—and thus, one gets in a moment *accidentally* what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose—but no—it was too dark to read writing; yet, I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavoured gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or, if I did, that I should at least have the trouble, or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row, and corner, from Grove Road, Paddington, to Dog Row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love —but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him where that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smithers Bottom, and we were in the dark compared with objects without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunderstruck. "Gracious!" said she, "here's Charles!" "Who the deuce is Charles?" said I. "Hush! —my husband," replied the lady; "he's coming;—I'm so glad these people are in the coach." The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment. "Here I am, love," said my companion. "Alone!—what—quite full!" said the husband. "Yes, dear," said the wife, "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life."

In a moment I thought I recognized the voice of the husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have got out without my being betrayed, if she had not dropped her glove.—Why the deuce had she taken it off?—A light was sent for, and the moment it came I beheld in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin. "Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognized me, "is that *you*!—fellow-traveller with my wife, and not known to each other?—this *is* curious!" "Franklin!" said I, in a sort of tremor. "Do *you* know my husband, *sir?*" said the lady—"how very strange!" Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible. "I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I——" "Indeed," said I—"I——" "Oh, come, come," said Franklin; "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation,"—and then Mr. Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers at the other side of the coach, who concluded by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those which accompanied and preceded Franklin's; but altogether I sincerely declare that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicile. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I should have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tête-à-tête* with her tyrant—though he *was* my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the bandboxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw; good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the pianoforte and harp bespoke her (as she had herself, indeed, informed me she was) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater. "Fanny, dearest," said Franklin, "let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it." "No, Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you," said Fanny. "Come, love, a glass of wine with me," said Charles; "'t is an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it." "To be sure he will," said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action. "How strange it is," said Franklin, "that after so long a separation we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her!" "Why, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Franklin, "strangers do not talk to each other in stage-coaches." "Very true, my angel," said Mr. Franklin; "but some accident might have brought your name to *his* ears, or *his* to yours."

While all this was going on I sat in a state of perfect amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey. "Do you feel tired, my Fanny?" said Franklin. "No, dear," replied the lady, "not very, now; but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped."

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipatory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs. Franklin, however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning *his* mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us, as

she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think so?" "More than pretty, surely," said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating." "If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather the variety of expression to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully; there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you." "I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I. "Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken-down lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept; and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine." "And insured you happiness," said I. "Why, yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a good deal about with her during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and began to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of lancers of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of *my* mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness has returned to the Continent, I have recalled my better half." "You seem, however, to understand each other pretty well," said I. "To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in a good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage *that*, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was that Fanny was apprehensive that, under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and I confess I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and perhaps eventually tend to betray the confidence which the oppressed wife had reposed in me.

We repaired to the drawing-room.—Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinating as ever I saw a lady look. "Charles, dearest," said she, "I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had something very interesting to talk about to detain you so long." "We didn't think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject—we were discussing *you*." "Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me. "That," said I, "I cannot tell you: I never betray anything that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found your way here, I hope we shall see you often." "And I hope so, too," said Mrs. Franklin: "I really believe sometimes that things which we blind mortals call chance are pre-ordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then——" "I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying the delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while *her* back was turned to *him*, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated most unequivocally what his feelings on the subject were.

Shortly after this the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other, that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both parties to repeat my visit as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good-night.

I have not been there since. I called, indeed, once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt neutrality would be quite out of the question: thus, although the recurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the BRIGHTON COACH.

THEODORE HOOK.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter.
"The well is deep; far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say, when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchangeful gems are not befitting well,
Thus will he think:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed.
He'll think, when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in:—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell!

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved, when he was here, to whisper of his flame;
But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! Oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell!

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve!
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

[William Maginn, born at Cork, 1793; died in London, 20th August, 1842. He was known as the modern Rabelais, for he was equally distinguished, according to Jerdan, the editor of the once famous *Literary Gazette*, as "romancist, parodist, politician, satirist, linguist, poet, critic, scholar. . . . Were even the approach to a considerable collection of his productions accomplished, I am convinced that the world would be more than ever astonished by the originality, learning, fancy, wit, and beauty with which he illuminated the widest circle of periodical literature." From 1818 till 1823 he conducted a school at Cork; he then removed to London, and became one of the chief contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine* and one of the founders of *Fraser's Magazine*. His life was unfortunately one of continual struggle with poverty, which he bore with much good humour and apparent insensibility to its humiliations. An anecdote is told of him that, having signed a bill to satisfy a creditor, he exclaimed with perfect satisfaction, "Thank Heaven, that account is settled." It is remarkable that whilst we have no collective edition of his works in England, an admirable one was issued in New York in five vols. in 1855–57, edited by Dr. R. S. Mackenzie.]

In days of yore there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate, and strict; but he had one vice—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew so well as he the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently the exercise of those solemn offices was to him another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform;" but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou mayst do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins, "I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him,

and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou sportest with the gray hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces, they were the faces of men pained within, and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin.[1] He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him too the mark that showed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office: I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said:

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he, with a heavy groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin."

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee, and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of a doctor of the laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear, before Heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the traditions of our fathers from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that? O lady of beauty!" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration

[1] Demons.

of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother, and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying:

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow:" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him and said:

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow:" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said:

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered:

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so then," said the other; "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously-carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light as if they were the fanciful work of frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon; "take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."

"I cannot, my lord," said Jochonan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are mine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi entered he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which from the end of the hall poured its ever-living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then, I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why

should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous? You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes, disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver, and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand;" "thou mayst depart. But, Rabbi, open not thy house only when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he, "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered thanksgivings to God, he opened his house and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said, "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?" became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred ninety and seven, that thou mayst learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' her light locks waving o'er her brow,
And joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the saft sweet kiss, an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from Heaven;
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? where are they now:
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms of death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes I maun mourn, an' I WILL mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon awny.

JAMES HOGG.

THE LIBRARY.

Let us take off our hats and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter into a library—that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master-spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis, and from the shelves of this literary temple still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries, since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile, and invisible a thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more durable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter; the lighting up of a new sun; the formation of a moral world only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge, the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed upon man in vain: it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied; human experience would not extend beyond individual life: the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilizers of men. The earliest literature of every country has been probably agricultural; for subsistence is the most pressing want of every new community: abundance, when obtained, would have to be secured from the attacks of less industrious savages; hence the necessity for the arts of war, for eloquence, hymns of battle, and funeral orations. Plenty and security soon introduce luxury and refinement; leisure is found for writing and reading; literature becomes ornamental as well as useful; and poets are valued, not only for the delight they afford, but for their exclusive power of conferring a celebrity more durable than all the fame that can be achieved by medals, statues, monuments, and pyramids, or even by the foundation of cities, dynasties, and empires.

This battered, soiled, and dog's-eared Homer, so fraught with scholastic reminiscences, is the most sublime illustration of the preservative power of poetry that the world has yet produced. Nearly three thousand years have elapsed since the body of the author reverted to dust, and here is his mind, his thoughts, his very words, handed down to us entire, although the language in which he wrote has for many ages become silent upon the earth. When the Chian bard wandered through the world reciting his unwritten verses, which then existed only as a sound, Thebes with its hundred gates flourished in all its stupendous magnificence, and the leathern ladies and gentlemen who grin at us from glass cases, under the denomination of mummies, were walking about its streets, dancing in its halls, or perhaps prostrating themselves in its temples before that identical Apis, or Ox-deity, whose thigh-bone was rummaged out of the sarcophagus in the Great Pyramid, and transported to England by Captain Fitzclarence. Three hundred years rolled away after the Iliad was composed, before the she-wolf destined to nourish Romulus and Remus prowled amid the wilderness of the seven hills whereon the marble palaces of Rome were subsequently to be founded. But why instance mortals and cities that have sprung up and crumbled into dust, since an immortal has been called into existence in the intervening period? Cupid, the god of love, is nowhere mentioned in the works of Homer, though his mother plays so distinguished a part in the poem, and so many situations occur where he would infallibly have been introduced, had he been then enrolled in the celestial ranks. It is obvious, therefore, that he was the production of later mythologists; but, alas! the deity and his religion, the nations that worshipped him and the cities where his temples were reared, are all swept away in one common ruin. Mortals and immortals, creeds and systems, nations and empires,—all are annihilated together. Even their heaven is no more. Hyænas assemble upon Mount Olympus instead of deities: Parnassus is a desolate waste, and the silence of that wilderness, once covered with laurel groves and gorgeous fanes, whence Apollo gave out his oracles, is now only broken by the occasional crumbling of some fragment, from the rocky summit of the two-forked hill, scaring the wolf from his den and the eagle from her cliff.

And yet here is the poem of Homer fresh and youthful as when it first emanated from his brain; nay, it is probably in the very infancy of its existence, only in the outset of its career, and the generations whom it has delighted are as nothing compared to those whom it is destined to charm in its future progress to eternity. Contrast this majestic and immortal fate with that of the evanescent dust and clay, the poor perishing frame whose organization gave it birth; and what an additional argument does it afford, that the soul capable of such sublime efforts cannot be in-

tended to revert to the earth with its miserable tegument of flesh. That which could produce immortality may well aspire to its enjoyment.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves! What an epitome of the past world, and how capricious the fate by which some of them have been preserved, while others of greater value have perished! The monks of the middle ages, being the great medium of conservation, and outraged nature inciting them to avenge the mortification of the body by the pruriousness of the mind, the amatory poets have not only come down to us tolerably entire, but they "have added fat pollutions of their own," passing off their lascivious elegies as the production of Cornelius Gallus, or anonymously sending forth into the world still more licentious and gross erotics. Some of the richest treasures of antiquity have been redeemed from the dust and cobwebs of monastical libraries, lumber-rooms, sacristies, and cellars; others have been excavated in iron chests, or disinterred from beneath ponderous tomes of controversial divinity, or copied from the backs of homilies and sermons, with which, in the scarcity of parchment, they had been over-written. If some of our multitudinous writers would compile a circumstantial account of the resurrection of every classical author, and a minute narrative of the discovery of every celebrated piece of ancient sculpture, what an interesting volume might be formed!

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Osymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well-known inscription—"Physic for the Soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row" than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burned by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains!—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model: our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics, and our Anacreontics, all resemble their first parents in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

An anonymous book loses half its interest: it is the voice of the invisible, an echo from the clouds, the shadow of an unknown substance, an abstraction devoid of all humanity. One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him. Even an assumed name is better than none; though it is clearly a nominal fraud, a desertion from our own to enlist into another identity. It may be doubted whether we have any natural right thus to leap down the throat, as it were, of an imaginary personage, and pass off a counterfeit of our own creation for genuine coinage. But the strongest semi-vitality, or zoophyte state of existence, is that of the writers of *ephemerides*, who squeeze the whole bulk of their individuality into the narrow compass of a single consonant or vowel; who have an alphabious being as Mr. A., a liquid celebrity under the initial of L., or attain an immortality of zig-zag under the signature of Z. How fantastical to be personally known as an impersonal, to be literally a man of letters, to have all our virtues and talents in-

trusted to one little hieroglyphic, like the bottles in the apothecary's shop.

Even when we assume a literary individuality somewhat more substantial than this fanciful creation; when one is known, *propria persona*, as the real identical *Tomkins*, who writes in a popular magazine under the signature of any specific letter, to what does it amount?—an immortality of a month, after which we are tranquilly left to enjoy an eternity—of oblivion. Our very nature is ephemeral: we "come like shadows, so depart." From time to time some benevolent and disinterested compiler endeavours to pluck us from the Lethean gulf, by republishing our best papers under the captivating title of *Beauties of the Magazines, Spirit of the Modern Essayists*, or some such embalming words; but, alas! like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who attempts to uphold his sinking comrade, he can but give him a few moments' respite, when both sink together in the waters of oblivion.

HORACE SMITH.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that makest us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us:
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The Old World was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for the greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——

Nay rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue:
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.

[illegible] there
[illegible]
[illegible] hair.
[illegible] doth so strike,
[illegible] like;
[illegible] Miss,
[illegible], Kiss,
[illegible] slimming,
[illegible] and Siren,
[illegible],
[illegible] Mermaid, Devil,
[illegible] and Blackamoor,
[illegible] and twenty more;
[illegible] loving Foe,—
[illegible] truly so,
[illegible] way they know
[illegible] to express,
[illegible] excess,
[illegible] rightly wot
[illegible] be pain or not.

[illegible] constrain'd to part
[illegible] nearest to their heart,
[illegible] sorrow 's at the height,
[illegible] dissimulation quite,
[illegible] hasty wrath let fall,
[illegible] their frantic gall,
[illegible] darling thing whatever,
Whom they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
[illegible] of the sad divorce.

But I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Dearliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An uncourteous Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB

THE DOCTOR'S BANQUET.

[**Tobias Smollett**, born at Dalquhurn, Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, about March, 1721; died near Leghorn, 17th September, 1771. He was apprenticed to a surgeon in Glasgow; at eighteen wrote a tragedy—*The Regicide*, never acted—which had some share in determining him to try his fortune in London, whither he proceeded in his nineteenth year. He could not find any market for his tragedy, and in the following year he embarked as surgeon's mate in the unfortunate Carthagena expedition. He returned to London in 1746, and after trying to obtain practice as a physician in London and Bath, he finally settled in Chelsea and devoted himself to literature. A small income which his wife inherited relieved him of the more pressing anxieties about his household; and the success of *Roderick Random* gave him immediate reputation. *Peregrine Pickle* (from which our extract is taken) appeared next, and although, like his other works, containing much of that coarseness which characterized the literature of the last century, it displays humour enough, and enough keen observation of life and manners, to make us pardon the coarseness, whilst we must wish it had not been there to mar our pleasure. *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, *The Adventures of an Atom*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, and *The History of England* were his principal works. But he translated *Don Quixote* and other famous books; he edited the early volumes of the *Critical Review*; and he wrote several poems, of which the best remembered are the lines suggested by the Duke of Cumberland's severities in Scotland after Culloden in 1746, and entitled *The Tears of Scotland*.]

Our young gentleman (Peregrine Pickle), by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet: and, the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a

French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hôtel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr. Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that, although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made: but, finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice that exclaimed in French: "Dear sir! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!" Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of features; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter, running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclinia* of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr. Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality with a view of profiting by the example of one another, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern—though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude—stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situation, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune, but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor supple in his joints as his

[illegible] with such [illegible] the head of [illegible] in a [illegible], as the same [illegible] of his couch [illegible] was struck [illegible] a painful [illegible] that attended this affected gravity [illegible], who was obliged to [illegible] his handkerchief for the bareheaded [illegible] such ridiculous [illegible] marquis admitted his complaisance, as were [illegible] the mirth of a Quietist.

[illegible] being repaired as well as [illegible] the occasion would permit, [illegible] according to the arrangement described, the doctor graciously [illegible] some account of the dishes [illegible], that the company might be [illegible] about; and with an air of [illegible] thus began:

"[illegible] gentlemen, is a boiled goose, [illegible] sauce composed of pepper, lovage, [illegible], anchovies, and oil! I [illegible] sakes, gentlemen, it was one of [illegible] Barbary, so much celebrated among [illegible] for the magnitude of their livers, [illegible] said to have weighed upwards [illegible] with this food, exquisite as it [illegible] the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his [illegible] But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an [illegible] at all tables in France. At each end [illegible] are dishes of the salacacabia of the Romans. One is made of parsley, pennyroyal, [illegible] tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, [illegible], onions, and hen livers; the other [illegible] the same as the soup-maigre of this [illegible]. Then there is a loin of veal boiled [illegible] mawel and caraway-seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and [illegible] hachis of the lights, liver, and blood [illegible] hare, together with a dish of roasted [illegible]. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you [illegible] a plate of this soup?"

The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition: while the marquis being asked by the painter which of the *silly kickabys* he chose, was in consequence of his desire accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of [illegible] which he said he was no great [illegible] himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman, having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause, his throat swelled, as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer:

"Altogether excellent, upon my honour!"

And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river-god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted, the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-ammoniac instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis, whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit-maître, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden; and, in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair at his desire being brought

to the door, he slipped into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the German got up, and was under the hands of his own lackey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in High Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation, by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy salacacabia being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a desert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement pronounced:

"A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies, what beastly fellows those Romans were!"

His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying that he would not give one slice of the roast beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hachis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes, which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politeles*, or magnificent.

"That which smokes in the middle," said he, "is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, anise-seed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end next Mr. Pallet are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius."

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr. Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder:

"Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!"

That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away, with an exclamation, and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was sauced with a syrup of the dormouse-pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck; and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assafœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that

of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition; and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child; but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession: so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champagne produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

A NEW ENGLISH BALLAD.[1]

It was merry once in England,
  Many years ago,
Before all this ill-blood was bred
  Betwixt the high and low;
Was room enough to live and die
  For every sort of men:
It was merry of old in England—
  Shall it never be so again?

There were none too many to plough then,
  There were none too many to sow;
And every man that would work
  Had work enough to do;
Was beef enough and beer enough
  For every person then:
It was merry of old in England—
  Shall it never be so again?

English then were cheerful men,
  As cheerful might they be,
And took their fill with right good-will,
  Of love and jollity;
Wives were thought the better of
  For bearing children then:
'Till some of us are dead, I think,
  It will not be so again.

[1] This ballad, which first appeared in the *Examiner* newspaper in May, 1832, renewed its significance in the year 1872.

Our fathers paid their own debts,
And none beside their own,
Nor ever left the children's sweat
In pledge for any loan;
They never dream'd of taxes
To raise the price of grain,
But bought their bread at market-price—
Shall it never be so again?

You know the rare old song, sirs,
They sang of Robin Hood,
And many a jolly yeoman
That hunted in Sherwood;
In spite of baron, earl, or king,
Those men were all free men;
And merry it was in the green forest—
Shall it never be so again?

Stand to it, noble English,
And look you round about,
And have your hearts and hands ready
To keep your enemies out;
No battle yet for freedom
Was ever fought in vain,
In the bosom of merry England,
Nor shall it be again.

Be mindful what your fathers did,
Be steady of cheer, and bold,
For you and yours shall live yet
Like Englishmen of old;
There's air, earth, water, and fire yet,
There's flesh, and blood, and brain;
It was merry of old in England—
And it *shall* be so again!

PETER BLOCH.[1]

A HARTZ LEGEND.

Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner, was out of sorts. He couldn't work—he couldn't talk—he couldn't even eat (the last an occupation of which he was very fond), when Katrina, his betrothed, came with his noonday meal of strong beer and still stronger cheese and sauerkraut, prepared by her own rosy hands.

Peter looked askance at Katrina, at her round, blooming, honest face, her short plump figure, and bare feet, and for the first time in his life thought her—coarse. And for the first time in his life, also, he turned up his nose at the beer, and the cheese, and the sauerkraut, and thought *them* coarse. So Katrina, with her dinner-basket on her arm, went away sorrowful, leaving Peter sitting idly on a log, apart from the other workmen, smoking a short black pipe, and gazing out sullenly upon the gloomy forest, the smoking charcoal-kilns, and the little cottage, with its cabbage-garden and pig-sty, to which he was soon to bring home Katrina. Very poor and despicable it all now appeared to him. And yet only yesterday how proud he had been of that cottage! And how he had cultivated those cabbages, and fed those pigs, until they were as round and fat as—as Katrina, nearly—which was saying a great deal for them.

The truth was, Peter Bloch was dying of envy and discontent. Only an hour ago he had seen pass along the forest road the young Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh, with a brilliant train of attendants, on his way to take possession of the castle of the late count, his uncle, and to marry the late count's daughter, the present fair and peerless Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden, who with an equally imposing train had ridden forth to meet him, and with the bailiff and the châtelaine on either side, had delivered to him the keys of the castle.

All this had Peter Bloch seen; and from that moment envy and covetousness had poisoned the well-springs of his heart. Why should Nature have made his lot in life so different from that of this young man? he asked himself. Why should *he* be a charcoal-burner, and the other a nobleman? Why should he live in a hut, and the count in a castle? And the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden was so fair—slim and white, like a lily—whilst Katrina much more resembled a red cabbage, thought Peter, with a sneer. And she had brought him beer and sauerkraut, whilst up at the castle there was to be this very day a grand feast, with richest viands and rarest wines—the latter stolen from the Baron Stickinseide, in that knight's absence; and also an ox roasted whole. A fine fat ox Peter knew it to be, since it was only to-day that it had been taken from his poor neighbour, Hans Hapner, who had depended upon its sale for winter clothing for his large family of little ones.

"*Ach!*" sighed Peter Bloch: "I would that I were the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. Then might I be happy."

"*He he! ha ha! ho ho!*" tittered a voice close beside him. And a hot breath, as of a charcoal-kiln, passed over Peter Bloch's cheek.

He turned round and saw, leaning against a neighbouring fir-tree, an extremely tall and thin individual, clad in a tight-fitting suit of black, with a remarkably high-crowned hat on his head, a red cloak over his shoulders, and oddly-shaped shoes, half hidden by enormous

[1] From *Scribner's Magazine* (New York).

red rosettes. The eyes of this personage were black as coals, and twinkled with merriment, as he laughed with a mouth stretched from ear to ear.

Peter stared, and the stranger, having apparently exhausted himself with laughter, bowed apologetically, and seated himself on the log by his side.

"Excuse me, *mein Herr*," he said; "but you—*he he!*—you were wishing to be the noble Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh?"

"What is that to you?" said Peter, sullenly.

"Only that it may be in my power to help you to your wish," answered the stranger, suavely. And he put his hand to his mouth, with a slight cough, as if to repress an involuntary delighted "*he he!*"

Peter looked incredulous.

"You do not believe me?" said the strange man, his little eyes twinkling maliciously.

"*Nein*," said Peter, doggedly.

"Try me!" said the man in black. "See here! write your name at the bottom of this parchment, and if you do not immediately become what you wish, then shall you throw me into your charcoal-furnace and burn me to a cinder."

"You agree to that?" quoth Peter.

"As I am an honourable soul who fears the fire;" was the reply. "*He he! ha ha! ho! ho! ho!*"

So great was his merriment that it was some moments ere he could recover himself sufficiently to unroll the parchment and present to Peter a sharp-pointed iron pen.

"There is no ink," said Peter.

The man in black seized the pen, and without a word plunged the sharp point, with a sudden quick motion, into Peter Bloch's shin, left exposed by the rolled-up leathern breeches. "Oh, oh!" screeched Peter, hopping around on one foot and rubbing the wounded limb, which burned as if seared by a hot iron.

"It is nothing," responded the man in black, with a grin. "Here, take the pen before the blood dries, and write your name."

Peter obeyed; not from any faith in the stranger's promise, but simply from curiosity. He could not write, so was about to make the usual cross-mark when the stranger, with a startled yell, arrested his hand.

"Not that," he shrieked, glaring upon the affrighted Peter, and trembling all over. "Not that, but do as you see me do;" and he made a peculiar flourish of his long finger upon the parchment, which Peter imitated as well as he could, with the iron pen dripping with his own

"*He, he, he! ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!*" resounded in hollow dying echoes through the forest, and the man in black was gone; whilst the charcoal-burner suddenly felt himself flung to the earth with a shock which at once deprived him of his senses.

When Peter presently began to recover, he debated whether he were not in a dream. A great many people were pressing around him with exclamations of alarm and concern. He heard their remarks vaguely.

"His neck is broken!"

"No, it is his back. Don't you see he is paralyzed?"

"Of a truth it is his highness' skull that is fractured. What is to be done?"

"Take him to the castle," said one voice.

"He must not be moved on any account," said another.

"A hot bath!"

"A cold bath!"

"Rub him!"

"Bleed him!"

"Water!"

"Brandy!"

"A blister!"

"A cooling lotion!"

"A doctor!"

"You, Breschoff, ride to the castle like a whirlwind for the doctor! Tell him our noble lord the count has fallen from his horse, and is lying senseless!"

It was true, as Peter Bloch now began to comprehend. The young Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh had, just before reaching the castle, been thrown from his high-blooded steed, and Peter found, to his great astonishment, that somehow he, Peter Bloch, was inhabiting the count's body. He was himself the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh—only that he was still in spirit, in thought, in feeling, in everything but body, Peter Bloch the charcoal-burner.

"Hurrah!" feebly shouted the Count Peter, endeavouring to rise. Whereat there was some staring among the retinue, mingled with the expressions of joy at his recovery.

"I pray you, my lord count," said the seneschal of the castle, "condescend to accept of my horse for the nonce, since it has pleased your highness's to run away. Teufel is high-spirited but gentle."

Peter put up his right foot, encased in pointed boot and golden spur, lifted the other awkwardly over the saddle, and found himself seated with his back to the horse's head.

"My lord count has not yet recovered himself," said the equerry; but one of the late

count's pages tittered behind his plumed cap as he held the stirrup whilst the count reversed his position.

Now Peter had never in his life before been on horseback.

He clutched the reins with one hand, the horse's mane with the other, and rolled unsteadily from side to side, in mortal terror at every step of the high-pacing steed.

"It is only that his honour is still dizzy from his fall," said the mortified equerry, believing what he asserted. But the master-of-the-horse from the castle, looking upon the count with an experienced and criticizing eye, muttered to the master-at-arms his firm conviction that his highness was ignorant of the noble art of horsemanship, an opinion in which the other agreed.

Reaching the castle, the count was advised by the medical man to retire to rest for an hour or so, in which time the feast would be spread in the great banqueting-hall. But Peter, who felt perfectly well, and had, it will be remembered, missed his dinner, could not help thinking of the fat ox, and of all that he had heard, but had never seen, and still less tasted, of the delicious wines and luxurious viands of the castle-larder. So he at once declared himself hungry, and ordered that refreshments should be brought to him.

The steward, with his white badge and baton of office, marching in front, ushered in some half-dozen henchmen, bearing various dishes: such as a highly spiced game-pastry, eels done in wine, pickled porpoise, stewed truffles, olives, and a pie composed of minced venison, mixed with apples, raisins, wine, sugar, beef, spice, and woodcock. The butler followed with wines of various kinds. Peter ate long and drank deeply—until he could eat and drink no more. Not that he liked either the dishes or the wines, for the first were utterly distasteful to his palate, and the latter he considered insipid and mawkish, and, if the truth were told, not to compare with good beer. But he was hungry, and, besides, were not these the luxuries of the great and rich, for which he had often in secret sighed? Wherefore, as we have said, he ate and drank his fill, until with the last mouthful of the mince-pie a deadly sickness came over him, and he was compelled, with the assistance of the servants, to effect a hasty retreat from the table. And then he fell heavily on his bed and slept the sleep of him who has drunken too freely.

The steward and the butler looked at each other, and elevated the whites of their little eyes and the pinks of their fat hands.

"My lord count is a glutton," wheezed the steward.

"My lord count is a drunkard," gasped the butler. And all the henchmen and pages agreed with those two.

As for the lord count's own followers, they did not know what to think. Never before had they known his temperate highness to eat and drink like this.

In about two hours Peter Bloch—that is, the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh—awoke, feeling dull and heavy.

"I don't like this," muttered the count. "I never felt like this when I was Peter Bloch." And he sighed.

"What would my noble lord count have?" queried the page-of-the-chamber, bowing low before him.

The count scratched his head and reflected. He had had enough to eat and drink—also, sleep sufficient; and he was at a loss what more to desire.

"Will it please my lord to take a bath?"

The Count Peter submitted. He wasn't in the habit of taking baths; and he now thought it very unnecessary and disagreeable, and when it was over made up his mind to take no more. Then he yawned, and wondered what else he could do. He felt very much inclined to step out and take a look at his pigs and cabbages—a thing which had always afforded him a certain pleasure and satisfaction. But he remembered, with a half sigh, that there were no pigs and cabbages here.

"Will it please my lord's highness to have music?" suggested the attentive page, observing his lord's air of *ennui*.

Peter Bloch did not care a straw for music, nor, in fact, know anything about it beyond Katrina's hand-organ, inherited from her father, on which, in the quiet evenings when their work was done, she was accustomed to grind extraordinary sounds to marvellous tunes. Peter rather liked this organ; it soothed him and gave him a pleasant, drowsy home-feeling; and now, when he heard a harp skilfully played upon by the castle minstrel in an adjoining apartment, he thought it greatly lacked the charm of Katrina's hand-organ.

"I don't care for music," quoth the count, indifferently, "unless"—a bright idea occurred to him—"unless the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden will play"—

"But, my lord count, at this hour—and in private! My lady is not accustomed to show herself at all times—neither to entertain suitors, save on suitable occasions. I pray you, my lord count, reflect."

But the lord count wouldn't reflect. All that he knew was, that he was Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh, and that he was in his own castle, where every one was bound to obey him; wherefore he sent his page with a message demanding the presence of the Lady Hildegarde. In fact, he remembered her beauty, and that she was his betrothed; and his heart began to warm toward her, insomuch that he refused to listen to any excuse of the lady, so earnestly did he desire her presence and to gaze upon the loveliness of which he had hitherto been favoured with but a distant glimpse.

So the Lady Hildegarde Adelberga Rosalinden came, flushed and haughty, followed by her maidens bearing a harpsichord. Count Peter Bloch felt a little in awe of her magnificence, until, reflecting that he was a rich and handsome count, and the future lord of the haughty beauty, he gradually gathered courage to commence love-making. This he did in his own way, as he had been accustomed with Katrina. He stole to a seat by the lady's side, put his arm around her waist, pinched her cheek, and bestowed upon her rosy lips a resounding smack, designed to express admiration and respectful homage.

The Lady Hildegarde Adelberga sprang to her feet with a shriek, whereat everybody within hearing rushed into the apartment. Her relative, the old Baron Bluffenburg, on being informed of what had occurred, half drew his sword, but put it up again. For was not the count in his own castle? And was not the fair lady his betrothed? And most of all, was not the count more powerful than he? Wherefore, though highly indignant, the burly baron prudently restrained himself.

"The count is a brute!" said the baron to the other guests who had been invited to the feast. And they all agreed with him.

As to the count himself, he concluded that the Lady Hildegarde was excessively silly and absurd; and that he would prefer Katrina's simple good sense and honest affection any day.

In due time the feast was announced to be in readiness, and the noble count and his guests were ushered into the banqueting-hall. The count's appetite had partially returned, but he looked with disfavour on the drink and food before him.

"To what shall I have the honour of assisting my lord count?" inquired the head steward, humbly.

"Beer!" said the lord count. Whereat the tler stood aghast.

"The count is a fool," said the butler to the chief henchman, who nodded assent.

"Cheese!" continued his highness, "and sauerkraut!" And the steward turned pale.

"There is no question of it," he communicated in confidence to the chief cook. "The lord count is undoubtedly mad."

"Mad as a March hair," assented the chief cook, licking the boar's-head fat from his fingers. And all the turn-spits and scullions looked at each other and shook their heads.

The banquet was but half over when suddenly the loud blast of a trumpet sounded without, and the whole company sprang from their seats and rushed upon the battlements.

There, in front of the portcullis, appeared a gigantic horseman, clad in complete armour, with a large armed retinue behind, and in front a herald, who trumpeted forth, in the name of the valiant Baron Breckisnech, a haughty defiance to the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh to immediate and mortal combat; by reason of the still unsettled feud that had existed between the said Baron Breckisnech and the late Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. And unless this challenge were immediately and promptly responded to, he, the said valiant Baron Breckisnech, would straightway assault the castle, hang the count from the highest tower, cut off the heads of the seneschal and the warder thereof, and with those bloody trophies adorn the bastions of the main gateway. "So mought it be!" concluded the herald, solemnly.

The whole castle was now in dismay and confusion. All looked to the valour of the count for salvation, and no time was lost in bringing his armour and buckling it upon his trembling limbs.

"I—I am not well enough to fight," gasped the count, feebly. Whereupon his highness' medical advisers were summoned.

"The lord count is perfectly well," said the chief physician, feeling his pulse.

"Perfectly well," echoed the assistant physician, examining his tongue.

"But I—I can't fight," said the count, grasping the huge sword as though it were a charcoal-rake.

"My lord must try," said the master-at-arms, sternly.

"The lord count is a coward," said all the men-at-arms and retainers, in disgust, whilst the seneschal and the warder, rubbing their throats, earnestly urged upon the count expedition. But the count wouldn't hurry.

"I can't fight," he said. "My health won't allow of it."

"You must fight," said the Baron Bluffenburg. "Your honour demands it."

"I won't fight," said the count desperately.

"You shall fight," said the baron, resolutely.

So the baron took him by the arm and led him towards the gates, and when he resisted the master-at-arms took his other arm, and the seneschal and the warder pushed behind; and so they dragged and pushed him out at the gateway, and across the drawbridge, until he stood face to face with the valiant Baron Breckisnech, who advanced, sword in hand, to the encounter.

The next moment Peter Bloch felt a sharp burning pain in his breast as the baron's blade went through him. He grew blind and dizzy, grasped wildly at his own sword, and fell.

Consciousness returned slowly to Peter Bloch. He looked around and saw, to his great surprise and joy, that he was in his own little cottage in the forest. He smelled the fresh resinous odour of the fir-trees, he heard the grunting of the pigs in the sty, and he saw from the open window the charcoal-kilns and the cabbage-garden; and sweeter than these to his delighted eyes was the plump, rosy face of Katrina, who, close beside him, was making a goat's-milk posset, into which her tears slowly fell.

"*Ach, himmel!*" said Katrina, kissing him tenderly on either cheek; "but he knows me now: he is well!"

"How was it?" asked Peter, heartily returning the salute and staring around.

"We found you lying senseless under the fir-tree, where I left you sitting when you refused your dinner," answered Katrina, soberly.

"Like the fool I was," muttered Peter.

"And you have been so strange ever since, *mein Peter;* asking for a little wine, and inquiring about 'the Lady Hildegarde.'"

"Ah!" muttered Peter Bloch to himself, "that was the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh. He was here in my body whilst I occupied his, or—or have I been dreaming, I wonder?"

"How did it happen?" inquired Katrina, in her turn. "There was an awful smell of brimstone about the fir-tree, so old Gottlieb just now thought it best to brand the mark of the cross upon your breast, to preserve you from the power of the Evil One. Here is the mark, you see. Did you feel the burn? It was that which aroused you."

"And it was that which also saved me," said Peter. "That Baron Breckisnech, in his black armour, was the very man I saw beneath the fir-tree this morning. I knew him before he let down his visor and rushed upon me. He thought to have me, did he, body and soul? But the cross saved me; *ach, Gott!* the cross saved me."

Katrina thought him dreaming still. And whether or not it was a dream, Peter Bloch was never, to his dying day, able to decide. Of one thing only was he positively sure—and that was that he was much happier as Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner, with his wife Katrina, than he could ever have been as the Count von Schwaltzschoffensburgh and the husband of the Lady Hildegarde. Probably Nature, of whom he had complained, knew this when she chose for his soul a corresponding body and station in life. She knows what is best for us after all.

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle!
Through the wood, through the wood,
Gallops the earl!
Yet he heeds not its song
As it sinks on his ear,
For he lists to a voice
Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Once and away,
The castle is gain'd,
And the lady is gay:
When her smile becomes sad,
And her eyes become dim;
Her bosom is glad,
When she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,
Over the wold,
Rides onward a band
Of true warriors bold;
They stop not for forest,
They halt not for water;
Their chieftain in sorrow
Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle;
Through the wood, through the wood,
Prances the earl;
And on a gray palfrey
Comes pacing his bride;
While an old man sits smiling,
In joy, by her side.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.[1]

[1] *Poetical Aspirations.* By William Anderson, Esq. Edinburgh.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

OF JESTING.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's Word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church-chalice? And know the whole art is learned at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of King Edward IV., a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long as till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii;* and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

OF SELF-PRAISING.

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert; whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites, that want company, may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It showeth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side-wind; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent), whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or, lastly (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise), when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence; for, though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that, in skill and valour, he

came far behind him. "It is true," said the other; "for, when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandevil writes of the isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honour.

He that boasts of sin never committed is a double devil. Let them be well whipped for their lying, and, as they like that, let them come afterwards, and entitle themselves to the gallows.

OF TRAVELLING.

It is a good accomplishment to a man if first the stock be well grown whereon travel is graffed, and these rules observed before, in, and after his going abroad:—

Travel not early before thy judgment be risen, lest thou observest rather shows than substance, marking alone pageants, pictures, beautiful buildings, &c.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment. It is a great advantage to be one's own interpreter. Object not that the French tongue learned in England must be unlearned again in France; for it is easier to add than begin, and to pronounce than to speak.

Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof, especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and home-wonders but distance, to make them admired. It is a tale what Josephus writes of the two pillars set up by the sons of Seth in Syria, the one of brick, fire-proof, the other of stone, water-free, thereon engraving many heavenly matters to perpetuate learning in defiance of time. But it is truly moralized in our universities, Cambridge (of brick), and Oxford (of stone), wherein learning and religion are preserved, and where the worst college is more sight-worthy than the best Dutch gymnasium. First view these and the rest home rarities; not like those English that can give a better account of Fontainebleau than Hampton Court, of the Spa than Bath, of Annas in Spain than Mole in Surrey.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence without infection, I more praise God's providence than their adventure.

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable; yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal, and want not their remarkables.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print; for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury—learning, war, and traffic.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humours. One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed." Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges, and marts; soldiers note forts, armouries, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, &c. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. But (as it was said of one who, with more industry than judgment, frequented a college library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that he weeded the library) many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond the sea, were never out of England.

Continue correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return, as some professor or secretary, who virtually is the whole university or state. It is but a dull Dutch fashion, their *Albus Amicorum*, to make a dictionary of their friends' names: but a selected familiar in every country is useful: betwixt you there may be a letter of exchange. But be sure to return as good wares as thou receivest, and acquaint him with the remarkables of thy own country, and he will willingly continue the trade, finding it equally gainful.

Let discourse rather be easily drawn than

willingly flow from thee, that thou mayest not seem weak to hold, or desirous to vent news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgments, will suspect thy credit. Disdain their peevish pride who rail on their native land (whose worst fault is that it bred such ungrateful fools), and in all their discourses prefer foreign countries, herein showing themselves of kin to the wild Irish, in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew
There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru;
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valour, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride;
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein;
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane;
He speeds toward that olive bower along the shaded hill:
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill!

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak:
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee."

W. C. Bryant.

THE BATTLE OF GARSCUBE.[1]

[John Strang, LL.D., born in Glasgow, 1795, died there 9th December, 1863. As a local historian he earned considerable reputation; and his *Glasgow and its Clubs*, full of amusing anecdotes, gossip, and sketches of men and places, has obtained much more than local popularity. Having inherited a moderate competence, he devoted much time to continental travel and to the study of continental literature and art. As the results of this study, he published the *Life of Theodore Karl Körner*, with translated specimens of his poetry; *Tales of Humour and Romance*, from the German of Hoffman and others; *Germany in 1831*; and *Travelling Notes of an Invalid in Search of Health*. He also was the first to venture upon the issue of a daily paper in Glasgow, and the *Day* was continued for six months under his direction (1832). In 1834 he was appointed City Chamberlain, and in this office strenuously performed one of the greatest services to his native city, by collecting and arranging the annual reports of its vital, social, and commercial statistics.]

Plaris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.—PLAUTUS

The sun had not long poured down its enlivening beams upon the spires and streets of Glasgow, when the loud knock of Ritchie Falconer, the barber, made me start from the blankets, and throw myself into my calico dressing-gown. In these halcyon days every nose in the western metropolis of Scotland, from the lord-provost to Bell Geordie, was daily or hebdomadally in the hands of the barber.—Silver-tempered razors, almond shaving-soap, and patent strops were in the womb of futurity; and however urgent the necessity might be of then ridding one's self of what has since become so fashionable, a man would as soon have tried to amputate his own limb as have attempted to draw a razor athwart his own face. The *friseurs* of that period, although they could not boast of the elegant scratch-wigs which cover the phrenological developments of our modern *perruquiers*, had bumps upon their frontal *sinuses* which indicated something more than a mere acquaintanceship with bear's-grease and honey-water. They were generally fellows of wit and observation, had got what was called a *grammar-school* education, and mindful of their former corporation connection with the men of the scalpel and lancet, conceived it becoming to sport as much of the Latin which Rector Barr had whipped into them as could easily be squeezed into their morning colloquies. The fact is, a Glasgow Strap of last century prated more of the virtues of Miltiades than those of Macassar, and ingratiated himself more by the raciness of his conversation than by the starch of his cravat or the sabre-cut of his whiskers. Besides all this, everything that was transacted in the city was as well known to him as it was to the prying and hawk-eyed editors—alas! now defunct—of the *Journal* and *Mercury*. He knew the peculiarities of every establishment, from the *blue-and-white-check* CORK (*anglice* small manufacturer) to the *tobacco* aristocrat, and was as intimately acquainted with the past removes at a bailie's dinner, as the projected changes at the city council-board. In short, he was little less entertaining than the Spanish Asmodeus, and not less anxiously was he looked for by his morning customers in Glasgow, than was the little tell-tale devil by Don Cleophas Perez Zambullo, in Madrid.

But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The use of the barber's basin seems almost a fiction. The perambulatory race of Straps are extinct—the morning tale of the suds is no more.

"Good morning, sir," said Ritchie, with a smiling countenance, as he opened my chamber-door; "had a good night's rest, I hope?"

"Pretty well," said I, throwing myself into my shaving chair.

"*Gaudeo te valere*," added the barber, "as I always say to Professor N—— when I'm gaun to curl his *caput*. But, alas! there's naething steerin' in the college at the present time—they're a' awa, frae the weest to the biggest, takin their *otium cum dignitate;* even John M'Lachlan *bidellus*, honest man, is awa to Gourock. He gaed aff yesterday in the fly-boat,[2] and his wife, on account o' the high wind, is between the de'il and the deep sea o' anxiety to hear o' his arrival."

"You must have then quite a sinecure, Falconer," muttered I, through the thick lather that encompassed my mouth.

"Sinecure," exclaimed Dick, "and the deacons'-chusing sae sune? I hae just been up wi' Deacon Lawbroad, the tailor, wha threeps he maun be shaved sax times a week at this time, instead o' twice, and my certie it is nae sinecure to raze him. Od, his face taks mair time to clear than half a dozen—but nae won'er, suner or later the corporation *galravages* tell on a man's chin and mak it tender."

"But I thought the deacon had turned over

[1] From *The Englishman's Magazine*.

[2] Before the invention of steam-boats, this was the only conveyance by water to the villages on the Frith of Clyde. The voyage to Gourock, which in those times frequently extended to two days, is now performed regularly in about two hours.

a new leaf in the prospect of obtaining a magisterial chain."

"A chain! *Oh tempora! oh mores!*" cried the barber sneeringly, while he followed it with a *whew-w-w*—like that of my uncle Toby, "set him up indeed! my sang, they'll be ill aff when they tak the tailor to the council chaumer. It does nae doe for would-be bailies to be drinking *pap-in* at the *Black Boy* till twa in the morning, and havering and clashing wi' Peggy Bauldy. Na, na, we maun hae doucer pows than the deacon's to bow in the Wynd Kirk frae the front o' the loft! Doctor Porteous, honest man, could na thole to see sae mony marks o' the speerit staring him in the face ilka Sunday! But weel-a-wat there's nae saying wha'll be bailies. *Audaces fortuna juvat timidosque repellit.*"

"Why, Ritchie," said I, "it would not at all astonish me to see you yourself following the town-officers, ere many years, and wondered at as one of the wise men of the west."

"Why, sir, *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est,*" said the barber, evidently delighted with the idea, "after that thouless, feckless, senseless coof, Macsapless, ane needna lose a' heart. Well, but he's a fine han' for the provost! I'm sure he'll vote through thick and thin wi' him, and boo like ony *white-bannet* at an unction. Od, the folk say he coft his cocked hat frae Miller and Ewing twa years since syne, and what is mair likely, he slept wi' his chain the first night after he got it. But what do ye think the twa-faced body muved in the council the ither day? naething less than what was proposed in Provost Cheek's time, him, ye ken, wha lieved in the lan' just aboon the flesh-market—naething less than that the city barbers shouldna be alloo'd to shave their customers on Sunday. Foul fa' the silly loon! Had he as muckle brains in his pow as powther on his shouthers, he micht hae seen the folly o' his hypocrisy. I really won'er the provost, wha is a sensible man, would listen to sic a yawmering hypocritical body. But this is only anither proof to me, that when the unco guid get into power, they're aye scadding their tongues in ither folk's kale. The bailie has lang sat under Mr. Balfour, honest man, and the Outer Kirk folk, ye ken, a' think themselves muckle better than their neebours."

"And what are we to do on Sunday, Falconer? The council cannot lay an embargo on one's beard growing."

"*Verbum sapienti!*" replied Ritchie, taking me by the nose as the finishing touch of his razing operation. "The trade has agreed to cause their apprentices to parade the streets on that morning in white hose, and you have only to raise the window, haud up your wee finger, and, my sang! your chin will sune be as smooth as it is noo, Sunday though it be. Are decent Christian folks, do you think, to gang like heathenish Jews at the nod o' a Glasgow trades bailie? Od, I ken a *black-a-viced* lad that maun be shaved twice a-day when he wants to be particular. Do ye think it is affording 'a praise and protection to those who'd do well' to keep men frae hearing the word on account o' a lang beard? But let the deacon sleep—*Amoto quæramus seria ludo.* I've something mair extraordinar to tell you, but in the meantime I must get the curling-tongs heated before throwing a little moost (powder) into your hair."

On the barber's return with heated tongs, I immediately begged him to say what he had to communicate.

"Od, sir, it is no unco guid intelligence. Do ye ken there's an unco sough aboot rioting and rebellion?" said Dick in a canting and *fishing* tone of voice.

"Rioting and rebellion! Pooh, pooh. That must be all fudge. Meal is abundant and cheap at present, wages are high, and trade is brisk: the Scottish convention has been dissolved, and the secret societies have given up their sittings, and the Friends of the People are united against the French and French revolutionary principles. But who are they that are to occasion the dread riot or revolution, as you call it?"

"I dinna ken," said Ritchie sarcastically, "whether it will be by the freens o' the people, or the foes of the king; but if it happens, it will be by a set o' folk that are no ower weel pleased wi' the government, and really I'm no muckle astonished at their displeasure. Od, there's no mony decent weel-doing men, that would like to be shot at against their will for a puir shilling a day."

"Oh, I understand you," said I, "you have heard it hinted that there may be some further disturbances consequent on the extension of the Militia Act to Scotland."

"You have hit it," answered the barber. "Do you ken, as I was coming here this morning, I heerd a clashing and clavering maist as noisy as that in the washing-house; something serious o' the kind is expected to happen in the neighbourhood."

"Why, Falconer, I am exceedingly sorry to hear any rumour of that kind, for, to tell you the truth, this militia measure is not at all popular, and what is worse, it has been deemed by many altogether contrary to the strict letter

of the articles of Union. On this account it has been made a handle of by demagogues, and I am really alarmed lest the people, goaded on by such individuals, may commit some outrage by which they will ultimately become the unfortunate sufferers."

"*Recte, Domine!*" cried Ritchie, covering my head and face with powder. "They hae been egged on to do sae already, and what has been the upshot?—broken heads and cauld wames! Oh, it was a sair story that at Tranent. It was a black burning shame that sae mony innocent folk should be slain and slaughtered —God forbid siclike doin's here! I hope the folk will tak tent; and if decent lads maun leave their wives and bairns against their will, in defence o' their kintra, let the kintra pay them better, and look kindlier after their sma' families. Had the laddies hereaboots mair to say in the makin o' their laws than they hae, I jalouse they wouldna get sic scrimp justice. But *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, I'm maybe speaking treason, and ye ken I wouldna like to gang o'er the *dib* (sea) like Tam Muir and the like o' them. We maun keep oot o' the clutches o' auld Braxy as lang as we can. My sang! he's a gae little freen to foregather wi' anywhere, but I can tell you, I would rather meet wi' him in the heart of a change-house than at the *bar*. But I maun be rinnin. Forget what I hae been yelping about politics, but dinna forget to haud up your wee finger on Sunday at the window to the first pair o' white hose ye see, when you want a shave;" and gathering up his various implements of trade, and offering me, as usual, a *vale, Domine*, off flew Ritchie Falconer to adonize and amuse some other customer.

Arraying myself in my morning suit, I sallied forth to take my usual walk to the *Pointhouse*. The banks of the Clyde were at that period unpolluted with cotton-mills, weaving factories, print-fields, and dye-works. The verdant turf was only trodden by a few idle stragglers, while the water was unruffled for hours save by the salmon-fishing boats which paddled from Finnieston to Govan. No steamboat crowded with fashionables, and pouring out its volumes of heavy smoke, had yet waved the river's general placidity. No ship was seen looming in the distance; a ponderous gabert, a herring-wherry, and a Gourock fly were all the Clyde then bore on her bosom, and these were, "like angels' visits, few and far between."

During this really rustic ramble my thoughts involuntarily turned on the riots apprehended by Ritchie Falconer, and on the probability that the volunteers, to which I had a pride in belonging, would be called out to quell them. The melancholy affair at Tranent constantly pressed itself on my recollection, and I could not help beseeching Heaven to forfend what might force me, in my military capacity, to fire on perhaps the most thoughtless and guiltless of my countrymen. On returning to the city I made inquiry concerning the rumour communicated by the barber, and found that it had already got general wind; and in going to the coffee-room after breakfast I discovered that the idea was occupying the various knots of gossips that encircled the tables. Hearing nothing, however, but conjecture, the matter was immediately forgotten amid the bustle of business, until I was stopped in the street a little after two o'clock by a friend, who, with a face as long as a yard-stick, communicated the fact that a serious disturbance had that day taken place in the parish of New Kilpatrick, and that the rioters, when the messenger left the place, were threatening to set fire to the Lord-president of the Court of Session's house at Garscube, who had incurred the displeasure of the populace for carrying the Militia Act into operation, in his capacity of deputy-lieutenant of the county. While busily conversing upon the subject, and thinking of the means that would be resorted to for preventing such outrages, the sound of distant drums and fifes was heard advancing from the west to the east end of the city, and on listening, I immediately recognized the well-known *assembly* rattle of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers. I took instant leave of my friend, and hurried home to don my regimentals and to attend the summons.

On entering the house I found my worthy old servant in a fearful consternation. She had heard the news of the riot coloured with a thousand fancied terrors, and the result in her eyes appeared to assume a magnitude little short of a rebellion as frightful as the one she had some faint recollection of in her girlhood.

"Hech, sirs! hech, sirs!" sighed Girzy, wringing her hands, as she saw me buckling on my bayonet and cartouch-box, and examining the flint of my musket—"that I should leeve to see anither tuilzie amang freends and brithers! that these een should again look on folk fechting wi' their ain kith and kin, and murdering ane anither for the sake o' mere *ne'er-do-weels*. Peden's prophecy, I'm thinking, will come to pass sooner than sinners jalouse, when a man will travel a simmer's day up the strath o' Clyde and neither see a lum reeking nor hear a cock craw! Oh, maister, ye had better stay at hame, and say ye're no

that weel. Heaven will forgie you for sic a sma' lie. The'll be plenty there without you. Wha wud like to hae innocent bluid on their head? Wash your hands, oh, wash your hands o't! Think o' the thoughtless souls at Tranent that were sent without a moment's warning to their dreed account. How many cheerless cots and mourning hearts that massacre occasioned! Were it a wheen o' thae cruel-hearted French clanjamphry, wha murdered their king, that had landed to destroy us, I wouldna care to see you sae buskit, but to gang out that way to kill your ain countrymen; oh it's a black burning shame! Dinna gang, sir—dinna gang the length o' your wee tae!"

Seeing Girzy's anxiety, and knowing the deep interest she took in my welfare, I thought it my duty to calm her by saying, that the rebellion she believed to have broken out at Garscube was nothing but a squabble between a few farm-servants and the legal authorities, and that the mere appearance of the volunteers on the ground would restore all things to their wonted quiet.

"Weel, weel!" replied Girzy very sceptically; "I wish it may be sae. He that wull to Cupar maun to Cupar. But oh, sir, take care o' yoursel, and oh if the habble should turn out to be mair than you jaloused, you had better leave it to be settled by them that are paid for being shot at. Tak tent to yoursel, and oh be shure no to turn the point of your gun against wives and bairns!" and following me to the door, she pulled an old shoe off her foot, and threw it down the stair after me, as she said, "for guid luck!"

On arriving at George's Square, which was the place of rendezvous, I found an unusually large assembly of the corps, all the individuals of which were in high spirits and eager for the fray. On falling in and counting the files, there appeared to be the full complement. Three hundred bayonets were in fact present, and it is perhaps not too much to say, that there was no member of the corps who would have hesitated to beard the tasteless wight who denied this regiment to be the handsomest in his Majesty's service. Whether this opinion was founded in justice, or was the result of mere self-complacency, it is not for me to determine; but it is certain that this corps of gentlemen at least proved a constant theme of admiration to all the sighing spinsters around the city tea-tables; and what was far better for its deathless fame, it attracted the notice of the Glasgow Homer, better known under the every-day cognomen of *Blin' Alick*, who in his peripatetic wanderings extended the gallant character of the corps in the following graphic lines:—

"We are gentlemen of honour,
And we do receive no pay;
Colonel Corbet's our commander,
And with him we'll fight our way!"

And so they seemed determined to do on this memorable occasion; for no sooner had the gallant colonel told us that we were that day assembled to support the king and the glorious constitution, and that every man was expected to do so with his life, than the whole regiment simultaneously doffed their caps, and gave a loud huzza of approbation. The colonel was a man in whose military tactics every member of the corps placed implicit confidence. He was none of your pot-bellied, sun-shining, feather-bed soldiers. He was a tall, slender, wiry figure, with an eye that would not have winked in front of a battery, and a heart that would have bounded to have led on the forlorn hope. On observing the peculiar manner which he had of turning out his toes, one might have supposed this officer a complete military martinet; but this idea was immediately dispelled so soon as he crossed his Bucephalus, seeing that this was managed in perfect defiance of all the rules of Earl Pembroke's *menage*. Unlike many volunteer commanders, he had smelt gunpowder when it was seasoned with a goodly peppering of bullets, and had, in his youth, crossed blades with the determined foes of his country. He had been present in the bloody conflict in the market-place of St. Hiliers, on the 6th of January, 1781, and had on that occasion gazed upon the dying features of the gallant Major Pierson. The colonel also boasted in the highest degree, what was esteemed absolutely necessary to one's *gentility* in those days of Spencean principles, the character of being a thorough-paced Tory, and a sworn foe to demagogues and democrats. With many useful and amiable qualities of the head and heart, which it is here unnecessary to enumerate, this gallant officer had one foible, and it was one which, whenever military movements were occupying his thoughts, or were the topic of conversation, he invariably displayed. Proud, as well he might be, of his bravery at Jersey, he had acquired the habit of prefacing every opinion on military tactics, and every project of military operation, with a full and particular account of the whole transactions of the eventful day of St. Hiliers, and which at length became to his friends and the corps about as well known and as tiresome, as the story of the royal *disjeune* at the castle of Tillietudlem. Upon the present occasion,

this *Lady Margaret Bellenden* peculiarity exhibited itself strongly, for no sooner were the cartouch-boxes observed being filled with ammunition, than the colonel, after telling us that we were about to march to Garscube, and warning us when there to be steady and cool, involuntarily stumbled upon Jersey.

"Gentlemen," said he, "well do I recollect when, on the morning of the 6th of January, 1781, the drum summoned us to arms, and when——."

The major, knowing the colonel's foible, and aware that there was no time for the accustomed yarn of half an hour, no sooner heard the famous 6th of January whispered, than, in defiance of strict military rule, he instantly rode up and intimated that all was in readiness, and hinted that the regiment should now proceed. The colonel's thread of discourse being broken, the battle of St. Hiliers was forgotten, and instant preparations were made for the battle of Garscube. The volunteers having been successively ordered to "prime and load, fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and by sections on the left backwards wheel," the word "march" was next given, and off they paced boldly to beard the foe, followed by a fleece of idle urchins, whose reiterated shouts rendered the field-officers' steeds more restive than their horsemanship perhaps warranted.

The day was one of those more in unison with the climate of Italy than that of Scotland. There was not a single cloud in the visible horizon, nor a breath of wind to temper the rays of a scorching sun. The soldiers, unaccustomed to the tight-lacing of their scarlet jackets, and loaded with heavy muskets and well-filled cartouch-boxes, had not proceeded far on their march before every individual felt himself in an unusually "melting mood;" and when at length the corps approached the spot which was to prove the field of its fame, every mouth was as parched as though it had been subjected to the sirocco of the Arabian desert, while every eye looked more eagerly for an engagement with a tavern or a rivulet than with a rebel or a rioter. On approaching the bridge of Garscube the colonel halted the regiment, and sent forward a detachment to reconnoitre. The light company, to which I belonged, having been selected for this important duty, we immediately hurried on at double quick; and in due conformity with the established rules of military tactics, took possession, though without opposition, of the bridge, as the key to a position on the right bank of the Kelvin. On the regiment's reaching the *tête-du-pont*, the colonel looked on every hand for the enemy, but lo! not even the ghost of a rioter came within the range of his visional organs. A few idle women chattered in knots, and criticized, with apparent delight, our dusty and broiling condition, while a band of boys, seemingly just relieved from the ferula of the schoolmaster, hailed us with the reiterated and elegant salutation of "*The brosey weavers.*"

If what was to be done appeared an enigma to the corporal as well as the colonel, what *ought* to be done was to all abundantly evident. The hour, the walk, and the heat of the day all conspired in making a powerful appeal to the mind and the materialism of every volunteer. Exhausted nature loudly implored the assistance of the commissariat, while the incipient idea of laying the country under a general contribution flitted simultaneously athwart every brain, and demanded immediate realization. Whether the general idea of this foraging foray was or was not strictly in accordance with the colonel's conduct at St. Hiliers it is not necessary to inquire; but no sooner had we grounded arms at the bridge of Garscube, than a council of war was summoned to consider of ulterior proceedings, and particularly of the best means of defeating the annoying attacks of General *Hunger*, and combating the no less terrific onsets of his brother *Thirst*. The result of the conference was, that while a small party should be left to keep the rallying position of the bridge, the remainder of the corps should be permitted to ferret out for themselves what was individually requisite. Three hundred soldiers, with stomachs like those of the cormorant, and throats as dry as a potsherd, would have required a land more celebrated for milk and honey than that around Garscube. As it was, however, each individual seemed determined to cater for himself; and no sooner was the order given for a general forage, than off flew the whole volunteers like locusts over the face of the country. To sack a dairy, and ransack a hen-roost, became immediately a general occupation. At least a dozen of red coats were seen *billeting* themselves on every farm-house, draining their churns, and *stowing away* their cheese and *bannocks;* while the few public-houses that were scattered along the roadside were relieved on that memorable day of all their stale beer, sour porter, and *humphed* ham. Never had there been seen in the parish so urgent a demand for everything in the shape of meat or drink, nor more handsome payment for what could be obtained: for though the volunteers bore bayonets, they likewise carried purses; and testified a universal

desire to make the people feel that they owed their entertainment to their silver, and not to their steel.

The foraging party to which I belonged consisted of two besides myself. One of these was an individual whose round rosy cheeks bore indubitable tokens of having taken regular toll of everything that had passed through his mouth; while the other had jaws so lank and skinny, that they might have served for a lantern. The former, bating an unconquerable propensity for breaking the third commandment, was an honest-hearted Christian, and a universal favourite; while the latter was a French *émigré*, with all the *politesse* and prejudices of the ancient *régime*. Besides being a Frenchman, my foraging companion also played the *French horn;* on account of which accomplishment he had been admitted into the *band*. Having remarked some blue smoke curling through a thicket of trees, and judging wisely that a snug cottage would be there embosomed, we made a steeple-chase for the spot, and soon found ourselves in the audience-chamber of a bustling matron, actually engaged in freeing a large churn of its butter.

"Gude safe us, gudewife!" exclaimed my punchy friend as we entered the apartment, "I fin' we're just come in the nick o' time!—Lord, woman, gie us a waught o' that sour milk as fast as you like, for we're a' on the point of choking. What an awfu' het day this has been for marching!"

"What brocht ye sae far frae hame on sic a day?" said the matron jestingly, "and whan you left it, wha obleeged ye to bear sic a burden? We kintra folk are no sae taen up in sowjering—we would rather bide at hame and mind our wark. You're no come, I hope, to countenance thae fules that would tak our gudemen awa frae their hames, against their ain will and the will o' the Almighty—that would mak our bairns fatherless and us widows. It's a bonny like story indeed, this militia trade. It's quite contrar baith to the law and the gospel. If you're come to talk to the gudeman about that matter, I maun tell ye he's no at hame, nor winna be;—so yé tak your drap drink and gang your ways."

"*Pardonnez-moi, madame,*" whispered my companion, *Monsieur Coulon*, advancing towards the alarmed matron, kneeling down and kissing her hand. "*Vous vous trompez assurement*, you mak von gran mistake, madame. By gar, ve come to dis house not like dee *voleurs* to rob you of anyting, far less of *monsieur votre mari, oh mon Dieu! de tout, de tout.* We do not vant your husband at all, at all. *Ah, comme vous êtes jolie, aimable*—*quels beaux yeux! By gar*—"

"Tuts, man, get up and dinna be fashous," interrupted the matron. "Are ye daft or glaikit? What is't ye're haverin? I dinna understan' thae blethers at a'. See and lay your lugs in that bicker. You look as tho' you werena that ower often at hame at meal time; and since ye tell that ye hae naithing to say to the gudeman, I maun try to bring ye something better, as I jalouse your walk will hae gien ye a drouth like the packman's."

Having offered our best thanks for the woman's kindness, she placed before us a large *kebbock*, a basketful of oat-cakes, and a bottle of mountain-dew, to which my jolly companion and I paid our instant obeisance. The "gudewife," seeing the Frenchman rather bashful and backward in partaking of the feast, turned towards him and said, "Come, come, Maister Scantocreesh, fa' tae, and dinna let your modesty wrang ye."

"*Ah, madame, vous me flattez trop,*" said the musician. "By gar, you do me infinite honour. This bottermilk"—taking a draught—"is beautiful—*superb, magnifique*—pretty well! Dis is your *vin du pays, n'est ce pas?* Permit that I drink you got-o-hel!"

"Tuts, man, what are you gab-gabbing at," said the matron, "tak your pick and your drap, and keep your palavers for them that understan' them."

Monsieur Coulon immediately drew in a chair and commenced operations; and in the true spirit of Dugald Dalgetty, tucked in what might at least serve him for the next four-and-twenty hours. Thinking that the repast on the musician's part merited a digester, I pointed to the bottle, and suggested to him the propriety of taking some of the stomach-soothing elixir.

"*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur,*" said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "Dat *blue ruin*, as de Inglish soldier calls it, puts my whole head *toujours* into one flame. I vill rader take von oder drop of de Scottish *vin du pays,*" approaching the churn, which at that moment was standing about an angle of seventy-five degrees, for the more effectually freeing it of its contents.

"What!" said my rosy-cheeked companion, "more of that stuff yet? Lord safe us! That's awfae!"

"*Ne derangez-vous pas*—I love dis ver moch, and vill now take von oder gran drink of it"—putting his head into the churn. The gudewife, seeing the Frenchman's powdered wig and jaundiced visage within the precincts

of what she, of all things, considered as sacred to cleanliness, and hearing him lapping the buttermilk, ran towards him, exclaiming, "De'il's in the worriecow, is he gaun to pollute my hail kirn o' mulk wi' his ill-fared greasy gab and mooety pash!" While she accompanied the exclamation with a smart blow on the musician's back.

Monsieur Coulon, eager at the draught, and about precisely poised on the churn, no sooner received the blow, than it threw him off his balance, and to the utter dismay of all present, was seen to pop head-foremost into the gaping vessel. The Frenchman's heels were instantly kicking in the air, while a loud gurgling noise issued from the churn that demanded instant attention. In the twinkling of an eye I dashed forward, and seized the struggling musician by the limbs, and with one effort extricated the poor fellow from his wooden surtout. But what words can describe or what pencil delineate the absurd and ridiculous appearance of the half-drowned horn-blower. Gasping for breath, and struggling for vision, he stood before us in all the insignia of this new order of the *Bath*, with a countenance whose yellow wrinkles poured down streams of buttermilk, while adown his long queue a torrent rushed from the well-soaked fountain of his wig. The matron was in the deepest distress for having been the innocent cause of such a mishap to the poor Frenchman; and to an infinity of apologies added every exertion in her power to restore his garb and his temper to their former propriety.

While Monsieur Coulon was busily making up matters with the matron and her mirror, the roll of a distant drum awakened attention, and hinted to us the necessity of an immediate retreat. Having each pulled a piece from our purse, we pressed it on the gudewife; but it was not till we had qualified the gift by telling her to lay it out on something for her daughter that she would consent to touch our silver.

On regaining the bridge, we learned that the troop of Glasgow volunteer cavalry had, previous to our arrival, dispersed the whole pitch-fork belligerent band of discontents, who, after burning the parish records of Kilpatrick, had taken up a position on a neighbouring hill. There being no further danger apprehended, the idea—a fearful one to those accustomed to feather-beds—of our corps bivouacking that night on the lawn of Garscube was abandoned. The colonel, after a lengthy harangue, in which he declared that the regiment under his command had that day done honour to itself, and, as usual, mixed up the sermon with what he had himself accomplished on the 6th January, 1781, at last gave the welcome word of "Right about, face," and off marched the volunteers at a smart pace for the city.

As we trudged along the road, more occupied with the freaks of the foray than the feats of our prowess, a furious-looking dog was seen to rush down from a farm-steading a little off the road, whose appearance gave strong and determined symptoms of combativeness. On observing it approaching, I instantly halted, and called out to my punchy foraging companion,

"Huzza! G——; there's an enemy at last for you—will you meet him?"

"By *gom!* that's an awfu' illfared neebour," said my friend; "shall it be blood?" And, without waiting a reply, up went his musket to the shoulder—off went the shot; but, alas! on came the mastiff. The danger was imminent; the dog looked as bold as a lion.

"Charge bayonets!" cried I—"*A la victoire!*" blew M. Coulon; and in a moment the supposed disseminator of hydrophobia received such a tickling of the steel as sent him to the right-about in a twinkling. My portly friend, however, was not to be satisfied with merely *flanking* the enemy. He had determined that no quarter should be given, and, bent on signalizing himself, he made another fearful thrust at the retreating foe. Happily, however, for the dog, but unfortunately for the volunteer, the lunge missed its object, the steel pierced the earth, and over went my friend headforemost into the ditch, at the expense, too, of his bayonet, which snapped asunder under the force and pressure of seventeen stone.

After the tuilzie with the mastiff, nothing remarkable happened till we arrived within a mile of Glasgow. Here, however, a scene occurred that is yet fresh in my recollection, while it still occasions considerable merriment among the small knot of septuagenarians that gazed upon it then. The rear-guard having telegraphed the approach of cavalry, the colonel instantly threw the battalion into a position to receive them, and sent out a few skirmishers to reconnoitre. On these falling back, with the intelligence that the commander of the advancing corps (which was the Glasgow light horse) had given the countersign and parole, the colonel wheeled us into line, and when the dragoons were in the act of passing, ordered a general salute. The glittering of the firelocks and the noise of the music created, as might

be supposed, a very considerable confusion among individuals who were almost as ignorant of a *cover* as a campaign—a confusion which the captain, from having his charger burdened with a prisoner, who most *unmilitarily* occupied the front of the saddle, felt some difficulty to calm. But if the majority of this troop of chasseurs felt rather uneasy in their saddles on this saluting occasion, there was one in particular in the rear whose position and countenance betokened anything but security and self-possession. The *galloway* which this awkward wight bestrode being as fiery as the proboscis of her rider, no sooner had fixed her eye on so many new faces than she showed an evident disposition to dissolve immediately her present co-partnery.

The perilous prancings and curious curvettings that succeeded, having attracted attention, what was the astonishment of all to find that the light dragoon was no other than the would-be *Bailie Lawboard*, whose picture the barber had drawn so graphically in the morning. It was now evident that the poor deacon's desire for notoriety had here led him a rather dangerous dance, since it was plain to all that his seat would not long remain either secure or a sinecure. Guiltless alike of the rules of Gambado and of Pembroke, the tailor soon lost all command of his steed, while the *persuaders*, from the early habit which their wearer had acquired of drawing up his legs when in danger, having been brought to bear rather unceremoniously on the flanks of the mare, made her as unceremoniously throw up her heels, and eject the dragoon from his saddle. The animal, finding the rider embracing her rather too kindly round the neck, and feeling the usual *restrainers* dangling about her ears, set off at full gallop, and it was now a hundred guineas to a goose that the chasseur would be, ere a few minutes, gazetted a *field* officer. To the *footpads*, as the volunteers were opprobriously designated by their brethren on horseback, the appearance of a trooper charging in the manner of the deacon was anything but gall and wormwood; and no sooner did the corps recognize the copper nose of the snip in a John Gilpin attitude, than they, in defiance of all order, simultaneously roared out, "There goes the tailor riding to Brentford!"

The loud shout, followed by a louder bang of the bass drum, having put more mettle into the *galloway's* heels, she soon shot ahead of the troop, and having shied and flung up her heels at an abrupt turn of the road, off went the tailor over the hedge into a cornfield, and on went the mare over the toll-bar to the corn-chest, which she soon reached, to the utter consternation of the snip's anxious consort, who awaited his arrival. The deacon, though a little alarmed, was far more comfortable than he had been for many minutes before, on finding himself, like Commodore Trunnion, thus safely riding at anchor. The colonel, fearing, however, that some medical assistance might be requisite, and recollecting that the troop boasted only a farrier, instantly despatched his orderly for the volunteer surgeon, who rode in the rear of the corps. This son of Esculapius, though at the head of his profession, was a gentleman of a most somnolent disposition, and what is more singular, his steed partook of the poppy-juice qualities of its master. There was this happy peculiarity, however, about the horse and the rider, that both were never found in the arms of Morpheus together. On this occasion the surgeon, having no gun-shot wounds to attend to, had given way to his usual propensity on leaving Garscube, while his horse continued so sharply awake, as to have carried his master through the whole manœuvres which the regiment had performed on the march. The surgeon having been roused from his snooze by the orderly, instantly galloped off to the assistance of the trooper, who had, however, previous to his reaching the ground, got fairly on his legs, and was taking considerable credit for throwing himself off so neatly. The doctor, having applied a finger to the tailor's pulse, and having passed his hand over his limbs, declared him free from blemish, and that there was no necessity for prescribing any other medicine than a walk to the city. The doctor and the deacon having taken their position in the rear of the regiment, it proceeded onward, and soon found itself within the precincts of Glasgow.

On entering the city the band immediately struck up "Caller Herring," the sounds of which made every window fly open, and suggested to every cook the necessity of making instant preparation for the approach of her hungry master. Fearing, however, that the instructive melody might not altogether tell on the deaf ears of Girzy, my fat friend, who had agreed to take a steak with me, no sooner saw my old housekeeper at the window than he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Girzy, my lass, you may put on the *taties* noo!" Scarcely had the pleasing sound reached the ear of old Girzy, than I was accosted by the well-known "*Guadeo valere*" of Ritchie Falconer, who, after sarcastically exclaiming, "*Fortuna favet fortibus*," breathlessly inquired what had befallen his customer the deacon,

and told us of the consternation of his wife. The story of the tailor's mishap satisfied the barber, while the appearance of Lawboard himself quieted the fearful prognostications of his anxious helpmate.

The corps, on reaching its usual place of rendezvous, was immediately dispersed, while the soldiers hurried home to calm the fears of their wives, mothers, and sisters. In the evening the club-rooms of the city rang with unusual mirth and jollity. Each roof echoed back the scenes of the day and of the foray, but among them there was none that occasioned more fun and laughter than the tale of the churn and the *promotion* of the tailor.

Thus began and thus ended the ever-memorable day of the Battle of Garscube—a day unstained with blood, unsurpassed by heat, alike famous for its foray and for the capture of one prisoner—a day in short which proved the brightest gem in the garland of Glasgow volunteer glory, and has afforded as noble a theme of conversation to the few remaining pig-tailed soldiers of the Scottish western metropolis as that of St. Hiliers did to their gallant commander.

The Glasgow corps of volunteers, which so eminently distinguished itself on that eventful occasion, scarcely survived the close of the century that gave it birth, while the generality of the happy faces that grinned with delight at the ludicrous plight of Deacon Lawboard have now, as Hamlet says, few left to mock their grinning; and had I not perhaps been reminded the other day of the immortal action of this gallant corps, by perusing the equally deathless deed of its bounty on the wall of the Royal Infirmary Hall, I might possibly have never dreamed of becoming the humble annalist of its military glory.

Courteous and indulgent reader, having now doubtless exhausted thy time and thy patience, permit me, ere I close, to plead the tell-tale privilege of an old soldier; a plea which may, perhaps, induce thee to pardon the gossip and the garrulity of a

JOHN STRANG.

A MERRY HEART.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

From "A Winter's Tale."

COME WHOAM TO THI CHILDER AN' ME.

[**Edwin Waugh**, born at Rochdale, Jan. 29, 1817. As the "Lancashire Poet," Mr. Waugh has earned a reputation in England and America such as his genius merits. He has been designated the "Lancashire Burns;" and the pathos, humour, and power with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his country people exalt him to a high place amongst the poets of the present day. An edition of his poems is published by Bell and Daldy, London. He has also written many sketches and tales, of which the most notable are: *Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities, Tufts of Heather, Tattlin Matty, Besom Ben, Home Life of the Lancashire Factory Folk, The Owd Blanket, Yeth Bobs an' Scaplins, Snowed Up*, &c.]

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon collops o'th hob,
An' a quart o' ale-posset i'th oon;
Aw've brought thi top cwot, doesto know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree:
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried 'cose her feyther weren't theer;
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton bo';
An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said
At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him up stairs;
Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he look'd i' my face, an' he said,
"Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad?"
An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red;—
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length aw geet 'em laid still;
An' aw hearken't folks' feet at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hanged 'em o'th maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw art'nt theer.

"Aw've a drum and a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick,
An' some bacco an' pipes for mysel;

Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see;*
An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
But aw olez bring summat for *thee!*

"God bless tho, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd;
Thae knows, at wheerever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer and thee."

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., born at Anstruther, Fife, 17th March, 1780; died at Edinburgh, 30th May, 1847. He was distinguished as an orator, philosopher, and divine. He was the earnest and potent advocate of church extension, and the leader of the Disruption movement in the Church of Scotland, 1842-3. The services he rendered to his country and religion were invaluable. He was the author of numerous theological and philosophical works. The following essay was written before he became occupied in the great labour which formed the noble climax of a noble career.]

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations. And so "the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties: and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the

physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments, whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

To obtain the regards of man's heart in behalf of the lower animals we should strive to draw the regards of his mind towards them. We should avail ourselves of the close alliance that obtains between the regards of his attention and those of his sympathy. For this purpose we should importunately ply him with the objects of suffering, and thus call up its respondent emotion of sympathy, that among the other objects which have hitherto engrossed his attention, and the other desires or emotions which have hitherto lorded it over the compassion of his nature, and overpowered it, this last may at length be restored to its legitimate play, and reinstated in all its legitimate pre-eminence over the other affections or appetites which belong to him. It affords a hopeful view of our cause that so much can be done by the mere obtrusive presentation of the object to the notice of society. It is a comfort to know that in this benevolent warfare we have to make head not so much against the cruelty of the public as against the heedlessness of the public; that to hold forth a right view is the way to call forth a right sensibility; and that to assail the seat of any emotion, our likeliest process is to make constant and conspicuous exhibition of the object which is fitted to awaken it. Our text, taken from the profoundest book of experimental wisdom in the world, keeps clear of every questionable or casuistical dogma, and rests the whole cause of the inferior animals on one moral element, which is, in respect of principle; and on one practical method, which is, in respect of efficacy, unquestionable: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Let a man be but righteous in the general and obvious sense of the word, and let the regard of his attention be but directed to the case of the inferior animals, and then the regard of his sympathy will be awakened to the full extent at which it is either duteous or desirable. Still it may be asked, To what extent will the duty go? and our reply is, that we had rather push the duty forward than be called upon to define the extreme termination of it. Yet we do not hesitate to say that we foresee not aught so very extreme as the abolition of animal food; but we do foresee the indefinite abridgment of all that cruelty which subserves the gratifications of a base and selfish epicurism. We think that a Christian and humanized society will at length lift their prevalent voice for the least possible expense of suffering to all the victims of a necessary slaughter—for a business of utmost horror being also a business of utmost despatch—for the blow, in short, of an instant extermination, that not one moment might elapse between a state of pleasurable existence and a state of profound unconsciousness. Again, we do not foresee, but with the perfecting of the two sciences of anatomy and physiology, the abolition of animal experiments; but we do foresee a gradual, and at length a complete, abandonment of the experiments of illustration, which are at present a thousandfold more numerous than the experiments of humane discovery. As to field-sports, we for the present abstain from all prophecy in regard either to their growing disuse or to the conclusive extinction of them. We are quite sure, in the meantime, that casuistry upon this subject would be altogether powerless; and nothing could be imagined more keenly or more energetically contemptuous, than the impatient, the impetuous disdain wherewith the enamoured votaries of this gay and glorious adventure would listen to any demonstration of its unlawfulness. We shall therefore make no attempt to dogmatize them out of that fond and favourite amusement which they prosecute with all the intensity of a passion. It is not thus that the fascination will be dissipated. And

therefore, for the present, we should be inclined to subject the lovers of the chase and the lovers of the prize-fight to the same treatment, even as there exists between them, we are afraid, the affinity of a certain common or kindred character. There is, we have often thought, a kind of professional cast, a family likeness, by which the devotees of game and of all sorts of stirring or hazardous enterprise admit of being recognized; the hue of a certain assimilating quality, although of various gradations, from the noted champions of the hunt to the noted champions of the ring or of the racing-course; a certain dash of moral outlawry, if I may use the expression, among all those children of high and heated adventure, that bespeaks them a distinct class in society—a set of wild and wayward humourists, who have broken them loose from the dull regularities of life, and formed themselves into so many trusty and sworn brotherhoods, wholly given over to frolic, and excitement, and excess, in all their varieties. They compose a separate and outstanding public among themselves, nearly arrayed in the same picturesque habiliments—bearing most distinctly upon their countenance the same air of recklessness and hardihood—admiring the same feats of dexterity or danger—indulging the same tastes, even to their very literature—members of the same sporting society—readers of the same sporting magazine, whose strange medley of anecdotes gives impressive exhibition of that one and pervading characteristic for which we are contending; anecdotes of the chase, and anecdotes of the high-breathed or bloody contest, and anecdotes of the gaming-table, and, lastly, anecdotes of the highway. We do not just affirm a precise identity between all the specimens or species in this very peculiar department of moral history. But, to borrow a phrase from natural history, we affirm that there are transition processes by which the one melts, and demoralizes, and graduates insensibly into the other. What we have now to do with is the cruelty of their respective entertainments—a cruelty, however, upon which we could not assert, even of the very worst and most worthless among them, that they rejoice in pain, but that they are regardless of pain. It is not by the force of a mere ethical *dictum*, in itself perhaps unquestionable, that they will be restrained from their pursuits. But when transformed by the operation of unquestionable principle into righteous and regardful men, they will spontaneously abandon them. Meanwhile we try to help forward our cause by forcing upon general regard those sufferings which are now so unheeded and unthought of. And we look forward to its final triumph as one of those results that will historically ensue in the train of an awakened and a moralized society.

It is true we count the enormity to lie mainly in the heedlessness of pain; but then we charge this foully and flagrantly enormous thing not on the mere desperadoes and barbarians of our land, but on the men and the women of general, and even of cultivated and high-bred society. Instead of stating cruelty to be what it is not, and then confining the imputation of it to the outcast few, we hold it better, and practically far more important, to fasten the imputation of it on the commonplace and the companionable many. Those outcasts to whom you would restrict the condemnation are not at present within the reach of our voice. But you are; and it lies with you to confer a tenfold greater boon on the inferior creation than if all barbarous sports and all bloody experiments were forthwith put an end to. It is at the bidding of your collective will to save those countless myriads who are brought to the regular and the daily slaughter all the difference between a gradual and an instant death. And there is a practice realized in every-day life which you can put down—a practice which strongly reminds us of a ruder age that has long gone by, when even beauteous and high-born ladies could partake in the dance, and the song, and the festive chivalry of barbaric castles, unmindful of all the piteous and the pining agony of dungeoned prisoners below. We charge a like unmindfulness on the present generation! We know not whether those wretched animals, whose still sentient frameworks are under process of ingenious manufacture for the epicurism or the splendour of your coming entertainment; we know not whether they are now dying by inches in your own subterranean keeps, or, through the subdivided industry of our commercial age, are now suffering all the horrors of their protracted agony in the prison-house of some distant street where this dreadful trade is carried on. But truly it matters nought to our argument, ye heedless sons and daughters of gaiety! We speak not of the daily thousands who have to die that man may live, but of those thousands who have to die more painfully just that man may live more luxuriously. We speak to you of the art and the mystery of the killing trade, from which it would appear that not alone the delicacy of the food, but even its appearance, is, among the connoisseurs of a refined epicurism, the matter of skilful and scientific computation. There is a sequence, it would appear—there is a sequence between an exquisite death and an exquisite or a beautiful pre-

paration of cookery; and just in the ordinary way that art avails herself of the other sequences of philosophy—the first term is made sure that the second term might, according to the metaphysic order of causation, follow in its train. And hence we are given to understand, hence the cold-blooded ingenuities of that previous and preparatory torture which oft is undergone both that man might be feasted with a finer relish, and that the eyes of man might be feasted and regaled with a finer spectacle. The atrocities of a Majendie have been blazoned before the eye of a British public; but this is worse in the fearful extent and magnitude of the evil—truly worse than a thousand Majendies. His is a cruel luxury, but it is the luxury of intellect. Yours is both a cruel and a sensual luxury; and you have positively nought to plead for it but the most worthless and ignoble appetites of our nature.

But, if possible to secure your kindness for our cause, let me, in the act of drawing these observations to a close, offer to your notice the bright and the beautiful side of it. I would bid you think of all that fond and pleasing imagery which is associated even with the lower animals when they become the objects of a benevolent care, which at length ripens into a strong and cherished affection for them—as when the worn-out hunter is permitted to graze and be still the favourite of all the domestics through the remainder of his life; or the old and shaggy house-dog that has now ceased to be serviceable is nevertheless sure of its regular meals and a decent funeral; or when an adopted inmate of the household is claimed as property, or as the object of decided partiality, by some one or other of the children; or, finally, when in the warmth and comfort of the evening fire, one or more of these home animals take their part in the living group that is around it, and their very presence serves to complete the picture of a blissful and smiling family. Such relationships with the inferior creatures supply many of our finest associations of tenderness, and give, even to the heart of man, some of its simplest yet sweetest enjoyments. He even can find in these some compensation for the dread and the disquietude wherewith his bosom is agitated amid the fiery conflicts of infuriated men. When he retires from the stormy element of debate, and exchanges for the vindictive glare and the hideous discords of that outcry which he encounters among his fellows—when these are exchanged for the honest welcome and the guileless regards of those creatures who gambol at his feet—he feels that even in the society of the brutes, in whose hearts there is neither care nor controversy, he can surround himself with a better atmosphere far than that in which he breathes among the companionships of his own species. Here he can rest himself from the fatigues of that moral tempest which has beat upon him so violently; and, in the play of kindliness with these poor irrationals, his spirit can forget for a while all the injustice and ferocity of their boasted lords.

But this is only saying that our subject is connected with the pleasures of sentiment. But there is one aspect in which it may be regarded as more profoundly and more peculiarly religious than any one virtue which reciprocates, or is of mutual operation among the fellows of the same species. It is a virtue which oversteps, as it were, the limits of a species, and which in this instance prompts a descending movement, on our part, of righteousness and mercy towards those who have an inferior place to ourselves in the scale of creation. The lesson of this day is not the circulation of benevolence within the limits of one species. It is the transmission of it from one species to another. The first is but the charity of a world; the second is the charity of a universe. Had there been no such charity, no descending current of love and of liberality from species to species, what, I ask, should have become of ourselves? Whence have we learned this attitude of lofty unconcern about the creatures who are beneath us? Not from those ministering spirits who wait upon the heirs of salvation. Not from those angels who circle the throne of heaven, and make all its arches ring with joyful harmony when but one sinner of this prostrate world turns his footsteps towards them. Not from that mighty and mysterious visitant, who unrobed him of all his glories, and bowed down his head unto the sacrifice, and still from the seat of his now exalted mediatorship pours forth his intercessions and his calls in behalf of the race he died for. Finally, not from the eternal Father of all, in the pavilion of whose residence there is the golden treasury of all those bounties and beatitudes that roll over the face of nature, and from the footstool of whose empyreal throne there reaches a golden chain of providence to the very humblest of his family. He who hath given his angels charge concerning us means that the tide of beneficence should pass from order to order through all the ranks of his magnificent creation; and we ask, Is it with man that this goodly provision is to terminate, or shall he, with all his sensations of present blessedness, and all his visions of future glory let down upon him from above, shall he turn him selfishly and scornfully away

from the rights of those creatures whom God hath placed in dependence under him? We know that the cause of poor and unfriended animals has many an obstacle to contend with in the difficulties or the delicacies of legislation. But we shall ever deny that it is a theme beneath the dignity of legislation, or that the nobles and the senators of our land stoop to a cause which is degrading, when, in the imitation of Heaven's high clemency, they look benignly downward on these humble and helpless sufferers.

TRUE VIRTUE.

[Ben Jonson, born in Westminster, 11th June, 1574; died in Aldersgate Street, London, 6th August, 1637. His father died about a month before the birth of the poet. He obtained some education at the Westminster School, worked, it is said, for some time as a bricklayer; passed a few weeks at the Cambridge University, and afterwards served a campaign in the Low Countries as a common soldier. On returning to England he tried his fortune on the stage, and, having "ambled by a play-waggon in the country," he repaired to London, where he obtained an engagement at the Curtain, but failed to win credit or subsistence as an actor. One of the pleasantest legends of his life is that it was by the kindly influence of Shakspeare that Jonson's first play was accepted at the Globe Theatre; and from that time the two poets became fast friends. In 1598 *Every Man in his Humour* was first performed, and its success gave the author prominence as a dramatic writer. Comedies, tragedies, masques, and poems followed this first success, and "Rare Ben Jonson" became recognised as one of the chief wits of the age. In 1616 he journeyed on foot to Scotland to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. In 1620 he was appointed poet-laureate, with a salary of a hundred marks, afterwards increased to pounds, with the addition of a tierce of canary by Charles I. His works display much classical knowledge and vast experience of human nature, but the labour with which he exercised his talents is too apparent. Fuller says, "His parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observations. . . . His comedies were above the *Volpe* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound; yea they will endure reading so long as either ingenuity or learning is fashionable in our nation." The admiration of his dramatic works has somewhat shadowed the beauty of his lyrics, although one or two of his songs retain the popular favour to this day. The following is taken from *The Forest*, a series of poems first published in 1616.]

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel:
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At th' eye and ear (the ports unto the mind)
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spy)
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who in th' examining
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many? Scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep.
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by these subtle trains
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamed breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we overblow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm:
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even—
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts;
But in a calm and Godlike unity
Preserves community.
O who is he that in this peace enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bow'rs,
And lasting as her flow'rs:
Richer than time, and as time's virtue rare—
Sober as saddest care.
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire

Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrow's wings do fly,
Turtles can chastely die.

He that for love of goodness hateth ill
Is more crownworthy still
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Grac'd with a phœnix love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
Whose od'rous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously compos'd
As if nature disclos'd
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature,
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection
What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right gen'rous mind,
To virtuous moods inclin'd,
That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY [1584].

THE MAJOR'S SECRET.[1]

The managing editor's patience was almost exhausted. "Positively, Major Standish, I don't see that we can find room for anything of yours in the *Camera* this week. Or any week," he added, with an inward oath to himself, glancing impatiently at the heap of "revises" waiting upon his desk. He did not take them up, however, but stood outwardly respectful, for he was a young fellow, and Standish, though a notorious bore, was old and white-headed.

The major patted him patronizingly on the shoulder. "My dear fellow," in his most luscious, grandiloquent tone, "let me give you a hint. I've been twenty years in the very thick and heat of American journalism, and you are but a neophyte. You want to make the *Camera* weighty? I call it dull, sir, *dull*. Too much respectability kills a paper. It needs a different class of articles—something at once forcible and light. Philosophic and *vif*, sparkling, and—well, do you take my meaning?"

"Something like that in your hand, eh?" laughed Stinger.

"Precisely. You've hit it," complacently twitching his white whiskers.

"No. Not to-day, major."

"Suppose we try a short thing on fish culture? I've got myself up on fishes thoroughly."

"The *Times* did that on Friday."

The major stood a moment anxious and silent. "This new asteroid, now? When I was on the *London News* Griffin used always to say, 'For anything taking in the scientific line, Dan Standish is our man.' Don't want it, eh? Who's doing that hanging down in Delaware for you? I'll make you a two-column job of it for five dollars, and pay my own expenses. That road always dead-heads me."

Stinger took up his proofs. "We sent a stenographic reporter this morning. We really have no use for you, Major Standish."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. Where you need me, my dear boy, is to take charge of your reportorial corps. I'd make those lazy fellows toe the mark."

"Mr. Stinger!" It was the proprietor M'Murray's voice, which rasped through the room like the filing of a saw. He came to the door of his office. A sandy, flat-built Scotchman, to whose making-up Nature had grudged

[1] From the *New York Galaxy Magazine*.

every atom of flesh save in the one matter of a keen, red, tomahawk-shaped nose. "Have not those proofs gone up yet? You encourage too many idlers in the office, sir. You here again, Standish?"

"Ah, Mr. M'Murray! A de-lightful morning, sir!" The major beamed down on him effulgent. Stinger and Withrow, the new editor, both driving their pens furiously at M'Murray's appearance, winked at each other. The seedy major, with his grand brawny build, his imperturbable suavity, and his dauntless lying, always came off first-best in these encounters. M'Murray, in his faultless black clothes, with all his backing of wealth and conscientious religion, seemed to feel himself thin and sour, and cowed before him.

"I wonder," he said, with a sneer, "that with your higher literary occupations you can spare time to besiege this office as you do."

"'Pon my soul, I wonder too. Now that is precisely what my publishers say to me. 'Write a book, Standish,' they say. 'Take the public between the eyes with a knock-down blow.' Then those magazine fellows in New York and Boston are crying out every month for me to come to their help. But I like to see the old *Camera* succeed, that's the truth."

"The *Camera* is under obligation to you."

"Not at all. I'm glad to help build it up. I've a pride—Philadelphia enterprise, sir—a pride in it," backing to the door. "What I have here, sir," touching his forehead, "was meant for mankind, not to barter for fame or money. By the way, have you seen that last little thing of mine in the *Westminster?*"

"No, nor nobody else," savagely.

"Ah, you don't take the quarterlies. I'll send it to you. I'll send it you. Good morning, Mr. M'Murray, *good* morning."

"Keep that liar and braggart out of the office, Mr. Stinger," said M'Murray, in his coldest, civillest tones; for when other men would have raged, his sense of duty kept him quietest. He smoothed his face before going back into the office. Young John Proctor was there, the clergyman to whom M'Murray's church, through his influence, had just given a call. He had just come from the depôt after two years' absence in the west, and M'Murray was striving to do him honour in his hard, ungenial way. Proctor had been a sort of ward of his, and it was whispered about in the office that M'Murray would be glad to have him now for a son-in-law. This church was his idol, and to see his only child the wife of one of its ministers was in his opinion to inclose her in the pearly gates of salvation while yet alive. "The office" felt as if the delicate, bright-haired little heiress would be thrown away on Proctor. "These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests," Stinger had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. M'Murray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. "Lazy old Bohemian!" he growled. "If you want the most disreputable vices, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his wits."

"Who was it?"

"Standish—the major. You know him?"

"What! There?" Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, "Hillo, Major!" leaving M'Murray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs, and found John at the door looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Ah, Mr. Withrow! do you remember me?—John Proctor," wringing his hand in a hearty fashion, which he used to have when a boy. "I'm looking for a friend of mine—Major Standish."

"Yes. Major Munchausen, we call him in the office."

"He is a friend of mine," coolly. "The office does not know him as well as I do, probably."

Withrow felt himself rebuffed, but only for a minute. "The old fellow has a cockloft over a warehouse somewhere, where he cooks for himself. How he lives God knows. He has nothing now but the odd jobs we give him here in the office. He's had nothing from us for two weeks."

"Is he alone? There was a little girl, or woman, rather?" Proctor hesitated. The story of the old major and Madeline was something which he could not drag out before this fellow.

"Niece or something? She lives in some country town now, I believe, and colours photographs. A great artist, the major says. She's a dull girl, I fancy. Women without brains have to scratch hard for a living nowadays."

Mr. Proctor did not care to enter into the woman question. He stood whistling under his breath, with some queer ideas in his clerical head, which Mr. Withrow would have hardly thought befitted it. They grew out of the remembrance of those Saturday afternoons, when, for year after year, he used to escape from boarding-school and repair to that same

cockloft over the warehouse, there to feel himself a gipsy or a Crusoe for a few hours. What a vagabond, uncertain life it was! the poverty, the shifts, the fun, the inextinguishable jollity and tender love under it all! What a prince the major and Madeline made of him—saving all week to compass the Saturday's roast chicken and cranberry tart! Proctor had never known father or mother; his ideas of love or a home were all drawn from poor Standish and his crazy menage. So strong was this boyish instinct in him just now that he actually stood breathless when anybody resembling the major came in sight. If the old man should not recognize him, or should meet him with the formal deference of other respectable people, why, then, good-by to that old boyhood, so horribly dear and disreputable!

Now the major was in a restaurant a few doors down the street. "Try an advertisement in the *Camera*, Sam," he said to the bookkeeper. "I swear it will pay you like—like——" His talk halted; the ideas seemed to stagger through his brain.

"I believe you've had a drop too much, Standish," said Sam.

"No; I've had to stop drinking. You can't get a glass of champagne fit for a gentleman in this accursed town. But about the advertisement?" (The *Camera* paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and a few cents now would buy him his dinner.)

"No."

The major leaned on the glass counter for a moment. It was two days since he had tasted food. The steam of savoury dishes below was too much for him. A collapsed stomach in a powerful frame like his is a deadly drag upon a man's pluck. He looked at Sam. The fellow would give him his dinner if he asked it, he knew.

He gathered himself up with an effort. "I'd steal, but I can't beg," he said, silently. He nodded affably to Sam, and filliped to the parrot as he went out. His high-featured, usually florid face, had turned cold and blue under the moustache and whiskers, but he carried himself jauntily.

John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped on the street. There was the identical broadcloth suit cut twenty years ago, and the vast expanse of shirt-bosom, frayed in the plaits, but immaculately white. The major was a property of the town, well known as the city clock. With his bushy white mane, his imposing shoulders, his lofty bow, he radiated and filled the pavement from wall to curb. Proctor thought the old man would be glad to see him, but he certainly had not expected the strange effect which the sight of him produced. Standish stopped as though he had been struck a blow, holding him off at arm's length. His pomposity seemed to suddenly drop from him.

"Why, Jack! Jack!" he stammered, "I did not look to see you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Proctor. I forget ——" drawing back, yet still holding the young man's coat-sleeve with what would have been very like a caress in a woman.

"Forget? You forget old friends, I think."

"Prince Hal has changed his state," said the major, smiling, with an effort to be himself. "It is time he shook off old Falstaff.

> "'How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane!'"

touching his big breast, with a bitter laugh.

"You did not use to affect the cynic."

"No. It is the sight of you that reminds me of what I had better forget."

Proctor was ashamed, as one man always is of emotion in another. "You had always an unreasonable liking for me, vicious young dog that I was," he said, lightly. "You're at the old place, I suppose? I'll come round at dusk. We'll broil a steak together, hey, major? My hand has not lost its cunning."

The old man looked down at him steadily with an inexplicable brightness in his keen eyes. "I did not think you would go so far as that, my boy," he said, quietly.

Mr. M'Murray's carriage drew up at the door at that moment. It was plain but rich, the horses thoroughbred. An innocent-looking delicate little blonde, dressed with Quaker-like plainness, looked out and blushed crimson at the sight of John. At that the blood mounted also into the fellow's tell-tale face, and he went down to the carriage, leaning on the door to speak to her.

"A handsome pair, major," whispered Withrow, who was still loitering near.

Standish nodded. "She looks like a good religious woman. M'Murray would raise his daughter cleaner than other girls."

"She's worth a cool half million; that's the way in which I'd think *you* would look at her."

"So I do, Mr. Withrow. Proctor is lucky—very lucky. Talents, and education, and religion, and now a good wife with money. The boy could not ask for more."

There was something in the old man's unusual quiet, and the look which he fastened on Proctor, that roused Withrow's curiosity.

"There used to be some connection between you and the young man, wasn't there? He

was under your guardianship when he was a boy, I think I've heard?"

"Not at all, sir," eagerly, "not at all. It was a mere business transaction. I held certain moneys for the lad's use from his father, and paid his bills; that was all. I placed him under Mr. M'Murray's care when he was entered here first at school. M'Murray has the entrance to the best society, and is religious; those were the two things I looked at. Why, the boy's blood is of the best. His father was one of the old blue-bloods of Virginia. He would never have trusted his son to the guardianship of an old scallawag like Dan Standish." The major was himself again, his rolling voice and theatrical gestures keeping time, and apparently enjoying each other thoroughly.

"Oh, that's it? You were not one of the blue-bloods, then?"

"My father was a butcher, sir. I've lived by my wits; and an infernally poor capital they are for any man. I'll say that. I've dined with dukes and ragpickers in my day, Mr. Withrow. But the smell of the slaughter-house followed me. A man is nothing without family here in Philadelphia." And again his eyes rested on Proctor, with the anxious thoughtfulness so strangely at variance with his ordinary stagey manner.

Withrow clapped his hand to one pocket, then to the other. "By the way! Where the deuce ——? Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personals. 'Richard Standish.' You see? No relation of yours, eh?"

The major had the paper up before his face. He took out his cracked eye-glasses and adjusted them on his nose; took them down and wiped them leisurely; read the card once, a second time. "No, I don't know the man."

"From Virginia, you see," said Withrow, putting the paper in his pocket again, "and came here about the same time you say you did. But your name's Dan. Certainly. It looks to me like a trick of the police to get hold of a criminal."

"So it does to me."

"Going, eh? Proctor's busy," with a significant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us now."

"No." The major stood a moment watching John's eager gestures, and the bright blushing face bent over him. "No; he has no more need of me," he said, quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the carriage, though neither of them saw him.

Mr. M'Murray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not let him go without a word or two of rebuke. "Should you accept it" (they were talking of the call), "you must be careful, my dear sir, to avoid even the appearance of evil. You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would render improper many associates whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, you approach them officially, administering the Word as the hope of salvation. This Major Standish now, for example ——"

"I am very uncertain about accepting this church at all," broke out Jack. "There's a place in the west that suits my ways better. But I could not marry on their salary. It's the merest pittance. I could barely live on it."

Mr. M'Murray paused, and answered with deliberation: "In the matter of marriage must you consult that point of salary at all, Mr Proctor? The wife you select may—will, in all probability—be independent. A woman ought to feel herself honoured in being called to share the spiritual work of a Christian minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens."

"I'll never be supported by a rich wife," said John, bluntly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. M'Murray. There is a woman whom I have loved long and faithfully. I will marry her if I can. If she has money, well and good; but I must be the provider in my own household."

"It is a natural feeling, and a manly one," said M'Murray, not ill-pleased.

"We differ, too, in the matter of associates," obstinately resumed Jack. "I have never felt that my 'cloth,' as the vulgar phrase has it, placed me one whit apart from other men. When I measure myself with a prince or ruffian in the dock by his courage or good sense, or faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our naked hands together. You understand? And oftener, then, it is he who gives the Word to me than I to him," he added, under his breath.

Mr. M'Murray checked the angry rebuke on his lips. All young men were flighty nowadays, and given to this visionary talk. He remembered John Proctor's brilliant reputation in the Church, the crowds that pressed to hear him as he went from city to city. If Clara were his wife no woman in the Church would hold higher rank. "I cannot understand," he said, gently, "what bearing this has on your intimacy with Major Standish,

particularly"—raising his voice when Proctor would have spoken—"when I have every reason to believe the police are on his track as a long-escaped criminal."

John's face burned as though he himself had been accused. "What proof have you of this?" he said, rising.

"There is a New York detective here to identify him now," in a mysterious whisper. "I could learn no more from him than that Standish is living under an assumed name. But I fear the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very worst."

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where is this fellow? I'll go to him at once," putting on his cap.

M'Murray rose and put out his hand. It was high time that he became the mouthpiece of the church and Clara. "Mr. Proctor, I beg that you will not espouse this disreputable old man's cause so vehemently. His name is a public by-word of infamy among newspaper men. A vapouring boaster and liar."

"Newspaper men know but one side of the fellow," retorted John, hotly. "I could tell you tales of him, of his unselfishness and his noble charity, that would put the lives of many of our professors to shame. Besides, he was kind to me when I was a boy. I'll not turn my back on him now."

M'Murray's sallow cheek began to burn. "Then I regret to say, Mr. Proctor, that you must make your choice between the church and your very boyish impulse. A clergyman who makes an associate of so doubtful a character is hardly suited to our society. As for his good traits, I know nothing. I do know that the righteousness of the carnal flesh is filthy rags."

"And I know that courage and self-sacrifice are proofs of as good mettle in poor old Standish as in a church-member, and come as direct from the Master of both. I must judge for myself in these matters."

"Assuredly. But if your judgment in points so essential differs so widely from ours, I must beg leave, as chairman of the committee, to withdraw the call. Do not be rash, my dear sir," changing his voice, and laying his hand on John's shoulder. "There! don't answer me now. Think it over, and by evening you'll see that I was right. You are young and—pardon me—a little hot-headed."

A friendly word disarmed Jack. He laughed. "You're right there, anyhow. Let the matter go till evening. But I will not change my mind." And nodding a hasty good-by, he ran down the office stairs.

Now the quality of loyalty to his friends was exaggerated in John Proctor. But yet he was a young man, with all the ambition, tastes, and shrewd knowledge of the world belonging to young men of the present day. When he reached the pavement he saw the stately towers of the church in which he was called to minister, and beyond, the exquisite parsonage, its picturesque walls draped with ivy. Mr. M'Murray's carriage rolled by again, and soft, tender little Clara beckoned smiling to him with her white jewelled hand. It was a high path and a flowery one that opened itself before him. No wonder that the doubt suggested itself to him, as he stood hesitating, whether it was worth giving it up for a bit of quixotism—a romantic fealty to a boyish fancy.

Later in the afternoon the major stood leaning against a pile of bales in front of the warehouse, loftily tapping his chin with his pinchbeck-headed cane and listening to Mr. M'Murray. That gentleman, in his anxiety lest the church should actually lose Proctor, had resorted to the desperate remedy of an appeal to Standish. The old man kept his malicious eyes fixed upon him, and grinned with enjoyment of his embarrassment, but under the grin he looked haggard and anxious.

"So the boy has a mind to take the part of his old friend? He'd stick by the hulk because it's going down? Tut! tut! There's stupidity for you."

"I do not talk in metaphor about hulks. I only thought it likely, from my knowledge of you, you might presume on your acquaintance with the lad and his generous nature to draw him into trouble, and I warn you what the result will be to him."

"It will ruin him to be known even as my friend. I understand."

M'Murray hesitated. After all, why not give Standish a hint of the detective on his track? If he would escape, all difficulty would be over. "Inquiries of a significant kind have been made for you this week, Major Standish," he said.

"So I have been told."

"I do not know to what part of your past career they refer."

"And you'd better not ask too closely, Mac. Dan Standish has led a hot life, I tell you," with a vicious wink that made the deacon shudder from hat to boots.

"Well, I have discharged my duty," he said, after an irresolute pause. "It is most probable that young Proctor will come to seek you this afternoon."

"And if he comes, I am not to see him?" with an attempt at a jocular tone that had more terrible force in it even to the cold-blooded hearer than any painful outcry. "Why, man, I am pushed nearer to the wall to-day than anybody knows. As for this boy—well, no matter what he is to me. I gave up something for him once. It seems as if I had the right to ask his help now, when—when death has me by the throat." He looked vacantly, quickly about him, at the boxes, the cars rattling by, at the head of his cane. M'Murray thought he had been drinking. "I am sorry I troubled myself about it," he said, with dignity. "Good day, Major Standish."

"Good day," effecting a flourishing bow with his unsteady hand. "Take old Dan to point your next sermon, will you? I've lived by my wits. I've made myself the companion of poets—of nobles, sir! And now when the end comes, d—— it, man, I haven't a friend!"

Mr. M'Murray hurried nervously away, picking his steps among the boxes and bales. Standish stood a moment looking at the ground, and then turned and stumped up the narrow ricketty stairs that led to the top of the building. He did not know what especial sin of old times was coming back to give him the last blow, nor did he care. That was all fair enough. It seemed to him sometimes, comparing his life with that of other men, that he had lived just like a beast from hour to hour, out of whatever impulse was in him. He was ready to meet any old abomination of his past life and take the punishment. "I've had the dance, and I'll pay the piper," he said, kicking open the door of his room and going in.

"But—the boy?"

Now the major's cockloft was in reality a garret room covering the whole sixth story of the warehouse. The beams overhead, the plastered walls, the half-dozen squat dormer windows, the pine floor, were as clean as lime and scrubbing could make them. It looked, in fact, like a big white plain with a little camping ground at one end, in which was a grate with a good fire, a tent-bed neatly made, a table with pens and paper laid in exact order, the *Men of our Day*, out of which the major furnished obituaries at ten minutes' notice for the *Camera*, and an odd volume of *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, out of which he drew its supplies of science. Great decency of cleanliness everywhere, but nothing to eat. If there had been, perhaps the major's acts in the next hour would have been less guilty in the eyes of religious people. But when it comes to looking out in the world from a starving body a man is apt to slip the orthodox leashes and follow his own notions of right and wrong.

He took off his black coat carefully, hung it up, threw his braces loose down his back, and sat down in his shirt-sleeves before the fire, his hands on his fat knees. He wished, dully, Madeline was here to puzzle it out for him, remarking, half aloud, that if that girl undertook to write a leader it would be bosh, but in anything else she never failed to hit the nail plump on the head. There was a round roly poly brown crock in the window, in which bloomed a buttony little rose, one of the Burgundy sort, red, fresh, and pungent. Madeline had left it. It was like her somehow, the major thought. Do what he would, his thoughts would go back to the girl and to the years she had lived with him, instead of this question of life and death which must be settled to-day.

There was the door to her little room ajar. He always had contrived to pay the trifle of rent for the room after she left him, liking to think of it as hers. He remembered the day he brought her there first. He had had a tough siege nursing old Durbrow, her father (on the *Camera*, like himself). When he was dead the major settled up the estate: there were four hundred dollars of debts, and for assets, one trunk, empty; one suit of clothes, patched; one watch, gold; a pretty lot of meerschaums; and the little girl of five, just over the measles. The watch went to pay the debts, and the little girl, of course, must go to an asylum. But the major brought her home for a week to cheer her up a bit. He took her to the theatre and circuses every afternoon; he bought her a gay little plaid silk suit (it was a flush time with him just then); he stuffed her with oysters and caramels; and in the night, when she cried for her father, took her on his knee in her white night-gown, made her say over her prayers again, and then rocked and croaked over her some old ditty about "Shepherds, have you seen my love?" till she fell asleep. The other men, who missed him at billiards or over their stews and ale when the papers were out toward morning, used to unearth old Standish at this sort of work, and joked him about it roughly enough. But they were pleased when he kept her week after week, and used to be coming in perpetually with scraps of anxious advice about croup or nettle-rash, and fell into the habit of buying all sorts of expensive and useless things for "poor Durbrow's baby."

So it went on for years. There was always a strong smell of cigars and printer's ink in the

air the child breathed, and no doubt when she came to be a young lady she learned to think in a scrappy, itemizing, newspaper way; but Madeline's life was in fact as cleanly, and sweet, and tender among these men as if she had been one of any rosebud garden of girls, perhaps more so. Whatever garment of lies the major chose to put on as armour, or to perk and vaunt himself in out among other men, he never wore it into "the cockloft." Nobody could account for the almost pathetic tenderness of his love to the girl. It was more than seemed due for her father's sake or even her own.

Once, however, he had said to her, "You came to take the place of a child that I lost." That was the only time he had hinted at the secret of his former life. He kept it hidden even from himself.

It came to him to-day, and would not be thrust aside. In a few hours it would be known to all the world.

John Proctor was his son.

He remembered well now the last day when he had called the boy by that name. It was a dreary, rainy season in November, three or four years before he took Madeline. He sat by a hotel window with Jack on his knee. It was a week since he had come from Richmond, leaving the child's mother dead there. He had spent the week going from one newspaper office to another, vaunting and vapouring, and drinking hard, but with a still cold consciousness all the time of standing by her grave, on which the rain pattered, with her child's life left in his hands to do with it what he would.

Mary's boy would have grown into a truthful, God-fearing man if she had lived; a gentleman, too—the class which Standish, with all his tawdry bragging, watched far off with jealous awe. Now ——. What could he make of the boy? He took the little chap's hands in his, and pulled him closer, trying with his bleared eyes to penetrate the future. Like father, like son: it was so always. For himself, whether it was the taint of the butcher-shop or some flaw in his making-up he did not know, but he was labelled everywhere for contempt. Even here, where he was a stranger, he was marked already, he saw, as disreputable, vulgar, a frothy bubble of a man. He was sore and galled by the snubs he had met with to-day. He sat quiet in the shady hotel parlour, holding Jack close while the servants lighted the lamps and people came and went; he looked steadily at the cost of what he meant to do.

"I'll take the weight of your old father off of you, Jack," he said at last, stooping to kiss the fat, red little face. "Good-bye, my son."

He did take it off. He entered the boy under the name of Proctor at a fashionable boarding-school, setting aside the entire sum he had saved with which to start a paper in Philadelphia. "I can scratch for myself," he said.

"Let the lad have everything he wants," he urged his governess one day. "His father had the best blood in Virginia in his veins, madam. And teach him religion. His mother ——;" but he broke down here. "She's yonder," he said, quietly, at last, glancing up. The governess nodded, and understood him.

So the feint succeeded. Of what it cost himself he said nothing; it had lifted the boy at once, he thought, into a pure region of fashion, and refinement, and salvation. The glories of the Proctors, in course of years, grew and multiplied readily in the major's handling. There were times when he became confused himself, so real had Jack's illustrious family grown. "Remember your father the general, lad," he would cry, when urging the boy to manliness or courage. "*Noblesse oblige!*"

"D——d if I know whether there was a General Proctor or not," he would mutter, perplexed, to himself afterward.

Well, there was the end of it all now. The lie had been played successfully for years, yet now all Jack's world was to know that it was a lie. Sitting by the fire in his shirt-sleeves, tapping his knees with his clumsy fingers, the major went over it this afternoon.

"There's nobody who knew me in Virginia, and knows my name is Richard and not Dan that can't tell about the boy." He saw no way of escape. "If to call himself my friend was ruin to the lad, what will become of him as my son?" And to-day Jack's fate stood in the balance, as M'Murray had said. Again and again the major reasoned round the dreary circle.

"On one side the charge of a great church, wealth, and the woman he loves; on the other —me." There was nothing beyond that. To-night must end it one way or the other. The drumming of his fingers grew slower on his knees, till he sat like a block staring in the fire. The gnawing hunger tearing at his flesh made his brain clearer. He was to be hung on his boy like a mill-stone to drag him down, till one or other of them died. What if he were dead now? Great gain would follow; and as for loss ——.

The major rose mechanically, the eyes under his grizzly brows growing strangely keen and glittering. "I don't know that I'm of much

account, if one took stock of me." He passed his hand with a queer chuckle over his big, hungry, rheumatic body; then glanced hastily toward the pile of MSS. on which no publisher had drawn for months, proudly conscious for a moment of the genius which had been his birthright. "I never made my mark, though," he muttered. He repeated that once or twice.

The stock was taken.

He stood quiet a moment, and then sopped his face with his ragged white handkerchief. It was strangely composed and grave. He went to a closet and took down from the orderly shelves a bottle full of a dark-brown liquid, from which he half-filled a goblet, which he placed ready on the mantel-shelf; then, as though doubting its efficacy, he took out a tiny vial full of white powder, and hid it in his pocket. Unlocking a desk, he took out an old leather-covered Bible, yellow with age, and began turning over the leaves to find the family record.

"Born, Jan. 31st, John, only child of Richard and Mary Standish."

He read it over, as he had done every day since he gave the boy up. He fancied God came as near to him in those words as he could in any others in that book. It was the only page which he ever read. *She* had written them there.

"She knows whether I've loved her and you, Jack," stooping to kiss the faded writing. "Your old father shall never be a weight on you, boy." He opened a knife and cut the leaf. It was loose now; he held it in his hand and stooped over the fire irresolute. After all, his real hold on life for a good many years had been through that page; as it began to crisp, he glanced up quickly at the goblet, and then out of the square dormer window. Lights were beginning to gleam in the houses beyond the Schuylkill, the sky warmed red as cinnabar on the frosty sunset, while wisps of feathery smoke from some passing steamer wavered across it. The world gave him a friendly look—*for the last.*

He threw the paper in the fire, put out his hand for the goblet—when there was a sudden soft flurry behind him, and two nervous little hands were clapped over his eyes. The next thing was a hearty kiss right on his mouth.

"Why, Madeline! child! is it you?"

"Of course it is not me! there are so many pretty girls stealing in to kiss you without leave! Oh, dear, I'm quite frozen, Uncle Dan!"

She looked as if she were; her chubby dimpled face was blue, and the rimy drops stood in her eyes. She perched herself up on the major's chair, beating her hands in their woollen gloves together. "If you only could unlace my boots? My feet haven't had a bit of feeling for an hour. Five miles did they tramp. I didn't want to break the note for car-fare. It's the half-yearly pay-day, you know. Just look at it," fumbling in her bosom under her sacque, and bringing out, warm and crisp, a bright new note. "I couldn't sleep until we'd both seen it and—gone halves!" winking with both eyes, and laughing all over in the most ridiculous, lovable way. The major had taken off her shoes, and stood with them in his hands looking down at her. She was so alive with beauty, warm-blooded, and happy! She seemed to come to him like sudden youth or summer in this last desperate hour. There hung about her even the faint scent of roses. It seemed so easy to come back to sit down beside his little daughter, who loved him with all her honest heart, and be happy and jolly and alive as always.

But he knew what he had to do.

"How long are you going to stay, Maddy?"

"Until to-morrow—unless you would rather I would go to-night," quickly.

"Yes, I would rather. I have some business—there will be some men here after a while—it wouldn't be best for you to stay."

"Very well," Maddy nodded, turning her stockinged feet about before the fire. She never asked questions, but she generally found out all that she wanted to know without them. "How long can I stay, Uncle Dan?" taking off her hat.

"In two hours will be time enough. Let me have you as long as I can."

"Isn't that a lovely hat?" poising it on her little fat fist, and looking over it steadily into his gaunt, changeless face. "The brown is just the shade of my hair. Been hard at work on the *Camera* lately, dear?"

"They've needed nothing for two weeks."

"Oh!" She was quiet a minute. "Just put that hat carefully away in my room, won't you? and bring me my slippers. They're in the lower drawer. You have the keys." She sat motionless until the door closed behind him, and then like a flash she was in the pantry cupboard, which was empty, as we know, and back again by the fire. She took up the goblet and smelled it. The major, coming back, glanced at it jealously, but it stood where he left it, and Maddy was leaning lazily back in her own low chair. She was pale, and the water stood in her eyes.

"You're not well, child?"

"No. Sit down by me, Uncle Dan. I'm tired and I'm hungry, that's all. I ordered a miraculous little supper as I came along. It will be here presently." She took his big hand as he sat by her, fingering it over, holding it now and then to her cheek. Something else than hunger had been at work with him. They were both too old soldiers to be beaten, as he was to-day, by a little wholesome fasting. But what was the sore? She did not know where to thrust her probe.

"They've raised my salary, Uncle Dan. Did you notice?"

"No, I did not. I'm glad of it, my darling. You can go through the world alone pretty well now, Maddy?"

She made a grimace. "If one only cares for hard work and money—yes. But I'm tired of being alone. I mean to either come home, or you must come to me. Though a man of your talents would be wasted in a Jersey village like that. They have only one newspaper. You could not go there."

"Only one newspaper, have they?"

There was silence. "Jack is at home," he said at last.

The cheek against which she had pressed his fingers grew suddenly, fiercely hot. She got up and laid some wood on the grate, sat down leisurely, her face turned from him. "Who did you say had come home—John? John Proctor?"

"Yes—Jack" The very name of the boy stabbed him like pain, yet he could not keep it off his lips. He did not waver in his resolve. He would put himself out of the way to keep the shameful birth of his boy a secret. Yet, as the clock ticked away the moments of this last hour, nature grew almost too strong for him. He could have cried out, so that all the world might hear, for his son—for his son, whose flesh and blood was the same as his. He heard the girl speaking to him as in a dream. Her voice trembled in spite of herself.

"Tell me something about him, Uncle Dan. Is he much changed?"

"I see no change in him." He caught sight of her face, and through all his dull absorption it startled him; it was so strangely fresh, and dewy, and young.

"I suppose John has been successful, then?" she said at last, with an effort. "He told me once he would never come back or write until he could do a man's work, and make all his friends proud of him. He thought they would forget him. He need not have been *very* much afraid of that." She was talking half to herself, stooping as she sat on her stool, her brown eyes fixed on the fire, her hands pressed on her breast. "I always knew he would find some little home in the west, and then come back; I knew he would."

"Maddy!"

"Yes, Uncle Dan."

"I'll tell you about Jack," in an unnaturally loud, harsh voice. "He is a man of mark now—a leader in his sect. They've called him to the first church here. His companions are not yours or mine, and his ways are not ours. They would look upon him as tainted if he made friends of shiftless Bohemians like us. He's in a world the door of which is shut to you and me. It will be the same way when we are dead. He will be inside, but when I come the door will be shut—shut."

A sudden comprehension broke through her face. Dimpled, kissable little face as it was, there was a latent nobility in it, great steadiness, and strength. "I think you're unjust to us, and to Jack," she said firmly, standing before him.

"I tell you the boy is on the road to success, and he must go on," he cried. "Nobody shall stand in his way to hinder him. I mean to stand out of his way. It will be quite easy for me to do it—quite easy."

Some suspicions of years ago were coming back to her. "I think I understand," she said. "Is Jack willing that you should give him up?"

"What could it matter to him? A shabby old liar and braggart, as M'Murray called me. I saw his church to-day, and the house where he will live. So grandly furnished, Maddy!"

"Churches and furniture!" with a contemptuous shrug. "What are they to Jack?"

"I saw the woman he is to marry."

"Ah! *the woman* ——"

"A daughter of M'Murray's; a delicate, white rosebud of a girl. He has everything now the world can give, Jack has. There's but one bar in his way, and that won't be there long."

But Madeline had turned to the window, her face toward the sun that was going down. It was some time before she came back. When she did, she stood by the mantel-shelf looking down at him. "Does the woman love him?"

"I thought so. It was in her face."

"She only has known him a little while?"

"Withrow told me they met last month in Chicago. The match was arranged there."

She looked at her hand. There was a thin gold ring on one finger—a cheap little trifle, such as a school-boy would give. It had been there so many years that it bound and pained

the woman's full-grown finger. It had done so for many years.

"One month?" she said to herself, again and again.

The sun was down, but the reflection from the snow on the roofs threw a pleasant brightness into the many windows, while the clock ticked cheerfully the last hour of daylight away. A noise below broke the silence into which they had fallen. The stairs were long and ricketty, and steps could be heard creaking from one flight to the other.

"It's Jack!" The major spoke hoarsely, standing up. He had been thinking it over as he sat. However false and disreputable his course had been since he was a man, he at least was right, he thought, in this act of its close.

"'Nothing in his life so became him as the ending of it,'" he quoted to himself. "But M'Murray would call it a theatrical trick."

Jack was at the street door; in a few minutes it would be too late. He thrust his fingers into his pocket, and secreted the little vial in his palm. He went to the door as if to close it. At that moment Maddy caught sight of a yellow bit of writing on the hearth, stooped, picked it up. She nodded as she read it without surprise.

"His son? And Jack wants the old man now to deny it? Not to stand in his way?"

The first hint about that poor white rabbit Clara had turned her blood to gall. She was suddenly bitter and unjust as death to Jack, to whom she had given her whole life of patient, sweet-tempered trust.

The steps came nearer. The poor old major backed toward the inner door, his uncouth face white and wet. "I'm not well. I'm going to lie down on your bed. Take him away with you, Maddy. I can't see either of you to-night." Yet even then it gave him a vague pleasure to hear how light and gay and resolute the boy's steps were.

Maddy came quietly between him and the door. "No, we will both see this Jack, who puts you out of his way."

The door opened. There was the old, short, stout-built Jack! The old sturdy, honest face under the same fur cap, the twitch in the mouth ready to make a joke at anybody or at himself.

"Why, Maddy? I did not hope to find you here, little woman," giving her a brotherly shake of the hand, and so figuratively setting her aside. How the dull morbid shadows that had filled the room crept aside before him! Madeline felt that her life had been but a passionate dream. Practical, common-sense people on the same plane of society saw each other a month ago in Chicago, and married rationally. And why should a practical, rational man encumber himself with this late-discovered father, with his undoubtedly unwholesome fancies and stagey habits?

"Major Standish"—Jack, with all his hearty manner, was embarrassed—"I came to speak to you on business of importance. You have no secrets from Maddy?"

"Don't speak, boy! For God's sake! In a little while I will set it all right! Wait one minute!" retreating to the door.

"But I won't wait." Jack had his hands on the major's shoulders, and forced him down on a chair. His face flushed as he spoke, and his voice grew unsteady. "Look at this old man, Madeline. Twenty years ago he came here a healthy, middle-aged man, with a comfortable living, and a son—a boy that he could have educated plainly, and had to work for him, and be a companion as he grew old. But what does he do? Puts the boy where he will be tended like a prince, be clothed in purple and fine linen, gives up his income to him, while he—look at this cockloft, Maddy! Look—*here!*" He put his hand on the old man's head, and drew it through the thin white hair. Once or twice he began to speak, but stopped. At last he said: "I know the shifts you have made to live, the insults you bore, that I might sleep soft and live warm! It's well I do know them all. You will never want the care of a son again; so help me God!"

"Yes, yes, I knew you would say that," cried the major. "But of what use was it all? You have ruined yourself. I know what I am. Who told you this?"

"A man who came from Virginia to find you."

"What does he want?"

"He would not tell me." Proctor's face clouded. The major's quick eyes marked it.

"He has a warrant for me, I suppose?" sullen and dogged.

"I do not know. He refused to give me any hint."

"There were several little affairs—there's no use in their stirring up muddy water, that I can see," peevishly. "But if it's criminal—let me alone, Jack," catching the young man's sleeve. "You shall not drag yourself down for me. I'll not have my whole life thwarted," fiercely.

Jack's answer was to glance around the poverty-stricken garret, and at his own costly, quiet dress. The tears were in his eyes. "We're

one now, come what will, father," he said, quietly. "That is the man at the door."

The major went to open it. "I'll balk them yet," he muttered. "I'll not drag Jack down." He came back in a moment, a huge yellow envelope in his hand. "He sent it in a letter. A man can't be arrested by letter? It may be ——" turning it over. "What's this? —— bless my soul, what's this? Why, it's no arrest!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" muttered Proctor.

"Robert Standish is dead, Jack," poring and muttering over a parchment sheet.

"Is he, sir?" indifferently. Jack was standing awkwardly alone, for Madeline, whom he had time to notice now, was engrossed in tying up some drawings of hers which she was going to take away with her. She would not leave one vestige of herself in her old home, she thought. The old man would go with his son to the delicate little rosebud of a girl. As for her, what did it matter that she had no home, nobody on earth but them? that her life had held nothing but them?

The drawings looked like masterpieces of art to Jack; he had heard of Maddy's genius. How cold and still she had grown in these two years! It might be devotion to art and to her work. She looked as impassive and abstracted as if she had gone into some height unknown to him, from whence she would look down on all his fancies and his ——. Jack never remained long in doubt about anything.

"Maddy." He crossed the hearth-rug to the corner where she stood, and took up her hand. "The ring? It's gone!"

Maddy glanced down carelessly. "Ring? Yes. I remember now. That ring was too small. I took it off long ago."

Jack's eyes twinkled; he held her wrist tight. "How long ago? Within the hour? See how red and bruised the poor little hand is!"

The pity was too much for heroic Maddy. She gave a sob, but held the tears back in her wet, miserable eyes. Jack never knew in all his life how deep the bruise went when that ring came off. He looked at her steadily—closer, closer: lifted the hurt hand till his breath touched it, then kissed it, just as he used to kiss her lips long ago, as no man had touched them since, as they never would be kissed again.

She drew back. "You have no right to play with me in that way." At the first tone of her altered voice Jack stood startled and grave. "What do you mean, Madeline? You need not feign that you did not know I loved you when I went away two years ago!"

"You were under no promise to me," quickly. "I have no right to reproach you."

"No promise. But I loved you."

"And now little Clara has taken my place," with icy composure. "I do not think that strange."

"That poor little creature! Oh, Madeline!"

That touch of contempt was worth more than a thousand arguments. "Do you mean to say you *don't* love her, Jack?" catching his coat lapels with both her hands. "I've been so—so miserable! I ——." She dropped her head and said no more; but the little Burgundy rose had opened its heart to him now with all its sweetness and spicy perfume, and Jack knew the flavour of it well. He had been waiting for it for a good many years.

They sat together in a shaded corner; the major was poring over his parchment by firelight. After a while Madeline referred to her rival again, patronizingly. "Clara is pretty, you must acknowledge, Jack. Though she is weak, as you say, poor child!"

"I don't know," said Mr. Jack, whose conscience twinged him with certain moonlight walks in Chicago. "She was very considerate and kind to me, Madeline. Her father was anxious for me to take the first church here. But I'd made up my mind to that little home in the west—if you would go with me."

"I always thought you'd come for me," said honest Maddy.

The major was looking at them over his spectacles. "So? So?" he said, in amazement. "Why, God bless you, children! You plan better for yourselves than I did for you."

Jack laughed, and drew his chair over between them. "It will be hard work to live, at first. But we three are old comrades, and know how to rough it."

"This is a duplicate of Robert Standish's will," said the major, striving to be legal and lucid, "and by it I find certain demesnes, messuages—well, I don't know, to tell the truth, if it's a fortune or a mere competency, Jack. But it's enough for us all to give M'Murray and his cursed *Camera* the go-by for life. We may start a *National Magazine* with it," in his old bragging tone.

"There will be no more of this for you then, father," glancing around. The bare floors, and pinched poverty, and the worn-out old man with his white hair in the midst, chafed Jack angry and sore continually.

"And here is the supper. At last?" cried Maddy.

"I had really forgotten I was hungry; but it is long past my usual dinner hour," said the

major, loftily. He rose with alacrity to help her spread the white cloth, and set the hot, dainty dishes on it, managing, as he lighted the lamp, to empty a half-filled goblet into the ashes. "Such abominable wine as these fellows furnish me now!" he muttered, and then suddenly stopped, looking at Jack, a shamed, defeated look creeping all over his big body. He went to him. "My son," he said, humbly, "it would be better you left me behind, you and Maddy. I'm a miserable, faulty old man."

"And I am a faulty young one," said Jack, hastily. "But there's that between you and me, father, which God will look to find in us all underneath these weeds that grow atop."

Maddy came closer to the two men. "I think I know what you mean. And I too," she said with infinite love, and very bad grammar, putting her hand softly into theirs.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY.[1]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF DR. POZZ, IN TEN VOLUMES, FOLIO, WRITTEN BY JAMES BOZZ, ESQ., WHO FLOURISHED WITH HIM NEAR FIFTY YEARS.

——We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. Talking of books, I mentioned *The History of Tommy Trip*, and said it was a great work. *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, it is great relatively; it was a great work to you when you were a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little man."

Feeling somewhat hurt at this comparison, I believe he perceived it, for as he was squeezing a lemon he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison; I have been compared to many things, yet I never was affronted at a comparison. No, sir; if they were to call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I should not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in *such* company, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours who was always making comparisons. *Pozz.* "Sir, that fellow has a simile for everything. I knew him when he kept shop—he then made money, and now he makes comparisons; he would say, for instance, that you and I were two figs stuck together, two figs in adhesion, and then he would laugh."

To this vivid exertion of intellect I observed in reply, "Certain great writers have determined that comparisons are odious." *Pozz.* "No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious; the whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house, when I took an opportunity of showing him a copy of verses I had made on a pair of breeches.

[1] This satire, written, it is believed, by the Rev. James Beresford, appeared shortly after the publication of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Mr. Beresford, besides many sermons, produced *The Miseries of Human Life; or, the Last Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive*—an amusing book of facetiæ, by which a man may be brought to laugh at himself for allowing the accidents of life to ruffle him. The author was born in 1764, and died in 1840.

Pozz. "Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in Scotland?" *Bozz.* "The greater the proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir; but it is an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark. It affords a proof of that profundity which he displayed in every branch of literature.

Having accidentally asked him if he approved of green spectacles, he made answer: "As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this,—If I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them; but if a man were to tell me he did not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them. No, sir; I would rather dissuade him from making use of them."

A few months after I consulted him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he confirmed his former opinion; it may be found in its proper place, vol. vi. page 2789. And having since that time maturely considered the point myself, I must needs confess that in all such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

The next day I left town for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. During this time I received only one letter from him, which is as follows:—

"*To James Bozz, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR,

"My bowels have been very bad; pray buy for me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your tour.

"Write me soon, and write me often.

"I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

"SAM. POZZ."

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind.

On my return to town we met again at the chop-house, and had a long as well as a highly interesting conversation; indeed, there is not one hour of my life in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me that one of our friends had just been attacked by a most alarming complaint. He had entirely lost the use of his limbs—he was speechless—his eyes swollen, and every vein distended; yet his face was pale, and his extremities cold, at the same time his pulse beat one hundred and sixty strokes in a minute.

I said, with tenderness, that I would immediately go and see him, and take Dr. Bolus with me. *Pozz.* "No, sir, don't go." I was startled at so unexpected a reply, well knowing his compassionate heart, and earnestly demanded of him the reason why I should not procure for the afflicted person instant relief. *Pozz.* "Sir, you do not know his disorder." *Bozz.* "Pray, what is it?" *Pozz.* "Sir, the man is *dead drunk*."

This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about, as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me by the following words: "Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said, for he who laughs at what another man says will soon laugh at that other man. Sir, you ought to laugh but seldom; you should laugh only at your own jokes."

Talking of a friend of ours, who was a very violent politician, I said, "I did not like his company." *Pozz.* "No, sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, sir, his mind is ulcerated, he has a political whitlow; you cannot touch him, sir, without giving him pain. I would never venture to speak on political subjects with that man; I would talk of cabbage and of pease; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, but I would not meddle with politics." *Bozz.* "But perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." *Pozz.* "Then it is plain what he would do." On my earnestly entreating him to tell me what that was, Dr. Pozz replied, "Sir, he would let everything else alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up a coach. *Pozz.* "He is right, sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot be too soon off his legs. You tell me he keeps a coach; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise; sir, it is better than a chariot." *Bozz.* "Why, sir?" *Pozz.* "Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this valuable observation, in order to impress it on my memory, and he complied with great good humour.

Taking a hint from the subject of our present conversation, I said, "Dr. Pozz, *you* ought to keep a coach." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, I ought." *Bozz.* "But you do not, and this has often surprised me." *Pozz.* "Surprised you! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity. Sir, you ought to be surprised at nothing; a man who has lived half so long as you ought to be above surprise; it is a rule with me, sir, never to be surprised."

"This is an error," continued Dr. Pozz, "produced by ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are sur-

prised; now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprised." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, you shall know now; the reason why I do not keep a coach is because I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking; I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear. *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, and then nobody could bear them; a man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." *Bozz.* "But, sir, as the poet says, he is devoid of all care." *Pozz.* "That is true, sir, he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he is unable to write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he is almost speechless; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he is nearly blind; and yet, sir, there is a science in drinking." *Bozz.* "I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." *Pozz.* "No, sir; to know what one drinks is nothing, but the science consists of three parts—in knowing when we have had too little, when we have had enough, and when we have had too much. For instance, there is our friend ——, he can always tell when he has too little, and when he has too much, but never knows when he has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of subjects, but I find few memorandums in my journal; on small beer he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power, and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had very much degenerated within his memory, and he found great fault with the moral of the *Beggar's Opera.*

I endeavoured to defend a play which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not muster that strength of mind with which he argued; and it was with great satisfaction that he afterwards communicated to me a method of curing corns by the application of a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's chronology; but as they gave employment to so many hands, he did not dislike the large shoe-buckles then in the fashion.

Next day we dined at the Mitre; I mentioned spirits. *Pozz.* "Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it; you may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great-grandmother once saw a spirit; he desired me to relate the circumstances, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention.

When I mentioned that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me. *Pozz.* "There, sir, is the point: the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency; we cannot deny that the spirits appeared in these shapes, but then we cannot reconcile them, for what has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton?

"The objects, sir, are neither terrific nor contemporaneous; they are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place." *Bozz.* "I think, sir, that ghosts are most often seen by old women." *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, and their conversation is generally full of the subject: I would prefer old women to record such circumstances, their loquacity tends to minuteness."

A few days after this interesting and enlightened conversation we talked of a person who had a very bad character. *Pozz.* "Sir, he is a scoundrel." *Bozz.* "I hate a scoundrel." *Pozz.* "There you are wrong; I would not have you hate scoundrels; scoundrels, sir, are useful; there are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I should not choose to keep company with scoundrels; neither would I introduce them to my wife and children: but something may be got from them." *Bozz.* "Are not scoundrels for the most part fools?" *Pozz.* "No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool; but to be a complete rascal requires considerable abilities. I think a good book might be written on the subject of scoundrels—a *Biographia Flagitiosa,* or the lives of eminent scoundrels, from the earliest accounts to the present time."

Hanging was mentioned in the course of the conversation, and I observed that it was a very awkward situation. *Pozz.* "No, sir, hanging is not an awkward situation; it is proper, sir, that a man whose actions tend to flagitious obliquity should himself be perpendicular at last."

I told Dr. Pozz that I had lately been in company with a number of gentlemen all of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged. *Pozz.* "Yes, sir, we know those who *have* been hanged—that is a circumstance we can easily recollect, and may safely mention, without fear of offence; but we must not name those who *deserve* it—such a proceeding would not be decorous in good company; it is one of those things we may *think,* but must not speak of."

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[**Samuel Taylor Coleridge**, born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, 21st October, 1772; died at Highgate, 25th July, 1834. Soldier, journalist, metaphysician, and one of the three founders of the "Lake School" of poetry. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge. Gifted with the highest powers of imagination, he lacked that balance of mind which gives unity and purpose to a life. Finding himself in London without resources, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons; but his friends soon purchased his discharge. Then with Southey and Wordsworth he contemplated the foundation of a new state of society on the banks of the Susquehanna, but, instead, married one of the Misses Fricker of Bristol and took a cottage in the Lake country, where he remained until 1810. He then visited Germany; and subsequently took up his abode in the family of Dr. Gilman, a physician at Highgate, where he remained until his death. In conversation he distinguished himself almost as much as in poetry; and it is said that in company he absorbed the whole attention by the eloquence of his discourse. His friend Charles Lamb once gave him a significant hint that he talked too much. "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" queried the poet (when young he had sometimes filled the Unitarian pulpit at Taunton). "I never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb. One of the best estimates of his character and powers is supplied by a letter written by Dr. Arnold: "I think, with all his faults, old Sam was more of a great man than any one that has lived within the four seas in my memory. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge, in so many points at least, of particular facts." Coleridge's chief works are *The Fall of Robespierre*, an historical drama; *Wallenstein*, a drama; *Remorse*, a tragedy; *Moral and Political Lectures; Essays on His Own Times; Lay Sermons; Christabel; Kubla Khan; Zapolya*, a Christmas tale; *Sibylline Leaves; The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, &c.]

PART I.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship driven by a storm toward the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of the planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
A flash of joy. Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide? See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship. And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew! Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner. The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the sun. The sun's rim dips: the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the moon. We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after another. One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop down dead. Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner. The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

The Wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him. "I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.[1]

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance. Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm. The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead. I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men. The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

[1] For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Coleridge.*

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward: and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He blesseth them in his heart.

And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins to break.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on;

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered; the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

but not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome spot from the south pole carries on the ship as far as the line in obedience to the angelic troop, but still urged with vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

and appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

and to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

A CHOICE.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair:
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back;
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RED EACHAN THE HUNTER.

A LEGEND OF GLENCOE.

[**James Baillie Fraser**, born at Reelig, Inverness-shire, 1784; died 1856. Although he has left a considerable number of stories to preserve his memory, it was as an Eastern traveller, and as an agreeable narrator of all the strange sights and customs he observed in the course of many years' wanderings, that he was best known during his life. His principal works were: "*A Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himala Mountains* (published at twenty guineas); *A Journey into Khorasan; Travels in the Persian Provinces; Kuzzilbash;* a tale of Khorasan; *The Khan's Tale; A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran; The History of Persia;* &c. Besides the tales mentioned he also wrote: *The Highland Smugglers; Alice Neemroo; Dark Falcon;* &c. His books of travel were acknowledged to be amongst the best of their kind, and scarcely to be surpassed "in lively delineations, and rapid but graphic sketches." The author was also said to be "equally remarkable for the extent of his good humour and the depth of his information."]

It is some years since, in the progress of a tour, through part of the Western Highlands of Scotland, which I made in company with a friend, we visited the singularly romantic and well-known valley of Glencoe, and were forced to take shelter from a very threatening night, in the comfortless and miserable inn at the head of that glen.

The night fulfilled its threats to the uttermost, being howling and tempestuous; but, as if the ill-humour of the weather had exhausted itself in blustering, the following morning was fine, and the sun, rising in a bright and cloudless sky, made even the black and rugged hills around us smile under the cheering influence of his beams.—It was a lovely and a smiling season; and, desirous to take advantage of it, not only to explore the picturesque and savage beauties of the glen, but to examine the localities and trace the scenes of that bloody national tragedy of which it had been once made the theatre, I made known my wishes to the landlord of our lowly hospitium, and besought him to supply us with a guide, qualified to point out the places which have been so fearfully signalized.

Mine host, a sheep-farmer as well as an innkeeper to his trade, had already assumed his gray checkered plaid, and with a stout oaken plant in his hand, was about to stalk off to one of the adjacent hills, upon some matter connected with the sheep-shearing, when this application was made. Casting a somewhat impatient glance upon us, from a keen gray eye, deep-set among a thousand wrinkles, he regretted, in good English, though in Highland accent, "that all his *laads* were off to the hill, and that not one of them was nearer than three miles, even if they could be spared from the sheep; as for himself, he was for the big Bochall, at the top of Glen Etive, and wud na be back till night; the wife and the bit lassie was a' that wud be left in the house.—But the gentlemen needna be at a loss: there was old Allister Dhu,—they would find him at his little bothy, no four miles down the glen—or close by it surely—he was the only man to show the glen—proud was Allister of every gray stone and black rock in it—and as for stories about them, he had more than all the Sheanachies in the country—when he was in the humour."

This last was a species of reservation which needed to be explained; and the landlord, who evidently wished to get rid of the detention we were occasioning to him, merely said, that old Allister was at times something crabbed, and when he took a notion in his head that the gentlefolks were laughing at him, he would grow sulky and silent, and maybe turn his back and be off from them altogether. This was a conclusion which we resolved to avoid, by treating the old Highlander with due respect, and I had private hopes of mollifying the acerbities of his temper in which I trusted mightily; so, although we might have preferred a secure guide from the inn, and could not avoid looking a little blank upon our host when he intimated the impossibility of supplying us, we became reconciled to our disappointment, and with curiosity somewhat excited by this account of old Allister, we mounted our Highland ponies, and proceeded down the glen, according to the directions we had received.

The day kept up, as days seldom do in the proverbially moist climate of the West Highlands; and although clouds did occasionally curl round the rugged brows of the sharp and lofty crags on either side, and throw a darker shade over the narrow and naturally gloomy valley, the breeze was always sufficient to dispel them ere they broke in rain; and they served but to vary the splendid mountain scenery, by the magical effect of their flitting shadows, without making us pay for our pleasure by a drenching.

The four miles of our friend, mine host, proved somewhat of the longest, as Highland miles seldom fail to do; for it took us an hour's smart riding to bring us to the habitation of our proposed guide. The stream, collected from the peat-bogs and moss-cracks, in the moor, at the head of the glen, and swelled by numerous rills oozing from the surrounding

LOOKING DOWN THE PASS.

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mountains, had worn a deep channel in the bottom of the valley, in some places tumbling and brawling amongst huge gray fragments of granite, in a very narrow space, in others spreading out into a broader bed as the receding banks afforded space. In one of these more open spots, where the better soil of a little basin had encouraged the growth of a turf as green as emerald, and as smooth as velvet, was situated the dwelling of Allister Dhu.

It was a black hut, constructed entirely of turf, or *divots*, as they are called in the Highlands, cut with the heather growing on them, and built into a wall; and but for the thin stream of blue smoke which found its way to upper air through a hole in the roof, it might have been mistaken for one of the moss-hags, or tufts of black earth, so abundantly scattered over the surrounding moors. A steep mountain brae, sprinkled with gray crags mingled with moss and fern, rose behind it to the foot of a frowning and overhanging precipice, from the brow of which the fragments that speckled its side had originally fallen; and before and around it sloped the green turf of which we have spoken, to the verge of the moss-brown bounding stream.

We had no difficulty in finding the object of our search in this lonely wilderness; for, carelessly thrown at length upon the green carpet before the hut, lay a figure which perfectly corresponded with the description we had received of old Allister Dhu. He was a man whose wrinkled countenance might have justified the belief that it bore the furrows of seventy winters, although the ruddy and healthy hue of his brown cheek, the glance of his keen gray eye, and the elastic spring of his gait, seemed to forbid the conclusion. His frame, though it rose not above the middle size, was square, and still athletic, exhibiting strong marks of the fine proportions which it must have borne in youth. The national garment, a philibeg of dark tartan, served to display his sinewy knees and well-shaped legs, which were but partially covered with short gray worsted hose. His jacket was of coarse and faded blue cloth; a shepherd's plaid of the dark gray check, which has now in great measure superseded the more showy tartans as a serviceable covering, was loosely cast across his breast and shoulders; and his head was covered by a broad blue bonnet, from under which his silver hair streamed down upon either shoulder. He was quite alone: indeed, the only living things beside himself which animated the wild landscape, were a huge shepherd's dog, which lay at its master's feet with its head couched between its fore-paws, and a few goats which were browsing among the crags above him.

A growl from the dog, ending in a loud bark, announced to its master the appearance of the strangers; and the old man, looking up, raised himself deliberately, and fixed upon us a keen glance of inquiry as we approached. "Failt 'herry!" said he, doffing his bonnet, and bowing with no undignified action, as we saluted him, "What is your will?"—"Good day to you, my friend," replied I, "but if you mean that we should understand one another, you must talk to us in English, which I am told you can do well." "Och! no just that—a little—a little," replied Allister; adding inquiringly, "The gentlemen will be English, then, no doubt?"—"No, not exactly so neither, Allister," said I. "Scotchmen—ay, and Highlanders—born are we, although not fortunate enough to speak our native language." —"Ochone, and that's a pity," said the old man with awakening interest: "and ye're from the Hielands then?—and o' what clan will ye be, sir?" I satisfied him in this particular, and intimated our wish that he would give us his services as guide in our exploratory ride down the glen. "In troth will I, sir," replied he, with alacrity; "and maybe there's no many leeving now that can tell ye as muckle about the place as old Allister Dhu Macdonald —good reason sure enough has he to ken about it.—And ye're a —— then?—a good name and a brave clan—they were out wi' *him* in the forty-five—ou! weel do I ken the ——'s, every family of them, and every foot o' their country.—And what part will ye be from, sir, if ye please?" persisted the old man, after a pause, during which he seemed to expect further information regarding myself——"Are ye o' —— or ——" mentioning by name several families, which, one after another, I was forced to disclaim, until at last, after having amused myself with his curiosity, I told him the designation of my family. He started at the name. "The Lord be here! sir—the Lord be here!—and are ye young ——. Ochone! weel did I ken your worthy father when he was in the ——d, for I was a while wi' them mysel—and a pretty man he was—ye'll no be so tall as him, sir,—but it's no many ye'll see like ——,—the Lord bless his father's son!"

This accidental recognition of my name and parentage was very favourable to our objects; —the old man quickly girt his plaid about him, drew close the rude screen of boards, which did duty as a door, in the orifice by which access was gained to the bothy; and,

giving some orders in Gaelic to his dog, which sent the animal towards the goats upon the hills, probably as a guard upon duty until his return, he announced himself ready to attend us.

I explained to old Allister that one of my principal objects in visiting the glen was to view with my own eyes the scene of that infamous massacre, which, to the eternal disgrace of the government of that day, had been perpetrated there in 1692. "In troth then," replied he, "your honour could scarcely have hit upon one better able to content you on these particulars than the auld man that speaks to you—a good right has he to know them, as you shall by-and-by understand." And accordingly not a rock, a corry, nor a ravine occurred during our ride, which was not the subject of some remark or traditionary tale.

A sharp descent brought us to a lower level of the glen, which opened out so far as to admit of a small lake, closely circled in by dark and precipitous mountains. "There," observed Allister, pointing to a cottage of late construction,—"there is Auchintriaton—the highest spot in the glen where blood was shed upon that fearful day—little thanks to them that plotted the mischief: The Laird of Auchintriaton was of near kin to Mackian himself—little chance was there of his being spared. But it was na here that he met his doom—ye'll see, ye'll hear all about it yet. Come away, we'll go a bit further down the glen yet."

A succession of the most savage yet picturesque scenery now greeted our regards, and the glen gradually expanded, until at length another lesser valley opened upon our left, sending down several streamlets to swell the torrent which had accompanied us from the lake.—"See," said our guide, pointing to several houses and huts that were visible in the small valley—"yonder is the bloody bit—yon is Inneriggin—and there is Auchnaghon—it was there that more than thirty brave Macdonalds, with women and children and all, were shot like wild beasts by the cowardly redcoats.—In these very touns—but oh they were blithe touns then, and many a braw lad and bonnie lass was there—in these very touns, sir, did the cruel soldiers and their false-hearted commanders, after living among them like friends,—eating of their bread and drinking of their cup, and pledging their hand in token of peace and friendship,—rise in the night, like traitors and butchers as they were, upon their unsuspecting hosts, and slew, while they slept, the men whom they dared not attack in the open face of day!—It was a foul, devilish work, your honour, as no doubt those who planned it and performed it have found out by this time—for the eye of the Lord was upon them, and his justice neither slumbers nor fails. I have been a soldier, sir, myself—but, thank God, I never heard of nor saw such duty put upon brave men—and the officers I have served with, your honour, would have flung their commissions wi' the orders at the head of any man who would have proposed it. Could any living creature believe, sir, that so much cold-blooded treachery could be in the heart of man, as to make him smile and flatter the very men whose blood he was going to spill; when, after doing all in their power to welcome him, but alarmed at the preparations they saw, they threw themselves upon his honour, and received his solemn assurances that they were safe—that no ill was intended them—yet thus did the false and cruel Campbell of Glenlyon even to his own kindred!—'What are ye frighted for,' said he to John, the eldest son of Mackian, who asked of him the reason why the soldiers were mustering so strong in the glen, and preparing their arms as if for service—'It's only some of these wild Glengarry men that want a dressing—if anything was brewing against you or yours, think ye I would not have told your brother Sandy and my niece?'—for ye'll understand Allister Macdonald, Glencoe's second son, was married to Glenlyon's niece—and yet did that very Glenlyon not only despatch the two Lindsays and their men against Allister and his worthy father, but with his own lips gave orders for the soldiers to shoot his own host, the good Laird of Inneriggin, with nine others of his family—ay, and stood by to see his orders executed. Even the poor boy, Eachan Beg, who ran and got hold of his knees for protection against the bloody butchers, did he shake off at the word of the hard-hearted Drummond, and cast upon the bayonets of the soldiers—but the Lord will repay him!"

"It was in truth a most bloody and infernal transaction," replied I, with an emphasis that was echoed from my very heart—"and so wholly unprovoked too—for I have heard that the clan was quiet, living at peace with all men, when the storm burst upon them."

"Ay, your honour—that they were," said the old guide. "They had all seen that it was useless to kick against the pricks, and needed no more to keep them quiet for that time at least. Mackian had taken the oaths to government, sir; and Inneriggin had Colonel Hill's protection in his pocket at the very time he was killed—no wonder they little suspected what was coming."

"And yet," said I, "it seems almost unaccountable that the mustering of troops and other preparations should not have roused them to some suspicion."

"Who would have thought of suspecting the king's government—ay, or the Highland troops in its pay, of such villanous treachery?" said the guide in reply.—"And yet some among them were not so entirely blind. I told your honour how John Mackian took occasion to question Glenlyon about his intentions. Before that, he met the soldiers on their way from Inverlochy, as they entered Glencoe, and put the same questions to Lieutenant Lindsay, who, showing him Colonel Hill's orders for the men to quarter in Mackian's country, assured him that no harm was intended. Accordingly they were received with hospitality and entertained with all kindness.—I'm thinking too, that old Auchintriaton was not without his doubts; for even on the very night of the slaughter, he and his brother, with seven or eight more, sat up watching at Auchnaghon. Little good did his watching do. In the morning, when the bloody villains stole like thieves to the house, and poured in eighteen or twenty shot upon them through the windows and door, as they sat or lay around the fire, Auchintriaton was killed outright with four others; the rest were all more or less wounded, although some of them, by a providential chance, escaped. And if your honour is na wearied of my talking already, I might tell ye the tale, although it's a strange one—weel may I ken it, for often have I heard it from them who kenned all about it; and it's an old story now, though I'm something concerned in it mysel."—It may easily be conceived that I was quite disposed to indulge the old man's garrulity, and my complaisance was rewarded with the following recital, which, in part at least, is given nearly in the words of Allister Dhu himself.

Eachan Ruah Challaher (or Red Hector the Hunter) was foster-brother to one of the sons of Mackian of Glencoe, and, according to the customs of the Highlands, lived much more in the laird's family than in that of his own parents. Eachan was a clean-limbed handsome young fellow, remarkable for his uncommon activity, quick eye, steady head, and firm foot; which, together with his invincible good-humour and manly spirit, made him a universal favourite. The young Mackians, in particular, who were themselves fond of the chase and all mountain sports, would never be easy without one who was so able an assistant in their favourite pastimes. In truth Eachan did little else than attend them upon such parties, and furnish the laird's table with fish and game.

In such pursuits, which led him over most of the surrounding country, young Eachan formed an intimacy with a family which occupied a remote dwelling in Glen-Leven, and with whom, after a weary day's stalking in the wild hills of the Black Mount, or the Muir of Rannoch, which in those days abounded in red-deer and game of all sorts, he would often find a welcome, with food and shelter for the night. In the course of time his friends and companions began to remark how frequently his steps were turned towards these muirs, and how often he found a resting-place in the bothy of Ian Bochal. That some object more attractive than even the bounding stags and hinds of the Black Mount occasioned his partiality for this beat, became soon the opinion of every gossiping neighbour, and it was remembered that old Ian the herdsman had a daughter, Isobel (Gaelicè, Ishpal), whose dark eyes and raven locks might very naturally have fixed the regards and fascinated the heart of the Red Hunter.

In truth the matter soon became notorious; for it was discovered that old Ian had absolutely signified his consent to resign his black-eyed daughter, with the few beasts which were to form her portion, together with certain household stores, such as sheets and blankets, held to be convenient, if not absolutely necessary in these primitive days, to the setting up of a young couple, so soon as the Laird of Glencoe should intimate what it might be his pleasure to do for the foster-brother and favourite of his son. Thus Eachan became an almost constant indweller of the black bothy which was the home of his mistress and her father, although duty to the chief and his sons occasioned his being very frequently during the brief daylight of the season in the several touns of Glencoe.

It was well on in February, 1692, and the ferment occasioned by the ill-starred movements in favour of the exiled royal family had in great degree subsided. Most of the Jacobite clans had given up all hope of success, and returned to a reluctant acknowledgment of and obedience to the reigning family, in order to save life and property. But still, as has been hinted at above, there remained upon the one hand a jealous suspicion, on the other an anxious alarm and concealed dissatisfaction, which kept the minds of men painfully upon the watch; nor was this irritable state at all lessened by the increase of an armed force,

which suddenly made its appearance in the lower part of the glen.

These troops, as has been already remarked, being received as friends, upon the solemn word of their officers that their coming was in peace, neither meditating nor intending injury to any of the inhabitants, were distributed in small parties in the various dwellings of the clan, in a manner altogether suitable for the murderous part they were destined to act; while their hosts, trusting in these hollow assurances, exerted themselves to greet them with such welcome as their means permitted.

Such being the state of affairs, young Eachan, who, from his erratic habits of life, was in the way of hearing every current report, pacific or alarming, divided his presence and his cares between the house of his mistress and the family of his chief; passing from Kinlochlevin to Glencoe, or Auchnaghon, as circumstances prompted, and frequently visiting all those places in the course of the same short-lived winter day.

It was upon the afternoon of February 12th, 1692, that Eachan came to the bothy of Ian Bochal, and with some agitation informed the old man that he had seen one from Ballachulish, who reported certain movements of the troops there and at Inverlochy, of a suspicious if not an alarming description—"Ye'll better look out for yourself," added he; "and ye had as good drive the cattle up the glen out of sight the night; and, Isobel dear, be ready for a start yourself. As for me, I must be off to the laird, and give him a word of warning;—but I'll be back here, please God, before this time to-morrow; and there's little chance of ill before that time, any way."

The dark eyes of Isobel bent upon the young man half-mournfully, half-reproachfully, as he spoke, and her lips severed as if she would have addressed him; when at that moment, a black shaggy sheep-dog, which lay basking before the peat-embers on the hearth, raised its head, and uttered a loud wailing howl. All eyes were turned upon the animal—Isobel started, and her father, running to the door, cast an anxious look around. "Oh go not to Glencoe the-night," said the girl, turning earnestly towards him when they were alone—"don't leave us at such a time, Eachan. See, the night will close in before you're half over the hill, and a wild road is that, even by daylight—see, Shulach won't have you to move."—"Hout, lass, what would keep me?" replied Eachan: "before the light's done I'll be across the water, and Auchnaghon is no that far off."—"What ails thee, Shulach?" said the father, now returning from his espial, and addressing the dog which was so named—"what ails you, poor beoch?—deil a creature is near." The only reply of the animal was another long dismal howl, with a glance at the door-way, and a look at Eachan. "The bitch smells a fox or some vermin," said Eachan; "and she wants me to go after it with her."—"Na, na," replied the father, "that's no the yelp Shulach would give if game or vermin were in the wind—the creature's no canny—she smells mischief, and it's for us to guard against it."—"Oh Eachan! my father says true," said Isobel, imploringly—"there is mischief about to happen, as sure as ye're before us—oh let Glencoe and Mackian alone the-night—there's plenty o' them to keep themselves—dinna leave the bothy at this time o' day."—"What! lass," said the father somewhat sternly—"would ye tempt the lad to forsake his chief at need, and leave his own foster-brother in danger? Na, na! he'll no hear such counsel from old Ian Bochal.—Off with you, young man—God speed and bless you—let me alone to tak care o' the beasts, and no fear of ourselves."

"I'll no say, sir," continued the old guide, "that there was not a weight upon Eachan's heart, as he took a kiss and a look at Isobel, and turned to leave the bothy: and scarcely had he passed the threshold when Shulach, suddenly rising from her lair, darted before him, and began to howl and to bark more wildly than ever, still crossing and recrossing his path, and seeking, as ye might think, to stop his progress.—'Down, Shulach! down, ye fool!' cried he, trying to caress the beast as it bounded past—but it still kept away out of reach, continuing its strange eldrich antics. 'Hear me, Eachan,' at length said Isobel—'it's a true word my father spoke when he said that beast's no canny. Shulach's no like other dogs—mind how often she has led us, by her yelping and tugging, to the beast that has fallen into a peat crack—and was na it she that took my father last winter to the place where old Callum was lying half-dead in the drift? Let the beast go wi' you, Eachan—she canna' do you ill, and I'll be easier for it in my mind—for, ochone! I wish there may na be some evil about to befal us!'—And in truth, sir, the creature would na be forbidden; and when at last he turned away with a determined step, and whistled her to him, the beast lap and jumped about him, as if it had been contented to follow since she could not keep him from going on his ill-fated journey.

"Well, sir—away went Eachan. The evening turned out a wild one, and it got so dark

with rain, and drift, and snow, that before the night set in it needed all his skill and stoutness of heart to make his way to Mackian's dwelling. There he told his story, but the good laird would na believe that any ill could be meant after the plighted words of Glenlyon and of Lindsay; and he set down all the stir among the soldiers to the score of the Glengarry and Keppoch men. He wanted Eachan to stay the night in the place, but he was keen to be with his foster-brother at Auchnaghon, and off he set straight for the house.

"It seems that the people of Auchnaghon and of Inneriggin had as little thought of danger as the Laird of Glencoe himself, for they all went to their beds as usual, except old Auchintriaton, who, no doubt alarmed by Eachan's tidings, which maybe strengthened his own suspicions, thought it as well to sit up all night along with his whole party.

"Eachan having seen his foster-brother, to whom he told all his suspicions, and whom he earnestly prayed to continue upon his guard, quitted the house, which was already full both of its own folk and of the soldiers quartered there, and retired to that where Auchintriaton kept watch, and took his place with others around a good fire of peats. The early part of the night was passed in talking cheerfully, and drinking moderately; in which the soldiers and officers of the party stationed there freely joined. But as it grew late the soldiers retired, leaving the room to the poor doomed Macdonalds, who towards morning began to be drowsy, and to watch less carefully. Among the rest, Eachan, wearied with the buffeting of the night's storm, lay down in his plaid upon the floor, behind the rest, and fell into a sound sleep.

"How long he lay in this way, sir, he could not tell, but he was awakened by a loud continued rattle, like that of thunder; and starting up to know what was the matter, was instantly felled to the ground again, by a shock, of which, at the moment, he did not know the nature. For a few moments his head swam round, and a sickness like death itself came over him; but soon recovering, and hearing around him a horrid uproar of cries, and groans, and curses, mixed with the heavy tread of men, and the clash of arms, he looked up: the room was filled with smoke of gunpowder; and by the dim light of the fire he saw himself surrounded by the bodies of his companions, stretched dead upon the floor, or writhing with their wounds, while a number of soldiers were bursting into the room, and some were already thrusting their bayonets into the bodies of those who had fallen by their fire. Not a moment had he to think or to recollect himself, sir, for scarcely had he opened his eyes when he saw the bayonet of one of the butcherly soldiers within a foot of his breast: a waft of his arm dashed the weapon aside, and on looking up at the man who aimed it, the faint gleam of the fire showed him a face he well knew. 'Hold, hold, Hamish, man!' cried he, 'would ye murder your friend Eachan Ruah?' 'Deoul! Eachan, are you there, and alive?' cried the man, stepping back a pace; 'but what can I do? see, they are all there, at my back.'—'Oh! but, man, dinna let me die by a friend's blow—let me go—let me die out of doors if it must be—not in this hole, to be burned like a beast, when the fire takes the bothy.'—'Weel, weel,' said Hamish, 'if I canna save you, I'll no kill you—off wi' you, man.' So he let him rise; and Eachan rushed through the throng to the door, where three of the red-coats were watching wi' fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. But Eachan was a supple chiel, sir; he pushed through the bayonets, and as the men lifted their guns to fire at him, he took his loose plaid, flung it over their faces, and off he started like a deer.

"There was a sergeant close by, who saw this daring act: 'Seize the fellow,' cried he; and off he set himself, wi' his drawn sword, after Eachan. But it was na the like o' him that could catch the lightest foot and best wind in Glencoe or Lochaber; and his useless attempt was the safety of Eachan; for the men, when they freed themselves of the plaid, could not fire after him, for fear of harming their officer. The sergeant saw this when it was too late, and flinging himself on the ground, called out, 'Fire away, boys—shoot the rascally rebel.' Bang went their pieces; but a dark morning and a running foot spoil a good aim—the balls whizzed by him harmlessly, and on bounded Eachan, dashing across the river, though it was roaring in speat, and up to the hills on the east of the glen.

"But his course was soon very near being stopped to some purpose; for as he turned the corner of a little knowe, at the foot of which the high-road passed up the glen, he found himself full in front of a dozen soldiers, who were hastily marching onwards. 'Halloo! that's one of them,' roared their leader, 'fire! shoot the fellow!' and Eachan, though he doubled like a hare, had scarcely time to dash across the road, and down a little heathery brae, before eight or ten musket-balls were rattling about him. Nor was theirs so bad an aim: for one of them cut the belt which fastened his philibeg round his waist, and

another gave him a deep flesh wound in the side. But the mischief was little, and he scarcely felt it at the time; and as for the soldiers, their power was spent with their powder —for who, while strength and breath remained, could keep foot with the Red-Hunter?

"Away sprang the lad, like a horse that feels the spur; and before a red-coat was fit to follow he was deep among the wild rocks of the corry. But to skulk like a hunted fox was not the design of Eachan.—'No,' said he to himself—'Isobel!—Isobel!—while I have life and strength, let me strive to reach Glen-Leven—let me see if she be safe yet: and then, come life, come death, Eachan will care but little. Ochone! Ochone for Mackian!—Ochone for the brave young Allister! a black, black day is it for the clan, and the black curse rest on their bloody murderers!' The thought of poor Isobel, perhaps in the hands of these butchers, gave him force and speed, the light was increasing in spite of the driving storm; and Eachan neither halted nor breathed himself, until he saw the black glen below him, from the top of the wild hills above us, sir, which lie between Glencoe and Glen-Leven.

"The road was then easy, for it was all down hill, and he was eagerly looking through the mist for the black bothy of the Bochal. But will cannot strive against nature; the blood which had flowed from his wounds began now to tell—a sick faintness came over him, his knees trembled, and while still distant from the bothy, poor Eachan, in spite of his stout heart and best exertions, fell insensible upon the ground, which was now white with the driving snow; and he would soon have slept the sleep of death with the rest of his wounded clansmen—but there was a Providence watching over him, sir, and the hand of man could not prevail against it.

"The poor lassie, Isobel, had remained the whole night watching in her father's bothy, attended only by an old woman, who could have been of no use as a protector. For Ian Bochal had on the preceding evening, according to the advice of Eachan, set out with a protchach of a herd-boy, to drive the cattle to the hills, and she did not expect him back till the next day. The night passed without disturbance; and when morning dawned, she continued earnestly gazing about the bothy door, in hope, and partly in fear, of seeing some one approaching, until her attention was attracted by the sight of a dog running furiously towards the hut. It was Shulach, sir, the creature which had followed Eachan the whole way to Auchnaghon, and accompanied him back when fleeing from the soldiers, until she saw him fall, and lie like a dead man on the hill; and then it seems the poor beast must have kenned that better help than she could give was wanted, and off she set to the bothy to bring it.

"The moment Isobel saw the dog she gave a scream, and cried out, 'Eachan!—Oh Eachan! they have murdered you!'—and her heart failed her, so that she fell almost fainting against the door-post. But Shulach, running up, fawned upon her, tugging at the skirt of her gown—then ran off again—looked back, and then returned to pull again at her clothes. Isobel was not long of understanding what all this meant, sir.—'Oh Moraig!' said she to the old woman, 'he is not dead—I am sure of it—Shulach is calling me to him—he may be wounded, or dying in this wild weather—oh! let me go to him at once.'—And catching up her plaid, and whatever clothes came first to her hand, with a horn o' whisky and a bannock of bread—off she set, following the dog, which, bounding and scampering before her, led her straight to the hill. Sure enough, sir, there did Isobel find her poor Eachan, bloody and stiff; and the coldness of his body went to her heart like ice, for she thought he was dead and gone entirely. But, oh! muckle will a woman do for the lad of her heart, your honour. Isobel covered him wi' the plaid, and even laid her own warm body upon his—and, ochone! glad was she when she saw his hurts begin to bleed again, for that was a sure sign of returning life. And so it was in truth; for he opened his eyes, and gasped, and sobbed, while the dog, poor beast, kept licking at his wounds, till at last he glowered about him, and called out, 'Isobel!'

"Weel, sir! I need na tell you how she dressed his wounds, and covered him with the clothes and the plaid she had brought; and how he was recovered by a sup o' the whisky, and came to himself; and Isobel, blithe to see him in life again, was for going back to the bothy. 'No! no! Isobel, dear,—it's the mercy of God that the villains have na been there already—it would be rank madness to go back. No, no! let the trash that's in it go—we'll after your father, and be off to Rannoch, till this sore sough blow by; and then we'll do as the Lord pleases. As for Glencoe, there's as many corpses as gray stones in it by this time o' day.'

"It was well for them, your honour, that they went na back to the bothy; for Isobel had na left it ten minutes before the red-coats came. They murdered the poor creature Moraig, and, plundering it of all the few things it contained, set fire to it, and left the place.

cursing, no doubt, the chance that had saved the rest of its in-dwellers.

"Eachan, revived by the refreshment he had received, and by the warmth of the clothes which Isobel had brought him, was able to assist her through the drift and snow to the hill where her father had driven the cattle. To save his master's property and his own, as well as the lives of the whole party, was the point now; and accordingly they drove the beasts as fast as the wild weather and Eachan's wounds would permit, towards Rannoch, where Ian Bochal had a cousin, in whose good-will he could trust. There they remained until the false and bloody Glenlyon went off to Holland, and the great folk of the nation began to make a stir about the slaughter of Glencoe, when the surviving sons of Mackian were enabled to claim their own. Ye may believe, sir, that Eachan and Isobel were na long o' being married: and the man who now tells you the tale is grandson to that very Eachan Ruah."

"Indeed! my friend," said I, with some surprise; "I did expect to hear that you were in some way connected with this Red Hunter; but, old as you are, I certainly did not give you credit for being the grandson of a man who figured and married so long ago."—"Ay, sir, that may be, for I'm gay and stout, sure enough; but whatever ye may think, it's the truth. I was a weel-grown rattling chield at Culloden; and if I be spared to Lammas, I'll be just four-score and five years of age. It's a long-lived race we're of, your honour, and the glen is a braw place for health."

"And pray, my good friend, how do you live—what are your means?" demanded I, still more interested by the veteran's account of himself. "Oh, it's little that keeps the like o' me, sir," replied he. "The family are kind to me, as they have been to all my forebears. —I have the little bothy up by, from them, wi' leave for a few goats and some sheep; and the colonel, God bless him, gives me a pension; and the gentle folks that pass through the glen give me something for my guidance and my clavers, whiles; and the neighbours are all very kind too—so when it pleases the Lord to call old Allister from this weary world, there'll no be wanting something to bury him decently, and to gie a dram to the caillachs that cry his coronach."

Delighted with the old Highlander's simplicity and patriotic independence,—for, poor as he was, a slighting look, or an expression against his country or clan, he would not have endured from King George himself,—and gratified, perhaps, with his flattering attention to myself—or rather to my name and family, I would willingly have made substantial acknowledgments of the same. But not one penny would the old man accept in the shape of coin. "No, no," said he, "proud woud old Allister be, sir, to follow your father's son from the Mull o' Cantyre to Loch Eribol itsel,—forby showing him the bonniest glen in a' the Hielands. If young —— wad gi' him but a pinch o' snuff out o' his own mull, he wad think more of it than a' the siller."—"That will I, my good friend," said I, presenting him with a handsome Laurencekirk box, which I had lately bought and filled with right Lundyfoot; "and you shall keep the box and all for my sake." "Ochone!" said he, "it's too much trouble; may the Lord protect you and bless you, sir, when old Allister is put under his own gray-stone." "Amen!" responded I, "but I hope to see you at the bit bothy yet, once and again, before that." The old man turned to me with a softened eye:—"No, no," said he, shaking his head gravely,—"that's no to be thought of—but the Lord's will be done!" Alas! it was the truth. Many a year had passed, and through many a land had I wandered, before I again visited Glencoe. The scenes were the same, "unchangeable, unchanged," and my heart beat as recollections of the past rushed thick upon it—but a green turfy mound occupied the place of the bothy in the glen, and its former tenant, my honest old guide, had long been gathered to his fathers.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Katrine, in one of those small sheepfold-like burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave ROB ROY!
Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chant a passing stave
In honour of that hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall,
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must sway
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow:
The eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—*would*, at least have been
But through untowardness of fate:
For polity was then too strong;
He came an age too late,

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold man living *now*,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds, and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind!

And to his sword he would have said,
"Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part;
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present boast;
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild chieftain of a savage clan!
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch-Veol's heights,
And by Loch-Lomond's braes.

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of ROB ROY'S name.

WORDSWORTH.

THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF ACADEMIES.[1]

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre-eminent degree; they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for; but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty; and, if we are judged favourably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are, no doubt, these;—energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times; everybody will feel that. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times; at any rate, they strikingly characterize them as compared with us; I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that. I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set-off against this; all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree.

Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics,—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry;—and we have Shakspeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in science;—and we have Newton. Shakspeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine,—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy, will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important; and the poetry

[1] From *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. Mr. Arnold is one of the most influential of modern essayists, as well as a poet of high calibre (see vol. ii. of the *Casquet*, page 164). His principle, as he states in the preface to these essays, is "to try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward on any one side, with violence and self-will,—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline."

of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

How much greater is our nation in poetry than prose! how much better, in general, do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman,—of some vigour of mind, but by no means a poet,—seem in his verse than in his prose! No doubt his verse suffers from the same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with real success in it; but how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp, it is just the reverse: set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent; set him to write prose, he is free, natural, and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets. Nay, many of the celebrated French poets depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of intelligence which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of prose; many of the celebrated English prose-writers depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of genius and imagination which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of poetry. But, as I have said, the qualities of genius are less transferable than the qualities of intelligence; less can be immediately learned and appropriated from their product; they are less direct and stringent intellectual agencies, though they may be more beautiful and divine. Shakspeare and our great Elizabethan group were certainly more gifted writers than Corneille and his group: but what was the sequel to this great literature, this literature of genius, as we may call it, stretching from Marlow to Milton? What did it lead up to in English literature? To our provincial and second-rate literature of the eighteenth century. What, on the other hand, was the sequel to the literature of the French "great century," to this literature of intelligence, as, by comparison with our Elizabethan literature, we may call it; what did it lead up to? To the French literature of the eighteenth century, one of the most powerful and pervasive intellectual agencies that have ever existed, the greatest European force of the eighteenth century. In science, again, we had Newton, a genius of the very highest order, a type of genius in science, if ever there was one. On the Continent, as a sort of counterpart to Newton, there was Leibnitz; a man, it seems to me (though on these matters I speak under correction), of much less creative energy of genius, much less power of divination than Newton, but rather a man of admirable intelligence, a type of intelligence, in science, if ever there was one. Well, and what did they each directly lead up to in science? What was the intellectual generation that sprang from each of them? I only repeat what the men of science have themselves pointed out. The man of genius was continued by the English analysts of the eighteenth century, comparatively powerless and obscure followers of the renowned master; the man of intelligence was continued by successors like Bernouilli, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, the greatest names in modern mathematics.

What I want the reader to see is, that the question as to the utility of academies to the intellectual life of a nation is not settled when we say, for instance: "Oh, we have never had an academy, and yet we have, confessedly, a very great literature." It still remains to be asked: "What sort of a great literature? a literature great in the special qualities of genius, or great in the special qualities of intelligence?" If in the former, it is by no means sure that either our literature, or the general intellectual life of our nation, has got already, without academies, all that academies can give. Both

the one and the other may very well be somewhat wanting in those qualities of intelligence, out of a lively sense for which a body like the French Academy, as I have said, springs, and which such a body does a great deal to spread and confirm. Our literature, in spite of the genius manifested in it, may fall short in form, method, precision, proportions, arrangement,—all of them, I have said, things where intelligence proper comes in. It may be comparatively weak in prose, that branch of literature where intelligence proper is, so to speak, all in all. In this branch it may show many grave faults to which the want of a quick, flexible intelligence, and of the strict standard which such an intelligence tends to impose, makes it liable; it may be full of hap-hazard, crudeness, provincialism, eccentricity, violence, blundering. It may be a less stringent and effective intellectual agency, both upon our own nation and upon the world at large, than other literatures which show less genius, perhaps, but more intelligence.

The right conclusion certainly is that we should try, so far as we can, to make up our shortcomings; and that to this end, instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature, and our intellectual life generally, are strong, we should, from time to time, fix them upon those in which they are weak, and so learn to perceive clearly what we have to amend. What is our second great spiritual characteristic,—our honesty,—good for, if it is not good for this? But it will,—I am sure it will,—more and more, as time goes on, be found good for this.

Well, then, an institution like the French Academy,—an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking, and, in its turn, promoting this bent,—sets standards in a number of directions, and creates, in all these directions, a force of educated opinion, checking and rebuking those who fall below these standards, or who set them at nought. Educated opinion exists here as in France; but in France the Academy serves as a sort of centre and rallying-point to it, and gives it a force which it has not got here. Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France? I do not wish to hurt any one's feelings; but surely this is so. Think of the difference between our books of reference and those of the French, between our biographical dictionaries (to take a striking instance) and theirs; think of the difference between the translations of the classics turned out for Mr. Bohn's library and those turned out for M. Nisard's collection! As a general rule, hardly any one amongst us, who knows French and German well, would use an English book of reference when he could get a French or German one; or would look at an English prose translation of an ancient author when he could get a French or German one. It is not that there do not exist in England, as in France, a number of people perfectly well able to discern what is good, in these things, from what is bad, and preferring what is good; but they are isolated, they form no powerful body of opinion, they are not strong enough to set a standard, up to which even the journeyman-work of literature must be brought, if it is to be vendible. Ignorance and charlatanism in work of this kind are always trying to pass off their wares as excellent, and to cry down criticism as the voice of an insignificant, over-fastidious minority; they easily persuade the multitude that this is so when the minority is scattered about as it is here; not so easily when it is banded together as in the French Academy. So, again, with freaks in dealing with language; certainly all such freaks tend to impair the power and beauty of language; and how far more common they are with us than with the French! To take a very familiar instance. Every one has noticed the way in which the *Times* chooses to spell the word "diocese;" it always spells it diocess,[1] deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*. The *Journal des Débats* might just as well write "diocess" instead of "diocèse," but imagine the *Journal des Débats* doing so! Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort, in face of the grave respect with which the Academy and its dictionary invest the French language! Some people will say these are little things: they are not; they are of bad example. They tend to spread the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high, correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in habits of wilfulness and eccentricity, which hurt our minds, and damage our credit with serious people. . . .

In a production which we have all been reading lately, a production stamped throughout with a literary quality very rare in this country—*urbanity;* in this production, the work of a man never to be named by any son of

[1] The *Times* has now (1868) abandoned this spelling and adopted the ordinary one.

Oxford without sympathy, a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment, which this exquisite place itself conveys,—I mean Dr. Newman,—an expression is frequently used which is more common in theological than in literary language, but which seems to me fitted to be of general service; the *note* of so and so, the note of catholicity, the note of antiquity, the note of sanctity, and so on. Adopting this expressive word, I say that in the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, like M. Sainte-Beuve's "sovereign organ of opinion," like M. Renan's "recognized authority in matters of tone and taste,"—there is observable a *note of provinciality*. Now to get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture; a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable; for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin. Work done after men have reached this platform is *classical;* and that is the only work which, in the long run, can stand. All the *scoriæ* in the work of men of great genius who have not lived on this platform, are due to their not having lived on it. Genius raises them to it by moments, and the portions of their work which are immortal are done at these moments; but more of it would have been immortal if they had not reached this platform at moments only, if they had had the culture which makes men live there.

The less a literature has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste, the more we shall find in it this note of provinciality. I have shown the note of provinciality as caused by remoteness from a centre of correct information. Of course, the note of provinciality from the want of a centre of correct taste is still more visible, and it is also still more common. For here great—even the greatest—powers of mind most fail a man. Great powers of mind will make him inform himself thoroughly, great powers of mind will make him think profoundly, even with ignorance and platitude all round him; but not even great powers of mind will keep his taste and style perfectly sound and sure, if he is left too much to himself, with no "sovereign organ of opinion," in these matters, near him. . . .

The reader will ask for some practical conclusion about the establishment of an Academy in this country, and perhaps I shall hardly give him the one he expects. But nations have their own modes of acting, and these modes are not easily changed; they are even consecrated, when great things have been done in them. When a literature has produced Shakspeare and Milton, when it has even produced Barrow and Burke, it cannot well abandon its traditions; it can hardly begin, at this late time of day, with an institution like the French Academy. I think academies with a limited, special, scientific scope, in the various lines of intellectual work,—academies like that of Berlin, for instance,—we with time may, and probably shall, establish. And no doubt they will do good; no doubt the presence of such influential centres of correct information will tend to raise the standard amongst us for what I have called the *journeyman-work* of literature, and to free us from the scandal of such biographical dictionaries as Chalmers', or such translations as a recent one of Spinoza, or perhaps such philological freaks as Mr. Forster's about the one primeval language. But an academy quite like the French Academy, a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste, we shall hardly have, and perhaps we ought not to wish to have it. But then every one amongst us with any turn for literature will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable; and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect of these, steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit; and he will do this the better the more he keeps in mind that all mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature, is both vulgar, and, besides being vulgar, retarding.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LOVE'S CONTENT.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SHAKSPEARE.

SONNETS.

I.

TRUTH.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

SHAKSPEARE.

II.

TO THE THRUSH.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings, sighed forth, I love, I love!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

III.

HOPE.

Whose was that gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice of Hope.
Of love and social scenes it seemed to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That hand in hand along life's downward slope
Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil hours:
Ah me! the prospect saddened'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapp'd the pleasurable bowers
She built, whilst pointing to yon breathless clay,
She cried, "No peace be thine; away, away!"

BOWLES.

IV.

LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken:
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

V.

PROVIDENCE.

Just as a mother with sweet pious face
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still,—
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And ev'n if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or, in denying, grants.

LEIGH HUNT.

VI.

ON THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

Yes, 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow;
Yon sprightly lark on mountain wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress.
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gav'st the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

H. K. WHITE.

A MYSTERIOUS HOUSEHOLD.[1]

Solomon Savage started in the early stage for the city. His nephew and heir had caused him a deal of anxiety lately. He had purchased his place in the country to suit Fred's romantic taste. He had given up his comfortable quarters up-town, his early newspaper, his social chat at the club, his peep at the new pictures, his opening nights at the comedies; had been content to settle down for the rest of his days among these lakes and mountains, just to please Fred. Because, besides being his nephew and heir, Fred was the only child of his dead sister, and his uncle's idol.

And now Fred wouldn't be content in the country for a week at a time; he was always coining excuses to go to the city, and the house was like a tomb without him. He was dreamy and abstracted. Something was the matter with the lad, and this something was connected with these altogether uncalled-for raids upon the city.

Mr. Savage wrote to his lawyer to find out the mystery, and got this reply:—

"Dear Sir,—Your nephew spends the most of his time at No. 219 Blank Street. Can't tell much about the house or its inmates. Should suppose they were a queer set.—Yours respectfully, JOSEPH FERRET.

"Solomon Savage, Esq."

"'Queer!' What could the man mean by 'queer?'" Mr. Savage, becoming thoroughly alarmed, determined upon solving the mystery himself. All the way down in the stage, and jolting along in the cars, Mr. Savage repeated to himself the word "queer."

At about the hour of two P.M. an old gentleman might have been seen walking down Blank Street. He wore a shining suit of broadcloth, a broad-brimmed white hat, linen of the finest material, elaborately ruffled, unexceptionable boots and gloves, tortoise-shell eye-glasses, and carried a gold-headed cane. His face wore an expression of mild benignity. Good-nature beamed from his blue eyes, good health from his smooth, florid skin; good family from the arch in his nose and his foot; and good spirits from the merry crow's-feet about every comfortable wrinkle. Altogether he was about as winning-looking an old gentleman as one would care to see. He walked slowly, scrutinizing as he went the street and the passers-by.

At last he came to 219—one of those old mansions on the east side of town that wear so ponderous, so substantial, so spacious a look, and yet from which all glory has departed. Two hundred and nineteen had the appearance of possessing at one time a romantic history, but that time had long gone by. Now it might be an infirmary, a boarding-house, or a private asylum.

Still the street was broad, houses and shops seemed commonplace enough, nothing "queer" that he could see.

The old gentleman walked slowly up the steps; his colour rose a little, but his face wore a look of determination, such as a soldier wears entering action. He took from his pocket a heavy silver card-case, and pulled gently the bell-handle. No answer.

Five minutes passed, and he pulled again—this time a little less gently. Then he waited. Five minutes more passed, and the shaggy white eyebrows of the old gentleman drew close together; his florid face reddened impatiently; he pulled the bell roughly; a loud peal resounded sepulchrally through the lower regions of the house. Presently a shuffling step approached the door, a heavy bolt shot back, there was heard the clanking of a chain. The door opened an inch and a half; a broad, flat nose, the tip of a frowzy head, appeared; a capacious mouth opened.

"What is it ye want?" it said.

The old gentleman looked disapprovingly at this apparition, and extended a card from the silver card-case.

The card was sniffed at curiously.

"What is it ye want?" was repeated.

"Give that card to your master, and tell——"

"I wouldn't for a hundred pound go near the masther; it'd be as much as my life was worth."

"Give that card to your mistress, and tell——"

"Bother the card! Tell me your business, and I'll see to it."

"My dear woman," said the old gentleman, benignly, "my business is not with the servants of the household." At the same time Mr. Savage extended a gold piece, as a sop to this obdurate Cerberus.

"Then git along to the divil wid your cards and your money, an' don't be takin' up people's time wid yer chat!"

The door closed heavily within an inch of the old gentleman's nose. He remained, thunder-struck, upon the sill. He looked about him appealingly; then he slowly descended the steps. His face lost its look of mild benignity, a gleam of anger darted from

[1] From *Harper's Magazine* (New York).

his blue eyes, the crow's-feet took a fierce expression. Loudly resounded his gold-headed cane upon the pavement. Plainly the old gentleman felt himself insulted.

It was hard. His appearance was certainly calculated to win respect; but the noble blood of the O'Haras was at that time hot with rage. She had been cheated six ounces in the meat. If St. Patrick himself had appeared at the door he would have met with a grim reception from Bridget.

"Be careful of the door," she said, five minutes after, to her Chinese assistant, "an' don't for your life let a soul near the house. I'm goin' to that baste of a butcher's, an' I'll be back in a jiffy."

Chang looked up mildly from his work. He was mopping the kitchen—mopping it in a way that delighted the breast of Bridget O'Hara.

"Go on wid yer work, man," she said, "and don't stir from the kitchen whilst I'm gone."

Chang smiled vacantly.

"The divil take the haythen, he don't hear a word I say," said Bridget; "but he's safe to lave here for a minit or two. There never was such savin' in soap and slop before in the house. What a jewel he is, to be sure, at three-and-sixpence a day. Be gorra, if he was a Christian I couldn't be fond of him. Other folks can have their pets—I'm sure if there's a divil born it's Toffy—and why shouldn't I have mine? Go on, me boy," she said, absolutely patting his pigtail; "you're doin' finely, me man!" And off went Bridget to the butcher's.

Now as she crossed the corner, an old gentleman saw her from the opposite side of the way. He started. That bullet-head, that broad, flat nose, and capacious mouth, were familiar to him. Was it possible the abusive Cerberus had left her post? Swiftly he retraced his steps; quickly he reached 219. Again he ascended the steps, rang the bell, and waited. Rang again, and waited—and again. Fiercely, loudly, desperately he tugged at the bell. No answer.

What kind of people lived here? Was it a deaf and dumb asylum?

With one last, despairing pull he descended the steps. Defeat was in his downcast look, despair was in his slow footfall. This house was absolutely, then, denied him. There was no getting in for love nor money. But as he passed the basement window, dejectedly, he saw a face that attracted his attention. It was yellow and melancholy and mild-eyed. The cheek-bones were high, the eyes were long and narrow. The fingers that rested upon the window-sill had nails of a prodigious length, but scrupulously clean. There was neatness about the creature, and humility. His pigtail was nicely braided, and put up out of the dust in a round ball on the top of his head.

Mr. Savage went down the area steps, and looked in the window, smiling benignantly. Chang also smiled. Mr. Savage smiled still more benignantly, and pointed to the area door.

Chang smiled, but seemed not to understand this pantomime. Mr. Savage walked to the door, and knocked gently, looking at the window appealingly. He waited there a while, and knocked again. The door remaining closed, he returned to the window. Chang was there, still smiling blandly, but vacantly. Mr. Savage said one word in a low tone. He was seldom, if ever, profane—he considered it a vulgarity—but the word certainly sounded like profanity.

"Can't get in," he said, "for love nor money."

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not shown his bit of gold to Chang. It was the colour of his skin—even of the balls of his eyes; it might please him somehow. He took it from his pocket, and held it out to Chang invitingly. Chang looked at it curiously, as if he never before had seen anything like it. Then he extended his long-nailed fingers toward it. Finding the pane of glass between them, he drew back reluctantly. Mr. Savage pointed to the door, coaxingly, as he would to a child. Chang looked in the direction of the door, and smiled innocently. Mr. Savage went to the door, and knocked very gently. Chang followed softly, mechanically unloosed the chain, and, as Mr. Savage passed into the hall, he looked after him abstractedly, holding the bit of gold in his long slim hand. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. Savage, "it's almost a shame to take advantage of such simplicity."

As Mr. Savage went softly up the kitchen stairs, Chang put his plaything under his pigtail, relocked the door, and commenced polishing the tins.

When Bridget returned they shone marvellously, so that she could see herself in every inch of the dish-pan.

"Och, ye jewel," she said, again patting his pigtail. "How chape ye are at three-and-sixpence a day."

Chang turned a yellow-white when she touched his pigtail. The Chinese have a reverence for this portion of their toilet that perhaps Christians do not understand.

In the meantime Mr. Savage had reached the wide corridor that extended the whole length of the house. A circular staircase was before

him, at the top of which beamed a strong light. Upon one of the uppermost balusters, in the full radiance of this light, there was a black object. It was not a cat nor a dog. What was it? A chicken? a jet-black chicken? No; for two fierce black eyes shone furiously down upon him with more intelligence and malignity than ever gleamed in the eyes of a chicken. The house was frightfully still. On either side of the corridor heavy oaken doors remained hopelessly closed. Mr. Savage paused and looked up again, fascinated by those fierce black eyes.

Suddenly he heard a groan. It came from the room on the left. Then a low, sobbing sound, and a heavy fall. The old gentleman stepped hastily forward, the blood freezing in his veins.

"Murdered! Dead!" cried a woman's voice. "And I alive!"

Mr. Savage paused at the heavy oaken door—paused, and collected his wits.

"Oh, misery!" repeated the agonized voice of a woman. "Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

Mr. Savage remembered that he was alone and unarmed, and prudently stepped into a neighbouring closet. Almost closing the door, he remained perfectly still. Evidently there was foul play in this house, and he could do nothing, situated as he was, but listen and wait. Besides, the crime was committed. There could be no help rendered now.

The sobbing continued, and at intervals he heard the heart-rending complaint of the woman: "Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

It might have been a quarter of an hour that this continued; and whenever Mr. Savage looked up he found the eyes peering curiously and savagely down. Then the door on the right opened, and he heard the silken rustle of a woman's drapery. There passed close by him—so close that he inhaled a delicate, sweet perfume—a woman of thirty or thereabout: a blonde, with pale yellow hair drawn back from her forehead, eyes of a deep lustrous violet, a small sensitive mouth, and beautiful chin. Her hands were white and slim, the nails rosy and marvellously shaped. Mr. Savage noticed the hands particularly, for she clasped and unclasped them with a movement of sorrow or agony.

She stopped at the door on the left and tapped softly.

"Estelle," she said; "let me in for a moment."

A light footstep approached the door—it opened, and the woman entered, leaving it ajar.

"Estelle," she said, in a tone of grief and excitement, "I have killed him! Estelle, the deed is done; but oh! oh! how sorry I am. It seems to me that I shall never get over the sacrilege of it. Oh, it was fearful! It was too, too pitiful!"

"Dear aunt," replied a girlish voice—"dear Polly, don't think of it in such a light! It had to be, you know—we needed the money so much!"

"But you don't know, Estelle—you can't tell how wretchedly I feel about it. I was so fond of him—I had just began to be so interested in him."

"And I too, Polly. I did admire him so much!"

"And I could have managed it, Estelle. If I had only had time I could have let him live. But I was compelled to do it immediately, and now he is dead! Let me go back, Estelle; I must be alone—I am heart-broken!"

"Dear aunt—dear Polly, I am so sorry for you!"

The drapery rustled by the closet again, the sweet perfume fell under his nostrils, the door on the right closed, and Mr. Savage remained terror-stricken, bewildered. Before he could even collect his faculties the voice of the girl in the room on the left was heard again.

"Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"

Mr. Savage felt cold to the marrow of his bones. What crime had been committed by these two delicate women?—these creatures, whose nearness was to him a charm in spite of himself. Whom had this pale, passionate blonde killed, and whom did this girlish Estelle lament so pitiably? A question shaped itself in his mind, but faltered on his lips. The one word, "Fred," escaped them. Then he sank back, livid and trembling, in his closet. Fred was young and lovable and interesting. Fred had money, a watch, diamond pin, and studs. Great Heaven! could such a thing be possible! Ferret, the lawyer, had said this was the only house Fred frequented, and the inmates were a queer set. Ah, the word queer was too mild!

As Mr. Savage leaned back in his closet, plunged in this painful reverie, a door opened on the upper floor; he raised his eyes, and there, by the side of the malignant creature with the black eyes, stood a man! A loose dressing-gown hung about him in awkward folds, a scarlet cap rested on the back of his head, from under which a mop of reddish hair fell almost to his shoulders. His face was flaming red, even to the tip of his nose, and across his cheek was a deeper stain—a smear that was crimson, yes, blood-red!

"Polly," shouted this new apparition, "Polly, Polly, pretty Poll!"

"Caw!" cried the discordant voice of the bird by his side.

"Shut up, Mephistopheles!" said the man. "Polly, Polly!"

"Caw, caw!" cried the bird.

"If you don't shut up, Toffy, I'll wring your neck. Polly. Come, Polly, come; why drive me to necessity? Come, I tell you. Poll-e-e-e! Now, Polly," he continued to shout, "if you won't come out I'll commence to count. Polly, will you?—one. Polly, will you?—two. Polly, will you?—*three!*"

Crash, bang, came an immense billet of wood bumping down the stairs!

The door on the right opened, the blonde appeared on the threshold. No longer pale—two angry spots burned on either cheek.

"Idiot!" she said, in a voice of suppressed rage. "Wretch of infamy, what do you want?"

"Loveliest and best," he cried, leaning over the balusters. "I want a leg. You'll find one in your room there. Polly, beloved, don't bring me the leg of a boy this time—one of a man, sweetest, muscular, and well-formed!"

"It's just like your carelessness, leaving them lying about in that way. They're all rotting away, and the rats have been nibbling them!"

"Never mind, charmer; there's plenty more where they came from!"

"Shiftless imbecile! Heaven knows what will be the result of your criminal carelessness. If I coined my very heart's blood into money it would all go the same way."

Polly disappeared for a moment, and soon went up the stairs with a burden that struck a chill to the bones of Mr. Savage. What, then, was this sanguinary monster? A devourer of human legs! Gracious heavens! perhaps this new dainty was the leg of his beloved Fred. And these two women pitied and deplored, hated and abhorred, this horrible infirmity, but hid it unscrupulously. A cold sweat burst from the pores of the horrified Mr. Savage. He felt like Fatima in the fatal closet of Blue Beard. Dearly had he paid for his curiosity. Almost a groan burst from his lips. This, then, was the burden that had rested on Fred's mind. Lured to this fearful den, fascinated and enthralled by these women, he had fallen a prey to their infamous wiles, and now perhaps he was foully murdered, his poor bones nibbled by noxious reptiles. Mr. Savage clinched his teeth to keep silence. He resolved upon an immediate retreat, but determined to return with a corps of police. These crimes should be known and avenged. But upon stepping forward he found, almost under his feet, Mephistopheles, the crow!

"Caw!" cried the creature, and Mr. Savage started with dismay. "Caw, caw, caw!"

Mr. Savage endeavoured to thrust the bird aside, but it ruffled its feathers, hopped up and down, and screeched defiantly.

"The divil seize the black baste," said Bridget, from the kitchen. "What's the matther with him now?"

"Caw, caw, caw!" screamed the bird, louder than ever.

"Toffy, silence there!" shouted the monster from the upper floor.

"Caw, caw!" shrieked Mephistopheles, dashing himself against the closet-door.

Polly appeared from her room, pale again and composed.

"What is it, Mephistopheles?" she said, majestically.

"Poor Toffy," said the musical voice of Estelle; "what's the matter with poor Toffy?"

"Caw, caw!" screamed the crow, becoming more and more furious and excited.

"I'll tell you what," said the monster from above, "there's somebody in that closet."

Such a sudden scuttling of petticoats then took place as was wonderful to see. Polly retreated to her doorway, Estelle fairly barred herself in, and Bridget remained on the kitchen stairway.

"If it ain't a ghost I'll tackle it," said Bridget. "But I've known for this many a day that Toffy was a divil; and, be gorra, it might be the ould gintleman himself come afther him."

"If you're not cowardly as well as lazy," said Polly to the monster, "you'll come down and see."

Then a heavy, lounging step was heard on the stairs, and down came the sanguinary villain.

Mr. Savage knew then that his time was come. In a moment a sad retrospection occupied his mind, as it will that of a drowning man. He even thought of his legs, and for the first time in his life regretted that they were more than ordinarily well shaped and muscular for one of his years. Having breathed one short prayer, Mr. Savage opened the door, and confronted his adversaries.

"Murderers," he said, "do your worst! Add my poor body to the rest of your victims. My nephew has already fallen a prey to your infamy. I am but an old man, and do not dread to follow him."

Mr. Savage folded his arms, and looked about

him with grim defiance. Surprise and consternation fell upon the group of listeners. The sanguinary monster cast a look upon Polly significant and suggestive. He whispered something behind his hand.

"Poor old man," said Polly; "he's so handsome and so becomingly dressed. I'm so sorry for him, Tom."

"Ah, madam," said Mr. Savage, "since you have commenced to pity me, I know what I may expect. Even thus you deplored the fate of your last victim. He was young and lovable, but you killed him, nevertheless."

"What'll we do with him?" said Tom.

"How did the craythur get in?" said Bridget. "He was at the door this morning, but I put him away wid a flea in his ear."

"Shall I let him go, Poll?" said Tom.

"Ah no; let's keep him for a while, and see what we can do with him," said Polly; and accordingly Tom sprang suddenly forward, and, opening the door of a little room, thrust Mr. Savage in, and locked the door upon the outside. Five minutes after the house was as still as ever. Mr. Savage gave himself up for lost. This, then, was one of those dens of crime and horror at which the world grew pale. He did not dare look at the walls of his prison, fearing they would narrow about him. He feared to take a step forward, feeling certain that the carpet concealed a trap-door. How would they kill him? he wondered. One thing was certain—they'd manage it skilfully to save his legs.

Gracious powers! was he, then, to die?

The old gentleman raised the hat from his head and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. His knees trembled beneath him. And yet he was not a coward. If it had been the will of Heaven that he should die an open, commonplace death, he could have met it like a man—as one who has no crime upon his conscience. But to be caught in this horrible trap and butchered! The thought was terrible! Every moment the love of life grew stronger within him. He looked about him despairingly. Then he listened attentively. He thought he heard a peculiar step. It was low and shuffling; not only these, but soft and dragging; it was the step of Chang. The features of Mr. Savage immediately lost their terrified expression, a gleam of hope shone in his face. He took from his pocket a piece of gold and thrust it beneath the door, just far enough to be perceptible without being available.

But the step of Chang went on. The heart of Mr. Savage sank within him. His gold was exhausted, and he feared a greenback wouldn't seem like a toy in the eyes of the Chinese. Nevertheless, he placed a five-dollar greenback by the side of the gold piece.

Chang opened the front-door and commenced polishing the knobs. Once in a while he looked at the pretty gold piece and the funny paper with pictures on it under the door by his side. Then he gazed abstractedly about him with his mild melancholy eyes. The spacious corridor was dark and still. Chang walked slowly to the room that contained Mr. Savage. Innocently he turned the key in the lock. Out darted poor Mr. Savage—out the door and down the street. Chang picked up the play-things from under his feet, and shut the door of the room. He seemed to like the paper with funny pictures on it almost as well as he did the gold piece. He put them both under his pigtail, and went on polishing the knobs. How they did shine when Bridget came up the stairs!

"Och, ye darlint! More power to your elbow!" she said, and again patted his pigtail approvingly. And again did the poor savage shrink from this familiarity.

Out darted poor Mr. Savage, breathlessly, wildly. His gray hairs streamed behind him. His eyes wore a strained, eager expression. People gazed upon him wonderingly. At last he reached Fred's lodgings. Stumbling up the stairs, when he reached the landing he saw a light in the front room. His heart commenced to beat wildly. Who lighted the gas? Surely not his boy, his beloved lad! If he was yet alive—if they had both escaped! He staggered forward, opened the door, and saw Fred sitting in his arm-chair, his feet on the window-sill, smoking his meerschaum. The poor old gentleman fell upon his nephew's neck and sobbed outright.

"My boy! my dear lad!" he cried. "Alive and well!"

Fred's meerschaum fell to the ground, and broke in pieces on the floor. He got upon his feet, still with his uncle's arms about him.

"Why, uncle," he said—"Uncle Sol, what can be the matter?"

"Oh, Fred, my boy," gasped the old gentleman. "Such an escape! Thank God, we are both alive and well. Such an escape!"

"A railroad accident?" said Fred, forcing his uncle into the arm-chair, and taking his hat and gloves.

"Worse than that, Fred; far worse."

"A garrotter?" Fred asked, taking off his uncle's boots, and loosening his neck-tie.

"Worse, oh, much worse," gasped the old gentleman.

"But what brought you to town?" said Fred, mixing for his uncle a glass of brandy-and-water.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Savage; "it's a long story, Fred. But you shall hear it all, my boy. If you had only been as candid with me as I shall be with you, I should not have seen this terrible day. But I won't complain; since you are saved, I won't complain."

Mr. Savage paused and looked at his nephew. Certainly Fred was exceedingly handsome. As he stood there, flushed and expectant, he looked like a young Apollo. Mr. Savage looked upon him, and took a long breath of relief. How did he ever escape with such legs? he thought. There was altogether an appetizing look about his nephew that would have tempted a cannibal.

"What do you think of a monster that devours human legs?" said Mr. Savage.

Fred started, and looked at his uncle in amazement.

"And a pale, yellow-haired woman that murders people, and gets broken-hearted with remorse?"

Fred grew pale, and still stared at his uncle.

"And a girl with a voice like an angel, that shrieks about somebody being murdered, and leaving her alive—and a devil inside of a bird for a watch-dog—and a room with a trap-door?"

"He's gone mad!" exclaimed Fred, in alarm.

"No," said Mr. Savage, "I am not mad, although I've had enough to make me so. Do you doubt the existence of all these things? Go to 219 Blank Street, and you'll find them?"

When his uncle mentioned this number and this street, Fred's face shone with a sudden light; a colour flamed into his cheek. "Two hundred and nineteen!" he repeated softly.

"Yes, 219," replied his uncle. "I've been there to-day."

"You?" cried Fred. "And why did you go there? and how did you get in?"

Now these were embarrassing questions. Mr. Savage was compelled then to own that he had played the spy. It had a nasty sound about it that jarred upon the old gentleman grievously. But did not the end in this case justify the means?

At all events, the story must be told. And told it was, thoroughly and graphically. Mr. Savage, having drunk his brandy-and-water, resting in comfortable security in his arm-chair, with Fred for an auditor, entered into the spirit of the narrative. He described the frowzy Cerberus, the innocent and child-like Chang, the pale, lustrous-eyed Polly, the musical-voiced Estelle, the diabolical Mephistopheles, and the sanguinary Tom.

The old gentleman was so taken up with his story that he failed to notice its effect upon Fred. At first his nephew was inclined to laugh, then to be grave, and at last an expression of vexed perplexity rested upon his face.

His uncle waxed impatient with his continued silence.

"Do you mean to say, sir," he cried, "that you are indifferent to the horrors I have described? Can you listen unmoved to scenes like these going on in the heart of a Christian community? What do you mean, Fred, by staring in that stupid way! Haven't you been listening to me?"

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Fred, collecting his faculties. "I—I am so horrified that I don't know what to say or do. I—I'd like to think it over, sir. Would you mind, Uncle Sol, if I went out for a little walk?"

"Now, Fred, my boy," said his uncle, quite satisfied with his nephew's emotion, "don't let the matter excite you too much. By the help of Providence and the guileless simplicity of that Chinese, I have escaped, probably, a fearful death. Heaven knows what crimes have been committed in that house, or how deep the cellars may be with human gore and the bones of their victims. But to-morrow the whole matter shall be thoroughly investigated. To-night I must strive to restore repose to my shattered nerves. Of course, my boy, go out for a walk; the air will do you good. But return early and get to bed, so that we shall be prepared for the morning. As for me, I shall get to bed immediately."

Mr. Savage went to bed, and, what with excitement, fatigue, and brandy-and-water, soon snored lustily. Fred made an elaborate toilet, and then went out. He walked rapidly across town, and reaching Blank Street, stopped at 219.

One would scarcely have known the house for the gloomy and repelling mansion of the morning. Lights gleamed from the windows; sounds of revelry and mirth were heard from the first story; the great hall-door was opened wide, leaving the pretty little vestibule, with its lace and curtains, the inviting portal.

Fred ran lightly up the steps, and through the vestibule, pausing for a moment at the door of the room on the right. A girlish laugh fell upon his ear, and in a moment a flush of emotion sprang into his face. Then

he entered. The scene before him was alluring.

A lofty room, brilliantly lighted, warmly carpetted, tastefully furnished. In its centre a dining-table, upon which, the heavier articles being removed, there rested a dainty repast of fruits and pastries. At one corner gleamed a decanter of wine and some half-filled glasses. At this table sat two charming women and a man. One of the women—a blonde, with lustrous eyes of a deep violet, pale, high brow, and hair of a faint golden colour—went over to Fred, and put out to him a charming hand. The man, of perhaps thirty-five, in a negligent toilet of drab pants and vest, brown velvet coat, and flowing neckerchief, raised high his glass of wine.

"A la bonne heure," he cried. "Dinner is over, but Bridget shall fetch you in a plate."

The other woman, a girl of perhaps twenty, with eyes like stars, a warm olive skin, and hair falling in thick curls upon a beautiful neck, scarcely arose from her chair; but her eyes were full of a tender and questioning interest.

"Come, Fred," said Tom, "have a glass of wine."

"No," said Fred, averting his eyes from the beautiful brunette, while a hot flush leaped into his cheek. "Before I ever touch my lips to a morsel in this house again I must have an explanation. Nobody is fonder of a joke than I am. The untrammelled freedom of our lives here has been very pleasant to me; but there is a limit to everything. The dearest person in the world to me, except one, has been exposed to the most agonizing terror and wanton insult in this house to-day. To amuse an idle moment, you have condescended to torture the kindest, the best creature in the world."

"Hold there!" said Tom. "Those are hard words. What the deuce do you mean? Be kind enough to explain as you go along."

"I have only to say that the old gentleman for whose benefit the comedy was enacted here to-day at two o'clock was my uncle."

Tom looked at Polly, Polly looked at Estelle.

"I can't make him out," said Tom. "What does he mean?"

"Do you deny then," said Fred, "that at two o'clock to-day you put on an old dressing-gown and scarlet cap, smeared a streak of red paint over your face, and, throwing a billet of wood down the stairs, called for the leg of a man, well-formed and muscular?"

Tom reddened a little.

"Of course I don't," he said. "I was in [illegible]ounded hurry finishing a picture, and I wanted a model. The legs were in Polly's room, and when she's writing you might as well try to arouse the dead. As for my toilet, you'll allow me to choose that for myself, I suppose. A man's house is his castle."

"But how about Polly and Estelle?" said Fred, his voice softening. "Why in the world did Polly declare to Estelle that she had murdered a man, and was heart-broken about it?"

"Oh, Fred, you goose!" said Polly. "I was in the very height of my novel, when they declared I must kill my hero to make an effect. Just fancy how wretchedly I felt about it. I only went in where Estelle was studying her part to get a little consolation from her."

Estelle started; a look of half amusement and half vexation stole over her face.

"You don't mean to say, Fred, you heard me practising for the rehearsal to-morrow?"

"I didn't," said Fred; "but my uncle did. He was in the closet yonder."

"The insane gentleman!" burst from the lips of the three. "We thought he was a lunatic, and shut him up in the room until we could make some inquiries about him. Half an hour after he was gone. How the deuce did he get out?"

"Then it was not a joke upon the old gentleman? I thought you couldn't be capable of such cruelty. I beg your pardon, Tom; you know I never intrude upon you in the middle of the day, and I thought you had got the whole thing up as a joke."

"A joke!" repeated Tom. "By Jove! he frightened us as much as we did him. We thought he was a maniac. How the deuce did he get out?"

"How did he get in?" said Polly. "Surely Bridget did not"——

"No, indeed," said Fred; "she even refused a five-dollar gold piece; you must have hired something new in the way of a servant. My uncle described a mild-eyed melancholy creature, with a yellow skin, and long, narrow eyes"——

"Ah!" said Polly.

"'That heathen Chinee,'" sighed Tom.

"My uncle came to my lodgings more dead than alive."

"Poor old boy! How the deuce did you manage it?"

"I didn't manage it at all; I thought first I'd come down here and see you."

"I don't suppose he'll take to us now," said Tom. "I'm afraid it's all up with you and Estelle."

"If I thought that," said Fred, "I'd go out

and shoot myself." Estelle moved a little nearer to him, and put her hand softly upon his, as it lay on the table. Fred grasped it fervently. "You'll be faithful to me," he said; "faithful and fond, even if my uncle does prove a little obdurate?"

"Of course she will," said Polly. "Come, Fred, cheer up. Tom, don't get stupid. Where's the use in having genius if we can't tide over a little scrape of this kind? Come, let's consult together."

"I tell you what," said Tom, casting a look of genuine admiration upon his wife, "if Polly takes the matter in hand it's all right."

And it was all right. Next morning Polly—that is, Mrs. Ingoldsby—was introduced to Mr. Savage, and explained to him all that had appeared to him so diabolical. Her laments were for the hero of her novel, whom she had been obliged to kill by order of her publisher, to create a "sensation." Estelle's fearful exclamation—"Murdered! Dead! And I alive!"—was only the climax of the new play which she had been rehearsing; and the leg which Tom Ingoldsby had so savagely demanded, was nothing more than a model he required for his picture.

Who can describe the emotions of Mr. Savage when he again entered 219? Who can depict the rapture of Fred, the amusement of Tom, the delight of Polly, the joy of Estelle, the rage of Toffy, the amazement of Bridget, and the mild abstraction of Chang?

Estelle did not go upon the stage. She and Fred were married in the fall. Tom liked the lakes and mountains so well that he took the whole family down on a visit to Mr. Savage to get some sketches.

But of all the Bohemian household Mr. Savage's favourite was Polly.

MRS. FRANK M'CARTHY.

APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

JOHN LYLY (1592).

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
—Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved Sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.
The fairy-isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While, as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm, that fell below his knee,
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.
Tarbat, thy shore I climb'd at last;
And, thy shady region pass'd,
Upon another shore I stood,
And look'd upon another flood;
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
Night fell; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew;
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant-feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rush'd in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain:
All into midnight-shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light!
Glad sign, and sure! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be
That leads to friendship and to thee;
Oh blest retreat and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Toll'd duly on the desert air,
And crosses deck'd thy summits blue.

Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the Lady of the Glen!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A BREACH OF DISCIPLINE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

During the long war beween England and France, which terminated in the abdication of Bonaparte and his retreat to Elba, it is well known that at various times most of the Continental powers were compelled by Napoleon and the presence of a French army to enter into an alliance with the emperor, and to assist him in his career of ambition.

In the northern parts of Europe this influence would have been ruinous to British commerce but for the gallant services of our navy and the daring prowess of our seamen; for one look at the map will show the utter impossibility there is for ships to proceed to the ports of the Baltic except through the very heart, as it were, of the kingdom of Denmark. With Russia and Sweden we were at peace, but with Denmark we were at war; and thus the market in Russia must have been closed against British produce (excepting that which was conveyed overland from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and thence by a precarious voyage to the Gulf of Finland), but that the proud flag which Nelson had triumphantly borne before the conquered ships and batteries of Copenhagen still floated in supremacy through every part of the northern seas. Our enemies had the mortification of seeing large fleets, composed of several hundred merchant-ships richly freighted, passing within a short distance of their shores, under the protection of men-of-war, that were constantly employed in convoying them.

These ships, arriving from different parts of England, assembled at the general rendezvous in Wingoe Sound on the coast of Sweden, and when a sufficient number were collected, they were formed into divisions, and made their passage through the Cattegat into the Great Belt, where, during the summer, ships of the line and frigates were stationed, at proper distances, to assist the convoys and to guard them over the Baltic Sea into the Gulf of Finland; and perhaps there never was a more interesting and spirit-stirring spectacle than the passage of the fleet through the Great Belt.

The merchant-ships, several hundred in number, with their white sails expanded and covering a space of six or seven miles, were led by a ship of the line, carrying the commodore's flag, ahead of which none dared advance. On each side of the fleet, at intervals, were frigates, sloops, and gun-brigs, to defend the merchant-vessels and keep them within bounds; and the rear was protected by other frigates and brigs, which were also occasionally employed in taking the dull sailers in tow, and, with every stitch of canvas set, dragging them up into the body of the fleet. Close to the shore the enemy's gun-boats and well-manned armed vessels could be seen rowing along, and ready to take advantage of any shift of wind that might force a straggler within a probable distance of being captured, when they would boldly dart upon their prey, and, in spite of every exertion on the part of the British men-of-war, were not unfrequently successful. If the wind died away and a calm ensued, the gun-boats were particularly active, for their long guns seldom failed of doing considerable execution; and the rapidity with which they shifted their stations, and the smallness of the object they offered for a mark, generally enabled them to escape with impunity from a fire in return. On the land strong detachments of horse-artillery kept parallel with the gun-vessels, ready to repel any attack which might be made by the boats of the men-of-war, supported by the armed brigs of a light draught of water.

It was on a lovely day at the commencement of July, 1811, that an English seventy-four stationed off Reefness observed a convoy approaching, and, having joined it, proceeded in company through the Great Belt to the south end of Langeland, where she left the convoy with a westerly wind, and trimmed her sails to return to her old station. They gradually receded from each other, till the seventy-four appeared the only ship floating on the smooth waters of the Belt.

The weather was extremely beautiful; the cool breeze tempered the atmospheric heat and swelled the sleeping sails; the sun shone in rich splendour; the shore scenery was finely picturesque; and the enemy's armed vessels were slowly returning to their different ports, disappointed in their expectations of a prize.

The tall ship glided swiftly along; and on the starboard side of the quarter-deck the captain and the first lieutenant paced to and fro in earnest conversation; many of the officers were walking on the larboard side, whilst the seamen grouped themselves together on the

forecastle, sporting their sea-wit and cracking their nautical jokes at the expense of the Danish flotilla. Suddenly the lieutenant quitted the side of his chief, and immediately afterwards the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate was heard, followed by his deep, hoarse voice, exclaiming, "Bargemen, away! Pinnacers, away!" In a few minutes the crews of the two boats named were on the quarter-deck, and received orders to hold themselves in readiness for night-duty. The captain of marines was also directed to have a party equipped for the same service, and a few of the best men were selected from the ship's company to complete the expedition.

About midnight, when a little to the southward of the track between Nyborg on the island of Fünen and Corsoer on the island of Zealand, the boats, with the addition of a double-banked cutter, put off from the ship under the command of the second lieutenant, who received orders to lie in the course which a vessel going from one town to the other would probably take, and detain every boat he might fall in with. Should nothing present itself that night his boats were to make for the islet in mid-passage, and, lying concealed throughout the day, again to row guard as soon as darkness returned.

These orders were punctually obeyed; and, nothing appearing to attract their notice, Lieutenant Montagu at the approach of daylight repaired with his small squadron to the islet; the boats were carefully concealed, and the men directed not to appear at all where it was possible they might be seen. The ship had continued her course, and no traces of her were visible; the day passed on; the westerly wind prevailed; and, just before sunset, Montagu, by the aid of his glass, discovered several small vessels preparing to quit Nyborg, and one that was larger and better equipped than the others he knew to be the mail-packet. This pleasing intelligence he communicated to his brother-officers and the seamen and marines, and joyful expectation of a rich prize animated all. It was evident that the Danes were unacquainted with the proximity of the boats: the signal-posts had reported the ship to be at anchor off Ramsoe; and thus they indulged in hopes of sending across to Zealand without any danger of capture.

Darkness came on; the British boats were extended in a line; and, after two hours of anxiety, Lieutenant Montagu, who occupied the central station, had the satisfaction of seeing a dark object approaching through the twilight gloom, and running down full upon him. As it neared his boat he audibly whispered, "'Tis the packet! be ready, men!" and the utmost silence prevailed, broken only by the dashing and hissing of the spray as the Danish vessel cut through the yielding waters.

It was known that the packet (a cutter of about thirty tons burden) never went unarmed, and every heart beat high as she came down booming before the wind. Montagu forbore making the preconcerted signal to the other boats, as he was not without a hope of taking the packet by surprise; he therefore placed the barge right in her track, and was not discovered till close under her bows, when, by a judicious movement, he clapped alongside, and boarded with his men. Resistance would have been equally foolish and unavailing; and thus, without a blow being struck, or scarcely any noise being made, he took possession of his prize. To send every one below whilst he shortened sail and brought the cutter to the wind was but the work of a few minutes; and he was soon made sensible by several musket-shots that his other boats had been equally on the alert, and were bringing the vessels to. In less than an hour nine market-vessels, laden with goods and every delicacy of the season, and the packet, with passengers and baggage, were captured. But there was also, in a national point of view, a more important seizure made; for so sudden and unexpected had been the attack that the captain had not time to sink the mail, and thus very important despatches, together with an immense number of notes on the bank of Denmark, fell into the hands of the English.

Montagu had ordered the marines and three seamen to remain with him on board the cutter, and had sent the barge away to assist his comrades. He then descended to the cabin of the packet, where the passengers in indescribable terror were crowded together, and uttering bitter lamentations. But there was one who attracted his attention more than all the rest, and awakened every generous emotion of his heart. It was a young female of exquisite beauty, apparently about seventeen years of age, but her countenance was that of fixed despair. Her dress was elegant, though somewhat soiled and negligently put on; and at her feet lay a female domestic giving way to convulsive bursts of anguish. Montagu felt all the soft yearnings of tenderness and compassion stealing through his breast; he gazed in admiration and with pity on his captive; their eyes met, and in an instant she flung herself before him, and clung to his knees. At the first moment the sudden sobbings of

unrepressed agony prevented her speaking; but, recovering more of self-possession, in a voice sweetly musical she addressed the astonished lieutenant, in a language half English, half French, and implored him not to detain her as a prisoner, for she was hastening to the court of Denmark, a supplicant for a father's life. Her beseeching look, her earnest entreaty, her flowing tears, and her humble attitude distracted the mind of poor Montagu; and for an instant he cursed the chance which compelled him to be cruel. In vain he pointed out the impossibility of releasing the vessel; in vain he assured his lovely prisoner that she would be safe; and that in all probability the captain, when acquainted with the particulars, would instantly set her at liberty. "One hour's delay," she urged, "might bereave her of a parent, the only one she had known from infancy. The sentence of death was suspended over him for a breach of military etiquette, and none but the king could save his life."

Poor Montagu, who had never shrunk in the hour of peril, now trembled with conflicting emotions; the whole scene was so sudden, the appeal so touching, that he stood undecided how to act. In a few minutes he raised the beauteous mourner; but she clung still closer to him, and in accents of extreme woe bewailed her lot, till nature was subdued and she sank senseless on the deck. That was indeed a terrible moment for Montagu, and he swore that if it cost him his own life, or, what was equally dear, his future prospects of promotion, he would break through his duty and set her on shore that night.

Leaving the wretched girl to the care of her servant and the passengers, he went on deck; but the proud feelings of a victor had vanished. It is true he rallied sufficiently to issue his orders with accuracy and judgment; but the features of that beseeching countenance were stamped upon his heart, and the soul-thrilling accents of her sweet voice still sounded in his ears imploring for a father's life. He knew that a dereliction of duty might bring him to a court-martial; he knew that all attempts at concealment would be vain: nevertheless he was determined; and, directing the captain of the packet to have the lady's luggage in readiness, he ordered the crew of the barge to stow it in their boat. As commanding officer he was not amenable for his conduct to any one present; but in this instance he informed his brave fellows of a few leading incidents connected with his situation, and his intention of landing the lovely girl immediately. Selecting, therefore, a few of his stoutest followers to remain in the cutter, he put the Danish crew and passengers on board the other vessels, and directed the next in command to proceed towards Ramsoe with the prizes under easy sail.

The lady and her servant were placed in the barge, the sails were hoisted, and, as the wind had gradually died away to a gentle air, the brave seamen stretched to their oars, and made their favourite boat fly through the sparkling waters.

But who can describe the enthusiastic gratitude of the pious daughter, as, sitting by the side of Montagu, and closely wrapped from the keen night-air in his boat-cloak, she felt assured by his persuasions that her speed would be accelerated instead of retarded by her capture; that a very short time would land her on the shores of Zealand, which she now saw rising into view; and that, as it was almost calm had she remained in the packet, she could have made but little progress. Delicious to the ear of the lieutenant was the voice of the sweet girl, and he drank deeply of the intoxicating draught of pleasure.

The seamen appeared to be all actuated by one generous sentiment; but, as the barge was now rapidly approaching the shore, great caution was necessary not to excite alarm. The frowning batteries of Corsoer were rising in the gloom when the coxswain descried a boat near them: the men instantly lay on their oars; but Montagu, finding nothing to apprehend, boldly pushed alongside, and discovered that it was a small fisherman, who, unsuspicious of danger, had come out to fish. His terror at being taken was extreme, and Montagu for a few minutes suffered it to have full scope; he then proposed that he would permit him to go unmolested, with a reward into the bargain, if he would pledge himself to land the lady and her attendant at Corsoer, to which place, then at a short distance, he was immediately to proceed.

The poor fisherman and his companion gladly assented; the lady's baggage was put into their boat, and she prepared to follow but, first turning to Montagu, with unrepressed thankfulness she threw her arms round his neck, buried her face upon his bosom, and burst into tears. With every hallowed and pure sentiment of fervent devotion the lieutenant raised her up, and, imprinting one kiss upon her cheek, assisted her to change her embarkation; he then wrapped his cloak around her, pressed her burning hand to his beating heart, uttered a faint farewell, and returned to his seat in the barge. The fair girl held out her hand to the coxswain, which he grasped with eagerness and raised to his lips; the

hand contained her purse, which she tendered for his acceptance, to be divided amongst his men; but, with the generosity, though with the characteristic bluntness of a seaman, he dashed a tear from his eye, and rejecting the proffered gift, exclaimed, "No, I'll be d—d if I do!—'twould be a black score in the purser's account at the last day."

The boats separated; the lieutenant followed the fisherman till he saw him enter the harbour of Corsoer, and then, with conflicting feelings, he directed the coxswain to steer by a bright star, which he knew would guide his course towards Ramsoe.

But they had not proceeded far before the morning twilight was brightly glimmering in the east, and the young officer and his coxswain bent down their heads, whilst with eager glance their eyes swept round the north-western horizon: but though fancy occasionally shadowed forth ideal imagery, the haziness of night had not sufficiently passed away to enable them to discover the objects of their search.

Day broke. The haze was gradually dispelled by the rising sun, which had not yet, however, reached the horizon. The breeze freshened from the southward. The barge, with flowing sheets, aided by the oars, dashed through the smooth waters. But with the opening glory of the morn a scene presented itself that for a moment caused the heart of the young lieutenant to sink within him.

The officer whom Montagu had left in charge of the prizes had obeyed his instructions, and kept under easy sail. The packet and the market-boats were visible to the barge slowly proceeding on their course; but there was also visible that which did not seem to be observed on board the prizes. A portion of the Danish flotilla, which had attended the convoy up the shores of the Belt, in returning to their harbours had discovered the captured vessels, and were evidently in eager pursuit.

Boldly did the stout bargemen stretch their sinewy arms to the oars, that bent to their rapid strokes. Gallantly did the swift boat dart over the rippling waters; musket after musket was fired by the young lieutenant to warn the prizes of their danger; but it was not till the headmost of the gun-boats had got them within reach of shot that they seemed sensible of being chased: then indeed all sail was crowded, and every effort made to accelerate their speed. Still the gun-boats gained upon them; and the headmost (which had greatly outstripped its companions) was preparing to throw a destructive fire of grape and canister at the distance of a cable's length when Montagu, in the barge, boldly dashed alongside, and, though at first repulsed, yet after a short but desperate struggle succeeded in getting on board. Here hand to hand the contest raged, and Death smote down his victims. The two lieutenants met: their bright swords flashed in the red flame of the musketry. Montagu felt that his future hopes principally depended upon that moment. Annihilation would be preferable to dishonour; but conquest might possibly regain character, distinction, and all that he feared was lost. His steel passed through the heart of the Dane, who fell lifeless on the deck.

A shout—a thrilling, soul-stirring shout—burst from the barge's crew as they rushed headlong upon the enemy, who, deprived of their gallant leader, called for quarter and surrendered. The gun-boat's head was immediately put round to meet the approaching flotilla, and the heavy charge of the eighteen-pounder, designed for the British, was poured with destructive precision on the advancing foe. Again she was put before the wind, and the stern-gun well plied did considerable execution. Several of the enemy's vessels were sunk or disabled; but though the daring of British seamen for a while kept the whole in check, yet the Danes still pressed on, apparently determined to recapture the prizes or perish.

Montagu perceived their object: but the tall masts of the seventy-four were now visible, and he knew that a short time would suffice to bring her near enough to induce the Danes to discontinue the chase, lest they should be unable to retreat. But the great force of the enemy, the incessant fire which they kept up, together with their superior sailing, left him but small hopes of escape. Suddenly the seventy-four shifted her position; the tall masts were concealed under clouds of canvas; and the lieutenant became sensible that his brave captain was hastening to his rescue as speedily as a slant wind would permit.

The crew of the barge gave three hearty cheers as they witnessed the manœuvre, and the Danes, who likewise beheld it, were aware that one half-hour must decide their victory or compel them to sheer off; they therefore cheered in return, and with redoubled efforts pursued the prizes, which the crews of the pinnace and cutter, were barely sufficient to keep in subjection, though they were enabled occasionally by a well-directed fire of musketry to annoy the enemy.

The momentous struggle arrived: two of the largest gun-boats ranged in amongst the prizes. Montagu, clapping his helm a-starboard, ran stem on to the first, and, by a well-directed

shot from his stern-gun, sent the other to the bottom. The conflict now became terrible: each vessel, as it came up, surrounded the gun-boat of the lieutenant; the barge's crew fought with cool and undaunted bravery, but, overpowered by numbers, and many of them severely wounded, they were reluctantly compelled to yield.

But the prizes were saved. The Danes, eager to recover their commodore, had lost too much time to think of further pursuit; and Montagu, whilst stretched bleeding on the deck, his head supported on the shoulder of the wounded coxswain, saw the certainty of their escape, gave one feeble cheer, and closed his eyes in insensibility.

Captain Wilkinson was much attached to Montagu, and heard with considerable pain the causes of his capture as they were detailed by the second in command, who, from motives of personal hostility, had given a colouring to the whole transaction, which perverted the truth, although adhering to occurrences that were undeniable. Of his ultimate fate they were ignorant, but it seemed most probable that death had cleared the forfeit for his breach of discipline.

But, happily for Montagu, it was not so; and, on recovering from a long attack of fever and delirium, he found himself in a splendid apartment, on a bed of down, surrounded by curtains of rich velvet; and dim recollections of the past came crowding confusedly upon his mind. Visions of an incomprehensible nature floated before him; his wounds still gave him pain, but feelings of a pleasing and consolatory kind soothed his breast, and he sank into a deep and refreshing slumber. He dreamed that a pitying angel from the abodes of eternal happiness was ministering to his wants, and the countenance of the heavenly visitant was blended with the lovely features of that beautiful girl who had knelt at his feet to plead for a father's safety. There was a sweet communion of spirit, a fervent mingling of the heart's emotion, which seemed to place him on an equality with his angelic guardian; and sentiments of devout gratitude were united with the most delightful sensations of strong and ardent affection.

Montagu awoke from his sleep with the objects of his dream still strongly impressed upon his imagination; he unclosed his eyes, but the vision of his slumbers appeared to be realized, for he actually beheld the eyes of that lovely female bent full upon him, whilst a benign look of compassion gave a peculiar and interesting expression to her face. It was, in fact, the beauteous girl herself, and Montagu seized her extended hand and pressed it to his lips as the tears of pleasure chased each other down her glowing cheeks.

Emilie Zeyfferlein, on landing at Corsoer, had hastened to Copenhagen, and, through the influence of a friend at court, had obtained an interview with royalty. She had in fact been the first bearer of the account of the capture of the packet, and she did not fail to extol in appropriate terms the devoted generosity of the young English officer. A respite, however, was all she could obtain for her father, with a promise that the circumstances connected with his alleged fault should be strictly examined into. With this she hastened back to the prison where her parent was confined. But, on passing through Nyborg, she heard of the action that had been fought, saw the wounded and insensible lieutenant, and, after an interview with her father, she returned to attend upon poor Montagu.

The crown-prince heard of these circumstances, which the Danes—naturally a brave people—had extolled with admiration. Montagu was removed to the palace of the prince, who had conversed with the English prisoners taken with their young officer, and received from them a history of the transaction; and Emilie was permitted to undertake the office of nurse. Carefully and vigilantly had she watched and attended him through his perilous illness, and latterly her whole soul had become engrossed by the hope of saving her benefactor, for it had been ascertained that the charges against her father had originated in malevolence; and, consequently, his life was not only spared, but he was released from confinement, and retained in the immediate suite of the prince.

Montagu would have recovered fast, but there were two things that greatly impeded his convalescence—the first was an agonizing apprehension of the consequences of his breach of naval discipline, and the second arose from the painful certainty that he must part from the fair girl, who now seemed bound to his heart as part and parcel of his very existence.

The survivors of the barge's crew had been exchanged: Captain Wilkinson had made strict inquiries of them relative to the affair, and their replies so clearly proved the humanity and bravery of Montagu as to raise him greatly in the personal estimation of his worthy and excellent commander. But public duty prevailed over private feelings; and though determined to do all in his power to aid his young friend, yet there was no alternative but

a court-martial. As soon as Montagu could undergo the fatigue, he wrote to his captain, detailing and explaining every circumstance; and this letter, with a recommendatory one from the crown-prince, speaking in high terms of the young lieutenant, was forwarded to the admiral.

But Admiral G—— was a strict and stern disciplinarian, unacquainted with those finer feelings of the mind that prompt the tender mercies. As he could not appreciate the young lieutenant's motives, there appeared to him no palliation of his offence; but he rather deemed the yielding to female influence an aggravation. Consequently the letters, though intended to be forwarded to the admiralty, went no farther than himself; and Montagu, decorated with orders presented by a generous enemy, returned to his ship in Wingoe Sound, to be placed under arrest by his countrymen and friends.

The winter was at hand, and the large ships returned to England. The flag for a court-martial was hoisted on board the *Raisonnable* in Sheerness harbour; and the gallant Lieutenant Rivers, who lost his leg on board Nelson's own ship in the battle of Trafalgar, was active in his exertions for the almost desponding prisoner.

I was then but a boy, but I well remember the circumstances. The noble-minded Captain Clay sat as president at the head of the table, and the other officers were ranged on each side, with the judge-advocate at the bottom. On the left of this latter personage stood Montagu, in full uniform, but without the emblems of distinction which he had received from the regent of Denmark. He still carried his left arm in a sling, and his forehead displayed a ruddy scar from a wound yet scarcely healed; his face was pale, from his long sickness and agitation, which Captain Clay no sooner observed than he directed that the prisoner should be accommodated with a chair, behind which stood the provost-marshal, with his naked sword.

The court was opened, and the great cabin was immediately crowded in every part, whilst many a brilliant from the heart of sympathy hung on the eyelids of the daring and intrepid tars, who loved a generous deed and mourned its sad requital.

The charges were read, and the witnesses called. The first was the officer to whom Montagu had given the command of the prizes; and his evidence was heard with pain by every member of the court, particularly as its main points were corroborated by those who were subsequently examined. The barge's crew confirmed that part of the testimony relative to their proceeding to Corsoer; but neither the respect due to the court nor the fear of consequences could deter the sturdy but honest coxswain from giving free utterance to the fulness of his heart. He was a remarkably fine-looking man; and, as he stood on the right of the judge-advocate, with his black handkerchief carelessly knotted round the collar of his white shirt, and his flaxen hair curling wildly over his face, he presented an admirable specimen of Britain's pride. Occasionally a glance of deep meaning was thrown towards the prisoner, who had long valued and esteemed this humble friend.

To expect or even command the coxswain merely to answer the interrogatories that were put to him was out of the question; he reasoned in his own way upon the evidence he gave, and drew such a picture of the distress of the duteous daughter that there was scarcely a dry eye in the court. It was the language of nature, in its most simple but at the same time its most eloquent form—it was a seaman appealing to the hearts of seamen in their own peculiar way.

"Lord bless your honours!" said he, throwing out his right arm, and advancing close to the table, "ould Jack Tiller is not to be told that the articles of war must be obeyed, and death is denounced against them as breaks 'em: but I pities they as wants pity; and though duty to our king and country must be done, yet there's a neglect of duty to the great Commander-in-chief, whose voice we have so often heard upon the waters, that will bring us to a more terrible court-martial than this here, where your honours know that if being marciful is a crime every one on you is as guilty as my brave officer there. And oh! if you had but seen her when she grappled the lieutenant —her beautiful eyes swimming in tears ——"

"Witness," exclaimed the president, interrupting him, "you must confine yourself to answer questions, without going into particulars."

"I wull, your honours! indeed I wull!" replied the coxswain: "but if you had only heard that sweet girl plead for a father's life—remember, your honours, it was her father—and some of your honours, I dare say, has got lovely children—though God forbid that any on 'em should ever have to work such a traverse as she had—yes, your honours, it was her father—and, poor thing, she had no mother" —and here the brave fellow's voice, which had become tremulous, wholly ceased, whilst a

strong feeling of sympathy pervaded every soul present.

"Witness, have you anything more to say?" inquired the president.

"Lord bless your honour again and again for that kindness!" answered the coxswain. "I knew you would never throw a poor tar slap aback for speaking a bit of his mind. I've sarved my king—God bless him!—many years, and some of your honours knows that Jack Tiller never wanted a tow-line when boarding an enemy. Captain Wilkinson there will be a voucher for my experience in them 'ere matters, and so I think I can tell when a brave man does his duty; and as to Mr. Montagu, may I be —— I beg pardon, your honours, but I was going to say if ever a seaman fought as a seaman should fight, it was Mr. Montagu. But what's the worth of a heart that has no compassion for a signal of distress, and would leave a fellow-creature to be wrecked when a spare anchor would save 'em?"

"Attend, coxswain," said the president: "do you think the prisoner had any other motive in going over to Corsoer than that which you have mentioned?"

"Prisoner, your honours?" replied the coxswain doubtingly, and then, as if suddenly recollecting, he went on, "Oh ay, I understand now—you means Mr. Montagu. As for his motives I can't speak, but I know he had his side-arms and pistols."

"Do you think that the cause of his quitting the prizes was pure generosity?" asked the president.

"If it warn't, may I be —— I beg pardon again, your honours," said the coxswain. "And who can tell when they see the big round tears following in each other's wake down the cheeks of beauty—who can tell what tack they may stand on, or to what point of the compass they may head?—a brave man turns 'em into a sort of a language as quick as a marine turns into his hammock—there's no twisting 'em end for end, or convarting 'em deliberately into twice-laid."

"The lady must have been very beautiful to have produced so great a *fascination*," said a young member of the court.

"Produced what, your honour?" asked the coxswain, who immediately thought of the purse. "Why, ay, she did press it on me to be sure, but I wouldn't touch a stiver; and, as for her beauty, why, your honour can judge for yourself." The coxswain turned round to some one who stood at a short distance behind him, enveloped in a boat-cloak, and whom he now handed forward, to the great surprise of the court. Having done this, he took his station respectfully by the side of the person he had introduced, and in a business-like way removed the cloak, when Emilie Zeyfferlein, in all her loveliness, stood revealed to their eager gaze.

Expressions of admiration issued from every part of the crowded cabin, but they were uttered only in an audible whisper. The president looked round him in a state of perplexed embarrassment; the members of the court rose from their seats with marked respect; and the junior captain, who was the nearest to her, immediately offered her his chair. Captain Wilkinson came round to her side, and offered kind encouragement, whilst ill-repressed bursts of honest approval for several minutes issued from the bold tars without the cabin.

But who could paint the feelings or the look of Montagu at the wholly unexpected appearance of one who at that very moment occupied every thought of his heart?—it would be impossible. She looked imploringly towards the president; she tried to speak, but her voice faltered; yet her presence carried more energy and force with it than all the powers of language. She had braved the elemental strife of winds and waves, and there, a devotee to gratitude and love, she stood ready to plead for her benefactor.

But this state of things could not be suffered to continue long. The president adjourned the court for the day; the prisoner was removed to his private cabin; and Emilie was conducted by the worthy Captain Clay to his wife and family till the sensation which had been created had somewhat subsided.

I must pass over the interview between the distressed Montagu and the fondly attached Emilie—it was a mingling of delight with agony, a blending of smiles with tears. She had come to England, accompanied by her father, in a neutral vessel, and furnished with letters from the regent of Denmark to the ruler on the British throne. They had gained information at the Admiralty of the intended court-martial, and not a moment was lost in hastening to Sheerness.

On the following day the sitting of the court was resumed. The trial proceeded. A verdict of guilty was returned, and sentence of death passed upon the prisoner. Montagu heard it with every outward semblance of firmness—but oh! the agony of his heart! He had borne an irreproachable character—he had bravely fought for his country—he had an aged mother, who prized him as her dearest

and most cherished treasure—he loved and was beloved—and to die by an ignominious execution, with thousands of eyes to witness his degradation!—oh! the rush of thought was dreadful.

But the spirit of the beauteous Emilie was stirred up, her mind was strengthened, her frame was nerved with energetic resolve; and, without seeing the condemned officer, she returned to the metropolis, and sought by every means within her power to influence the mercy of the crown in favour of Montagu. The letters from Denmark were but little noticed by the regent, and the loss of lives caused by the defalcation of the doomed one was aggravated by the admiral; so that the only boon the supplicant could obtain was that the life of the lieutenant should be spared. This, however, was renewed existence to herself, for whilst he lived she was prepared to share his lot whatever it might be; and the heavy weight which threatened to crush the young bud of her future hopes was removed from her heart. Yet the blow had been too severe for the parent of the prisoner; his situation had been incautiously disclosed to the fond mother; the tender fibres which bound her to the world were severed; and she sank to the grave, with no child to close her eyes in death, and to see her laid in the receptacle for perishing mortality.

Montagu was dismissed the service. Every tie that had bound him to his country was broken. He returned with the devoted Emilie to Copenhagen, changed his name, married the lovely girl, and rose to the rank of a Danish admiral, high in the confidence of the monarch.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;
With the gallant good Riou:[1]

[1] Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AN UNFORTUNATE GENIUS.

I was one day walking through Finsbury Square. There sat a pale, sick woman, meekly and sorrowfully bending her eyes to the earth, while a child slept in her arms, upon whose thin pallid features were the traces of as much misery as can fall to the lot of sinless infancy. I had been reading that very morning chap. v. b. iii. part 3 of Paley's *Moral and Political Philosophy*, and all the better feelings of my nature had responded to every argument he employed for enforcing the duty of alms-giving. But I rather think it must have been a grand field-day with the beggars; that they had all turned out upon some special occasion; for I met eleven cripples, four widows with five fatherless children apiece, three starving industrious mechanics in clean white aprons, and one blind sailor, who had lost his "precious sight" by lightning, in the Bay of Biscay, between St. Paul's and the Old Jewry. It was this, I suppose, that soured the milk of human kindness within me, and made me pass, with an unpitying heart, the simple, touching appeal of the poor creature I have described, on whose lap lay a written paper with these words only: "*Have compassion on us; we are destitute!*" She asked no charity, either by word or look; but, with folded arms round her baby, and her head drooping over it, she trusted all to the tale which this little scroll told of her condition. Yet I passed on!

I blush while I write this confession of cold, miserable selfishness, that could, even for a moment, stifle the yearnings of the lowest species of humanity, upon the paltry plea that perhaps I had (for I did not know I had) given my mite already to the unworthy. It is curious how conscience keeps tugging at a man to hold him back when he is going in a wrong path. Every step I took towards the City Road, leaving that poor silent suppliant behind unrelieved, I felt I was walking under the constantly increasing burden of a self-accusing spirit—a consciousness that I had left something undone, which it was necessary, for my own comfort, I should return and do. I obeyed my monitor. I returned; and, as if to show me to myself in my true colours, I saw a Greenwich pensioner, with a face as hard as a cannon-ball, and a look as crabbed as if he had just been fined a day's allowance of grog, drop even his mite into the woman's lap. The rewarding look with which her eyes followed the maimed veteran, as he hobbled away on his wooden leg, smote me.

It would be a piece of tedious egotism to relate the conversation I held with this distressed creature after I had dispensed my bounty to her. But the scene to which it led I will describe.

It was with some difficulty I prevailed upon her to disclose her abode, or rather to consent that she should conduct me to it; and, notwithstanding the sharp rebuke I had already received, in proportion to her reluctance the feeling grew strong within me that I was still the dupe of imposture. At length she yielded, but with a mournful shake of the head, which might be interpreted, I thought, two ways—either that she was conscious she could not escape detection, or satisfied that I should find her tale of misery too true. She arose, and I followed her slow feeble steps till we arrived at —— Street, leading into the New Road, near Pentonville.

She stopped at No. — in that street; and, looking at me as she knocked at the door, said faintly, "We live here, sir."

I had hardly time to notice the apparent comfort and respectability of the outward appearance of the house, before the door was opened by a fine-looking lad about thirteen, whose dress denoted that species of poverty which is the wreck of former competence. He was old enough to know what misery means beyond the mere endurance of its sufferings and privations; and his countenance, therefore, wore that melancholy expression which is stamped by the habitual presence of sad thoughts. Yet there was a sparkling gladness in his eye to welcome back his mother, mingled with a timid inquiring glance at the stranger who accompanied her.

No words passed between them, and I followed my conductress silently into the parlour. Here was my first evidence of the destitution which the paper she had displayed proclaimed. There was nothing but the bare walls; literally nothing else: not an article of furniture of any description.

"Take your sister, George," said the miserable mother, "and lay her—" tears choked her utterance. She might have added, "on the ground!" for, as I afterwards learned,

bed there was none, nor chair, nor table, nor aught, save the floor, for its resting-place. The poor fellow took the infant, yet asleep, and while his own tears started at those of his mother, left the room.

I heard a heavy tread above, as of one pacing up and down with a hurried, impetuous step.

"It is my husband," said she, anticipating the question which my look, I suppose, betrayed was upon my lips.

"Your husband! What is he?"

"An artist."

"An artist!" I repeated, in a tone which I dare say expressed what I felt; for, judging from all that had occurred, I expected to find the lowest branch of the art of colouring, dignified with a name which it has grown into a fashion to apply to the most consummate masters of the pencil.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with something of offended pride, "an artist; and such an enthusiast of his art that it has turned his brain. But I will go to him and see if he will admit you."

She quitted the apartment, and the next moment I heard a loud laughing, clapping of hands, and vehement talking. I could not distinguish what was said; and before I had time to consider how I should act in the presence of a mad painter, quick steps descending the stairs apprised me of a visit for which I was wholly unprepared. The door flew open, and in rushed the husband followed by his wife entreating him to be calm, and assuring him that he was mistaken.

He made a sudden halt when he saw me, and with a wild, scrutinizing glare, surveyed me from head to foot. I was at once convinced of the disordered state of his mind, and wished our relative positions changed—I between him and the door, instead of his being between me and the only means of an escape, if it should be necessary, which the room presented, unless I made a precipitate retreat from the window into the area. He was tall, thin, pale, and haggard in appearance, with a beard that had not been shaved for a month; and had on a faded green greatcoat, one sleeve of which was half torn away, and the other hanging in tatters. In his left hand he held an ivory palette; his right grasped—not his pencil—but a large iron poker!

It does not require the experience of a lunatic asylum to know that insane persons are best managed by gentleness; and with a sort of instinctive consciousness of this, I saluted him very courteously, taking off my hat to render the homage which was due to the master of the house from a stranger. The effect of my politeness answered my most sanguine expectations. He returned my bow with a great deal of exuberant dignity; dropped his poker, which hitherto he had held as if prepared either to repel or commit an aggression, and used it as a walking-stick, while with a stately measured step he approached the farther corner of the room where I had planted myself, and where, at that moment, I should have been well pleased to find the wall opening behind me, for the convenience of retreating two steps to each one of his in advance.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, when he was so close to me that if I had not held my head as erect as a grenadier of the Guards, the bristles of his month's beard would have entered my own chin. "Ha! ha! do you think I would let them touch the *Last Judgment?*" and he brandished his poker over his head: "No! the rascals! They took everything else; and I stood by and laughed to see what trouble they were at for my convenience. What cared I for tables, chairs, beds? They were in my way. But when they would have laid hands upon the *Last Judgment*, Martha," he continued, turning to his wife, who stood trembling and dejected at his side; "what did I say to the fellow who looked like Michael Angelo when he came into the room for the *Last Judgment?* I knocked him down, sir," addressing me again, and elevating his poker—"A judgment upon him, ha! ha! but not the last; for then I took him thus," seizing me by the collar, "and thrust him into the street, ha! ha! ha!"

"You did perfectly right," said I, with as much composure as I could possibly assume in my very awkward situation, and devoutly hoping he would not mistake me for Michael Angelo coming for his *Last Judgment*.

"Right!" he exclaimed. "Had he been an R.A., or the president of the R.A. himself, I would have felled him to the ground like an ox, or any man who dared to remove that canvas from the easel till I had painted in the nose of Alexander: he is the principal figure in the foreground. If you are an artist I need not tell you that to paint the end of a nose well—true to nature—is the climax of perfection in a portrait. Sir Joshua could never do it; West failed in all his noses; Sir Thomas is the only man in England, except myself, who can really paint a nose. Look even at the noses of the prophets and sibyls of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel—they are lumps of putty, sir, stuck on by a glazier. YOURS would be a very difficult nose to paint!"

he added, fixing his eyes upon my nose with an earnest gaze of so equivocal a meaning, that I wished at the moment Nature had defrauded me of that prominent feature.

All this time he had never once shifted his position; neither could I mine. His wife continued to stand close to us, looking at me every now and then with an expression of countenance which silently but intelligibly conjured me not to cross him; while the son, with his infant sister in his arms, appeared at the door, surveying the scene in an attitude of intense curiosity and deep affliction for the state of his wretched parent.

At length he yielded to the persuasions of his wife, and consented that I should go upstairs and see the *Last Judyment*, after making me promise I would not approach nearer to it than he should point out. He led the way, shouldering his poker like a musket: the wife followed next, and I brought up the rear. When I entered the room I was amazed. It was stripped of every article of furniture; but in the centre, stretched upon the easel, stood a magnificent painting unfinished, as I saw at the first glance, and in more respects than the nose of Alexander. The grace and expression, united with grandeur of form, in the principal figures; the variety of the subordinate parts; the effective grouping; the rich yet complete harmony of colour; and in some of the faces the appalling passions that were portrayed, constituted altogether as fine a specimen of modern art as I had ever looked upon.

The burst of admiration which escaped from me was so sincere, so fervent, that it fell like an electrical shock upon the shattered nerves and overwrought brain of the unhappy artist. He burst into tears. With passionate sobs, with shrieks of alternate delight and sorrow, he uttered a thousand wild exclamations, half ludicrous, half heart-rending, as he now gloried in his work, now execrated the age in which he lived, insensible as it was to his merits, and now deplored that all his genius had not been able to feed his children.

"Ha! ha! sir," he cried (throwing away his poker, rubbing his hands, and springing like a tiger from me to the picture, and from the picture back again to me, as he spoke)—"Ha! ha! sir, talk of your Titians, your Caraccis, your Raffaels, even the great Florentine himself, Michael Angelo! Oh, Heaven! Had they given me bread the while for me and mine, I would have shed a glory upon my country brighter than that which now blazes over Italy! *Io sono pittore!* Look here! observe this sweeping outline—and here, what anatomy! how finely that muscle is displayed! how I laboured to produce that! I have worked while the world slept, and worshipped my art in the stillness of those hours when the fainting soul languished for repose! Ay, sir—Martha can tell you—I lived but at my easel. Do you see the ghastly expressions of that face? how beautifully it contrasts with the serene, seraphic, spiritual joy that beams from the features of that lovely maiden! This head conceived, this hand executed it all—and yet look at me! I am mad—mad—mad!" pressing his clenched hands violently to his forehead: "for I have been left to dream of visions that are gone, and to feed upon myself, till now I sometimes seem to see my own heart's blood covering that canvas instead of the colours I laid on!"

He became more composed after this ebullition of his feelings, and gathered himself into an attitude of earnest contemplation of the picture. I was myself gazing at it with increasing admiration, when he suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! What would Michael Angelo say if he saw that? By Jupiter! that old man on the right, whom I mean for a cardinal, has too much of the sly, demure look of a Quaker. There, there, go, go! I must not be interrupted any longer; we want money; and if they would empty before me the coffers of the Bank of England, they should not have it till I have bestowed my last touches upon the nose of Alexander, and painted up the cardinal's face to the true piety of a well-paid churchman. There, go, go!"

I obeyed, and leaving the maniac to his moody fancies, returned with his wife to the parlour, where I received from her all the particulars of her husband's calamitous history.

His name was ———, and he had not yet attained his five-and-thirtieth year. He was what is called a self-taught artist; that is, one who embodied the conceptions of genius (which are from Heaven) in the same way as those men did who had no masters to study, being themselves the great originals in their art, and the models, by universal consent, for those who came after them. Such men were *self*-taught, for where were they to find teachers? And *such* self-tuition, which is but another word for inspiration, is the only school wherein the rarer works of Nature can study. In this sense Demosthenes was a self-taught orator among the Greeks, and Cicero among the Romans; Homer was a self-taught poet: and Shakspeare and Cervantes, Milton and Molière, were self-taught; if by the phrase we are to

understand that which, if it be not self-taught, is incommunicable. But to return from this digression to my crazed, self-taught artist.

His father was a wealthy merchant; and designing his only son for the church, his education had been completed at Cambridge. But he was born a painter; and renouncing, with the recklessness and impetuosity of a youthful mind, goaded onwards by the fiery impulses of one predominant, one devouring passion, he renounced everything for it. This was an offence not at first to be forgiven by a father who had as strong a passion of another kind; who would rather have seen his son's name enrolled among the Tillotsons, Sherlocks, Taylors, and Barrows of the English hierarchy, than heard him hailed by the general voice as the Raffael or Titian of his country. But there was doubtless a pardon that might have been slowly won from the parental heart, had not every hold upon it been dissevered by a second offence, that of marrying a beautiful, virtuous, and amiable girl, who was as poor as poverty herself in all things else. Pride discarded him from his home, and pride kept him voluntarily a stranger to it ever after.

He had now to struggle with adversity under all its most trying afflictions. He could not stoop to make the noble art to which he had devoted himself a trading commodity among the shopkeepers of the metropolis. He disdained to colour canvas for wages that would barely suffice to maintain him. He chose rather (when the small fund was exhausted which his father placed at his disposal in renouncing him, and which had been husbanded most thriftily) to depend for precarious subsistence upon slender loans solicited from former friends or acquaintance, while finishing his first serious effort in historical composition. The subject was a fine one—Oliver Cromwell surveying the dead body of Charles I. the night after his execution.[1] It was exhibited. The best judges were struck with its grandeur and poetical conception as a whole, and with the felicitous power displayed in many of its details. It soon found a purchaser at the modest price demanded by the artist, who was thus enabled to discharge his obligations to his friends, and provide for immediate wants.

In this way he continued to wrestle with his fate for several years, alternately a borrower and a payer, as his various pieces were bought. He buried himself meanwhile in solitude; for nowhere can a man live so solitary as in a crowded city, especially if he be poor. It is there only he may be one of thousands, without one of the thousands amid whom he moves knowing enough of him to call him by his name. His ambition was of the true quality; incapable of repose or satisfaction; discontented with all that it achieved; eager for all that its restless aspirings aimed at, and confident that all was within its reach. He denied himself rest, almost food; frequently sat at his easel eighteen or twenty hours together; and during that time contented himself with a few biscuits or a little fruit to rally his sinking energies. Then, fevered and exhausted, he would throw himself on his bed; not to sleep, but to dream and talk of the visions of his waking thoughts.

This ceaseless labour, this intense musing upon bright images of renown that were incessantly streaming into his mind, uniting with the distraction caused by pecuniary embarrassments, first shattered his health, and finally unsettled his reason! His wife imagined she perceived occasional symptoms of a disturbed intellect long before she was summoned to witness an alarming evidence of it.

One day she heard him shouting and dancing furiously in his room. She hastened to him. What was her dismay when she saw him with a large carving-knife in his hand, and the floor strewed with the shreds of three pictures for which he was to be paid a considerable sum when finished; but which, with the habitual improvidence of his character, he had suffered to remain unfinished for months (he and his family all but starving meanwhile), because he had begun, and was concentrating his whole soul upon the execution of, the *Last Judgment*. He had slashed them into ribands, and was exulting over his achievement with the boisterous rejoicing of a man who had vanquished some tormenting evil that had been pursuing him at every turn. When he perceived his wife he pointed to the bits of painted canvas, exclaiming with a strange mixture of ludicrous solemnity and the fierce flashing of satiated vengeance—

"Now, my dear Martha, I am free! I have triumphed over these fiends, these insulting fiends, who stood grinning at me with looks of gaunt defiance, as if they were the personi-

[1] "While the assassinates that crept up and down afraid of every man they met, pointed at as monsters in nature, finished not their treason when they had ended his martyrdom, one (O. C.), to feed his eyes with cruelty, and satisfy his solicitous ambition, curiously surveyed the murdered carcass, when it was brought in a coffin to Whitehall, and to assure himself the body was quite dead, with his fingers searched the wound whether the head was wholly severed from the body or no."—*Lloyd's Memoirs.*

fications of famine, and daring me to worship my idol there while they were neglected. But I have cut them down at last, —and now for a glorious strife with Michael Angelo!"

His infirmity did not assume the character of confirmed aberration of mind in the beginning; for he would talk rationally and temperately upon many subjects; and in moments of serene discourse with his wife, condemn (but ever more in mirth than in sorrow) the rash execution he had done upon the three unfortunate and unoffending pictures. Still he became more and more incapable of connecting in his thoughts the labours of his hand with the sustenance of his family.

"Henceforth I will paint for immortality," he would say; "I will live no longer for the present, but for all time: and my delighted spirit shall glow with conscious rapture as it beholds the imperishable garland which posterity will weave for my name."

The necessary consequence of this deplorable delusion was, that his domestic affairs became irretrievably embarrassed, and his family were reduced to privations whose bitterness and severity were felt by himself only in the momentary sense of their existence. His wife bore her share of these trying calamities with an enduring fortitude and patience, which her devoted love for her husband alone could have inspired, and which the hope, that never forsook her, of his restoration to reason, could alone have sustained. Whatever could be converted into money was unhesitatingly devoted to that use; and when scarcely anything remained but the more bulky furniture of the house, she exercised her ingenuity in various fanciful articles of needle-work, which she parted with for any price they would obtain. It need hardly be told how many hours of sedentary toil at an occupation like this it required to produce a few shillings; nor how many heart-sickening disappointments, how many galling humiliations were to be encountered before a purchaser could be found. Her close application, her mental anxiety, both on account of her husband and her children, added to poor and insufficient diet, reduced her to a state of such pitiable weakness, that she was at length unable to continue her labour.

Then was her situation dreadful indeed! Famine at the door, and the hand that should drive it hence, powerless, alas! from a malady which showed no signs of abatement! She would have sought her husband's father in her extremity, and implored his aid—not for herself, if her participation in it would have turned it aside—but for a son; and for that son's children, innocent of the crimes which had banished *their* father from the affections of his *own*. But she reverenced too deeply her husband's honour. She had heard him too often express what were *his* feelings at the conduct of his father; had heard him too often repeat his stern determination rather to perish with hunger than owe the meal which saved him to one who had trampled upon his young heart's first ambition and its most cherished affections —these recollections were too vividly present to her mind, and she herself shared in all the feelings with which they were associated too entirely to do that *for* her husband, in his benighted state, at which he himself would have spurned, and which would be unblessed by his sanction when it should be Heaven's will to restore to him the light of reason.

At length came the heaviest blow of all. A churlish creditor, one of those sordid reptiles of the earth, whose sole perception of what is right consists in knowing that he who has money owing to him has a right to be paid, no matter though he tears his debt from the convulsive grasp of an agonized father standing half-frenzied by the side of his famishing wife and children—a creature of this stamp, and the world swarms with such—put an execution into the house, and swept away by the ruthless hand of the law (wrested to appease a demon, not raised to distribute justice) every remaining vestige of property. The savage scene had been acted only the day before it was my chance to pass the miserable wife as she sat for charity from wayfarers. To this last resource of the destitute she had resorted in utter despair. They could not pass another four-and-twenty hours as they had passed the preceding. They could not literally sit down and die for very want in their desolate habitation. A single shilling (if the charity which walks the streets should bestow so much, and no more) would at least suffice to satisfy the most importunate of the cravings of nature; and that *must* be done. There would then be time to think of what *could* be done. With the feeling of this necessity strong upon her she quitted the house with her infant in her arms.

Let me not forget to mention two circumstances. The one is (as I had reason subsequently to know), that the step of the door on which she sat with her touching appeal— "*Have pity on us, we are destitute!*" belonged to the house in which her husband's father lived, and that he, in coming out that morning, had passed her. But they were mutually

unacquainted with each other; while she was totally ignorant of the place where she had seated herself. Surely, were there such things in Nature as we sometimes read of—strange, mysterious, and occult sympathies, by which kindred bloods wonderfully respond to unknown ties—this man could not have been so near his own, under such circumstances, and have looked upon the mother and her child only as he would have looked upon a common street mendicant!

The other circumstance is this. When the sheriff's officers entered the house to levy the execution, her husband surveyed the process not only with indifference, but with a sort of wild mirth, to see how the chairs, and tables, and beds were pulled about, and carried from room to room. His wife's dismay, his son's tears, moved him not. They were unheeded. He laughed, even, as they thrust him from the chair on which he was sitting, to remove it into the cart at the door. But when two of the men were about to lay their hands on the picture by which he stood—on his *Last Judgment*—at which he still worked every day, and which doubtless owed some of the extraordinary effect I have described to the very frenzy of his thoughts, he sprang upon them like a chafed leopard, threw them to the ground, and, in a frightful struggle, while he literally howled with rage, would have strangled them, had they not been powerful enough to escape from his grasp. Terror-struck, they fled—he followed—and, snatching up a poker that lay in his way, when he had driven them into the street, he retreated to his room again, vociferating horrid maledictions against his antagonists, who were too prudent to renew their claims. It was this circumstance dwelling freshly upon his mind which made him arm himself with his weapon when he came down to me; believing, as I afterwards learned, that I might be one of the officers returned to take away his picture. Nor was it till the admiration I expressed roused his latent feelings of pride and joy, while it destroyed his suspicions, that he cast it away.

I have little else to add. That picture is now in my possession. I became the purchaser of it at my own price—a price which did more than merely pay its value. It brought back comfort to a house of mourning. It placed the artist under such medical care as ultimately restored him to reason. It authorized me to become an intercessor with his father, and to close the wounds that had so long and so unjustly rankled in his bosom.

New Monthly Mag.

FANCY.[1]

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoil'd by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;

[1] It will be interesting to read, at this distant date, a few of the sentences from the article on *Endymion* in the *Quarterly Review* which was said to have killed the poet. There is no doubt the severity of this article painfully afflicted Keats, although consumption, and not criticism, was the cause of his early death. The *Quarterly*, after confessing that the reviewer had not been able to read more than the first four books of the poetic romance, and knew as much about them as about the three books which were still unread, observed: "It is not that Mr. Keats (if that is his real name.—for we almost doubt whether any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody), it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius; he has all these: but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." Sometime after, Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, said: "We are very much inclined to add that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm." The one critic was as warm in praise of the poet, as the other was severe in condemnation.—See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 215.

She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoil'd by use:
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind:
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipp'd its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

STANDARD NOVELS.[1]

[William Hazlitt, born at Maidstone, 10th April, 1778; died 18th September, 1830. The son of a Unitarian minister, it was at first intended to educate him for his father's profession. He, however, preferred art, and spent several years in the study of painting. He achieved some success as a portrait-painter, but, dissatisfied with the results of his labour, he laid down the brush in 1808 and took up the pen. As a critic of art and literature his best talents were displayed, and he earned an enduring reputation. In 1813 he delivered a course of lectures at the Russell Institution, London, on the "History of English Philosophy;" and at the Surrey Institution, in 1820, another course on "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, chiefly Dramatic." Of his other works the principal are *Table-Talk*, *The Plain Speaker*, *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, *The English Poets*, and *The English Comic Writers*, from which the following essay is taken. He was a constant contributor to the periodicals of his time.[2]]

There is an exclamation in one of Gray's letters—"Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!" If we do not utter a similar aspiration, it is not from any want of affection for the class of writing to which it belongs; for, without going quite so far as the celebrated French philosopher, who thought that more was to be learned from good novels and romances than from the gravest treatises on history and morality, we

[1] Hazlitt was regarded as, in many respects, one of the best of our English critics, but it was lamented that he so often allowed prejudice, or what seemed to be prejudice, to interfere with his judgment. Professor Wilson observed of him: "One would suppose that he had a personal quarrel with all living writers, good, bad, or indifferent. . . . With him to be alive is not only a fault in itself, but it includes all other possible faults. . . . In short, if you want his praise, you must die for it; and when such praise is deserved and given *con amore*, it is almost worth dying for." In the *History of Europe* Sir Archibald Alison commented upon the refined taste and chastened reflection contained in Hazlitt's disquisitions on the drama, "and which are more perspicuous in detached passages than in any entire work. He appears greater when quoted than when read. Possibly had his life been prolonged it would have been otherwise, and some work emanated from his gifted pen which would have placed his fame on a durable foundation."

[2] He wrote a life of the first Napoleon, which he regarded as his best work. He had an enthusiastic admiration for his hero, and it is said of him that he was "hardly able to forgive the valour of the conquerors of Waterloo.

must confess that there are few works to which we oftener turn for profit or delight, than to the standard productions in this species of composition. With the exception of the violently satirical and the violently sentimental specimens of the art, we find there the closest imitation of men and manners; and are admitted to examine the very web and texture of society, as it really exists, and as we meet with it when we come into the world. If the style of poetry has "something more divine in it," this savours more of humanity. We are brought acquainted with an infinite variety of characters—all a little more amusing, and, for the greater part, more true to general nature than those which we meet with in actual life—and have our moral impressions far more frequently called out, and our moral judgments exercised, than in the busiest career of existence. As a record of past manners and opinions, too, such writings afford both more minute and more abundant information than any other. To give one example only:—We should really be at a loss where to find, in any authentic documents of the same period, so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political, and religious feeling, in the reign of George II., as we meet with in the *Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams*. This work, indeed, we take to be a perfect piece of statistics in its kind; and do not know from what other quarter we could have acquired the solid information it contains, even as to this comparatively recent period. What a thing it would be to have such a work of the age of Pericles or Alexander! and how much more would it teach us as to the true character and condition of the people among whom it was produced, than all the tragedies and histories, and odes and orations, that have been preserved of their manufacture! In looking into such grave and ostentatious performances, we see little but the rigid skeleton of public transactions—exaggerations of party zeal, and vestiges of literary ambition; and if we wish really to know what was the state of manners and of morals, and in what way, and into what forms, principles and institutions were actually moulded in practice, we cannot do better than refer to the works of those writers who, having no other object than to imitate nature, could only hope for success from the fidelity of their pictures; and were bound (in their own defence) to reduce the boasts of vague theorists, and the exaggerations of angry disputants, to the mortifying standard of reality.

We will here confess, however, that we are a little prejudiced on the point in question; and that the effect of many fine speculations has been lost upon us, from an early familiarity with the most striking passages in the little work to which we have just alluded. Thus, nothing can be more captivating than the description somewhere given by Mr. Burke, of the indissoluble connection between learning and nobility; and of the respect universally paid by wealth to piety and morals. But the effect of this splendid representation has always been spoiled to us by our recollection of Parson Adams sitting over his cup of ale in Sir Thomas Booby's kitchen. Echard on the *Contempt of the Clergy*, in like manner, is certainly a very good book, and its general doctrine most just and reasonable; but an unlucky impression of the reality of Parson Trulliber always checks, in us, the respectful emotions to which it should give rise; while the lecture which Lady Booby reads to Lawyer Scout on the expulsion of Joseph and Fanny from the parish, casts an unhappy shade over the splendid pictures of practical jurisprudence that are to be found in the works of Blackstone or De Lolme. The most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral: the professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system: and the philosopher warps the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference: if we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault.

The first-rate writers in this class are of course few; but those few we may reckon, without scruple, among the greatest ornaments and the best benefactors of our kind. There is a certain set of them, who, as it were, take their rank by the side of reality, and are appealed to as evidence on all questions concerning human nature. The principal of these are Cervantes and Le Sage; and, among ourselves, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne.[1] As this is a department of criticism which deserves more attention than we have ever yet bestowed on it, we shall venture to treat it a little in detail; and endeavour to contribute something towards settling the standard of excellence, both as to degree and kind, in these several writers.

We shall begin with the renowned history of *Don Quixote;* who always presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same

[1] We have not forgotten De Foe as one of our own writers. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* was an Englishman; and one of those Englishmen who make us proud of the name.

time more real to our imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accoutrements, his pasteboard visor, are familiar to us, as the recollections of our early home. The spare and upright figure of the hero paces distinctly before our eyes; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun! We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him—the Curate, and Master Nicolas, the barber—Sancho and Dapple—and even for Rosinante's leanness and his errors! Perhaps there is no work which combines so much originality with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unexampled; and yet its real merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them; though the blunders of Sancho, and the unlucky adventures of his master, are what naturally catch the attention of ordinary readers. The pathos and dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject; and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears. The character of Don Quixote itself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind—of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice, and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance, till the dazzling visions cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot, in our opinion, be a greater mistake than to consider *Don Quixote* as a merely satirical work, or an attempt to explode by coarse raillery "the long-forgotten order of chivalry." There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight, the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished lustre; and one might almost imagine that the author had half-designed to revive the example of past ages, and once more "witch the world with noble horsemanship;" and had veiled the design, in scorn of the degenerate age to which it was addressed, under this fantastic and imperfect disguise of romantic and ludicrous exaggeration. However that may be, the spirit which the book breathes, to those who relish and understand it best, is unquestionably the spirit of chivalry: nor perhaps is it too much to say, that if ever the flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, it is owing to Cervantes and his knight of La Mancha that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise from which it must be kindled has not been quite extinguished.

The character of Sancho is not more admirable in the execution than in the conception, as a relief to that of the knight. The contrast is as picturesque and striking as that between the figures of Rosinante and Dapple. Never was there so complete a *partie quarre;*—they answer to one another at all points. Nothing can surpass the truth of physiognomy in the description of the master and man, both as to body and mind;—the one lean and tall, the the other round and short;—the one heroical and courteous, the other selfish and servile;—tho one full of high-flown fancies, the other a bag of proverbs;—the one always starting some romantic scheme, the other always keeping to the safe side of tradition and custom. The gradual ascendency, too, obtained by Don Quixote over Sancho, is as finely managed as it is characteristic. Credulity, and a love of the marvellous, are as natural to ignorance as selfishness and cunning. Sancho by degrees becomes a kind of lay-brother of the order; acquires a taste for adventures in his own way, and is made all but an entire convert, by the discovery of the hundred crowns in one of his most comfortless journeys. Towards the end, his regret at being forced to give up the pursuit of knight-errantry almost equals his master's; and he seizes the proposal of Don Quixote to turn shepherds, with the greatest avidity,—still applying it, however, in his own fashion; for while the Don is ingeniously torturing the names of his humble acquaintance into classical terminations, and contriving scenes of gallantry and song, Sancho exclaims, "Oh, what delicate wooden spoons shall I carve! what crumbs and cream shall I devour!"—forgetting in his milk and fruits the pullets and geese at Camacho's wedding.

This intuitive perception of the hidden analogies of things, or, as it may be called, this *instinct of imagination*, is what stamps the character of genius on the productions of art, more than any other circumstance: for it works unconsciously, like nature, and receives its impressions from a kind of inspiration. There is more of this unconscious power in Cervantes than in any other author except Shakspeare. Something of the same kind extends itself to all the subordinate parts and characters of the work. Thus we find the curate confidentially informing Don Quixote, that if he could get the ear of the government, he has something of considerable importance to propose for the good of the state; and the knight afterwards meets with a young gentle-

man, who is a candidate for poetical honours, with a mad lover, a forsaken damsel, &c.—all delineated with the same inimitable force, freedom, and fancy. The whole work breathes that air of romance,—that aspiration after imaginary good,—that longing after something more than we possess, that in all places, and in all conditions of life,

——"still prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we wish to live, or dare to die!"

The characters in *Don Quixote* are strictly individuals; that is, they do not belong to, but form a class of themselves. In other words, the actions and manners of the chief *dramatis personæ* do not arise out of the actions and manners of those around them, or the condition of life in which they are placed, but out of the peculiar dispositions of the persons themselves, operated upon by certain impulses of imagination and accident: yet these impulses are so true to nature, and their operation so truly described, that we not only recognize the fidelity of the representation, but recognize it with all the advantages of novelty superadded. They are unlike anything we have actually seen—may be said to be purely ideal—and yet familiarize themselves more readily with our imagination, and are retained more strongly in memory, than perhaps any others:—they are never lost in the crowd. One test of the truth of this ideal painting, is the number of allusions which *Don Quixote* has furnished to the whole of civilized Europe—that is to say, of appropriate cases, and striking illustrations of the universal principles of our nature. The common incidents and descriptions of human life are, however, quite familiar and natural; and we have nearly the same insight given us here, into the characters of innkeepers, barmaids, hostlers, and puppet-showmen, as in Fielding himself. There is a much greater mixture, however, of sentiment with *naïveté*, of the pathetic with the quaint and humorous, than there ever is in Fielding. We might instance the story of the countryman whom Don Quixote and Sancho met in their search after Dulcinea, driving his mules to plough at break of day, and "singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles!" The episodes which are introduced are excellent; but have, upon the whole, been overrated. Compared with the serious tales in Boccacio, they are trifling. That of Marcella, the fair shepherdess, is the best. We will only add, that *Don Quixote* is an entirely original work in its kind, and that the author has the highest honour which can belong to one, that of being the founder of a new style of writing.

There is another Spanish novel, *Guzman d'Alfarache*, nearly of the same age as *Don Quixote*, and of great genius, though it can hardly be ranked as a novel, or a work of imagination. It is a series of strange adventures, rather dryly told, but accompanied by the most severe and sarcastic commentary. The satire, the wit, the eloquence, and reasoning, are of the most powerful kind; but they are didactic, rather than dramatic. They would suit a sermon or a pasquinade better than a romance. Still there are, in this extraordinary book, occasional sketches of character, and humorous descriptions, to which it would be difficult to produce anything superior. This work, which is hardly known in this country except by name, has the credit, without any reason, of being the original of *Gil Blas*. There is only one incident the same, that of the supper at the inn. In all other respects these two works are the very reverse of each other, both in their excellences and defects.

Gil Blas is, next to *Don Quixote*, more generally read and admired than any other novel—and, in one sense, deservedly so: for it is at the head of its class, though that class is very different from, and inferior to, the other. There is very little individual character in *Gil Blas*. The author is a describer of manners, and not of character. He does not take the elements of human nature, and work them up into new combinations (which is the excellence of *Don Quixote*); nor trace the peculiar and striking combinations of folly and knavery as they are to be found in real life (like Fielding); but he takes off, as it were, the general, habitual impression, which circumstances make on certain conditions of life, and moulds all his characters accordingly. All the persons whom he introduces carry about with them the badge of their profession; and you see little more of them than their costume. He describes men as belonging to certain classes in society —the highest, generally, and the lowest, and such as are found in great cities—not as they are in themselves, or with the individual differences which are always to be found in nature. His hero, in particular, has no character but that of the accidental circumstances in which he is placed. His priests are only described as priests; his valets, his players, his women, his courtiers and his sharpers, are all the same. Nothing can well exceed the monotony of the work in this respect;—at the same time that nothing can exceed the truth and precision with which the general manners of these different characters are preserved, nor the felicity of the particular traits by which

their leading foibles are brought out to notice. Thus, the Archbishop of Grenada will remain an everlasting memento of the weakness of human vanity; and the account of Gil Blas's legacy, of the uncertainty of human expectations. This novel is as deficient in the fable as in the characters. It is not a regularly constructed story; but a series of adventures told with equal gaiety and good sense, and in the most graceful style possible.

It has been usual to class our own great novelists as imitators of one or other of these two writers. Fielding, no doubt, is more like *Don Quixote* than *Gil Blas;* Smollett is more like *Gil Blas* than *Don Quixote;* but there is not much resemblance in either case. Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* is a more direct instance of imitation. Richardson can scarcely be called an imitator of any one; or, if he is, it is of the sentimental refinement of Marivaux, or the verbose gallantry of the writers of the seventeenth century.

There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes, —except his own declaration of such an intention, in the title-page of *Joseph Andrews,*— the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works),—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour, though there is a great deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature—at least of English nature—and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth: as a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakspeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind. His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's; his wit as often misses as hits; he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne— but he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life, marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtlety of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always complete—and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances is always intense, and uppermost in his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation only to bring out character.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. *Tom Jones* is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altogether without reason —but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book; but at other times we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of *Tom Jones* is allowed to be unrivalled: and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the *History of a Foundling* so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. The characters themselves, both in *Amelia* and *Joseph Andrews,* are quite equal to any of those in *Tom Jones.* The account of Miss Matthews and Ensign Hibbert—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father—the inflexible Colonel Bath, the insipid Mrs. James, the complaisant Colonel Trent—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs. Bennet—the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert-ticket, a book, and the disguise of a greatcoat—his little, fat, short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice, the keeper of the lodging-house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style), are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade,

&c., in *Amelia*, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in *Tom Jones*, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs. Bennet is superior to Mrs. Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double-entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark (hardly known to the persons themselves), than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and none of them trespass on the angelic nature by elevation of fancy or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice—and his consoling himself for the loss of his *Æschylus*, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark—are among the finest touches of *naiveté*. The night-adventurers at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper and the amiable Slipslop are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself: but Dr. Harrison, in *Amelia*, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield;* and the latter part of that work, which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams' *Domestic History*.

Smollett's first novel, *Roderick Random*, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's *Tom Jones:* and yet it has a much more modern air with it: But this may be accounted for, from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of *Roderick Random*, though more scholastic and elaborate, is stronger and more pointed than that of *Tom Jones;* the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though it must be confessed they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic facility); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in *Gil Blas*, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits only the external accidents and reverses to which human life is liable—not "the stuff" of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface of his characters: and therefore he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of an amusing though inelegant scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read *Roderick Random* as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist: but we regard Tom Jones as a real history; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest;—*intus et in cute.*—Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist: Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. We are far from maintaining that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers: but we think that, as far as they essentially differ, what we have stated is the general distinction between them. *Roderick Random* is the purest of Smollett's novels; we mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are therefore truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have

been incapable; his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this, we think, that Strap is superior to Partridge; and there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on shipboard is a most admirable and striking picture, and we imagine very little, if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. *Peregrine Pickle* is no great favourite of ours, and *Launcelot Greaves* was not worthy of the genius of the author.

Humphry Clinker and *Count Fathom* are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossiping novel that ever was written—that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been, and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road as if we had been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, nearly as good. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the *Rivals*. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing with the wintry smiles of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved and most original of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance of Don Quixote is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to anybody else. The indecency and filth in this novel are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. The subject and characters in *Count Fathom* are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. We need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England; to the robber-scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler, who personates a raw English country squire (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. We should have some difficulty to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and nature than these.

It is not, in our opinion, a very difficult attempt to class Fielding or Smollett; the one as an observer of the characters of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities. But it is by no means so easy to dispose of Richardson, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other: but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little shop in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is nowhere to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strangest matter-of-fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of anything in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other; and yet, throughout all his works (voluminous as they are—and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so), he sets about describing every object and transaction as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eye-witness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end; every circumstance is made to tell. We cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. We at one time used to think some parts of *Sir Charles Grandison* rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of Miss Harriet Byron's wedding-clothes, till we met with two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own private gratification. After this, we could not blame the author.

The effect of reading this work is like an increase of kindred; you find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side,—and a very odd set of people too, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses,—for you see and hear all that they do or say. What

is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story seems to have cost the author nothing: for it is said that the published works are mere abridgments. We have heard (though this, we suppose, must be a pleasant exaggeration) that *Sir Charles Grandison* was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes.

Pamela is the first of his productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of the situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine. Her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers. She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain *that no girl would write such letters in such circumstances*. What we mean is this. Richardson's nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters: and if the business of life consisted in letter-writing, and was carried on by the post (like a Spanish game at chess), human nature would be what Richardson represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened by being presented through a medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature. He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene; and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. Dr. Johnson seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of Richardson than in all Fielding. Fielding, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of passion and imagination—which was Richardson's real excellence.

It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection, his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters,—which makes prudes of his women, and coxcombs of his men. Everything is too conscious in his works. Everything is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly: but then, it must be confessed, everything is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can anything be more beautiful or affecting than Pamela's reproaches to her "lumpish heart" when she is sent away from her master's at her own request—its lightness when she is sent for back—the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming-on of spring—the artifice of the stuff gown—the meeting with Lady Davers after her marriage—and the trial scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of Lady Clementina except Sir Charles Grandison himself, who was the object of it? Clarissa is, however, his master-piece, if we except Lovelace. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her. With that foil, her purity is dazzling indeed: and she who could triumph by her virtue and the force of her love over the regality of Lovelace's mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments, and his spirit, conquers all hearts. We should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take her last leave of her friend; or the heart-breaking reflection that Clarissa makes on what was to have been her wedding-day? Well does a modern writer exclaim—

"Books are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow!"

Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer;—his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind;—laboured, and yet completely effectual. We might refer

to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out Death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love: and to the scene at the glove-shop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions—"Belton so pert and so pimply—Tourville so fair and so foppish," &c.? In casuistry he is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. We have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs, whose eye was never once taken from his own person and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism.

It remains to speak of Sterne;—and we shall do it in few words. There is more of *mannerism* and affectation in him, and a more immediate reference to preceding authors;—but his excellences, where he is excellent, are of the first order. His characters are intellectual and inventive, like Richardson's—but totally opposite in the execution. The one are made out by continuity, and patient repetition of touches; the others, by rapid and masterly strokes, and graceful apposition. His style is equally different from Richardson's—it is at times the most rapid, the most happy, the most idiomatic of any of our novel writers. It is the pure essence of English conversational style. His works consist only of *morceaux*,—of brilliant passages. His wit is poignant, though artificial; and his characters (though the groundwork has been laid before) have yet invaluable original differences;—and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown into them, are not to be surpassed. It is sufficient to name them—Yorick, Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Susanna, and the Widow Wadman: and in these he has contrived to oppose, with equal felicity and originality, two characters,—one of pure intellect, and the other of pure good nature, in my Father and my Uncle Toby. There appears to have been in Sterne a vein of dry, sarcastic humour, and of extreme tenderness of feeling —the latter sometimes carried to affectation, as in the tale of *Maria*, and the apostrophe to the recording angel; but at other times pure, and without blemish. The story of *Le Fevre* is perhaps the finest in the English language. My Father's restlessness, both of body and mind, is inimitable. It is the model from which all those despicable performances against modern philosophy ought to have been copied, if their authors had known anything of the subject they were writing about. My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures; or, as the French express it—*un tel petit bon homme!* Of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would say or think anything amiss?

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
—Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A dog-day noon without a night?
—Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
—Who loves not Winter's awful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would choose, how grand so ever,
The shortest day to last for ever?
'Twas in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote;
And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real;
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,
Staid Autumn moved with matron grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild; all talk'd together;
The four at once made wondrous weather;
Nor one (whate'er the rest had shown)
Heard any reason but her own,
While each (for nothing else was clear)
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.
Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield:
They part,—resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky;
And—calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.

Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild,
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.
  As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train;
Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe;
Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
And shake to foliage every grove;
Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
Cheers on the nest the mother-bird;
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt;
The lambs around her bleat and play;
The serpent flings his slough away,
And shines in orient colours dight,
A flexile ray of living light.
Nature unbinds her wintry shroud
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud),
With infant gambols sports along,
Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
The morn impearls her locks with dew,
Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue,
The rainbow spans the evening scene,
The night is silent and serene,
Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
The heart with sweetness while he sin
Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
That Spring might frolic all the year?
  Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
Exulting queen o'er hills and plains;
The birds renew their nuptial vow,
Nestlings themselves are lovers now;
Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
Till feathers far outnumber leaves;
But kites in circles swim the air,
And sadden music to despair.
The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
Team, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs;
The matted woods, the infected earth,
Are venomous with reptile birth;
Armies of locusts cloud the skies;
With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,
Interminable warfare wage,
And madden heaven with insect-rage.
  The flowers are wither'd;—sun nor dew
Their fallen glories shall renew;
The flowers are wither'd;—germ nor seed
Ripen in garden, wild, or mead:
The corn-fields shoot:—their blades, alas!
Run riot in luxuriant grass.
The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
In famine of abundance pine,
Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
And loathsome, rots and rankles round;
Nature with nature seems at strife;
Nothing can live but monstrous life
By death engender'd;—food and breath
Are turn'd to elements of death;
And where the soil his victims strew,
Corruption quickens them anew.
  But ere the year was half expired,
Spring saw her folly, and retired;
Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
And mounted to the Pleiades;
Content with them to rest or play
Along the calm nocturnal way;
Till, heaven's remaining circuit run,
They meet the pale hybernal sun,
And, gaily mingling in his blaze,
Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BROKEN LINKS.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

I.

The house was thoroughly embowered. From the road, looking through the trees, you saw nothing but a quaint gabled end, bright with honeysuckle, and, perhaps, a swinging casement should the wind be high. But this was enough to suggest how sweet a place it was, and strangers would sigh as they looked for envy of its beauty, its quiet, and the placid repose and happiness of which it seemed the retreat. In all the village there was nothing like the Grange for picturesqueness, and with this it lacked nothing in point of comfort. It was a home.

To those who lived in it a pleasant home. They loved its quaint old rooms, gloomy from foliage at the windows, and the bright garden, in which all things flourished with a sweet luxuriance. They loved it for itself and for its memories; for to them it had been a world in which much of their lives had been gladly spent: a narrow but a pleasant world of abundance and of infinite quiet and repose. The rumour in the village went that the early life of Colonel Horlock of the Grange had been a stormy one. He had seen service in the Peninsula. Had been somewhat of a fire-eater, it was surmised; a ready duellist, certainly, if only in keeping with the fashion of his day, and there were not wanting rumours of some meeting of romantic interest. Was it true that he had shot the lover of the Spanish lady whom he afterwards made his wife, and had in consequence been obliged to flee from Spain and seek seclusion in that village home? None knew for certain why it was that Horlock threw up his profession in the face of brilliant prospects. None knew for certain why he

accepted the quiet life of the Grange so placidly; immured there apparently without a thought of anything but of his wife, for whom he had a passionate regard. Many affected to be in his secret: none were so. When the wife died, as she did before many years after the marriage, his breast was the sole repository of the mystery, whatever might have been its nature. A portrait of the beautiful Spanish woman, so deeply loved, so early lost, hung in the great parlour. Horlock himself seldom gave a glance toward it, for every feature of the original was engraven on his heart; but it had a strange fascination for others. Most of all it acted like a spell on those close and dear to Horlock, on his two daughters, the joy and delight of his life. In these his children their mother lived again. In Doretta, the younger one, more especially, the eyes which looked from the portrait met their counterpart. The black orbs, with their strange intensity, were simply reproduced, lending a peculiar charm to a beauty otherwise wholly English. On the other hand, Isabel had the features but not the tone of her mother's face. There was nothing either romantic or severe in the style of a beauty which meant distraction for those who gazed upon it. The tangled gold tresses and merry blue eyes of Isabel were irresistible: so were her joyous laugh and the pretty abandon of her ways: nothing in either suggested the land of her mother's birth. But the colonel could read below the surface, and he knew that the face of Isabel belied her nature. That was like her mother's. The blue eyes could on occasion blaze with a fervour which told its tale of the hot blood of the south, fierce, impatient, and revengeful.

Year after year the village had been familiar with the sight of the tall, slightly obese colonel, with his white hair and iron-gray moustache, sitting under the acacia on the lawn with a daughter on either hand, talking or reading to him. From children in their little black frocks—in mourning for their mother—they had passed into girlhood: then came the sudden and subtle transition, and they were women! A day or so, it seemed, in that sweet time had wrought the change. The charm of womanhood had imperceptibly supplanted that which had so endeared them in a father's eyes. Yet now they were more precious than ever. The colonel regarded them with a proud heart; but there was a serious look in his face. The time of responsibility had come. The future had thrust itself into the paradise of the present. There was a world to be faced anew, and the duty of facing it was inexpressibly painful to the recluse of the Grange garden.

In the drama of life the first scene often determines all the subsequent action. It is like the first move of the skilful chess-player. The game depends upon it. In this instance Horlock's forebodings took their first definite form under the guise of an invitation which Isabel received to spend a few days with a wealthy relative. It was the first separation of any importance at the Grange, and tears glistened in the father's white eyelids as he clasped his child to his breast, and the next instant bade her adieu. Doretta sat down and sobbed. The only consolation was that the separation would be for a few days only. In reality it extended to months. The relations, delighted with Isabel, would not think of her return. She was compelled to participate in a round of pleasures at a mansion of the first magnitude, pleasures which for her had the inexpressible charms of novelty. A season in town succeeded, and proved, if possible, even more delightful. It was more than a year before Isabel returned to the Grange, a year of the time of life most susceptible to impressions. Was it any marvel that she came back greatly changed? The girl had become the woman of the world. Gay, sprightly, and vivacious, with all the habits and tastes of society, her presence changed the whole aspect of things at the Grange. Horlock regarded his daughter with a puzzled delight. Doretta half shrank from her as from a being of another sphere. As to Isabel herself, the longing she had formed to return to the Grange was soon satisfied. It seemed small, shabby, and strangely dull. The old charm had vanished. She could only sit lost in wonder as to how she could ever have dragged through the uneventful hours in a place so homely and so monotonous. Even the portrait of her mother seemed changed. It was no longer impressive, and the mystery of the black searching eyes had departed. From being part of her existence it had come to be simply a portrait, and, as she thought, regarding it critically, a portrait by rather an indifferent artist.

The Grange certainly did not look its best on the day of Isabel's return. It was in the dull early autumn: the first day a fire had been lighted in the best parlour, a concession to comfort not to be despised, for the sky lowered heavily, there was a rising mist, and a chill wind swept in gusts through the ragged trees. It needed all Isabel's sprightliness to make the place tolerable to her, and this was only excited by an effort. Town wit has little

in common with country stolidity. The brilliance which would have delighted Belgravia sounded like flippancy at the Grange. Besides, it met with no response, and it is hard to keep up the ball single-handed. The colonel listened to his daughter without sympathy, and Doretta heard her lively flights and sprightly sallies with simple amazement. Each felt instinctively that the fireside at the Grange could never again be what it had been in the old, old days.

Isabel was the first to give expression to this thought; but not until she was left alone with Doretta.

"Do you find me much changed, darling?" she said, leaning forward and clasping her sister's hands.

"Oh, so much, so much!" was the artless rejoinder.

"Ah!"

The sigh came from her heart. It was deep and prolonged, expressing more than words could have done of the sense she herself entertained of the disruption of the old ties and old interests.

"Life in town is *so* different," she presently said, half apologetically. "It affects one imperceptibly. I never felt how I had yielded to the influence of society until to-day. It is as if I were a stranger meeting strangers. But all will change by to-morrow, dear: I shall be my true self again, and the old house will be the same to me as ever."

Doretta smiled wanly. Her heart had its misgivings, but she did not care to give expression to them.

"You have seen so much," she said, "and must have met so many people it was nice to know."

"Oh, yes: so many."

She paused an instant, gave a quick glance at the frank open face before her, as if to reassure herself of the other's trustworthiness, then whispered abruptly:

"Shall I tell you a secret, Dorry?"

"Yes, dear, if you——"

"Hush! I have met one better than all the rest."

"Indeed! You mean that——"

"That I love him. Oh, Dorry, you cannot think how good and noble and manly he is. So handsome too: and I am sure, quite sure, that I am dearer to him than any one in the world."

As Doretta received this revelation a crimson flush suffused her face: she trembled, and prepared herself to listen with breathless anxiety to what might follow. Isabel was both surprised and charmed with this sisterly sympathy. Pouring out her full heart she at once proceeded to state every incident in the chain of events which had resulted in yielding her so much happiness. There was in reality not much to tell: but embroidered with fancies and heightened in interest by incessant digressions, the story was not only long in the telling, but to Doretta was absorbing in interest. To put it briefly, Isabel had been visiting with her friends at a great country house, to which men of letters, artists, and persons of distinction generally were always welcome. Among those staying at the time was a young artist, rising high in the estimation of the critics, and remarkable also for his great personal attractions. Even men raved of his noble face, his gold gleamy hair, and grand athletic frame. Moreover his mental powers were good, and from long moving in the best circles he had acquired modes of thought and habits of expression which rendered his conversation delightful even to those accustomed to a like tone, but unaccompanied by the brilliance with which he managed to invest even ordinary remarks. That he had been delighted with Isabel was obvious: his attentions had been most marked. On her part she had simply yielded to an irresistible fascination; not admiration only, but deep, ardent love had resulted from their very first interview. Perhaps she had taken no pains to hide the state of her feelings: certainly the young artist had had no difficulty in seeing the impression he had made, and though not unaccustomed to effects of the kind, this added a zest to the pleasure he took in her society. The consequence was that they were often together, that on such occasions he recited poetry, discoursed of art, examined the philosophy of love, and was generally eloquent and always complimentary. So in the end Isabel was convinced that he reciprocated her passion with equal warmth, and regarded him as a lover only waiting the opportunity to declare himself with the customary formalities.

This was the simple narration, to every word of which Doretta listened with avidity.

"And now, dear," said Isabel, as she concluded the story, "there is one thing in which I want your assistance."

"Yes."

"You know how averse papa is to entertaining strangers? Well, I want him to make an exception in this case, and you must help me to persuade him into it. He must invite Darton Rivers to the Grange. Why, Dorry, Dorry, what is the matter?"

There was no answer. Doretta had fainted.

II.

It was natural that the recluse of the Grange should rejoice in the return of his daughter. Her sprightliness pleasantly diversified the monotonous round of his daily life. Yet even she was surprised to find how great a change came over him before she had been many days in the house. He grew positively gay, and was surprised in the act of humming a tune, one of the joyous airs of his stormy youth. Doretta, on the other hand, was hardly herself. In proportion as her father's vivacity increased her once high spirits subsided. She did not complain, and when rallied on the subject, protested that it was nothing but fancy; but it was feared that she was ailing, and change was suggested; but she would not hear of it.

Isabel did not fail to urge her own reasons for the step.

"You have always played the mistress here," she said, "and papa would never consent to invite Darton unless you were well enough to receive him."

"I—I am quite well, dear," was the tremulous reply.

In spite of this assurance her cheek paled daily, her eyes had a dark, sunken look, she moved about the house with a listlessness quite foreign to her nature, or sat musing idly in the garden.

The thing was inexplicable to Isabel. Gradually she became satisfied that there must be some cause for this effect. It was not fancy that Doretta shunned her society, and why should this be, seeing how entire had always been their confidence, and how thoroughly mutual their affection? One day she resolved to clear up the mystery. Doretta had strolled into the park. She could be seen from the casement in the gable, where the honeysuckle swung, making for a scene in the shade which was her favourite resort. Isabel resolved to follow her, to charge her with conduct amounting to unkindness, and then to press the point nearest her heart—the invitation of the young artist of her idolatry to the Grange.

It was a bright day for the time of year: balmy as June, though the trees had already taken the autumn tints, and the park showed ranges of orange, red and brown, with only intervening patches of green. Crisp leaves strewed the grass and crackled under the tread. The spot Doretta had chosen was entirely secluded, a little verdurous bower delightful in the cool of overshadowing bougha. "I will come upon her suddenly and startle her," thought Isabel. As she neared the spot therefore she lifted her silken skirt and trod on tip-toe, picking out the spots between the fallen leaves, so that there might not be even a rustle. Stealing on thus she gained the shelter of a tree, and there as from a hiding-place peeped curiously forth. The unconscious girl who was the object of scrutiny, stood with her back to the tree, her face downcast, lost in a reverie. In her two hands she held an open letter.

"Caught!" cried the delighted sister, as she detected the fluttering leaves.

The next moment she had darted forward, seized the unsuspecting girl by one arm, while her other hand encircled her waist; and so, holding her firmly, stood laughing in her face. The laugh was loud and joyous, the more so as the hand encircling the waist had caught at and seized an unexpected treasure, nothing less than a miniature suspended from a gold chain, which had evidently just dropped from the listless fingers of the dreamer. The smile which irradiated the merry face met with no reflection, the joyous laugh with no response. Doretta was as a marble statue, cold and immovable.

"Oh, Dorry, Dorry!" cried the delighted Isabel, "have I surprised your secret at last! A letter and a miniature! And you would not take me into your confidence? You could not give trust for trust? I told you all my story, and you have rewarded me by keeping yours to yourself. It was unkind, it was cruel."

For all that she impressed a kiss upon the lips which made no effort to answer her. They were stone cold.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed, the mirth dying out of her once cheerful face as she did so. "You are not angry?"

"No."

It was gasped forth rather than spoken.

A look of alarm took the place of the joyous smiles which had rendered the sister's face so charming.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Why are you so strange? What is the mystery? Tell me, for I will know all. I am your sister, and have a right to your confidence. Explain to me: I insist on it."

"Let me go!" cried Doretta, struggling to release herself from the grasp detaining her. "I can tell you nothing. Let me go!"

With an effort she released herself and broke away.

A gay laugh rang in her ears. The chain about her neck held her. Isabel retained her grasp of the portrait. While it was in her hand there was no escape. "Give it me, oh,

LORETTA AND ISABEL.

give it me!" Doretta pleaded in a tone of agonized earnestness.

"Not till I have looked."

"Look then!"

She obeyed, and as she did so a stifled cry broke from her lips. The hot blood rushed into her face and suffused it crimson. Fierce with passion the blue eyes glowed in their sockets. She could not speak, she could but sway from side to side, dumbly gesticulating with her hands. It was the paroxysm of a moment: when it had passed she spoke in a voice cold, hard, and unsympathetic.

"Darton Rivers is your lover?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"He will never be your husband. Never!"

She threw the portrait from her, snapping the chain, so that it went flying into the grass. For one instant she turned on the trembling girl a face distorted with passionate hate, then turned and strode from the spot, proudly and defiantly, but with a tight clasping of the hands, which showed how intense was the feeling by which she was overmastered.

That night two persons only occupied the old parlour at the Grange—the colonel and Isabel. She, in spite of her endeavours to control herself, was often absent and uncongenial: sometimes, too, she would shed tears, but was not this natural, seeing that poor Doretta was at last so unwell as to be unable to quit her room? This was a cloud even upon Horlock's spirits, and they were unusually high that night. The secret influence under which they had risen was at work as it had never been before. In spite of everything he was gay.

"Dry your tears, Isa," he said, as the night wore on. "They will spoil your pretty face. Dorry will be better to-morrow: she wants change, and she shall have it. I am myself growing sick of the dulness and the gloom of this old place. We have buried her alive too long. It is time she saw the world."

There was no response.

"In a few days I expect a friend on business. His visit will be a relief, and when he goes we will think of some spot in which to spend a few weeks this fine autumn weather."

Isabel was amazed. She had never heard her father suggest such a thing as holiday-keeping, had never suspected that the solitude of the Grange was distasteful to him. But then she had not from a child seen him in such spirits as during the last few days.

Before she had time to make any reply the door opened and a servant entered hastily and with looks of alarm.

"Miss Doretta, sir!" she exclaimed.

"Yes: what of her?"

"She is gone."

A search of the house and grounds confirmed the strange intelligence. Doretta Horlock was not to be found.

III.

Not to be found. Days melted into weeks, and still that was the report. There were no signs of the missing one. Inquiry showed that she must have passed out of the house and grounds unobserved, and thus disappeared into the world. No one had seen her go. No villager had met her. There was no reason to suppose that she had taken any vehicle so as to travel a distance: on the other hand, only the absence of evidence of that sort justified the conclusion that she remained in the neighbourhood. Isabel alone had any clue to the cause of this mystery. She alone knew what had passed in the park, having so obvious a relation to what subsequently happened; but she held her peace and kept her own counsel. A burning sense of wrong calcined the natural affections of her heart. She cared not what had become of Doretta, whether she was alive or dead, so long as she was removed from her path, and ceased to be a rival in the affections of the man she loved. Was this monstrous? Truly yes. Was it a solitary instance of a devouring passion swallowing up all meaner things? Unfortunately no. Indifference to the poor girl's fate did not, however, involve lack of curiosity respecting it. Isabel would have been glad to learn that about which she hardly cared to inquire: to know for certain the fate of one who had become indifferent to her.

As time elapsed a vague ghostly fear began to shape itself into something tangible. People asked one of another, Was it possible any harm could have come to Doretta? And if so, had it happened of her own act or by the act of another? When Isabel first heard this question seriously propounded a curious expression came into her face: a strangely serious look, which went as suddenly as it came.

Only Horlock himself observed without understanding it.

"You do not believe this possible?" she asked of him earnestly, even while his eyes were on her changing face.

"Let us trust in Heaven it is not," was his solemn answer.

For all that steps were taken to ascertain if any casualty had happened. Search was instituted in all dangerous places, and the mystery

began to stir up excitement: people talked of it far and near, and in doing so incidentally awoke the echoes of the past in relation to that older mystery which had led to the colonel's long tenancy of the Grange. Knowing nothing, people were quick to invent, and their fertile brains led them to indulge in all kinds of speculations, until it began to be questioned whether it was not necessary to look into the dim past for a solution of the inscrutable mystery of the present.

While the excitement was thus growing, the theory which favoured some kind of violence received a strong reinforcement. A portion of a gold chain was found lying in the park. Some of the links in it were strained, and its general appearance suggested that force had been used in snapping it asunder. This fragment of chain was identified by Doretta's maid as having belonged to her mistress.

Great was the effect of this discovery. Small as it was it seemed to let in a new light on the whole question. People became alarmed.

In the midst of it all Colonel Horlock made an announcement to his elder daughter which served for the instant to distract her thoughts and those of the little household.

"The friend I spoke to you of, Isa," he said one morning at breakfast, "will be here to-night. He comes on business of the utmost moment to me. Untoward as the time is, he must be received with the best the Grange can afford."

"But what a time for visitors!" she remonstrated.

"True."

He said no more, but passed out into the garden, and she did not follow to ask the name or business of the stranger. It mattered little who came or who went at a time when all thoughts were concentrated on one subject, and she found herself sharing the contagion of the general alarm of uneasiness.

That evening, as Isabel sat brooding alone in the gloom of the great parlour, the window from which she gained a view of the long bars of ashen cloud in the dying west was suddenly darkened by two forms. The colonel was conversing with a stranger. He had been explaining to him the mystery of the past few weeks, and as he ceased he stepped in at the low window and invited his companion to follow.

"My daughter," he said; "though I fear there is not light enough for you to see one another. A moment and I will put a match to the lamp."

Isabel rose and advanced toward the stranger, holding out her hand with mechanical courtesy. He saw it by the first gleam of the match and grasped it, while he expressed a cordial pleasure in the meeting. At the same moment the wick of the lamp ignited and illumined the room. A mingled exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of both.

It was Darton Rivers.

The colonel turned sharply, and by a question relieved them of embarrassment. "You have met before?" he asked.

"Yes, we have had the pleasure," said Darton; "but I was not aware that my charming companion of Luttrel Castle was your daughter. We share, I hope, most pleasurable recollections of a few delightful days."

"Most pleasurable," returned Isabel: but she spoke coldly, in a tone fitly matching the mere society tone in which the handsome artist had rattled off his frank compliment. Instinctively she felt that there was no heart in his words, while there could scarcely be cordiality in hers after the discovery she had made, a discovery of all others injurious to a woman's self-love—that of his preference for another. It was a painful meeting, how painful Darton Rivers hardly knew, since he did not guess at the depth of the impression he had made on the heart of the woman before him, with whom he had exchanged the civilities of an idle hour with little thought of the effect they might produce on one unaccustomed to society and its insincerities, and therefore prone to take mere tinsel compliments for sterling expressions of regard.

The source of the artist's embarrassment was his knowledge of what had happened between himself and the lost Doretta—of what had thus far been, as he supposed, kept secret from all but themselves, yet which he now instinctively divined was known to another. To a close observer and a man of the world it was not difficult to read the face before him even in a momentary flash. Mingled feelings might have been expressed in it, but one thing was not hard to discern. "Jealous eyes have read our secret," he said to himself; and following quick upon the one thought came another. "Have jealous hands wrecked our happiness!" The suggestion was rejected as soon as it presented itself: but it returned, and in time became a germ of action.

It was inevitable that the story of Doretta's loss should form the staple of conversation at the Grange, and Darton Rivers did not tire of the recital; but, on the contrary, probed to the utmost, and with a rare sagacity, every minute detail. Did he know that every question,

every fresh expression of deep interest, sent a thrill of pain through the heart of the listening woman whose love for him was rapidly taking the form of hate? If he did he was careless alike of her feelings and of the consequences which might result from wounding them. But in truth he had his own self-absorbing feelings and difficulties, and found it sufficiently hard to struggle against an ever-increasing suspicion which filled his breast with the intensest agony. The more he heard the more strongly did he incline to a belief in foul play as the cause of Doretta's protracted absence. The colonel met every suggestion of the kind with the argument of the absence of motive. This the artist admitted was a point for consideration; but it did not appear to present to him the difficulty his host experienced.

It was not until the second day that Isabel found herself alone with the object of her passionate admiration and ever-increasing dislike. She was listlessly tending her flowers in what was known as Isabel's garden—her own little patch of ground which she had looked after even when a child. While she plucked the faded leaves from a standard-rose Darton Rivers strolled towards her.

"Still no news!" he remarked abruptly, after lifting his hat by way of morning greeting.

She shook her head mournfully.

"Every day increases the mystery," he said, "and every day"—he paused—"increases also the certainty of its discovery."

"What do you mean?" she asked, startled as much by the tone as by the words, so significantly were they uttered.

"Simply that time means accumulation of evidence, that means intelligent action, and action must have its results."

"But has not the whole neighbourhood already been in action for weeks past?"

"True. But I said 'intelligent action.' Steps taken as the result of sagacity and a pre-determined line of procedure."

"I am not sure that I understand."

"Listen to me then." He sunk his voice to a whisper as he spoke. "Two persons know more of this matter than any others in the world. Those persons are—you and I."

She started and grew serious.

"You and I," he repeated; "therefore it is well that there should be no mistake between us on so vital a matter. Let us see then what it is we jointly know. The theory of violence has been met with an alleged absence of motive. Could not you and I suggest a motive strong enough to satisfy most minds? No! Let us try. You and I have met before, and under circumstances which, it has occurred to me only since I have been here, thinking intently and watching intently, might have led to false impressions. You would set it down to the score of my vanity were I to suggest a suspicion that I had ever been more to you than the merest acquaintance, the veriest agreeable rattle of dinner-table."

She bent her head: but the tears trickled from her long lashes on to the white hands crossed before her.

"I will risk your scorn," he went on, "and say confidently that I was not indifferent to you in the moment when you made the discovery that I was your sister's accepted lover. You will deny that you made any such discovery."

"And if I do?" she interposed.

"It does not matter," he replied with assumed indifference; "it will avail you as little as will your denial that your hand tore from your sister's neck this fragment of the broken chain."

He held forth as he spoke a few links of a chain identical in pattern with that found in the park and which had given rise to such grave suspicions. Isabel looked on, dumb with consternation.

"What!" cried the young artist bitterly, "you do not deny this?"

"No, no!" she cried, suddenly cowering to his feet, "I cannot deny it, since you have found it hidden in my garden; but do not misconstrue the motives which drove me to conceal it there. I was afraid. Heaven knows I have done Doretta no wrong; but I did snatch the chain from her neck. It broke in my hands. And when the rest was found I trembled to think what construction they might put on it should this portion be found also. Why, they might—they might even say that I had killed her!"

"I dare not interpret the thoughts of other men," he answered solemnly; "but be warned. I have devoted my life to the solution of this mystery."

"O Darton Rivers, I am innocent," was her only reply; "indeed, indeed I am innocent."

The artist did not answer, but turning from her quitted the garden.

Was he satisfied with the assurance of innocence he had received? Hardly, yet its apparent sincerity puzzled him, more especially as much that he had assumed as fact in this painful interview was mere surmise. At all events he relied greatly on the terror which a fear of detection might inspire in the event of guilt, and as his stay at the Grange could

not be protracted, he proceeded to discharge another duty, and for this purpose sought out Colonel Horlock, whom he found overlooking documents in the library.

"As I leave to-day, colonel," he said. "it is necessary that the business which brought me here should be despatched. At the same time I have a confession to make to you."

"A confession?"

"Yes, and one which involves my asking your forgiveness. You have received me here as coming from your lawyers on matters connected with your family affairs. You are probably not aware of my relations to the late Count Amyott—"

"The Count Amyott!"

It was only in a whisper that the colonel gasped forth the words.

"Yes," returned the other, "he met me while I was studying at Rome, and adopted me. From his lips, while he was on his deathbed, I first heard your name and the reasons which induced you to quit the army and to bury yourself in this village. The heir of the Amyotts fell by your hand——"

"In self-defence. You know it was in self-defence."

"I now do; I have satisfied myself on that point; but the world did not know it. The world thought, prompted in the idea by the vindictive old lord, that, as your rival in the affections of the lady who afterwards became your wife, you beguiled him to a secret spot and there slew him. It was in fact he who was guilty of the treachery, as is established beyond all doubt by the very letter written to you—preserved by the count among his correspondence—which letter I now place in your hand. It is the vindication of fair fame, and if more were needed here are the very names of the brigands engaged to set upon you should the youth's dagger fail him, which brigands you put to flight."

As he spoke he handed a sealed envelope across the table, amused at the alacrity with which the other seized it and examined its contents.

"But—but how is it that I receive this from your hands?" the colonel asked. "The object of your visit, as I understood, was that you might unfold to me——"

"Pardon me," the artist interrupted. "I have not yet concluded. In giving you this, I fulfil the dying wishes of the Count Amyott. Now comes my confession, and the reasons of it. The task I undertook in satisfaction of the count's scruples was not an easy one, for the reason that you had so completely buried yourself within these walls as to be utterly lost to the world. After much difficulty, however, I obtained a clue, and found myself in this village. It was there my good fortune to encounter your child Doretta, from whose lips I received such information as has enabled me to fulfil my mission. Can you not guess what I would add? Simply that the impression produced on me by her beauty and accomplishments was such that I begged of her to permit me to ask her hand of you."

"And her reply?" asked the colonel in astonishment.

"She agreed; but on one condition. 'Free him from the stain, whatever it is, which rests on his name, and you can then ask me of an honourable man in honourable fashion.' My part is done, but instead of appealing to you for my reward, I can only ask you to forgive me for having even approached your daughter with overtures of affection without your consent. It was a fault, and Heaven only knows what evils it may entail."

Overwhelmed with gratitude for the signal service rendered him, the colonel expressed his readiness to forgive what, under all the circumstances, was a venial fault. This done he pressed the artist to remain his guest a few more days, since, melancholy as was the situation of affairs, his avowed affection for his lost child would induce him to take a deep interest in every step taken with a view to her recovery. Darton Rivers declined, but without stating the terrible suspicion which rendered the idea of any further stay under that roof intolerable to him.

To the latest day of his life he was grateful to Heaven that no word of any such suspicion had escaped his lips.

To his inexpressible joy and delight, at the very moment in which the suspicion might have found utterance it was triumphantly and instantaneously dissipated. While they yet clasped hands the sound of voices rose on the air, followed by the trampling of feet. There were cries, followed by the noise of an approaching crowd. There was a shout of triumph and joy: then the gates of the Grange garden thundered open, and as the colonel went forth to seek the cause of all this, a solitary figure burst from the crowd and threw itself upon his breast.

"Forgive me, O my father, forgive me!" cried a tearful voice, and in the utterance Doretta—agitated and exhausted—Doretta sprang forward and clasped her arms about her father's neck.

A hasty kiss upon her brow, a hot tear upon

her cheek,—in these outbursts of emotion there was rapture and there was forgiveness.

She had come back. That was enough. She was in her father's arms, looking up into her lover's face. What more was needed? Nothing save the few words which told reluctantly of her resolve to flee and hide herself in some far-off land for Isabel's sake, and for the possible love Darton might bear for her, of her making by devious paths toward a near seaport town, whence it might be possible for her to sail somewhere, she did not know or care where, and of the way in which that resolve broke down under the thought of her father's life-long agony of mind, and the fear awakened by a flying rumour that her sister might be deemed guilty of some dark act of treachery toward her. Acted upon by such reflections her brave resolve gave way; she could but return, and that speedily, to ask forgiveness for her rash act, and to pray for reinstatement in the old home. In that home she remained, cheered even by the remorseful kindness of Isabel, whose sense of a danger escaped softened her heart even under her heavy trial: there she remained, but not for long, and happiness was her portion with him on whose arm she leaned as she went forth to a new world of duties beyond the Grange.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight
From the molten-golden notes!
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan:

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls!
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

THE JEWEL-HUNTER.[1]

BY H. D. INGLIS.

I was about fourteen years old when my father carried me to the great fair of Cracow, whither he went to purchase tools for his business, which was that of a lapidary, and which he carried on at Michlinitz. The size of the town, the magnificence of the buildings, the crowds that thronged the streets, and the novelty and beauty of the wares, surprised and delighted me; but nothing enchanted me so much as the model of the citadel in salt, which, according to the usual custom, was placed in the great square upon a pedestal of marble.

As we walked along one side of the square, looking for the shop of a merchant from whom my father wished to purchase some stones, we saw a great crowd collected before a door at some little distance, and as we came nearer, it proved to be the shop of the identical merchant whom my father sought. So great was the crowd, that we were unable to approach nearer than within twenty yards of the door; and as my father pushed forward, anxious to despatch his business,

"What now?" said a fellow in the throng, "softly, if you please; do you think nobody wants to see the opal but yourself?"

"What opal is it," said my father, addressing a man who stood beside him, "that excites so much curiosity?"

"Have you not heard," replied the man, "of that wonderful opal that Schmidt the jewel-hunter found in the mountains, and which has just been bought for the king at the price of 100,000 florins?"

My father was now as anxious to see the opal as anybody else; and when he had succeeded in reaching the shop, the merchant took my father and myself into a back-room, carrying the opal along with him, that the business upon which we came might be transacted more quietly; telling the crowd that besieged the door that the opal was not to be seen any more that day.

My father and the merchant immediately began to make their bargains, leaving the examination of the opal until their business should be concluded, while I all the while kept the precious stone in my hand, looking at it, and admiring it, and thinking of its extraordinary value. I was entirely ignorant of the worth of jewels, and, although my father was a lapidary, scarcely could distinguish between one stone and another; for my mother having resolved that I should follow the profession of the law, I had been put to school at an early age, and was therefore more an adept at my books than a judge of precious stones. I knew, however, that the stone I held in my hand had been purchased by the king for 100,000 florins, and as one florin even seemed to me an inexhaustible sum, 100,000 florins might well baffle my utmost powers of conception. At length the merchant and my father, having finished their business, turned their attention to the opal, and discoursed in the most extravagant terms of its extraordinary beauty and value, and of the wonderful good fortune of the finder,—all of which made a deep impression upon me. As we passed from the merchant's house through the square, I importuned

[1] From *Solitary Walks through Many Lands*. By Derwent Conway (pseudonym), author of *Tales of Ardennes*.

my father to show me the exhibition of an Armenian juggler; but he refused me, saying it would cost half a florin. Half a florin, thought I—only half a florin; and this jewel-hunter has found a gem worth 100,000! All the way from Cracow to Michlinitz I was occupied with these thoughts, and every minute was turning my head to look at the mountains, almost expecting to see the colours of the opal reflected from some sun-gilt cliff.

A few days after my father returned home he fell sick; and, notwithstanding the advantage of an excellent constitution, and all the care of my mother, and the medicines of the physician, he sunk under the disease, and died at the end of eight days, leaving his family but slenderly provided, and me, his only son, with his wits for patrimony, and the world the sphere in which they were to be exercised.

It was now out of the question to think of breeding me for the law; I must be apprenticed to some trade, and, my head being still full of the opal, I petitioned to be placed under the care of a lapidary. My mother consented,—and I accordingly took up my abode in a garret, in which there were abundance of precious stones to feast my eyes upon, and preserve the recollection of the opal and the 100,000 florins. I was anxious to learn my trade, and yet I worked but little at it. An indistinct dream of kingly wealth, and embryo projects of acquiring it, floated in my brain. The window of my garret looked into the country, the long chain of the Carpathian Mountains bounding the prospect; and in place of polishing stones and learning my business, I used to spend at least every alternate half-hour standing at my window, thinking of Schmidt and his opal, and his 100,000 florins; and, as I took my seat again, saying to myself aloud, "I see no reason why I, as well as Schmidt, may not find an opal."

During all this time I never communicated my thoughts to my mother; I told her, indeed, at times, that one day or other I should make the fortune of the family,—by which she understood that I intended to become an expert lapidary, and so acquire independence.

About three years passed away thus; and at the end of that time I requested leave from my master to go and see an uncle, who lived at Dunavitz, and who was a breeder of cattle. My uncle, however, was but a secondary consideration in my mind; I determined to make this journey subservient to my first trial of fortune; and, accordingly, provided myself secretly with a hammer and with such other tools as I thought might be useful. My uncle received me with great kindness, as did also my aunt and cousins; and when I told them I had been apprenticed three years to a lapidary, and had already acquired considerable skill in stones, and that my master had sent me for a few days to practise my knowledge among the mountains (which falsehoods, God, I trust, will forgive me), I was liberally supplied with everything requisite; a sack was filled with eatables, and I was furnished with tinder, and a knife to cut krumholz, and many other little necessaries and comforts: and with the good wishes of all the family, and injunctions to return in four days, I slung my sack over my shoulder, and marched away, to begin my career as a *jewel-hunter*.

Nothing could be more buoyant than my spirits were as I began to ascend the inclined plane that led to the foot of the mountains. I felt as if all the riches they contained were one day or other to be my own. This was the very peak I had seen so often from my garret window; this was the very chain among which Schmidt had found the opal; and who could tell, if he had found a jewel worth 100,000 florins, that there might not be other jewels in the mountains, worth ten times as much. With these pleasant fancies, I at length reached the mouth of a narrow valley, that seemed to me the entrance to the abodes of Plutus. I soon fell to work, making the valley re-echo with the blows with which I belaboured the rocks, and continued my exertions without finding anything that in the least resembled a jewel, until I was obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion. This was rather disheartening; but I consoled myself by coming to the conclusion that I had not yet penetrated far enough into the mountain. It was not so pleasant to sleep upon the mountain-side as even in my garret; but this was an inconvenience that I knew must be submitted to, and I felt persuaded that next day my labours would turn to more account.

I awoke at least two hours before daybreak, and longed for the light with as much impatience as if I needed light only to show me the path to exhaustless treasures. Long before the highest mountain peaks were tipped with the sunbeams I was making my way over rocks and torrents, hastening to a more distant ravine, not a bit daunted by the unsuccessful labours of the day before, but on the contrary, with the fullest expectations, if not of an opal as good as Schmidt's, of at least something sufficient to verify my predictions of good fortune. This day I half filled my sack; not, indeed, with

opals, but with stones and ores which I promised myself were a handsome reward for my labour. Schmidt, thought I, did not find his opal the first time he went among the mountains; I must not be too hasty in my ambition. The next morning I began to retrace my steps, filling my sack as I went along, and arrived, at the close of the third in place of the fourth day, at my uncle's house. Great congratulations followed the display of my riches.

"This," said I, "is garnet, this is lapis lazuli, this is gold ore; but I have found no opal yet."

"All in good time," said my uncle; "and how much is all this worth?"

"Certainly not less," said I, "than three hundred florins."

My uncle looked somewhat incredulous; my aunt said something about the small profits of cattle-breeding, when money was to be picked up in this way by children; and my cousins, who were all females, and some years younger than myself, looked upon me as the most wonderful youth in Galicia.

Next day I took my leave, carrying my treasures, of course, along with me; but knowing very well that more than one-half of them were worthless, and that I had exaggerated their value to my uncle, I stopped on the bank of a little stream, and, after a rigid examination of the contents of my sack, threw more than half into the water, making myself sure that what I had reserved was worth a hundred and fifty florins, at least. I went to my master's house before presenting myself at home, and found him at work.

"I have brought something with me," said I, emptying the sack upon the ground, and laying a handful upon the table at which he was working; he took up one and then another, without saying anything, for he was a man of few words, and slightly glancing at them, threw them into a corner, which he made the receptacle for rubbish. One handful after another I laid upon the table, and each specimen was in its turn consigned to the corner; the last handful was produced, and in it there was one specimen, upon which my hopes were chiefly grounded, and upon which I had made some marks when I displayed my riches to my uncle. He looked more narrowly at this specimen than he had at the others, but ended by throwing it where he had thrown the rest, and saying,

"All rubbish, my boy, so get to your business."

My hopes, then, were at an end: and the three hours that intervened between this and bedtime were the most unhappy hours of my life.

As I lay in bed sleepless, ruminating upon the failure of all my brilliant expectations, it suddenly occurred to me that possibly my master might be mistaken, and that the jewel which I had marked might be judged differently of by some other lapidary; and getting up, I crept softly down-stairs into my master's workshop, and lighted a small lamp at the expiring embers of a fire, which he had been using in some of his operations. I then began to search among the rubbish for the stone which was marked, but I could nowhere find it; one after another I held them to the lamp, and repeated over and over again the same toilsome examination, till at length, weary of my unsuccessful labour, I sat down upon the chair before my master's table, which was strewed with the instruments he had used in polishing a beautiful jacinth, that lay with the polished side towards me. I took it up: it was the very stone I had been seeking for. My plan was speedily arranged; I seized upon the stone, stole back to my chamber, dressed myself as quickly as I could, and, although it was not much after midnight, took the road to Cracow; leaving a line for my master, informing him that, having discovered him to be a thief, I had left his service, and had taken with me my own jewel, which my uncle could prove to be mine, by a mark which I had made upon it. I found no difficulty in disposing of my jewel; the same merchant whom I had visited along with my father gave me a hundred florins for it, and congratulated me upon having begun my career so favourably; and next day I returned home with a present for each member of the family, and with more than eighty florins in my pocket.

There was now no question as to my future trade; my first attempt had met with more success than any one, excepting myself, anticipated; and although I had not yet found an opal, I had no great cause to be dissatisfied, and looked upon the acquisition of riches as the easiest thing imaginable.

The money that my jacinth fetched served to equip me for my next expedition. I left forty florins at home, and set out for Kostalesko, on my nineteenth birth-day, with the blessing of a mother and the good wishes of three sisters: all of whom I promised to portion handsomely as soon as I had found an opal worth but 20,000 florins. All three looked upon their portions as already secured, and as I walked out of Michlinitz, I did not forget to cast my eye upon the fields on either side, in the view of

making up my mind as to the most eligible site for building a house upon with the produce of my labours.

The first day on which I set out upon my travels, and when just entering the mountains, I overtook two men, well advanced in years, whose tattered garments and squalid faces denoted the extremest poverty and wretchedness. I fell into conversation with them, and learned that they were gold-hunters.

"Why," said I, "do you not rather follow the trade of jewel-hunting?" secretly pleased, however, that I had not found rivals in my own occupation.

They only smiled at me, and I, in my turn, pitied the delusion that had kept them poor all their lives, instead of buying a castle and rearing horses, as Schmidt had done.

Almost every day during a year I spent less or more of it among the mountains; sometimes my labours were rewarded, but oftener I found nothing worth so much as a few groschen; yet never during all this time did my hopes diminish, nor did my continued toil become in the smallest degree irksome. Every morning I sprang from my bed full of eager anticipation, and every night longed for the morning, that I might recommence my search; days of unrewarded toil I looked upon only as procrastinations of my good fortune; each rising sun brought new expectation along with it, and if one blow of the hammer did not loose an opal from the rock, I thought a second might.

At length, one day, at the expiration of nearly a year from the day I left home, a stone dropped into my hand, that had all the distinguishing marks of a valuable opal. I eagerly proceeded to polish a part, and the varied hues of the opal flashed upon my delighted eye. Now then, said I to myself, the day of my reward has arrived. The stone I had found was little inferior in size to that which I had held in my hand in the merchant's back-shop at Cracow, the look of which I yet remembered so distinctly; and I felt assured it could not be worth less than 50,000 florins.

As I bent my steps homewards I employed myself in that most agreeable of all occupations, planning the distribution and assortment of riches which I felt assured were on the eve of being mine. The close of the third day brought me to the threshold of my own door; and I was welcomed with those true greetings which a son, after long absence, may expect to find from a mother's love. My countenance soon told the extent and importance of my secret; and the opal was drawn from its hiding-place with exulting looks, and presented to the wondering eyes of the family circle. I determined to lose little time in realizing my expectations. The next week the great Cracow fair would take place, and thither I of course determined to go.

It was soon settled what was to be done with the 50,000 florins. I had promised to portion my sisters; each of them, accordingly, should have two thousand, which would make them the richest heiresses in Michlinitz; I would give four thousand to my mother; and "as for the remaining 40,000," said I, "my little cousin Ronza, at Dunavitz, will make me a good wife, and I will purchase a barony somewhere in the Palatinate."

These things being all determined upon, I left home for the capital,[1] early on the morning of the day of the great fair, with my opal in a leathern bag, which was suspended round my neck by a copper chain. I overtook and passed a great many persons on the road; for I was mounted upon a good horse, which I had bought with the remnant of the hundred florins I had made by my jacinth; "but which among them all," said I to myself, "carries to the fair an opal worth 50,000 florins!"

Before mid-day I arrived at the capital, and having put up my horse at an inn in the outskirts, walked towards the great square, by the same streets I had traversed with my father five years ago. What changes had taken place since then; and to what extraordinary results had the impressions which were made upon my mind at that time led! Happy fortune, thought I, that carried my father to Cracow; had he never gone thither, I should never have seen the wonderful opal, or even so much as heard of a jewel-hunter, and never should have been walking, as now, to the great fair, with a jewel in my possession worth 50,000 florins.

I had no reason to doubt the integrity of the merchant with whom I had formerly dealt; but before finally disposing of my treasure, I wished to enjoy the triumph of possessing it: I was anxious, in short, that as great a noise should be made about my opal as about that which Schmidt sold to the king. I walked accordingly through the great square, seeking an opportunity of making my good fortune known, and of buzzing about the rarity and value of my possession.

As I went onward, looking to the right hand and to the left, my attention was fixed by the extraordinary richness and variety of a display

[1] This was in the year 1750, when Poland was a kingdom, and Cracow its capital.

of wares which were exhibited upon a long row of tables, placed beneath an awning, behind which an eastern merchant sat smoking. Every species of costly and rare merchandise lay upon the tables. The richest stuffs, brocades, silks, and gold tissues from Persia,—the most valuable spices and perfumes from India and Arabia,—Damascus' sabres, the hilts inlaid with gold and ivory, and studded with precious stones,—the rarest gums of Africa and of Guyana,—temples and pagodas, curiously carved in ivory, and the most precious woods,—the most excellent specimens of Mosaic,—cameos and intaglios, of the most valuable materials and the most exquisite workmanship,—all swelled the riches of the eastern merchant's bazaar. But rich and valuable as were these commodities, the contents of one other table eclipsed them all: it was covered with all kinds of precious stones, ranged in rows, circles, and pyramids: diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topaz, of all sizes, and of the finest colours, glittered in the sunshine, and dazzled and delighted the eye; but among them I saw no opal.

"Friend," said I to the merchant, "you reign here the emperor of the fair; upon your tables are concentrated the riches of all the cities of the East; every country in the world has laid its tribute before you; and yet," added I, "there seems one thing awanting."

"What," said he, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "would you desire to see added?"

"I see," replied I, "this beautiful pyramid, composed of precious stones, two rows of topaz, two of ruby, two of sapphire, two of emerald, and one of diamond, with this fine pearl surmounting the whole; but for the pearl I would substitute an opal."

"I could soon make that change," said the merchant, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "but to my mind the pearl brings the pyramid to a better point; there is not a jewel, young man, that ever came out of the bowels of the earth, that I have not in my possession: and I will venture the worth of this pyramid, that I can show a better stone of every kind than any other merchant now in Cracow—ay! in Poland—ay! in Europe," added he, glancing triumphantly at his tables, and then resuming his pipe.

I thought within myself, "He has no opal, he is too proud of his jewels to submit to the suspicion of not having one, were it in his power to prevent it;" and I immediately replied, "I have not the value of the pyramid to stake, but I will venture the value of a jewel which I will produce to you, that you will not match it."

"Name its value," said the merchant as unconcernedly as before, "and I will take your word for it; select its worth among these jewels, and lay them on one side, and then place your own opposite to them, and whoever gains shall take up both stakes; you yourself shall decide whether or not I produce a jewel more valuable of its kind than yours."

This I thought was extremely fair, or rather more than fair; for it put it in my power to stake against my jewel something double its value. I did not, however, profit by this advantage, but selected a diamond which I judged to be worth about 50,000 florins, and laid it upon one side. There was now collected around the table a considerable number of persons, attracted at first by the wares, and now interested in the conversation they had overheard, and all anxiously waiting the result of so considerable a wager. I had thus obtained precisely what I desired—an opportunity of displaying my riches, and enjoying the vanity of possessing so rare a gem; to say nothing of the diamond that glittered on the table, and which I already considered as my own. I now pulled the chain over my head, and, opening the leathern purse, drew forth my opal, and laid it upon the table opposite to the diamond.

"A fine opal, indeed," said the merchant, laying down his pipe and examining it, "and worth more than the diamond you selected, and precisely the thing for the top of the pyramid. My own, you see, is too large," added he, opening the lid of an ebony box, and laying upon the table the very opal Schmidt had sold to the king, the appearance of which I remembered so well.

What were my feelings at that moment?—the object of my toil, and hopes, and promises, gone from me in an instant, and by my own accursed folly and vanity. The merchant deliberately returned the pipe into his mouth; took up my opal, and, displacing the pearl, crowned the pyramid with the opal.

"Now," said he, "you will admit that the pyramid is faultless." He then returned his own opal into the box, and calmly began to arrange some of his wares.

I turned away in the deepest dejection: but the expressions of pity from the by-standers, so different from those with which I had expected to be greeted, wounded me more even than the loss of my wealth. I repaired to the shop of the merchant whom I knew, but without communicating to him what had happened. The circumstance, however, soon got wind; it

was soon buzzed about everywhere that an ignorant youth had allowed himself to be juggled out of a valuable jewel by the great Bassora merchant, Haranzabad; and I had the mortification of seeing myself pointed at as this ignorant youth.

"How could you be so mad," said the merchant, my friend, "as to stake any opal against Haranzabad's?—had you come to me first, you would have learned, what everybody knows, that the king pledged his opal to that merchant for a loan, upon condition that he should not exhibit it openly at the fair."

I had now neither business nor inclination to detain me at the fair. I sold my horse, and in place of turning homeward with 50,000 florins in my purse, I had but 200, partly the price of my horse, and partly the balance of a debt, which the lapidary was owing to my father. How different were my feelings on my road homeward from what they would have been had I been returning to the realization of my projects! My sisters' portions, my mothers' provision, my cousin Ronza, and my expected barony, all came to my mind, only to reproach me for my vanity and folly. I was still a jewel-hunter, and had still my fortune to make; yet, wonderful as it may appear, at this very moment, when my hopes were newly crushed, they began to rise again; new dreams of riches, and even projects of their appropriation, occupied my mind, and almost excluded the recollection of my misfortune, and the very hour that witnessed the destruction of all my expectations and the futility of my toils, saw also born within me a steadier determination than ever to renew them, and as firm a persuasion that they would yet be rewarded.

Providence, however, has not yet thought fit to crown my hopes; but I have lived happily notwithstanding. Never has my hammer laid open the lustre of another opal, but I have always been cheered on by expectation; my toil has never been rewarded by independence, but it has brought me food and raiment, and left me something to wish for; I have never entered Cracow again with the exulting thought that I was about to possess myself of 50,000 florins, but neither have I ever quitted it with the painful reflection that I have lost the fruit of a year's labour, and of many years' hope; I have had no portions to bestow upon my sisters, but they have married, and have been happy without them; no provision to settle upon my mother, but she is long ago beyond the need of it; no barony to offer Ronza, but she has never appeared to wish for more than she possesses. Old age steals fast upon me, and so would it if I had possessed riches; death has no greater terrors for the poor than for the rich man, nor has he so much to disturb the serenity of his meditations. My children regret that I should leave them, and their regrets are sincere, because, when I am gone, they expect no equivalent: yet had I even now youth and vigour, I would still pursue the occupation, which I trust my children will never desert, for one day or other their labours will be rewarded. Schmidt has not found the first opal, nor myself the last; and riches may be enjoyed by him who knows how to use them. Go on, then, my children; do not shrink from toils which your father has borne, nor despair of the success which he once achieved, and of which the inexperience of youth only robbed him of the reward.

THE MAY-POLE.[1]

Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
And away to the may-pole hie,
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler's standing by.
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan.
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

Strike up, says Wat; Agreed, says Mat,
And I prithee, fiddler, play;
Content, says Hodge, and so says Madge,
For this is a holiday.
Then every lad did doff
His hat unto his lass,
And every girl did curtsey, curtsey,
Curtsey on the grass.

Begin, says Hal; Aye, aye, says Mall,
We'll lead up *Packington's Pound;*
No, no, says Noll, and so says Doll,
We'll first have *Sellinger's Round.*
Then every man began
To foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it, jet it,
Jet it in and out.

You're out, says Dick; Not I, says Nick,
'Twas the fiddler played it wrong;
'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.

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[1] From *Westminster Drollery.* An old and popular English ditty, the music of which will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

Let's kiss, says Jane; Content, says Nan,
And so says every she;
How many? says Batt; Why, three, says Mat,
For that's a maiden's fee.
The men, instead of three,
Did give them half a score;
The maids in kindness, kindness, kindness,
Gave 'em as many more.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
And play'd for ale and cakes;
And kisses too,—until they were due
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the fiddler quite,
With dancing and play, without any pay,
From morning until night.
They told the fiddler then
They'd pay him for his play.
Then each a twopence, twopence, twopence,
Gave him and went away.

Good night, says Harry; Good night, says Mary;
Good night says Dolly to John;
Good night, says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh;
Good night, says every one.
Some walked and some did run;
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

A MORNING SALUTATION.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

BACON'S MORAL COUNSELS.

[Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban's, born at York House, Strand, London, 22d January, 1561; died at Highgate, 9th April, 1626. Lawyer, statesman, and philosopher. Queen Elizabeth and James I. were his patrons; Ben Jonson was one of his most faithful friends. He attained the highest position as a statesman; he has earned immortality as an author; he reaped a rich harvest of success during his life, and endured its bane in the malice and contempt of those who envied him, or who were honestly opposed to him. He was accused of ingratitude to those who helped him to rise—notably to the Earl of Essex, the sometime favourite of Elizabeth,—and of corruption in his office of lord-chancellor. From this office he retired in disgrace, and had to pay a fine of £40,000 for his misdeeds. His defence has been warmly taken up by several modern writers; but the poet's portrait of him as—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"

still clings to his memory. The book of *Essays or Moral Counsels* was the first of his published works, and his last days were occupied in revising it. Dugald Stuart said of this volume: "It is one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours; and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This indeed is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties." His chief works were: the *Novum Organum*—intended to be "the science of a better and more perfect use of reason in the investigation of things, and of the true aids to the understanding;" *The History of Henry VII.*: *The Advancement of Learning*; *De Sapientia Veterum* (the Wisdom of the Ancients); *Apotheyms* &c. He was lauded as "the glory and ornament of his age and nation."]

ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished: but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen): It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a god. *Verè magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed. And the poets, indeed, have been busy with it: for it is, in effect, the

thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian: that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher: lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh, thorough the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean: the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude; which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols: and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market; where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's offer; which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken: or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light: and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low and shone on their enemies' back), and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on by over-early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes; and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands: first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the counsel, and celerity in the execution. For when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

DESPATCH.

Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion; which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of diseases. Therefore measure not despatch by the times of sitting, but by the advancement of the business. And as in races it is not the large stride, or high lift, that makes the speed; so in business the keeping close to the matter, and not taking of it too much at once, procureth despatch. It is the care of some only to come off speedily for the time; or to contrive some false periods of business, because they may seem men of despatch. But it is one thing to abbreviate by contracting, another by cutting off: and business so handled at several sittings or meetings goeth commonly backward and forward, in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.

On the other side, true despatch is a rich thing. For time is the measure of business, as money is of wares: and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small despatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small despatch; *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*, let my death come from Spain, for then it will be sure to be long in coming. . . .

Above all things, order, and distribution, and singling out of parts, is the life of despatch; so as the distribution be not too subtle: for he that doth not divide will never enter well into business; and he that divideth too much will never come out of it clearly. To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts

of business: the preparation; the debate or examination; and the perfection. Whereof, if you look for despatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few. The proceeding upon somewhat conceived in writing, doth for the most part facilitate despatch: for though it should be wholly rejected, yet that negative is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite, as ashes are more generative than dust.

DISCOURSE.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true: as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments; tales with reasons; asking of questions with telling of opinions; and jest with earnest: for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it: namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.[1] If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself; and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house, the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given? to which the guest would answer, Such and such a thing passed. The lord would say, I thought he would mar a good dinner. Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

NATURE IN MEN.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great nor too small tasks: for the first will make him dejected by often failings, and the second will make him a small proceeder, though by often prevailings. And, at the first, let him practise with helps, as swimmers do with bladders, or rushes; but, after a time, let him practise with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes: for it breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than

[1] The *galliard* was a light sprightly dance, as its name implies, and then much in fashion.

the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be: first to stay and arrest nature in time; like to him that would say over the four-and-twenty-letters when he was angry: then to go less in quantity; as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal: and lastly, to discontinue altogether. But if a man have the fortitude and resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is the best;

Optimus ille animi vindex, lædentia pectus
Vincula qui rupit, dedoluitque semel.

Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand, to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right: understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself with a perpetual continuance, but with some intermission. For both the pause reinforceth the new onset; and if a man that is not perfect be ever in practice, he shall as well practise his errors as his abilities, and induce one habit of both; and there is no means to help this but by seasonable intermissions. But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her. Therefore, let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him. They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations; otherwise they may say, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*, when they converse in those things they do not affect. In studies, whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it: but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set times; for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves; so as the spaces of other business or studies will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimus Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imò furoribus, plenam:* and yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmos Duke of Florence, *Gaston de Foix*,[1] and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this: that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both: and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors: and, lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity youth. But for the moral part perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream: and, certainly, the

[1] Gaston de Foix was nephew to Louis XII.; he commanded the French armies in Italy with brilliant success, but was killed at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512. His portrait by Giorgione, was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Rogers.

more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections.

ADONAIS;

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS. BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I weep for ADONAIS—he is dead!
O! weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me
Died Adonais! Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? Where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death.

O! weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!—
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep,
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. Oh! dream not that the amorous deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mock'd with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood. He went unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the Sons of Light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb:
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished. Others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or god,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew.
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom whose petals, nipp'd before they blew,
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof, while still
He lies as if in dewy sleep he lay.
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not—
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold hearth where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength or find a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead!
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost angel of a ruined paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own,—as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them;
Another clipp'd her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak,
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering incarnations
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Fantasies.
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
From shape and hue and odour and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen Year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinthe so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears,—odour, to sighing ruth

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on chaos. In its steam immersed,
The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.
Nought we know dies: shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning? The intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
Out of thy sleep, and slake in thy heart's core
A wound more fierce than his, with tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their Sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried "Arise!"
Swift as a thought by the snake memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs
Out of the east, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel
And human hearts, which, to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell.
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,
Rent the soft form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
Shamed by the presence of that living might,
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not!" cried Urania. Her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again!
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live!
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am, to be as thou now art:—
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?—
Or, hadst thou waited the full cycle when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves bold only to pursue,
The obscene ravens clamorous o'er the dead,
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion,—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped,
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again.
So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven; and, when
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the Mountain Shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent.
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow. From her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.

A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a power
Girt round with weakness; it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour.
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it. Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandon'd deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears. Well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own.
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sang new sorrow, sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured "Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown;
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee,
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that scream below.
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust: but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;—
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh! come forth,
Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
O not of him, but of our joy. 'Tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,[1]—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
To have out-grown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh! hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

[1] Rome now also contains the ashes of him who poured out this strain of lamentation, more beautiful and passionate than ever poet uttered for the loss of another.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.[2]

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Many credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its cauldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who, after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation, and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians: they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, and those snug familiarities, which men always recollect with pleasure when they afterwards meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just upon the eve of elapsing when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours, with a Lyons waistcoat made in the first taste; the whole was accompanied with a letter directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not

[2] This satire upon a wretched phase of society in Voltaire's day, is not without point and application in our own time.

at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired himself in the glass and despised the whole world. Soon after a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the Marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from monsieur the father, that monsieur the son should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin with a smile of protection sufficiently dignified: Colin felt his own insignificance and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused must know that Monsieur Jeannot, the father, had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? It is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a lawsuit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten.

Jeannot pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprise; and afterwards entered into other speculations. When once you are in the current of the stream you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without much difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you came by your prosperity; they envy you at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquisite at the end of six months, took Monsieur the Marquis his son from school, to introduce him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old school-fellow, in which he wrote his "*these lines to congratulate*" him. The little marquis returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him: "Monsieur, as you understand Latin, and are a courtier——"

"I, sir, understand Latin? not a word," replied the wit, "and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt but a man aways speaks his own language the better when his studies are not divided between that and foreign languages: look at all our ladies, is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men? Their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation? Now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"There now! was not I in the right?" said madame: "I wish my son to be a wit: that he may make a figure in the world; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? In a lawsuit does any one plead in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?"

Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment; when it was finally determined that the young marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. But then what was he to learn? for he must know something: could not he be shown a little geography?

"What would that serve?" replied the tutor: "when Monsieur the Marquis goes to any of his estates won't the postilions know which way to drive him? They'll certainly take care not to go out of their way; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously without having the least idea of what latitude he is under."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think."

"The more's the pity then," cried the tutor; "does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world? and is it necessary that Monsieur the Marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse when he will find its very point of time in the almanac, a book which will teach him moreover the movable feasts and fasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe."

Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was overjoyed; the father was very much undecided.

"What must my son learn then?" said he.

"To make himself agreeable:—if," replied the friend whom they had consulted, "he knows but how to please, he knows everything; that is an art he can learn from his mother without giving the least trouble either to that master or this."

At this speech madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him, "It is very plain, sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world; my son will owe his entire education to you: however, I conceive that it will be as well if he should know a little of history."

"Alas! madame, what is that good for?" replied he: "there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a preconcerted fable; and as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can understand: what does it signify to monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stutterer?"

"Nothing was ever better said," cried the tutor; "the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to stifle the spark of genius is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines, and points, which have no existence in nature; ten thousand crooked lines are by the mere twist of imagination made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short, geometry is nothing but an execrable joke."

Monsieur and madame did not understand too much of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A nobleman like Monsieur the Marquis," continued he, "ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies; if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can't money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can't he send for a benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, born under a lucky star, is neither painter, musician, architect, nor sculptor: but he makes all those arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronize than to exercise them. Enough that Monsieur the Marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to say, that men of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know everything, without having learned anything; because in fact they at least know how to judge of everything which they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. "You have very justly remarked, madame, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? Does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? Is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun to-day? Who wishes to know, at supper, if the long-haired Clodia passed the Rhine?"

"Nobody, without doubt," exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite world; "and monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But, after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon occasion, as monsieur my husband very justly observes. I remember hearing an old abbé say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something, of which I have forgotten the name: but it begins with an *h*."

"With an *h*, madame; it was not horticulture?"

"No, it was not horticulture he meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*."

"Ah! I understand you, madame. 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world in a well-regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed."

At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that Monsieur the Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does everything, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an agreeable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet, the *Night* and the *Day* for another, the *Charms*

and *Alarms* for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little or some too much, he was obliged to have them corrected at twenty shillings a song; and thus he got a place in the *Literary Year*, by the side of the La Fares, the Chaulieus, the Hamiltons, the Sarrasins, and the Voitures of the day.

Madame the Marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent he began to regret very sensibly that he had not had his son taught Latin; for in that case he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were less grovelling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son; and in the meantime the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment: it cost him a great deal; while his parents pinched themselves still more in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighbourhood, who had but a very moderate fortune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use and marrying the young marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty: sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favourite both of his father and mother. An old neighbour proposed their marriage; the parents, dazzled with the splendour of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding-clothes and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship were about to present him: they were tasting in a tender and animated conversation the first-fruits of their felicity, and were parcelling out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to madame the mother came up quite scared.

"Here is very different news," said he: "the bailiffs are ransacking the house of monsieur and madame; everything is laid hold of by the creditors; nay, they talk of seizing your persons; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages."

"Let us see a little," said the marquis, "what all this means; what can this adventure be?"

"Go," said the widow, "and punish these rascals—go quickly."

He runs to the house; his father was already imprisoned; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away everything they could lay hold on; his mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears; nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her:

"Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction, and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her and bring her to you."

He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer.

"What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere? What do you do here? Is it thus you have abandoned your mother? Go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness: I am in want of a chambermaid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference."

"My lad," said the officer, "you seem well-shaped enough; if you are inclined to enlist in my company I'll give you every encouragement."

The marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself.

"Alas!" said the marquis, "I know nothing; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes." As he spoke this he sobbed aloud.

"Write romances," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource at Paris."

The young man, more desperate than ever, ran towards his mother's confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute, troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him he prostrated himself before him.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Marquis," said he, "where is your carriage? How does that respectable lady, the marchioness your mother?"

The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family; and the farther he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was the air of the Theatin.

"My son," said he, "it has pleased Heaven to reduce you to this; riches serve but to corrupt the heart; Providence has therefore conferred a favour on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state."

"Yes, sir."

"Her election is thus rendered the more sure."

"But, father," resumed the marquis, "in the meantime is there no means of obtaining relief in this world?"

"Adieu! my son; there is a court-lady waiting for me."

The marquis was ready to faint: he was treated in pretty much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did all the rest of his life.

As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old-fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather curtains, which was followed by four enormous waggons well loaded. In the chaise was a young man coarsely clothed; he had a countenance round and fresh, breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness: his wife, a little brunette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a petit-maitre, but afforded the traveller sufficient time to contemplate the marquis as he stood motionless and buried in grief.

"Eh!" cried the rider, "I do think that is Jeannot."

At this name the marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped.

"It is too true, it is Jeannot," sighed the marquis.

The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old school-fellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face.

"You have abandoned me," said Colin; "but though you are a great lord I will love you for ever."

Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story.

"Come to the inn where I lodge and tell me the rest there," said Colin; "embrace my little wife, and then let's go and dine together."

They all three set forward on foot, their baggage following behind. "What is the meaning of all this equipage? Is it yours?" says Jeannot.

"Yes, it is all mine and my wife's. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small: we work hard; Heaven has prospered us: we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a marquis no longer: all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me, I will teach you our trade: it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born."

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to himself, "All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief." What an instruction! The goodness of Colin's soul elicited from the breast of Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not yet stifled; he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother.

"We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand those matters a little: his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will make up matters for a very trifle: I'll undertake to manage the whole business."

Colin quickly released the father from prison: Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former profession: he married a sister of Colin's, who, being of the same disposition as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

MEMORY.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, oppress oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LANGSYNE.

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!—
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we freak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry school-boy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne! ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blythe!
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
Of Death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless trust;
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell! there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

D. M. Moir.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wind but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears,
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.[1]

'Tis I that mingle in sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
Can as downy, soft, and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
When Music has reached her inward soul,
Like the silent Stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal Melodies roll.

Thomas Moore.

A SUMMER DAY.

There was not on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven: the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd rejoicing in the fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the line of bending shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory: all the flocks
Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves:
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling; even the insect swarms,
From the dark nooks and coverts issued forth
To sport through one day of existence more.
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as if it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rock and shores,
The forests, and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in the joyful sunshine; they partook
The universal blessing.

Robert Southey.

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[1] "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—*See Brown's Illustr. Tab.* 19.

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.[1]

[Bayard Taylor is one of the most prominent of modern American writers. In the *Poets and Poetry of America*, Dr. Griswold says of him: "Eminent as he is as a writer of travels, his highest and most enduring distinction will be from his poetry. . . . His travels will hereafter be to his poems no more than those of Smollett are to his extraordinary novels." Since that verdict was pronounced, Mr. Taylor has won equal distinction as a novelist. Besides many short tales—from the latest collection of which we quote the following story—he has produced *Hannah Thurston; John Godfrey's Fortunes; The Story of Kennet; Joseph and his Friend*, &c. See note in *Casquet*, vol i. page 109.]

If there ever was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been, neither he nor any one else could have explained; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school, his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not experience. He was born under a fading or falling star,—the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast colour to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighbourhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy; and thus the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbours believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbour-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was no sharp eye to criticize her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

[There was only one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease—Mrs. Ann Pardon, the wife of a neighbouring farmer: and, for her sister, Becky Morton, he felt something which might have developed into love. But Becky flouted him like the rest, mocked at the poverty of his father's farm, saying it was covered with as much as it would bear, and at a merry meeting of lads and lasses said she would dance with Jacob "after he came back from his journey." That was the cruellest sting of all to his sensitive nature.]

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenue of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighbourhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had

[1] From *Beauty and the Beast, and Tales of Home*. By Bayard Taylor; London: Sampson Low and Co.

been perpetuated, until "Jake Flint's Journey" was a synonym for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself, and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark!

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees,—"if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax: he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee, and said with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "Oh, what have I done—what is there so dreadful about me that I should always be laughed at, and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I couldn't sleep," he said; "I got up again and came out o' doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your—your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once—"

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said, in a grave, commanding tone: "Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet."

Jacob related the history of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of "Whitney's place," a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face."

"Do you love Becky Morton?" he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

"I don't know," Jacob stammered; "I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her."

"It's lucky that you're not sure of it!" exclaimed the old man with energy; "because you should never have her."

"No," said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence, "I can never have her, or any other one."

"But you shall—and will! when I help you. It's true I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon! 'Covered with as much as it'll bear!' *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But first of all you must make your journey!"

"My journey!" repeated Jacob.

"Weren't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon."

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

"Never mind! I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if anything comes of it. Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start;

if you want more you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob! since you *are* poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place; all I ask is that you'll tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now—the matter's settled; I will have it so."

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk-handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighbourhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels, over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech-tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured: all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with good-will, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and have something?"

Jacob stayed and brake bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there was anything which Jacob understood to the extent of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon

answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation. He seemed to be very far from home—about forty miles, in fact, —and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view—a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing-machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the haymakers. As the woman came down the nearer side she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh, girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said, at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he coloured a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please?" said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day, and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"'Jake!' Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her. I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them, and led the other to the barn. At the supper table the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob, I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger; they discussed their family interests and troubles

and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked. How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor and can't afford it. Perhaps you could—"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "Oh, yes, I can; I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe."

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like—all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint!*" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot, summer days, came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so for ever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but when they had reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here."

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I—*we* don't want you to go if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could—" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll be welcome! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word?"

"I do indeed," said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any of the neighbours had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, "And so you love this Susan Meadows?"

"I'd—I'd do anything to be with her."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No!" Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, lifting his eyes, and speaking in the air, "all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test." Then he was silent for some time.

"I have it!" he finally exclaimed. "Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But,—pay attention to my words!—you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so."

"But, father,"—Jacob began.

"Not a word! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage, if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her."

"I am afraid," said Jacob, "that she could not leave her home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor."

"Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her—must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back!"

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan as she had stood before him in the wheat-field was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlour. Enough; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of, "Oh, here's Jacob!" brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said,—even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, "I said nothing, but I knew you would come." Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning, before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down-stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man—only a farm hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfilment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbour cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlour. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labour together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise was over, all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding,—at home on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we didn't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows, now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. "Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said: "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father, Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlour, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began, "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so too, for a while," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love, and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighbourhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me: she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to *him* there was one way to make amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan,

I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you,—Lucy first, for she has most cause; Jacob next; and Susan,—that will be easier; and you, Friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said in a broken voice: "Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan, dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick, intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighbourhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely; the nearest neighbours began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and, when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former: "Of course you've come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighbouring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint!"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumbfoundered as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, "When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, "Let's go home now!" he hurried him on.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighbourhood ever makes use of the phrase "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

TO A RICH MAN.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
  Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
  Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor;
  Then this must follow of necessity—
  Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all, and who hath all is rich:
  Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
  If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:
Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:
  Little my debt, when little is my store:
  The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

But seeing God himself descended down
T' enrich the poor by his rich poverty;
His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternity:
Let me be like my Head, whom I adore;
Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE RETURN.

Oh! bid him reverence, in his manhood's prime,
His youth's bright morning dream.

DON CARLOS.

"Art thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind.

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whispered my native streams,
"Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls;

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,
As I answered—"O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades!

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul hath died,
The early glorious dreams!

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled, I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone:
And, O ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own!"

MRS. HEMANS.

GIBRALTAR:

A NIGHT AT THE RAGGED-STAFF.

[**William Leggett**, born in New York, 1802; died 1840. He served four years in the United States navy, then became editor of the *Critic*, and subsequently of other periodicals, winning for himself considerable reputation as a political and miscellaneous writer. In 1840 the then president of the United States appointed him diplomatic agent to the republic of Guatemala, but he died whilst making preparations to enter upon his new duties. His chief collected works are: *Leisure Hours at Sea* (poems); *Naval Stories; Tales by a Country Schoolmaster;* and *Political Writings*, edited by Theodore Sedgwick.]

The first time I ever saw the famous rock of Gibraltar was on a glorious afternoon in the month of October, when the sun diffused just sufficient heat to give an agreeable temperature to the air, and shed a soft and mellow light through the somewhat hazy atmosphere, which enabled us to see the scenery of the Straits to the best advantage.

We had a rough and stormy, but uncommonly short passage; for the wind, though tempestuous, had blown from the right quarter; and our gallant frigate dashed and bounded over the waves, "like a steed that knows his rider." I could not then say, with the poet from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "welcome to their roar!" for I was a novice on the ocean in those days, and had not yet entirely recovered from certain uneasy sensations about the region of the epigastrium, which by no means rendered the noise of rushing waters the most agreeable sound to my ears, or the rolling of the vessel the most pleasant motion for my body. Never did old sea-dog of a sailor, in the horse latitudes, pray more sincerely for a wind, than I did for a calm during that boisterous passage—and never, I may add, did the selfish prayer of a sinner prove more unavailing. The gale, like Othello's revenge, "kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont," and it blew so hard that it sometimes seemed to lift our old craft almost out of the water.

When we came out of port, we had our dashy fair-weather spars aloft, with skysail yards athwart, a moonsail to the main, and hoist enough for the broad blue to show itself to good advantage above that. But before the pilot left us, our top-gallant poles were under the boom cover, and storm-stumps in their places; and the first watch was scarcely relieved, when the boatswain's call—repeated by four mates, whose lungs seemed formed on

purpose to out-roar a tempest—rang through the ship, "All hands to house top-gallant masts, ahoy!" From that time till we made the land the gale continued to rage with unintermitted violence, to the great delight of the old tars, and the manifest annoyance of the green reefers, of whom we had rather an unusual number on board. If my pen were endued with the slightest portion of the quality which distinguished Hogarth's pencil, I might here give a description of a man-of-war's steerage in a storm, which could not but force a smile from the most saturnine reader. I must own I did not much relish the humour of the scene then—*pars magna fui*—that is, I was sea-sick myself; but

Quod fuit durum pati—meminisse dulce est;

and I have often since, sometimes in my hammock, sometimes during a cold mid watch on deck, burst into a hearty laugh, as the memory of our grotesque distresses, and of the odd figures we cut during that passage, has glanced across my mind.

But the longest day must have an end, and the stiffest breeze cannot last for ever. The wind, which for a fortnight had been blowing as hard as a trumpeter for a wager, blew itself out at last. About dawn on the morning of the day I have alluded to it began to lull, and by the time the sun was fairly out of the water it fell flat calm. It was my morning watch, and what with sea-sickness, fatiguing duty, and being cabined, cribbed, confined for so long a time in my narrow and unaccustomed lodgings, I felt worn out and in no mood to exult in the choice I had made of a profession. I stood holding by one of the belaying-pins of the main fife-rail (for I had not yet, as the sailors phrase it, got my sea-legs aboard), and looking, I suppose, as melancholy as a sick monkey on a lee backstay, when a cry from the foretop-sail-yard reached my ear that instantly thrilled to my heart, and set the blood running in a lively current through my veins.

"Land, oh!" cried the jack-tar on the look-out, in a cable-tier voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his stomach.

I have heard many delightful sounds in my time, but few which seemed to me more pleasant than the rough voice of that vigilant sailor. I do verily believe, that not seven bells (grog time of day) to a thirsty tar, the dinner-bell to a hungry alderman, or the passing-bell of some rich old curmudgeon to an anxious heir, ever gave greater rapture. The how-d'ye-do of a friend, the good-bye of a country cousin, the song of *the* Signorina, and Paganini's fiddle, may all have music in them; but the cry of land to a sea-sick midshipman is sweeter than them all.

We made what, in nautical language, is termed a good land-fall—so good, indeed, that it was well for us the night and the wind both ceased when they did; for had they lasted another hour, we should have found ourselves *landed*, and in a way that even I, much as I wished to set my foot once more on terra firma, should not have felt particularly pleased with. On its becoming light enough to ascertain our whereabout, it was discovered that we were within the very jaws of the Straits, completely landlocked by the "steepy shore," where

Europe and Afric on each other gaze,

and already beginning to feel the influence of the strong and ceaseless easterly current which rushes into the Mediterranean through that passage with a velocity of four or five knots an hour. A gentle land-breeze sprung up in the course of the morning watch, which, though not exactly fair, yet coming from the land of the "dusky Moor," had enough of something in it to enable us to get along at a very tolerable rate, beating with a long and short leg through the Straits.

It would be uncharitable to require that the reader should arrive at the rock by the same sort of zigzag course which we were obliged to pursue; so therefore let him at once suppose himself riding at anchor in the beautiful but unsafe bay of Gibraltar, directly opposite and almost within the very shadow of the grand and gigantic fortress which nature and art seem to have vied with each other in rendering impregnable. No one who has looked on that vast and forted rock, with its huge granite outline shown in bold relief against the clear sky of the south of Europe—its towering and ruin-crowned peaks—its enormous crags, caverns, and precipices—and its rich historical associations, which shed a powerful though vague interest over every feature—can easily forget the strong impression which the first sight of that imposing and magnificent spectacle creates.

The flinty mass rising abruptly to an elevation of 1500 feet, and surrounded on every side by the waters of the Mediterranean, save a narrow slip of level sand which stretches from its northern end and connects it with the mainland, has, added to its other claims to admiration, the strong interest of utter isolation. For a while the spectator gazes on the "stupendous whole" with an expression of pleased wonder at its height, extent, and strength, and

without becoming conscious of the various opposite features which make up its grand effect of sublimity and beauty. He sees only the giant rock spreading its vast dark mass against the sky, its broken and wavy ridge, its beetling projections, and its dizzy precipices of a thousand feet perpendicular descent. After a time, his eye becoming in some degree familiarized with the main and sterner features of the scene, he perceives that the granite mountain is variegated by here and there some picturesque work of art, or spot of green beauty, that shines with greater loveliness from contrast with the savage roughness by which it is surrounded. Dotted about at long intervals over the steep sides of the craggy mass, are seen the humble cottages of the soldiers' wives: or, perched on the very edges of the cliffs, the guard-houses of the garrison, before which, ever and anon, may be descried the vigilant sentry, dwindled to a pigmy, walking to and fro on his allotted and dangerous post. Now and then the eye detects a more sumptuous edifice, half hid in a grove of acacias, orange and almond trees, as if they clustered around to shut from the view of its inhabitant, in his eyre-like abode, the scene of desolate grandeur above, beneath him, and on every side.

At the foot of the rock, on a small and narrow slip less precipitous than the rest, stands the town of Gibraltar, which, as seen from the bay, with its dark-coloured houses, built in the Spanish style, and rising one above another in amphitheatrical order: the ruins of the Moorish castle and defences in the rear: and the high massive walks which surround it at the water's edge, and which, thick planted with cannon, seemed formed to "laugh a siege to scorn," has a highly picturesque and imposing effect. The military works of Gibraltar are on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the natural grandeur of the scene. Its walls, its batteries, and its moles, which, bristling with cannon, stretch far out into the bay, and against whose solid structures the waves spend their fury in vain, are all works of art planned with great genius, and executed with consummate skill. An indefinite sensation of awe mixes with the stranger's feelings, as, gazing upon the defences which everywhere meet his eye, he remembers that the strength of Gibraltar consists not in its visible works alone, but that, hewn in the centre of the vast and perpendicular rock, there are long galleries and ample chambers where the engines of war are kept always ready, and from whence the fires of death may at any moment be poured down upon an assailant.

Though the rock is the chief feature of interest in the Bay of Gibraltar, yet, when fatigued by long gazing on its barren and solitary grandeur, there are not wanting others on which the eye of the stranger may repose with pleasure. The green shores of Andalusia, encircling the bay in their semicircular sweep, besides the attraction which verdant hills and valleys always possess, have the superadded charm of being linked with many classical and romantic associations—the picturesque towns of St. Roque and Algesiras, the one crowning a smooth eminence at some distance from the shore, and the other occupying a gentle declivity that sinks gradually down to the sparkling waters of the bay—the mountains of Spain, fringed with cork forests in the back-ground—the dimly seen coast of Morocco across the Straits, with the white walls of Ceuta just discernible on one of its promontories—the towering form of Abila, which not even the unromantic modern name of Apes Hill can divest of all its interest as one of "the trophies of great Hercules"—these are all features in the natural landscape which, combined, render it a scene of exceeding beauty.

The clear blue waters of the bay itself commonly present an appearance of variety and animation which very materially increases the picturesqueness of the general effect. Here may at all times be seen, moored closely together, a numerous fleet of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, of every fashion of structure, and manned by beings of every creed and colour. The flags and pennons which float from their masts, the sounds which rise from their decks, and the appearance and employments of the moving throngs upon them, all tend to heighten the charm of novelty and variety. In one place may be seen a shattered and dismantled hulk, on board of which some exiled Spanish patriot, with his family, has taken refuge, dwelling there full in the sight of his native land, which yet he can scarcely hope ever to tread again; in another—on the high-latticed stern of a tall, dark-looking craft, whose raking masts, black bends, and trig, warlike appearance, excite a doubt whether she be merchantman or pirate—a group of Turks in their national and beautiful costume, smoking their long chibouques with an air of gravity as great as if they were engaged in a matter on which their lives depended. Beside them, perhaps, lies a heavy, clumsy dogger, on board of which a company of industrious, slow-moving Dutchmen are engaged in trafficking away their cargo of cheese, butter, Bologna sausages, and real Schiedam; and not far away

from these, a crew of light-hearted Genoese sailors are stretched at length along the deck of their polacca, chanting, in voices made musical by distance, one of the rich melodies with which their language abounds. Boats are continually passing hither and thither between the vessels and the shore: and every now and then a long and slender felucca, with its slanting yards and graceful lateen sails, glides across the bay, laden with the products of the fruitful soil of Andalusia, which are destined to supply the tables of the pent-up inhabitants of the garrison.

I have mentioned that it was on a fine day in October that we arrived at Gibraltar, and I have accordingly attempted to describe the rock, and the adjacent scenery, as they appeared to me through the mellow light of that pleasant afternoon. To one viewing the scene from any other point than that which I occupied, our own gallant frigate would have presented no unattractive feature in the glorious landscape. During the time that we were beating through the Straits, the gunner's crew had been employed in blacking the bends, somewhat rusty from the constant attrition of a stormy sea, and we had embraced the opportunity of the gentle land-breeze to replace the storm topgallant-masts with our taut fair-weather poles, and to bend and send aloft the topgallant-sails, royals, and skysails, for which we had not before had any recent occasion. Thus renewed, and all a-tauto, with our glossy sides glistening in the sun, our flags flying, and the broad blue pennant streaming at the main, there were few objects in all that gay and animated bay on which the eye could rest with greater pleasure than on that noble vessel. The bustle consequent upon coming to anchor was, among our active and well-disciplined crew, but of brief duration. In a very few minutes every yard was squared with the nicest precision; every rope hauled taut and laid down in a handsome Flemish coil upon the deck, and the vast symmetrical bulk, with nothing to indicate its recent buffetings from the storm, lay floating as quietly on the bright surface as if it were part of a mimic scene, the creation of some painter's pencil.

Though I had been on duty ever since the previous midnight, yet I felt no disposition to go below; but for more than an hour after the boatswain had piped down, I remained on deck gazing with unsated eyes on the various and attractive novelties around me. A part of the fascination of the scene was doubtless owing to that feeling of young romance which invests every scene with the colours of the imagination; and a part, to its contrast with the dull monotony of the prospect to which I had lately been confined, till my heart fluttered like a caged bird, to be once more among the green trees and the rustling grass—to see fields covered with golden grain, and swelling away in their fine undulations—to scent the pleasant odour of the meadows, and be free to range at will through those leafy forests which, I began to think, were ill exchanged for the narrow and heaving deck of a forty-four. Thoughts of this kind mingled with my musings as I leaned over the tafferel, with my eyes bent on the verdant hills and slopes of Spain; and so absorbed was I in contemplation, that I heard not my name pronounced, till it was repeated a second or third time by the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Transom!" cried he, in a quick and impatient voice, "are you deaf or asleep, sir? Here, jump into the first cutter alongside! Would you keep the commodore waiting all day for you, sir?"

I felt my cheek redden at this speech of the lieutenant—one of those popinjays who, dressed in a little brief authority, think to show their own consequence by playing off impertinent airs upon those of inferior station. I had seen enough of naval service, however, to know that no good comes of replying to the insolence of a superior; so, suppressing the answer that rose to my lips, I sprang down the side into the boat, in the stern-sheets of which my commander, who had preceded me, was already seated.

"Shove off, sir," said he.

"Let fall, give way!" cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water-port—as the principal and strongly fortified entrance to the garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the commodore, as he stepped out of the boat; "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged-staff" (the name of the other landing-place), "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night, and the active duties of the day. The old commodore in the meanwhile stepped quickly over the drawbridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while the scene which presented itself

at the Water-port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay, beside which our boat was lying, is a small octangular wharf constructed of huge blocks of granite, strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the garrison, or national vessels in the harbour, are permitted to approach; and though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite, mounted with guns, which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of passage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sunset hour approaches, the activity and confusion increase. Crowds of people of all nations, and every variety of costume and language, jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek, in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap, and flowing capote, strides carelessly along. The Jew, with his bent head, shaven crown, and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberdine, glides with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning from side to side, as he walks, quick wary glances from underneath his downcast brows. The Moor, wrapped close in his white bernoose, stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene; while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument, or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French, English, and Americans, officers, merchants, and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamour of tongues. High on the walls, the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking features that attracted my attention, from time to time, as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter, gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard, whose large frame and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero, slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded face, the dark sunburned hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connection of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended: and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance, and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye, he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow, and hastily retired to another part of the quay: but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eye seemed always directed towards me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away, and mix for a while among the remoter portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavouring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude when my attention was drawn in another direction by a loud long call from a bugle, sounded within the walls, and in an instant after, repeated with a clearer and louder blast from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden, and darted off, while others took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the garrison appeared on the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion; mingled shouts, calls and curses resounded on every side; and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away—the last felucca shoved off, and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew.

As soon as the quay became entirely deserted the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued—then pealed the sunset gun from the summit of the rock—the drawbridge, by some unseen agency, was rolled slowly back, till it disappeared within the arched passage—the ponderous gates turned on their enormous hinges—and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water-port I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders I had received, to pull round to the Ragged-staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate, at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral staircase, erected about twenty feet from the wall, and communicating with it at the top by means of a drawbridge. This gate is little used, except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay I sprang ashore, and, walking to a favourable position, endeavoured to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape, and rendering its features misty and indistinct: a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings, since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued, and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing; and my mind crowded with a succession of new images, until its vigour was exhausted.

I cast my eyes up to the rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep flinty sides and dreadful precipices with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart; and even the watch-dog's bark, from on board some vessel in the bay, gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear by the eastern breeze; for it was associated with sounds of home, and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered, and the fatigues and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones which had been piled on the end of the quay, and seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full reign to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics; but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images; but one image it presented with the vividness of life, and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in my boyhood, and whom now in opening manhood I still loved with a passionate and daily-increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being, came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affections, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and avowed the bitterest enmity against me:—and from him my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water-port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic, with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations, I know not how long a time slipped by; but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct, and my eyes to feel heavy: and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to sleep. My eyelids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two; and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency that I saw an object before me, the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise.

The moon had risen, and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the rock, the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow, with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water-port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me, and in a voice which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the commodore had sent for me; on delivering which laconic message he turned away, and walked towards the garrison.

Shall I own it, gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some officer or family where the commodore was visiting; that he could have no motive to mislead me; and that were I to neglect obeying

the order through fear of its bearer, because he was tall, had whiskers, and wore a sombrero, I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him. This last reflection turned the scale; so, slipping down from my perch, I followed towards the gate.

The tall dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the rock; but on reaching the foot of the spiral staircase, I could hear his heavy foot ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the drawbridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortifications; but, accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of the path which seemed to ascend towards the southern end of the rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but pointing with his hand up the difficult and narrow path, and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned towards me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him; but without much effect. I became fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us.

The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees, till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course—but what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge, scarce two feet wide, had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which, at ever footstep, fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice, till the sound died away in the immense depths below.

I could not conjecture whither the Spaniard was leading me; but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much further in safety over such a pathway. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malign smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me, panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal, as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round," said he, "and tell me what you behold?"

I glanced my eyes round, and, shuddering, withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square: behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws; and in front, the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent, that a stone, dropped from the edge, would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing, and seeming to enjoy the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head and approaching close to me. "Look! know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again!"

He seized hold of me as he spoke with a fiendish grasp, and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round my body, and stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon his prey; then darting towards me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat, and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of the precipice. With

a powerful exertion of strength, which I was no longer able to resist, he dashed my body over the dreadful edge, and held me out at arm's-length above the dread abyss.

The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge. In my frenzied struggle I caught by a branch of it just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. That moment seemed too long for his impatient hate. He sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain, with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice, I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way—the loosened dirt fell from around it—the trunk snapped, cracked, and separated—and the fiend set up an inhuman laugh, which rung in my ears like the mocking of a demon, as down—down—down I fell, through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till, striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath—I waked, and lo, it was a dream!

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which, during my sleep, had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and "deep-down gulfs." The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The commodore returning to the boat, and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me; so shoving off, he left me to my slumbers; but on reaching the ship, gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her; and we returned together to the frigate, laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

JEANIE MORRISON.

[William Motherwell, born at Glasgow, 13th October, 1797; died in that city, 1st November, 1835. His parents removed to Edinburgh, and at school there, Motherwell met the heroine of his song. He was taken to Paisley at the age of twelve, and never afterwards met the lady[1] with whose name his reputation as a lyrical poet is most popularly associated. He entered a lawyer's office, and in 1819 was appointed sheriff-clerk depute for the county of Renfrew, which post he retained for ten years. He contributed verse and prose to various local publications; in 1830 he was appointed editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, and continued to fulfil the duties of that office until his death. He edited the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of songs by various writers; and rendered good service to Scotch ballad literature by the publication of his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with an historical introduction and notes. It was in 1832 he first collected his own poems; a fuller edition, with sundry posthumous lyrics, was published after his death, accompanied by an affectionate memoir written by Dr. James M'Conechy. Of his merits as a poet Allan Cunningham said: "His lyrics are forceful and flowing—with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion." Christopher North: "He has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements, masculine."]

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?

[1] Miss Morrison became the wife of a Mr. Murdoch, a merchant. She was unconscious of the passion with which she had inspired the poet.

When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

A MUSICAL ENIGMA.

[Rev. C. P. Cranch, born in Alexandria, Colum[bia] 1813. The son of an eminent judge in the United State[s]; and the author of many interesting sketches, poe[ms] and tales, notably: *The Last of the Huggermuggers*, and [its] sequel to that work, entitled *Kobboldtoro*. Of the fantastic humour in which Mr. Cranch's talent shows to advantage the following is an example.]

One chilly, windy evening in the month of December, 1831, three young men sat around a tall office-stove in Mr. Simon Shrowdwell's establishment, No. 307 Dyer Street, in the town of Boggsville.

Mr. Simon Shrowdwell was a model undertaker, about fifty years of age, and the most exemplary and polite of sextons in the old Dutch church just round the corner. He was a musical man, too, and led the choir, and sang in the choruses of oratorios that were sometimes given in the town-hall. He was a smooth-shaven, sleek man, dressed in decorous black, wore a white cravat, and looked not unlike a second-hand copy of the clergyman. He had the fixed, pleasant expression customary to a profession whose business it was to look sympathetic on grief, especially in rich men's houses. Still it was a kind expression; and the rest of his features indicated that he did not lack firmness in emergencies. During the cholera season of the year aforesaid he had done a thriving business, and had considerably enlarged his store and his supply of ready-made mortuary furnishings. His rooms were spacious and neat. Rows of handsome coffins, of various sizes, stood around the walls in shining array, some of them studded with silver-headed nails; and everything about the establishment looked

as cheerful as the nature of his business permitted.

On this December evening Mr. Shrowdwell and his wife, whose quarters were on the floor above, happened to be out visiting some friends. His young man, William Spindles, and two of his friends who had come in to keep him company, sat by the ruddy stove, smoking their pipes, and chatting as cheerily as if these cases for the dead that surrounded them were simply ornamental panels. Gas, at that time, hadn't been introduced into the town of Boggsville; but a cheerful argand-lamp did its best to light up the shop.

Their talk was gay and airy, about all sorts of small matters; and people who passed the street-window looked in and smiled to see the contrast between the social smoking and chatting of these youngsters, and the grim but neat proprieties of their environment.

One of the young men had smoked out his pipe, and rapped it three times on the stove, to knock out the ashes.

There was an answering knocking—somewhere near; but it didn't seem to come from the street-door. They were a little startled, and Spindles called out:—

"Come in!"

Again came the rapping, in another part of the room.

"Come in!" roared Spindles, getting up and laying his pipe down.

The street-door slowly opened, and in glided a tall, thin man. He was a stranger. He wore a tall, broad-brimmed hat, and a long, dark, old-fashioned cloak. His eyes were sunken, his face cadaverous, his hands long and bony.

He came forward. "I wish to see Mr. Shrowdwell."

"He is out," said Spindles. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I would rather see Mr. Shrowdwell," said the stranger.

"He will not be home till late this evening. If you have any message, I can deliver it; or you will find him here in the morning."

The stranger hesitated. "Perhaps you can do it as well as Shrowdwell. . . . I want a coffin."

"All right," said Spindles; "step this way, please. Is it for a grown person or a child? Perhaps you can find something here that will suit you. For some relative, I presume?"

"No, no, no! I have no relatives," said the stranger. Then in a hoarse whisper, "*It's for myself!*"

Spindles started back, and looked at his friends. He had been used to customers ordering coffins; but this was something new. He looked hard at the pale stranger. A queer, uncomfortable chill crept over him. As he glanced around, the lamp seemed to be burning very dimly.

"You don't mean to say you are in earnest?" he stammered. And yet, he thought, this isn't a business to joke about. . . . He looked at the mysterious stranger again, and said to himself: "Perhaps he's deranged—poor man!"

Meanwhile the visitor was looking around at the rows of coffins shining gloomily in the lamplight. But he soon turned about, and said:—

"These won't do. They are not the right shape or size. . . . *You must measure me for one!*"

"You don't mean—" gasped Spindles. "Come, this is carrying a joke too far."

"I am not joking," said the stranger; "I never joke. I want you to take my measure. . . . And I want it made of a particular shape."

Spindles looked toward the stove. His companions had heard part of the conversation, and, gazing nervously at each other, they had put on their hats and overcoats, pocketed their pipes, and taken French leave.

Spindles found himself alone with the cadaverous stranger, and feeling very queer. He began to say that the gentleman had better come in the morning, when Mr. Shrowdwell was in—Shrowdwell understood this business. But the stranger fixed his cold black eyes on him, and whispered:

"I can't wait. *You* must do it—to-night. . . . Come, take my measure!"

Spindles was held by a sort of fascination, and mechanically set about taking his measure, as a tailor would have done for a coat and trowsers.

"Have you finished?" said the stranger.

"Y—y—es, sir; that will do," said Spindles. "What name did you say, sir?"

"No matter about my name. I have no name. Yet I might have had one, if the fates had permitted. Now for the style of the coffin I want."

And taking a pencil and card from his pocket, he made a rough draught of what he wanted. And the lines of the drawing appeared to burn in the dark like phosphorus.

"I must have a lid and hinges—so, you see—and a lock *on the inside*, and plenty of room for my arms."

"All r—r—ight," said Spindles; "we'll make it. But it's not exactly in our line—to

m—m—ake co—co—coffins in this style." And the youth stared at the drawing. It was for all the world like a violoncello-case.

"When can I have it?" said the stranger, paying no attention to Spindles' remark.

"Day after to-morrow, I sup—p—ose. But I—will have to—ask Shrowdwell—about it."

"I want it three days from now. I'll call for it about this time Friday evening. But as you don't know me, I'll pay in advance. This will cover all expenses, I think," producing a bank-note.

"Certainly," stammered Spindles.

"I want you to be particular about the lid and the locks. I was buried once before, you see; and this time I want to have my own way. I have one coffin, but it's too small for me. I keep it under my bed, and use it for a trunk. Good evening. Friday night—remember!"

Spindles thought there would be little danger of his forgetting it. But he didn't relish the idea of seeing him again, especially at night. "However, Shrowdwell will be here then," he said.

When the mysterious stranger had gone, Spindles put the bank-bill in his pocket-book, paced up and down, looked out of the window, and wished Shrowdwell would come home.

"After all," he said, "it's only a crazy man. And yet what made the lamp burn so dim? And what strange raps those were before he entered! And that drawing with a phosphoric pencil! And how like a dead man he looked! Pshaw! I'll smoke another pipe."

And he sat down by the stove, with his back to the coffins. At last the town-clock struck nine, and he shut up the shop, glad to get away and go home.

Next morning he told Shrowdwell the story, handed him the bank-bill as corroboration, and showed him the drawing, the lines of which were very faint by daylight. Shrowdwell took the money gleefully, and locked it in his safe.

"What do you think of this affair, Mr. Shrowdwell?" Spindles asked.

"This is some poor deranged gentleman, Spindles. I have made coffins for deranged men—but this is something unusual—ha! ha!—for a man to come and order his own coffin, and be measured for it! This is a new and interesting case, Spindles—one that I think has never come within my experience. But let me see that drawing again. How faint it is. I must put on my specs. Why, it is nothing but a big fiddle-case—a double-bass box. He's probably some poor distracted musician, and has taken this strange fancy into his head—perhaps imagines himself a big fiddle—eh, Spindles?" And he laughed softly at his own conceit. "'Pon my soul, this is a queer case—and a fiddle-case, too—ha! ha! But we must set about fulfilling his order."

By Friday noon the coffin of the new pattern was finished. All the workmen were mystified about it, and nearly all cracked jokes at its queer shape. But Spindles was very grave. As the hour approached when the stranger was to call for it he became more and more agitated. He would have liked to be away, and yet his curiosity got the better of his nervousness. He asked his two friends to come in, and they agreed to do so, on Spindles' promise to go first to an oyster-saloon and order something hot to fortify their courage. They didn't say anything about this to Shrowdwell, for he was a temperance man and a sexton.

They sat around the blazing stove, all four of them, waiting for the insane man to appear. It wanted a few minutes of eight.

"What's the matter with that lamp?" said Shrowdwell. "How dim it burns! It wants oil."

"I filled it to-day," said Spindles.

"I feel a chill all down my back," said Barker.

"And there's that rapping again," said O'Brien.

There *was* a rapping, as if underneath the floor. Then it seemed to come from the coffins on the other side of the room; then it was at the window-panes, and at last at the door. They all looked bewildered, and thought it very strange.

Presently the street-door opened slowly. They saw no one, but heard a deep sigh.

"Pshaw, it's only the wind," said Shrowdwell, and rose to shut the door—when right before them stood the cadaverous stranger. They were all so startled that not a word was spoken.

"I have come for my coffin," the stranger said, in a sepulchral whisper. "Is it done!"

"Yes, sir," said Shrowdwell. "It's all ready. Where shall we send it?"

"I take it with me," said the stranger in the same whisper. "Where is it?"

"But it's too heavy for you to carry," said the undertaker.

"That's my affair," he answered.

"Well, of course you are the best judge whether you can carry it or not. But perhaps you have a cart outside, or a porter?"

All this while the lamp had burned so dim that they couldn't see the features of the unknown. But suddenly, as he drew nearer, it flared up with a sudden blaze, as if possessed,

and they saw that his face was like the face of a corpse. At the same instant an old cat which had been purring quietly by the stove—usually the most grave and decorous of tabbies—started up and glared, and then sprang to the farthest part of the room, her tail puffed out to twice its ordinary size.

They said nothing, but drew back and let him pass toward the strange-looking coffin. He glided toward it, and taking it under his arm, as if it were no heavier than a small basket, moved toward the door, which seemed to open of its own accord, and he vanished into the street.

"Let's follow him," said the undertaker, "and see where he's going. You know I don't believe in ghosts. I've seen too many dead bodies for that. This is some crazy gentleman, depend on it; and we ought to see that he doesn't do himself any harm. Come!"

The three young men didn't like the idea of following this stranger in the dark, whether he were living or dead. And yet they liked no better being left in the dimly-lighted room among the coffins. So they all sallied out, and caught a glimpse of the visitor just turning the corner.

They walked quickly in that direction.

"He's going to the church," said Spindles.

"No, he's turning toward the graveyard. See, he has gone right through the iron gate! And yet it was locked! He has disappeared among the trees!"

"We'll wait here at this corner, and watch," said Shrowdwell.

They waited fifteen or twenty minutes, but saw no more of him. They then advanced and peered through the iron railings of the cemetery. The moon was hidden in clouds, which drifted in great masses across the sky, into which rose the tall, dim church-steeple. The wind blew drearily among the leafless trees of the burial-ground. They thought they saw a dark figure moving down toward the north-west corner. Then they heard some of the vault-doors creak open and shut with a heavy thud.

"Those are the tombs of the musicians," whispered the undertaker. "I have seen several of our Handel-and-Haydn Society buried there—two of them, you remember, were taken off by cholera last summer. Ah, well, in the midst of life we are in death; we none of us know when we shall be taken. I have a lot there myself, and expect to lay my bones in it some day."

Presently strange sounds were heard, seeming to come from the corner spoken of. They were like the confused tuning of an orchestra before a concert—with discords and chromatic runs, up and down, from at least twenty instruments, but all muffled and pent in, as if under ground.

Yet, thought the undertaker, this may be only the wind in the trees. "I wish the moon would come out," he said, "so we could see something. Anyhow, I think it's a Christian duty to go in there, and see after that poor man. He may have taken a notion, you know, to shut himself up in his big fiddle-case, and we ought to see that he don't do himself any injury. Come, will you go?"

"Not I, thank you—nor I—nor I," said they all. "We are going home—we've had enough of this."

"Very well," said the undertaker. "As you please; I'll go alone."

Mr. Shrowdwell was a veritable Sadducee. He believed in death firmly. The only resurrection he acknowledged was the resurrection of a tangible body at some far-off judgment-day. He had no fear of ghosts. But this was not so much a matter of reasoning with him, as temperament, and the constant contact with lifeless bodies.

"When a man's dead," said Shrowdwell, "he's dead, I take it. *I* never see a man or woman come to life again. Don't the Scriptures say, 'Dust to dust?' It's true that with the Lord nothing is impossible, and at the last day he will summon his elect to meet him in the clouds; but that's a mystery."

And yet he couldn't account for this mysterious visitor passing through the tall iron railings of the gate—if he really *did* pass—for after all it may have been an ocular illusion.

But he determined to go in and see what he could see. He had the key of the cemetery in his pocket. He opened the iron gate and passed in, while the other men stood at a distance. They knew the sexton was proof against spirits of all sorts, airy or liquid; and after waiting a little, they concluded to go home, for the night was cold and dreary—and ghost or no ghost, they couldn't do much good there.

As Shrowdwell approached the north-west corner of the graveyard, he heard those singular musical sounds again. They seemed to come from the vaults and graves, but they mingled so with the rush and moaning of the wind, that he still thought he might be mistaken.

In the farthest corner there stood a large old family vault. It had belonged to a family with an Italian name, the last member of which had been buried there many years ago—and since then had not been opened. The vines

and shrubbery had grown around and over it, partly concealing it.

As he approached it, Shrowdwell observed with amazement that the door was open, and a dense phosphorescent light lit up the interior.

"Oh," he said, "the poor insane gentleman has contrived somehow to get a key to this vault, and has gone in there to commit suicide, and bury himself in his queer coffin—and save the expense of having an undertaker. I must save him, if possible, from such a fate."

As he stood deliberating, he heard the musical sounds again. They came not only from the vault, but from all around. There was the hoarse groaning of a double-bass, answered now and then by a low muffled wail of horns and a scream of flutes, mingled with the pathetic complainings of a violin. Shrowdwell began to think he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes and his ears to see if he were awake. After considerable tuning and running up and down the scales, the instruments fell into an accompaniment to the double-bass in Beethoven's celebrated song—

"In questa tomba oscura
Lasciarmi riposer!
Quando vivevo, ingrata,
Dovevi a me pensar.
Lascia che l'ombra ignude
Godansi in pace almer—
E non bagnar mie cenere
D'inutile vellen!"

The tone was as if the air were played on the harmonic intervals of the instrument, and yet was so weirdly and so wonderfully like a human voice, that Shrowdwell felt as if he had got into some enchanted circle. As the solo drew to its conclusion, the voice that seemed to be in it broke into sobs, and ended in a deep groan.

But the undertaker summoned up his courage, and determined to probe this mystery to the bottom. Coming nearer the vault and looking in, what should he see but the big musical coffin of the cadaverous stranger lying just inside the entrance of the tomb.

The undertaker was convinced that the strange gentleman was the performer of the solo. But where was the instrument? He mustered courage to speak, and was about to offer some comforting and encouraging words. But at the first sound of his voice the lid of the musical coffin, which had been open, slammed to, so suddenly, that the sexton jumped back three feet, and came near tumbling over a tombstone behind him. At the same time the dim phosphorescent light in the vault was extinguished, and there was another groan from the double-bass in the coffin. The sexton determined to open the case. He stooped over it and listened. He thought he heard inside a sound like putting a key into a padlock. "He mustn't lock himself in," he said, and instantly wrenched open the cover.

Immediately there was a noise like the snapping of strings and the cracking of light wood—then a strange sizzling sound—and then a loud explosion. And the undertaker lay senseless on the ground.

Mrs. Shrowdwell waited for her husband till a late hour, but he did not return. She grew very anxious, and at last determined to put on her bonnet and shawl and step over to Mr. Spindles' boarding-house to know where he could be. That young gentleman was just about retiring, in a very nervous state, after having taken a strong nipper of brandy and water to restore his equanimity. Mrs. Shrowdwell stated her anxieties, and Spindles told her something of the occurrences of the evening. She then urged him to go at once to a police-station and obtain two or three of the town watchmen to visit the graveyard with lanterns and pistols; which, after some delay and demurring on the part of the guardians of the night, and a promise of a reward on the part of Mrs. Shrowdwell, they consented to do.

After some searching the watchmen found the vault, and in front of it poor Shrowdwell lying on his back in a senseless state. They sent for a physician, who administered some stimulants, and gradually brought him to his senses, and upon his legs. He couldn't give any clear account of the adventure. The vault door was closed, and the moonlight lay calm upon the white stones, and no sounds were heard but the wind, now softly purring among the pines and cedars.

They got him home, and, to his wife's joy, found him uninjured. He made light of the affair—told her of the bank-note he had received for the musical coffin, and soon fell soundly asleep.

Next morning he went to his iron safe to reassure himself about the bank-note—for he had an uncanny dream about it. To his amazement and grief it was gone, and in its place was a piece of charred paper.

The undertaker lost himself in endless speculations about this strange adventure, and began to think there was diabolical witchcraft in the whole business, after all.

One day, however, looking over the parish record, he came upon some facts with regard to the Italian family who had owned that vault. On comparing these notes with the re-

miniscences of one or two of the older inhabitants of Boggsville, he made out something like the following history:—

Signor Domerico Pietri, an Italian exile of noble family, had lived in that town some fifty years since. He was of an unsocial, morose disposition, and very proud. His income was small, and his only son Ludovico, who had decided musical talent, determined to seek his fortune in the larger cities, as a performer on the double-bass. It was said his execution on the *harmonic notes* was something marvellous. But his father opposed his course, either from motives of family pride, or wishing him to engage in commerce; and one day, during an angry dispute with him, banished him from his house.

Very little was known of Ludovico Pietri. He lived a wandering life, and suffered from poverty. Finally all trace was lost of him. The old man died, and was buried, along with other relatives, in the Italian vault. The authorities of the Dutch church had permitted this, on Signor Domerico's renouncing Romanism, and joining the Protestants.

But there was a story told of a performer on the double-bass, who played such wild, passionate music, and with such skill, that in his lonely garret, one night, the devil appeared, and offered him a great bag of gold for his big fiddle—proposing at the same time that he should sign a contract that he would not play any more *during his lifetime*—except at his (the fiend's) bidding. The musician, being very poor, accepted the offer and signed the contract, and the devil vanished with his big fiddle. But afterward the poor musician repented the step he had taken, and took it so to heart that he became insane and died.

Now, whether this strange visitor to Mr. Shrowdwell's coffin establishment, who walked the earth in this unhappy frame of mind, was a live man, or the ghost of the poor maniac, was a question which could not be satisfactorily settled.

Some hopeless unbelievers said that the strange big fiddle-case was a box of nitroglycerine or fulminating powder, or an infernal machine; while others as firmly believed that there was something supernatural and uncanny about the affair, but ventured no philosophical theory in the case.

And as for the undertaker, he was such a hopeless sceptic all his life, that he at last came to the conclusion that he must have been dreaming when he had that adventure in the graveyard; and this notwithstanding William Spindles' repeated declarations, and those of the two other young men (none of whom accompanied Shrowdwell in this visit), that everything happened just as I have related it.

Putnam's Magazine (New York).

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

You remember the maid with her dark-brown hair
  And her brow where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamp'd it there,
  Till it made adoration a duty!
And you have not forgot how we watched with delight
  Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
  And we thought her a spirit from heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back,
  With a sigh and a tear, to the hours
When we gaz'd on her form, as she follow'd the track
  Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—
When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight
  On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free—and look'd after its flight,
  To see if it enter'd the skies!

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth,
  One spring, ere the roses were blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
  And she measured all hearts by her own!—
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
  And she follow'd it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
  For a home—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it to none,
  For love of her soul was a part;—
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
  With the worm of despair in her heart!
And, oh! with what anguish we counted, each day,
  The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
  And wept for the beautiful wreck!

She never complain'd—but she loved to the last!
  And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
  And the youth who had left her to die!
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
  Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even;
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
  Is the tear of a far-foreign heaven!

T. K. Hervey.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

Ruins and romance have a poetical affinity, which, to the observer, although sometimes sad, is always pleasing. Nowhere is this affinity more perfect than in the precincts of the fine ruins of Bothwell Castle and the old Priory of Blantyre on the Clyde. Wood and water, landscape and memorable associations, combine to endow the place with present beauty and the shadows of past glories. We stand in the midst of a smooth-shaven lawn, the river flowing at our feet; we lift our eyes and, through the surrounding foliage, catch glimpses of the fantastic films of distant smoke—all indicative of the taste, business, and progress of our own day: we take a few steps and stand amidst the tombstones of dead centuries, the mind filled with vague visions of the men and events associated with them in history or fable.

There was the first Master of Bothwell, Walter Olifard, who, ever so long ago, when the second Alexander was King of Scots, dealt out justice in his own rough, and, let us hope, fairly honest way to the inhabitants of the Lothians. After him came the family of the Murrays; and they were succeeded by the English Edward's doughty knight, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. It was he who held sway in the stirring times when Wallace was struggling for the liberties of his country, and earning all the undying fame which can be given by a nation's love and a nation's song and legend. In this same castle, says the story, De Valence opened negotiations with the faithless Sir John Menteith for the betrayal of his friend and chief, Wallace. For his share in this conspiracy tradition visited De Valence with a heavy punishment, for it tells us that "this earl (Pembroke) seemed to have a divine interdict depending over him;" he never prospered after, and he fell in a tournament on his bridal morning, thus leaving his unhappy lady "maid, bride, and widow." It is amusing to note, however, that he had been wed twice before.

Then came the triumph of Bruce, and he gave the castle to his sister Christian's husband, Andrew Murray, Lord Bothwell. With their granddaughter the castle passed to the hands of Archibald, the Grim Douglas, and remained with that family until forfeited by them in the time of James II. Lord Crichton was the next Master of Bothwell; and now the lands begin to be divided, for his lordship parted with the moor and forest to Lord Hamilton in exchange for the lands of Kingswell. After Crichton appears Lord Monipenny; he enjoyed possession for a space during the minority of the third James, who, upon attaining his majority, altered his mind about the destination of Bothwell, took it from the then owner and gave it to his favourite, Sir John Ramsay. The latter was the same John Ramsay who, when the king's favourites were hung at Lauder, saved his neck by clinging to the king's knees and crying for mercy: his youth, his abject terror, and the king's supplication, induced the fierce barons to spare his life. Ramsay was subsequently involved in some very ugly-looking transactions with the English court, threatening the life of the Scottish monarch. Be that as it may, the fourth James gave the castle to Adam Hepburn, the forebear of the most famous or infamous of the Earls of Bothwell—he who bears the blame of Darnley's murder, and who married Darnley's unfortunate widow. Francis Stewart, son of the Abbot of Kelso (the latter was a natural son of James V.), became the next possessor: but he, too, forfeited the estate, which was bestowed upon the Lairds of Buccleugh and Roxburgh, from whom the Marquis of Hamilton acquired the superiority and patronage of the lordship. The Earl of Angus obtained the castle and a third of the lordship in exchange for the lordship of Liddisdale; and he and his son Archibald, early in the seventeenth century, began to dispose of part of the land in feus, retaining, however, the castle and mains of Bothwell. For a short time Archibald, Earl of Forfar—who died of wounds received at Sherriffmuir—enjoyed possession of the castle and mains as his patrimonial portion; but on his death they reverted to the Douglas family.

What vicissitudes, what tragedies and comedies, what petty speculations, and what grand passions lie under this list of the changes of years! What a gay time there must have been in the castle during the twenty-six days spent there by Edward III.; and what a commotion when, two years later, the Scots besieged the place and took it from the English. As a contrast we have the Marquis of Montrose, showing his respect for learning, sitting there in the midst of turmoil, and burdened with the anxieties of his high enterprise, calmly writing a pass for Drummond of Hawthornden, so that the poet might move in safety throughout his camp. It would be curious to compare the impression the scene made upon the poet of the seventeenth century with the experiences of the poet of our own century. Here is what Wordsworth thought of Bothwell and its surroundings:—

BOTHWELL CASTLE,

RIVER CLYDE.

"It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which no doubt it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle-wall along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of adorning such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life . . . We sat upon a bench under the high trees and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place: elm-trees grow out of the walls and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds and the chattering of the larger ones, that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace to his captivity."

In a sonnet written during a tour in Scotland, Wordsworth says:—

"Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps *I* roamed at large, and have
In mind the landscape as if still in sight:
The river glides, the woods before me wave.
. . . . . .
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!"

The real force of these last lines will be realized best by the light of the pretty story so quaintly told by old Richard Verstegan in his book published at Antwerp in 1605, and entitled *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation.* This is the story:—

"So fell it out of late years that an English gentleman travelling in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem, as he passed through a country town, he heard by chance a woman, sitting at the door dandling her child, to sing—

"'On the blythe Beltane, as I went
By myself attour the green bent,
Wharby the glancand waves of Clyde
Through haughs and hangand hazels glide,
There, sadly sitting on a brae,
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

"'Oh Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;
For a' beneath thy holts sae green
My love and I wad sit at e'en;
While primroses and daisies, mixed
With blue-bells, in my locks he fixed.

"'But he left me as dreary day,
And haply now sleeps in the clay;
Without ae sich his death to roun,
Without ae flouir his grave to croun!
Oh, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
But, ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.'

"The gentleman hereat exceedingly wondered, and forthwith, in English, saluted the woman, who joyfully answered him, and said—She was right glad there to see a gentleman of our isle; and told him that she was a Scotch woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither; where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk, who being at that instant absent and very soon to return, she entreated the gentleman to stay there until his return. The which he did; and she, for country's sake, to show herself more kind and bountiful unto him, told her husband

at his home-coming that the gentleman was her kinsman; whereupon her husband entertained him very kindly, and at his departure gave him divers things of good value." Mr. Robert Chambers very aptly commented upon the song and anecdote, that the traveller could never have enjoyed such privileges "had not Bothwell bank bloomed fair to a poet's eye, and been the scene of some passion not less tender than unfortunate."

BOTHWELL BRIGG.

BY JAMES HOGG.

"Oh what is become o' your leal goodman,
That now you are a' your lane?
If he has join'd wi' the rebel gang,
You will never see him again."

"O say nae 'the rebel gang,' ladye;
It's a term nae heart can thole,
For them wha rebel against their God,
It is justice to control.

"When rank oppression rends the heart,
And rules wi' stroke o' death,
Wha wadna spend their dear heart's blood
For the tenets o' their faith?

"Then sae nae 'the rebel gang,' ladye,
For it gies me muckle pain;
My John went away with Earlston,
And I'll never see either again."

"O wae is my heart for thee, Janet,
O sair is my heart for thee!
These Covenant men were ill advised;
They are fools, you may credit me.

"Where's a' their boastfu' preaching now,
Against their king and law,
When mony a head in death lies low,
And mony mae maun fa'?"

"Ay, but death lasts no for aye, ladye,
For the grave maun yield its prey;
And when we meet on the verge of heaven,
We'll see wha are fools that day:

"We'll see wha looks in their Saviour's face
With holiest joy and pride,
Whether they who shed his servants' blood,
Or those that for him died.

"I wadna be the highest dame
That ever this country knew,
And take my chance to share the doom
Of that persecuting crew.

"Then ca' us na 'rebel gang,' ladye,
Nor take us fools to be,
For there isna ane of a' that gang
Wad change his state wi' thee."

"O weel may you be, my poor Janet,
May blessings on you combine!
The better you are in either state,
The less shall I repine;

"But wi' your fightings and your faith,
Your ravings and your rage,
There you have lost a leal helpmate,
In the blossom of his age.

"And what's to come o' ye, my poor Janet,
Wi' these twa babies sweet?
Ye hae naebody now to work for them,
Or bring you a meal o' meat!

"It is that which makes my heart sae wae
And gars me, while scarce aware,
Whiles say the things I wadna say
Of them that can err nae mair."

Poor Janet kiss'd her youngest babe,
And the tears fell on his cheek,
And they fell upon his swaddling-bands,
For her heart was like to break.

"Oh little do I ken, my dear, dear babes,
What misery's to be mine!
But for the cause we hae espoused,
I will yield my life and thine.

"Oh had I a friend, as I hae nane,—
For nane dare own me now,—
That I might send to Bothwell Brigg,
If the killers wad but allow,

"To lift the corpse of my brave John:
I ken where they will him find,—
He wad meet his God's foes face to face,
And he'll hae nae wound behind."

"But I went to Bothwell Brigg, Janet,—
There was nane durst hinder me,—
For I wantit to hear a' I could hear,
And to see what I could see;

"And there I found your brave husband,
As viewing the dead my lane;
He was lying in the very foremost rank,
In the midst of a heap o' slain."

Then Janet held up her hands to heaven,
And she grat, and she tore her hair,
"O sweet ladye, O dear ladye,
Dinna tell me ony mair!

"There is a hope will linger within,
When earthly hope is vain,
But, when ane kens the very worst,
It turns the heart to stane!"

"'Oh wae is my heart, John Carr,' said I,
'That I this sight should see!'
But when I said these waefu' words,
He lifted his een to me.

"'O art thou there, my kind ladye,
The best o' this warld's breed,
And are you ganging your leefu' lane
Amang the hapless dead?'

"'I hae servants within my ca', John Carr,
And a chariot in the dell,
And if there is ony hope o' life,
I will carry you hame mysell.'

"'O lady, there is nae hope o' life;
And what were life to me?
Wad ye save me frae the death of a man,
To hang on a gallows-tree?

"'I hae nae hame to fly to now,
Nae country, and nae kin;
There is not a door in fair Scotland
Durst open to let me in.

"'But I hae a loving wife at hame,
And twa babies, dear to me;
They hae naebody now that dares favour them,
And of hunger they a' maun dee.

"'Oh for the sake of thy Saviour dear,
Whose mercy thou hopest to share,
Dear lady, take the sackless things
A wee beneath thy care!

"'A lang farewell, my kind ladye!
O'er weel I ken thy worth.
Gae send me a drink o' the water o' Clyde,
For my last drink on earth.'"

"O dinna tell me ony mair, ladye,
For my heart is cauld as clay;
There is a spear that pierces here,
Frae every word ye say."

"He wasna feared to dee, Janet,—
For he gloried in his death,
And wish'd to be laid with those who had bled
For the same endearing faith.

"There were three wounds in his buirdly breast,
And his limb was broke in twain,
And the sweat ran down wi' his red heart's blood,
Wrung out by the deadly pain.

"I row'd my apron round his head,
For fear my men should tell,
And I hid him in my lord's castle,
And I nursed him there mysell.

"And the best leeches in a' the land
Have tended him as he lay,
And he never has lack'd my helping hand
By night nor yet by day.

"I durstna tell you before, Janet,
For I fear'd his life was gane,
But now he's sae weel, ye may visit him,
And ye'se meet by yoursells alane."

Then Janet she fell at her lady's feet,
And she claspit them fervently,
And she steepit them a' wi' the tears o' joy,
Till the good lady wept to see.

"Oh ye are an angel sent frae heaven,
To lighten calamity!
For, in distress, a friend or foe
Is a' the same to thee.

"If good deeds count in heaven, ladye,
Eternal bliss to share,
Ye hae done a deed will save your soul,
Though ye should never do mair."

"Get up, get up, my kind Janet,
But never trow tongue or pen,
That a' the warld are lost to good,
Except the Covenant men."

Wha wadna hae shared that lady's joy
When watching the wounded hind,
Rather than those of the feast and the dance,
Which her kind heart resign'd?

Wha wadna rather share that lady's fate,
When the stars shall melt away,
Than that of the sternest anchorite,
That can naething but graen and pray?

THE LOVERS' MOUNTAIN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.[1]

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among

[1] The story forms the subject of Mr. Moir's poem of Genevieve.

the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (though a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task: and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant, before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stoops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slowlier than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top: he stoops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top: he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top: it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him—see at last: he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both hands, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough

to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

REMEMBRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

When back I venture to this sacred spot,
I thought to suffer, while I hoped to weep;
Thou dearest of all graves, yet minded not,
Where only memories sleep.

What feared ye then, friends, of this solitude?
Why sought ye thus to take me by the hand,
Just when old habit and old charm renewed
Led me to where I stand?

I know them in their bloom, the hills and heath;
The silver footfalls on the silent ground;
The quiet walks, sweetened by lovers' breath,
Where her arm clasped me round;

I know the fir-trees in their sombre green;
My giant-friends that, murmuring along
The careless by-ways of the deep ravine,
Once lulled me with their song;

The copses, where my whole youth as I pass
Wakes like a flight of birds to melody;
Sweet scenes, fair desert where my mistress was,
Have ye not looked for me?

Oh, let them flow; I love them as they rise
From my yet bleeding heart, the welcome tears;
Seek not to dry them; leave upon mine eyes
This veil of the dead years!

Yet will I with no vain lament alarm
These echoing woods that in my joys had part;
Proud is the forest in its tranquil charm,
And proud, too, is my heart.

In idle moan let others waste the hours,
Who kneel and pray beside some loved one's bier;
All in this place breathes life; the churchyard flowers
Grow not nor blossom here.

Athwart the leafy shade, bright moon, I see thee;
Thy face is clouded yet, fair queen of night;
But from the dark horizon thou dost free thee,
Widening into light.

As 'neath thy rays, from earth yet moist with rain,
The perfumes of the day together roll,
So pure and calm springs my old love again
From out my softened soul.

The troubles of my life are past and gone;
And age and youth in fancy reconciled;
This friendly valley I but look upon,
And am once more a child.

O mighty Time! O light years lightly fled!
Ye bear away all tears and griefs of ours;
But ye are pitiful, and never tread
Upon our faded flowers.

All blessings wait upon your healing wing:
I had not thought that wound like mine would wear
So keen an edge, and that the suffering
Could be so sweet to bear.

Hence, all ye idle names for frivolous woes,
And formal sorrow's customary pall,
Paraded over bygone loves by those
Who never loved at all.

Dante, why saidst thou that no grief is worse
Than to remember happiness in woe?
What spite dictated thee that bitter verse,
Insulting misery so?

Is it less true that there is light on high—
Forget we day—soon as night's wings are spread?
Is 't thou, great soul, sorrowing immortally,
Is 't thou who thus hast said?

Nay, by yon torch whose splendour lighteth me,
Ne'er did thy heart such blasphemy profess;
A happy memory on earth may be
More real than happiness.

H. C. MERIVALE.

LAST NIGHT.

I sat with one I love last night,
I heard a sweet, an olden strain,
In other days it woke delight,—
Last night but pain!

Last night I saw the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimm'd the ether blue,
And when we sought each other's eyes,
Tears dimm'd them too.

We paced along our favourite walk,
But paced in silence broken-hearted,
Of old we used to smile and talk—
Last night we parted!

Oh! grief can give the blight of years,
The stony impress of the dead,
We look'd farewell through blinding tears,
And then hope fled!

MISS JEWSBURY.

THE WOW O' RIVVEN.

[George Mac Donald, LL.D., a poet and novelist. *Within and Without*, a dramatic poem, first appeared in 1855, and since that date Mr. Mac Donald has won distinction as a writer who is always earnest and elevated in thought and purpose. A few of his most popular works are: *Alec Forbes of Howglen; David Elginbrod; Robert Falconer; At the Back of the North Wind; Wilfrid Cumbermede; The Vicar's Daughter; &c. &c.* His works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature; but above all, and foremost evidently in the writer's thought, is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure spiritual life. A very admirable edition of his works in ten volumes is published by Strahan & Co., entitled *Works of Fancy and Imagination*. From this edition we take the following tale.]

Elsie Scott had let her work fall on her knees, and her hands on her work, and was looking out of the wide, low window of her room, which was on one of the ground-floors of the village street. Through a gap in the household shrubbery of fuchsias and myrtles filling the window-sill, one passing on the foot-pavement might get a momentary glimpse of her pale face, lighted up with two blue eyes, over which some inward trouble had spread a faint, gauze-like haziness. But almost before her thoughts had had time to wander back to this trouble, a shout of children's voices, at the other end of the street, reached her ear. She listened a moment. A shadow of displeasure and pain crossed her countenance; and rising hastily, she betook herself to an inner apartment, and closed the door behind her.

Meantime the sounds drew nearer; and by-and-by an old man, whose strange appearance and dress showed that he had little capacity either for good or evil, passed the window. His clothes were comfortable enough in quality and condition, for they were the annual gift of a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood; but, being made to accommodate his taste, both known and traditional, they were somewhat peculiar in cut and adornment. Both coat and trowsers were of a dark gray cloth; but the former, which in its shape partook of the military, had a straight collar of yellow, and narrow cuffs of the same; while upon both sleeves, about the place where a corporal wears his stripes, was expressed, in the same yellow cloth, a somewhat singular device. It was as close an imitation of a bell, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, as the tailor's skill could produce from a single piece of cloth. The origin of the military cut of his coat was well known. His preference for it arose in the time of the wars of the first Napoleon, when the threatened invasion of the country caused the organization of many volunteer regiments. The martial show and exercises captivated the poor man's fancy; and from that time forward nothing pleased his vanity, and consequently conciliated his good-will more, than to style him by his favourite title—the *Colonel*. But the badge on his arm had a deeper origin, which will be partially manifest in the course of the story—if story it can be called. It was, indeed, the baptism of the fool, the outward and visible sign of his relation to the infinite and unseen. His countenance, however, although the features were not of any peculiarly low or animal type, showed no corresponding sign of the consciousness of such a relation, being as vacant as human countenance could well be.

The cause of Elsie's annoyance was that the fool was annoyed; he was followed by a troop of boys, who turned his rank into scorn, and assailed him with epithets hateful to him. Although the most harmless of creatures when let alone, he was dangerous when roused; and now he stooped repeatedly to pick up stones and hurl them at his tormentors, who took care, while abusing him, to keep at a considerable distance, lest he should get hold of them. Amidst the sounds of derision that followed him, might be heard the words frequently repeated—"*Come hame, come hame.*" But in a few minutes the noise ceased, either from the interference of some friendly inhabitant, or that the boys grew weary, and departed in search of other amusement. By-and-by Elsie might be seen again at her work in the window; but the cloud over her eyes was deeper, and her whole face more sad.

Indeed, so much did the persecution of this poor man affect her, that an onlooker would have been compelled to seek the cause in some yet deeper sympathy than that commonly felt for the oppressed, even by women. And such a sympathy existed, strange as it may seem, between the beautiful girl (for many called her *a bonnie lassie*) and this "tatter of humanity." Nothing would have been further from the thoughts of those that knew them, than the supposition of any correspondence or connection between them; yet this sympathy sprang in part from a real similarity in their history and present condition.

All the facts that were known about *Feel Jock's* origin were these: that seventy years ago, a man who had gone with his horse and cart some miles from the village, to fetch home

a load of peat from a desolate *moss*, had heard, while toiling along as rough a road on as lonely a hill-side as any in Scotland, the cry of a child; and, searching about, had found the infant, hardly wrapped in rags, and untended, as if the earth herself had just given him birth,—that desert moor, wide and dismal, broken and watery, the only bosom for him to lie upon, and the cold, clear night-heaven his only covering. The man had brought him home, and the parish had taken parish-care of him. He had grown up, and proved what he now was —almost an idiot. Many of the townspeople were kind to him, and employed him in fetching water for them from the river or wells in the neighbourhood, paying him for his trouble in victuals, or whisky, of which he was very fond. He seldom spoke; and the sentences he could utter were few; yet the tone, and even the words of his limited vocabulary, were sufficient to express gratitude and some measure of love towards those who were kind to him, and hatred of those who teased and insulted him. He lived a life without aim, and apparently to no purpose; in this resembling most of his more gifted fellow-men, who, with all the tools and materials necessary for building a noble mansion, are yet content with a clay hut.

Elsie, on the contrary, had been born in a comfortable farm-house, amidst homeliness and abundance. But at a very early age she had lost both father and mother; not so early, however, but that she had faint memories of warm soft times on her mother's bosom, and of refuge in her mother's arms from the attacks of geese, and the pursuit of pigs. Therefore, in after-times, when she looked forward to heaven, it was as much a reverting to the old heavenly times of childhood and mother's love, as an anticipation of something yet to be revealed. Indeed, without some such memory, how should we ever picture to ourselves a perfect rest? But sometimes it would seem as if the more a heart was made capable of loving, the less it had to love; and poor Elsie, in passing from a mother's to a brother's guardianship, felt a change of spiritual temperature too keen. He was not a bad man, or incapable of benevolence when touched by the sight of want in anything of which he would himself have felt the privation; but he was so coarsely made, that only the purest animal necessities affected him, and a hard word, or unfeeling speech, could never have reached the quick of his nature, through the hide that inclosed it. Elsie, on the contrary, was excessively and painfully sensitive, as if her nature constantly protended an invisible multitude of half-spiritual, half-nervous antennæ, which shrank and trembled in every current of air at all below their own temperature. The effect of this upon her behaviour was such that she was called odd; and the poor girl felt she was not like other people, yet could not help it. Her brother, too, laughed at her without the slightest idea of the pain he occasioned, or the remotest feeling of curiosity as to what the inward and consistent causes of the outward abnormal condition might be. Tenderness was the divine comforting she needed; and it was altogether absent from her brother's character and behaviour.

Her neighbours looked on her with some interest, but they rather shunned than courted her acquaintance; especially after the return of certain nervous attacks to which she had been subject in childhood, and which were again brought on by the events I must relate. It is curious how certain diseases repel, by a kind of awe, the sympathies of the neighbours: as if, by the fact of being subject to them, the patient were removed into another realm of existence, from which, like the dead with the living, she can hold communion with those around her only partially, and with a mixture of dread pervading the intercourse. Thus some of the deepest, purest wells of spiritual life, are, like those in old castles, choked up by the decay of the outer walls. But what tended more than anything, perhaps, to keep up the painful unrest of her soul (for the beauty of her character was evident in the fact, that the irritation seldom reached her *mind*), was a circumstance at which, in its present connection, some of my readers will smile, and others feel a shudder corresponding in kind to that of Elsie.

Her brother was very fond of a rather small, but ferocious-looking bull-dog, which followed close at his heels, wherever he went, with hanging head and slouching gait, never leaping or racing about like other dogs. When in the house, he always lay under his master's chair. He seemed to dislike Elsie, and she felt an unspeakable repugnance to him. Though she never mentioned her aversion, her brother easily saw it by the way in which she avoided the animal; and attributing it entirely to fear—which indeed had a great share in the matter—he would cruelly aggravate it, by telling her stories of the fierce hardihood and relentless persistency of this kind of animal. He dared not yet further increase her terror by offering to set the creature upon her, because it was doubtful whether he might be able to restrain him; but the mental suffering which he occa-

sioned by this heartless conduct, and for which he had no sympathy, was as severe as many bodily sufferings to which he would have been sorry to subject her. Whenever the poor girl happened inadvertently to pass near the dog, which was seldom, a low growl made her aware of his proximity, and drove her to a quick retreat. He was, in fact, the animal impersonation of the animal opposition which she had continually to endure. Like chooses like; and the bull-dog *in* her brother made choice of the bull-dog *out of* him for his companion. So her day was one of shrinking fear and multiform discomfort.

But a nature capable of so much distress must of necessity be *capable* of a corresponding amount of pleasure; and in her case this was manifest in the fact, that sleep and the quiet of her own room restored her wonderfully. If she was only let alone, a calm mood, filled with images of pleasure, soon took possession of her mind.

Her acquaintance with the fool had commenced some ten years previous to the time I write of, when she was quite a little girl, and had come from the country with her brother, who, having taken a small farm close to the town, preferred residing in the town to occupying the farm-house, which was not comfortable. She looked at first with some terror on his uncouth appearance, and with much wonderment on his strange dress. This wonder was heightened by a conversation she overheard one day in the street, between the fool and a little pale-faced boy, who, approaching him respectfully, said, "Weel, cornel!" "Weel, laddie!" was the reply. "Fat dis the wow say, cornel?" "Come hame, come hame!" answered the *colonel*, with both accent and quantity heaped on the word *hame*. What the *wow* could be, she had no idea; only, as the years passed on, the strange word became in her mind indescribably associated with the strange shape in yellow cloth on his sleeves. Had she been a native of the town, she could not have failed to know its import, so familiar was every one with it, although it did not belong to the local vocabulary; but, as it was, years passed away before she discovered its meaning. And when, again and again, the fool, attempting to convey his gratitude for some kindness she had shown him, mumbled over the words—"*The wow o' Rivven—the wow o' Rivven*," the wonder would return as to what could be the idea associated with them in his mind, but she made no advance towards their explanation.

That, however, which most attracted her to the old man, was his persecution by the children. They were to him what the bull-dog was to her—the constant source of irritation and annoyance. They could hardly hurt him, nor did he appear to dread other injury from them than insult, to which, fool though he was, he was keenly alive. Human gad-flies that they were! they sometimes stung him beyond endurance, and he would curse them in the impotence of his anger. Once or twice Elsie had been so far carried beyond her constitutional timidity, by sympathy for the distress of her friend, that she had gone out and talked to the boys,—even scolded them, so that they slunk away ashamed, and began to stand as much in dread of her as of the clutches of their prey. So she, gentle and timid to excess, acquired among them the reputation of a termagant. Popular opinion among children, as among men, is often just, but as often very unjust; for the same manifestations may proceed from opposite principles: and, therefore, as indices to character, may mislead as often as enlighten.

Next door to the house in which Elsie resided, dwelt a tradesman and his wife, who kept an indefinite sort of shop, in which various kinds of goods were exposed for sale. Their youngest son was about the same age as Elsie; and while they were rather more than children, and less than young people, he spent many of his evenings with her, somewhat to the loss of position in his classes at the parish school. They were, indeed, much attached to each other; and, peculiarly constituted as Elsie was, one may imagine what kind of heavenly messenger a companion stronger than herself must have been to her. In fact, if she could have framed the undefinable need of her child-like nature into an articulate prayer, it would have been—"Give me some one to love me stronger than I." Any love was helpful, yes, in its degree saving to her poor troubled soul; but the hope, as they grew older together, that the powerful, yet tender-hearted youth, really loved her, and would one day make her his wife, was like the opening of heavenly eyes of life and love in the hitherto blank and deathlike face of her existence. But nothing had been said of love, although they met and parted like lovers.

Doubtless, if the circles of their thought and feeling had continued as now to intersect each other, there would have been no interruption to their affection; but the time at length arrived when the old couple, seeing the rest of their family comfortably settled in life, resolved to make a gentleman of the youngest; and so sent him from school to college. The facilities existing in Scotland for providing a professional

training enabled them to educate him as a surgeon. He parted from Elsie with some regret; but, far less dependent on her than she was on him, and full of the prospects of the future, he felt none of that sinking at the heart which seemed to lay her whole nature open to a fresh inroad of all the terrors and sorrows of her peculiar existence. No correspondence took place between them. New pursuits and relations and the development of his tastes and judgments, entirely altered the position of poor Elsie in his memory. Having been, during their intercourse, far less of a man than she of a woman, he had no definite idea of the place he had occupied in her regard; and in his mind she receded into the background of the past, without his having any idea that she would suffer thereby, or that he was unjust towards her; while, in her thoughts, his image stood in the highest and clearest relief. It was the centre-point from which and towards which all lines radiated and converged, and although she could not but be doubtful about the future, yet there was much hope mingled with her doubts.

But when, at the close of two years, he visited his native village, and she saw before her, instead of the homely youth who had left her that winter evening, one who, to her inexperienced eyes appeared a finished gentleman, her heart sank within her, as if she had found Nature herself false in her ripening processes, destroying the beautiful promise of a former year by changing instead of developing her creations. He spoke kindly to her, but not cordially. To her ear the voice seemed to come from a great distance out of the past; and while she looked upon him, that optical change passed over her vision which all have experienced after gazing abstractedly on any object for a time: his form grew very small, and receded to an immeasurable distance; till, her imagination mingling with the twilight haze of her senses, she seemed to see him standing far off on a hill, with the bright horizon of sunset for a background to his clearly-defined figure.

She knew no more till she found herself in bed in the dark; and the first message that reached her from the outward world was the infernal growl of the bull-dog from the room below. Next day she saw her lover walking with two ladies, who would have thought it some degree of condescension to speak to her; and he passed the house without once looking towards it.

One who is sufficiently possessed by the demon of nervousness to be glad of the magnetic influences of a friend's company in a public promenade, or of a horse beneath him in passing through a churchyard, will have some faint idea of how utterly exposed and defenceless poor Elsie now felt on the crowded thoroughfare of life. And so the insensibility which had overtaken her was not the ordinary swoon with which nature relieves the overstrained nerves, but the return of the epileptic fits of her early childhood; and if the condition of the poor girl had been pitiable before, it was tenfold more so now. Yet she did not complain, but bore all in silence, though it was evident that her health was giving way. But now, help came to her from a strange quarter; though many might not be willing to accord the name of help to that which rather hastened than retarded the progress of her decline.

She had gone to spend a few of the summer days with a relative in the country, some miles from her home, if home it could be called. One evening, towards sunset, she went out for a solitary walk. Passing from the little garden-gate, she went along a bare country road for some distance, and then, turning aside by a footpath through a thicket of low trees, she came out in a lonely little churchyard on the hill-side. Hardly knowing whether or not she had intended to go there, she seated herself on a mound covered with long grass, one of many. Before her stood the ruins of an old church, which was taking centuries to crumble. Little remained but the gable-wall, immensely thick, and covered with ancient ivy. The rays of the setting sun fell on a mound at its foot, not green like the rest, but of a rich, red-brown in the rosy sunset, and evidently but newly heaped up. Her eyes, too, rested upon it. Slowly the sun sank below the near horizon.

As the last brilliant point disappeared, the ivy darkened, and a wind arose and shook all its leaves, making them look cold and troubled; and to Elsie's ear came a low faint sound, as from a far-off bell. But close beside her—and she started and shivered at the sound—rose a deep, monotonous, almost sepulchral voice, "*Come hame, come hame! The wow, the wow!*"

At once she understood the whole. She sat in the churchyard of the ancient parish church of Ruthven; and when she lifted up her eyes, there she saw, in the half-ruined belfry, the old bell, all but hidden with ivy, which the passing wind had roused to utter one sleepy tone; and there, beside her, stood the fool with the bell on his arm, and to him and to her the *wow o' Rivven* said, "*Come hame, come hame!*" Ah, what did she want in the whole universe

of God but a home? And though the ground beneath was hard, and the sky overhead far and boundless, and the hill-side lonely and companionless, yet somewhere within the visible, and beyond these the outer surfaces of creation, there might be a home for her; as round the wintry house the snows lie heaped up cold and white and dreary all the long *forenight*, while within, beyond the closed shutters, and giving no glimmer through the thick stone walls, the fires are blazing joyously and the voices and laughter of young unfrozen children are heard, and nothing belongs to winter but the gray hairs on the heads of the parents, within whose warm hearts child-like voices are heard, and child-like thoughts move to and fro. The kernel of winter itself is spring, or a sleeping summer.

It was no wonder that the fool, cast out of the earth on a far more desolate spot than this, should seek to return within her bosom at this place of open doors, and should call it *home*. For surely the surface of the earth had no home for him. The mound at the foot of the gable contained the body of one who had shown him kindness. He had followed the funeral that afternoon from the town, and had remained behind with the bell. Indeed it was his custom, though Elsie had not known it, to follow every funeral going to this, his favourite churchyard of Ruthven; and, possibly in imitation of its booming, for it was still tolled at the funerals, he had given the old bell the name of *the wow*, and had translated its monotonous clangour into the articulate sounds—*come hame, come hame*. What precise meaning he attached to the words it is impossible to say; but it was evident that the place possessed a strange attraction for him, drawing him towards it by the cords of some spiritual magnetism. It is possible that in the mind of the idiot there may have been some feeling about this churchyard and bell, which, in the mind of another, would have become a grand poetic thought; a feeling as if the ghostly old bell hung at the church-door of the invisible world, and ever and anon rung out joyous notes (though they sounded sad in the ears of the living), calling to the children of the unseen to *come home, come home*. She sat for some time in silence; for the bell did not ring again, and the fool spoke no more; till the dews began to fall, when she rose and went home, followed by her companion, who passed the night in the barn.

From that hour Elsie was furnished with a visual image of the rest she sought; an image which, mingling with deeper and holier thoughts, became, like the bow set in the cloud, the earthly pledge and sign of the fulfilment of heavenly hopes. Often when the wintry fog of cold discomfort and homelessness filled her soul, all at once the picture of the little churchyard—with the old gable and belfry, and the slanting sunlight steeping down to the very roots of the long grass on the graves—arose in the darkened chamber (*camera obscura*) of her soul; and again she heard the faint Æolian sound of the bell, and the voice of the prophet-fool who interpreted the oracle; and the inward weariness was soothed by the promise of a long sleep. Who can tell how many have been counted fools simply because they were prophets: or how much of the madness in the world may be the utterance of thoughts true and just, but belonging to a region differing from ours in its nature and scenery!

But to Elsie looking out of her window came the mocking tones of the idle boys who had chosen as the vehicle of their scorn the very words which showed the relation of the fool to the eternal, and revealed in him an element higher far than any yet developed in them. They turned his glory into shame, like the enemies of David when they mocked the would-be king. And the best in a man is often that which is most condemned by those who have not attained to his goodness. The words, however, even as repeated by the boys, had not solely awakened indignation at the persecution of the old man: they had likewise comforted her with the thought of the refuge that awaited both him and her.

But the same evening a worse trial was in store for her. Again she sat near the window, oppressed by the consciousness that her brother had come in. He had gone up-stairs, and his dog had remained at the door, exchanging surly compliments with some of his own kind, when the fool came strolling past, and, I do not know from what cause, the dog flew at him. Elsie heard his cry and looked up. Her fear of the brute vanished in a moment before her sympathy for her friend. She darted from the house, and rushed towards the dog to drag him off the defenceless idiot, calling him by his name in a tone of anger and dislike. He left the fool, and, springing at Elsie, seized her by the arm above the elbow with such a gripe that, in the midst of her agony, she fancied she heard the bone crack. But she uttered no cry, for the most apprehensive are sometimes the most courageous. Just then, however, her former lover was coming along the street, and, catching a glimpse of what had happened, was on the spot in an instant, took the dog by the throat with a gripe not inferior to his own, and

having thus compelled him to relax his hold, dashed him on the ground with a force that almost stunned him, and then with a superadded kick sent him away limping and howling; whereupon the fool, attacking him furiously with a stick, would certainly have finished him, had not his master descried his plight and come to his rescue.

Meantime the young surgeon had carried Elsie into the house; for, as soon as she was rescued from the dog, she had fallen down in one of her fits, which were becoming more and more frequent of themselves, and little needed such a shock as this to increase their violence. He was dressing her arm when she began to recover; and when she opened her eyes, in a state of half-consciousness, the first object she beheld, was his face bending over her. Recalling nothing of what had occurred, it seemed to her, in the dreamy condition in which the fit had left her, the same face, unchanged, which had once shone in upon her tardy spring-time, and promised to ripen it into summer. She forgot it had departed and left her in the wintry cold. And so she uttered wild words of love and trust; and the youth, while stung with remorse at his own neglect, was astonished to perceive the poetic forms of beauty in which the soul of the uneducated maiden burst into flower. But as her senses recovered themselves, the face gradually changed to her, as if the slow alteration of two years had been phantasmagorically compressed into a few moments; and the glow departed from the maiden's thoughts and words, and her soul found itself at the narrow window of the present, from which she could behold but a dreary country.—From the street came the iambic cry of the fool, "Come hame, come hame."

Tycho Brahe, I think, is said to have kept a fool, who frequently sat at his feet in his study, and to whose mutterings he used to listen in the pauses of his own thought. The shining soul of the astronomer drew forth the rainbow of harmony from the misty spray of words ascending ever from the dark gulf into which the thoughts of the idiot were ever falling. He beheld curious concurrences of words therein, and could read strange meanings from them—sometimes even received wondrous hints for the direction of celestial inquiry, from what, to any other, and it may be to the fool himself, was but a ceaseless and aimless babble. Such power lieth in words. It is not then to be wondered at that the sounds I have mentioned should fall on the ears of Elsie, at such a moment, as a message from God himself. This then—all this dreariness—was but a passing show like the rest, and there lay somewhere for her a reality—a home. The tears burst up from her oppressed heart. She received the message, and prepared to go home. From that time her strength gradually sank, but her spirits as steadily rose.

The strength of the fool, too, began to fail, for he was old. He bore all the signs of age, even to the gray hairs, which betokened no wisdom. But one cannot say what wisdom might be in him, or how far he had not fought his own battle, and been victorious. Whether any notion of a continuance of life and thought dwelt in his brain, it is impossible to tell; but he seemed to have the idea that this was not his home; and those who saw him gradually approaching his end, might well anticipate for him a higher life in the world to come. He had passed through this world without ever awaking to such a consciousness of being as is common to mankind. He had spent his years like a weary dream through a long night,—a strange, dismal, unkindly dream; and now the morning was at hand. Often in his dream had he listened with sleepy senses to the ringing of the bell, but that bell would awake him at last. He was like a seed buried too deep in the soil, to which the light has never penetrated, and which, therefore, has never forced its way upwards to the open air, never experienced the resurrection of the dead. But seeds will grow ages after they have fallen into the earth; and, indeed, with many kinds, and within some limits, the older the seed before it germinates, the more plentiful the fruit. And may it not be believed of many human beings, that, the great Husbandman having sown them like seeds in the soil of human affairs, there they lie buried a life long; and only after the upturning of the soil by death, reach a position in which the awakening of their aspiration and the consequent growth become possible? Surely he has made nothing in vain.

A violent cold and cough brought him at last near to his end, and hearing that he was ill, Elsie ventured one bright spring day to go to see him. When she entered the miserable room where he lay, he held out his hand to her with something like a smile, and muttered feebly and painfully, "I'm gaein' to the wow, nae to come back again." Elsie could not restrain her tears; while the old man, looking fixedly at her, though with meaningless eyes, muttered, for the last time, "*Come hame! come hame!*" and sank into a lethargy, from which nothing could rouse him, till, next morning, he was waked by friendly death from the long sleep of this world's night. They

bore him to his favourite churchyard, and buried him within the site of the old church, below his loved bell, which had ever been to him as the cuckoo-note of a coming spring. Thus he at length obeyed its summons, and went home.

Elsie lingered till the first summer days lay warm on the land. Several kind hearts in the village, hearing of her illness, visited her and ministered to her. Wondering at her sweetness and patience, they regretted they had not known her before. How much consolation might not their kindness have imparted, and how much might not their sympathy have strengthened her on her painful road! But they could not long have delayed her going home. Nor, mentally constituted as she was, would this have been at all to be desired. Indeed it was chiefly the expectation of departure that quieted and soothed her tremulous nature. It is true that a deep spring of hope and faith kept singing on in her heart, but this alone, without the anticipation of speedy release, could only have kept her mind at peace. It could not have reached, at least for a long time, the border land between body and mind, in which her disease lay.

One still night of summer, the nurse who watched by her bedside heard her murmur through her sleep, "I hear it: *come hame—come hame.* I'm comin', I'm comin'—I'm gaein' hame to the wow, nae to come back." She awoke at the sound of her own words, and begged the nurse to convey to her brother her last request, that she might be buried by the side of the fool, within the old church of Ruthven. Then she turned her face to the wall, and in the morning was found quiet and cold. She must have died within a few minutes after her last words. She was buried according to her request; and thus she too went home.

Side by side rest the aged fool and the young maiden; for the bell called them, and they obeyed; and surely they found the fire burning bright, and heard friendly voices, and felt sweet lips on theirs, in the home to which they went. Surely both intellect and love were waiting them there.

Still the old bell hangs in the old gable; and whenever another is borne to the old churchyard, it keeps calling to those who are left behind, with the same sad, but friendly and unchanging voice—"*Come hame! come hame! come hame!*"

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—*Isaiah* lx. 20.

THE LAST DAY.

BY ROBERT POLLOCK.

In customed glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health
A thousand grateful smells: the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arboured bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high;
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change; all nature moved
In wonted harmony; men as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things: the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest; in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted full:
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer fraught;—or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task with thought
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtile look, amid his parchments sate
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps; before her toilet stood

The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
And evil men of desperate lawless life,
By oath of deep damnation leagued to all
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
Against the innocent their counsel held,
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
And villanies of fearful magnitude;
Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;
Senates were meeting; statesmen loudly talked
Of national resources, war and peace;
And sagely balanced empires soon to end;
And faction's jaded millions, by the page
Paid for abuse, and oft-repeated lies,
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
For party schemes made interest, under cloak
Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
And of the awful wickedness of men;
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
And universal rule, and panting hard
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
To battle; men, in science deeply read,
And academic theory, foretold
Improvements vast;—and learned sceptics proved
That earth should with eternity endure;
Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of God; and over all
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
Nature stood still;—the seas and rivers stood,
And all the winds: and every living thing.
The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still; and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
Hope died in every breast; and on all men
Came fear and trembling;—none to his neighbour spoke;
Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe.
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven;—revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of God appeared, in stature vast,
Blazing; and, lifting up his hand on high,
By Him that lives for ever, swore that Time
Should be no more. Throughout Creation heard,
And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale—
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
Sighed; earth arrested in her wonted path,
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
A universal crash was heard, as if
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
Foundations failed;—and deadly paleness sate
On every face of man, and every heart
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
Again o'er all the nations silence fell:
And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
And walked with penetration keen through all
The abodes of men, another angel stood,
And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead!
Be changed, ye living! and put on the garb
Of immortality! Awake! arise!
The God of judgment comes.—This said the voice;—
And silence, from eternity that slept
Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
And all the noise of Time, awakening, heard
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
Her regions of despair;—the ear of Death
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled; and all
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,
Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs
New vigour flow;—the wrinkled face grew smooth;
Upon the head that time had razored bare,
Rose bushy locks; and as his son in prime
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
Changing herself, the mother saw her son
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
Of manhood;—and the wretch that begging sat
Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
Arose complete;—and he that on the bed
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
And daughter fond, that o'er him bending stooped
To close his eyes;—the frantic madman too,
In whose confused brain reason had lost
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
The newly-sheeted corpse arose, and stared
On those who dressed it;—and the coffined dead,
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
And mingled with their friends;—and armies, which
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
And impolitely hewed his way through bones

And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injured man awoke,
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
Of universal Jubilee to all
The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand
The scourge of violence fell; and from his back,
Heal of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

—From *The Course of Time.*

ARNOLD OF UNDERWALDEN.

A LEGEND OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

From about the commencement of the fourteenth century, that portion of Switzerland anciently distinguished as the Waldstetten had been free from foreign domination. The brilliant and decisive victory achieved at Morgarten a few years after the revolution effected by Tell and his compatriots, had at length taught the house of Austria to respect the independence of the unconquerable freemen of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwald, and for the better part of a century the Austrian invaders had not presumed to disturb them in the enjoyment of their mountains, and valleys, and lakes. Meanwhile, the accession of several of the surrounding districts had given increased power and consequence to the Helvetic League. Lucerne had hastened to become a confederate; Zurich had followed, and Glarus, and Zug, and lastly the powerful canton of Berne. In the lapse of eight years the virtuous and hardy herdsman, and the honest and industrious burgher, still retained their simplicity of character, and had lost nothing of their invincible love of liberty: they were contented, unambitious, and happy; but regularly trained to the use of arms, and prepared at a moment's warning to meet the foe. Some petty fiefs of Austria still existed in several of the districts; and the archduke was ever ready to support his feudatories in their exactions and oppressions. Leopold, a prince in the prime of life, and of a bold and ambitious temper, was surrounded by a nobility warlike, ardent, and rapacious, and, as the vigilant and jealous republicans believed, waited but for a suitable occasion of making the effort to attach Switzerland as an appanage to his house.

Such was the situation of the eight cantons, when, on the afternoon of a fine day in July, in the year 1385, the inhabitants of the small hamlets scattered over the sides of Mont Pilate, in the district of Lucerne, were assembling at the mansion of old Eberard Oberhulde, situated on the green Alpe of Brundlen. There was a marriage to be solemnized; and among the ancient families of the mountain, affined as they had been in peace and in war, for many ages, no one could think of being absent at such a time from his neighbour's hall. It was, besides, the eve of the festival of one of their saints, an occasion on which the Catholic herdsman, in his piety, never failed to believe that an abstinence from his customary toil was a religious obligation not to be dispensed with lightly. From the pasturages, therefore, above and below the Brundlen Alpe, in every direction, were to be seen the gay and laughing groups, in their holiday dresses, hastening by various romantic pathways to the house of the bride's father.

Old Eberard stood, in the fulness of his glee, under the shade of a venerable and wide-spreading elm before the door, welcoming the several comers, male and female, as became an ancient herdsman, with a hearty shake of the hand or a smack of the lips, that made the rocks around him ring again. At a little distance, protected from the sun by a cluster of walnut-trees, were the happy couple; the bride, who, in the dialect of the country, might be called a *tolle jumpfer*, or pretty girl, was surrounded by her half-demure, half-tittering maids; her hair flowing in two plaited tresses, decorated with ribands down to her feet; her dark stays neatly laced, forming a fine contrast to the snow-white hue of the sleeves of her under garment, which were turned up and fastened at the shoulders. The female guests wore each the glistening yellow birch hat, without crown, set smartly on one side, adorned with flowers, and tied under the chin with ribands. The fashion of their garments was that of the bride's, with this special exception, that their stays, skirts, ribands, laces, and sashes were of various colours—blue, brown, black, red, green, and yellow; so that, when they stood up in double or triple row, with their full blooming faces, they looked like a beautiful bed of tulips. Florent, the happy *hoch-ryter*, or bridegroom, stood at a short distance from the bride in his martial equipment, it being indispensable in those days, that, before a youth took upon himself the charge of a family, he should manifest on the wedding-day that he was provided with arms to protect it. He stood erect, therefore, in cap and corselet; his sturdy sword buckled to his thigh, a pike in his hand, and a cross-bow, a battle-axe, and knotted club

leaning against the tree behind him. The friends of the bridegroom, generally of stately and athletic frame, were, in dress, almost as multiform as the opposite sex, their doublets and hose puffed and striped with every tint of the rainbow, and in some instances the arms, and even the legs, of the same individual of no kindred colour.

There was one, however, among the wedding-guests whose appearance showed him to be of a superior stamp. Clad in the plainest habiliments, the character of his commanding exterior could not be for a moment mistaken. He seemed of middle age, and his countenance, usually grave, at times approached in its expression even to severity. But virtue and high resolve sat on his brow, and his unblenching eye, full of meaning, spoke the language of a soul exclusively engrossed by grand and lofty thoughts. He was of Underwalden, one of those leading spirits to whom, in the hour of need, the everyday people of the world turn for succour and support, and, that hour passed, whom they not unfrequently cast off to "begarly divorcement." Devotion to his country was his master passion, and while the political storm yet hung in the distance, he employed himself in occasional visits to the several districts of the union, wherever there were gatherings of the people, for the purpose of inciting his countrymen, if that should be necessary, to preparation against its coming fury.

The greetings had been made, and the pleasantries passed, the priest was in attendance, and the ceremony was about to proceed, when a stranger was descried approaching across the plain from the base of the rock in front.

"What guest comes from the Peak?" exclaimed Martin of Hergottwald.

"If I mistake not," said Eberard, "it is one of the strangers who stopped at my door to-day on their way to the Peak; and see," he added, "where his young companion appears high up the rock!"

"Strangers! who are they? whence come they?" inquired the guest from Underwalden.

"Of that I know but little," replied Eberard; "they are courteous and curious, but not equally communicative."

"But do you not remember, father," observed the bride, blushing at the sound of her own voice, "that the younger stranger told us they resided at the castle of Gerisau?"

"At Gerisau!" exclaimed the man of Underwalden, "they are Austrians then! Austrians!" he repeated in a lower voice, as he retired to the shelter of a tree and fixed his eyes earnestly on the approaching stranger.

But scarcely had the person advanced near enough for the group to discover that he was a man of some sixty years of age, and of a frank and easy, and perhaps martial, deportment, when a new and striking object claimed their attention. "The lammer-geyer!" exclaimed several voices at once; "The lammer-geyer!" was echoed by almost every one present, in tones of alarm and apprehension; and that dreadful monster of the air, the *lammer-geyer*, or lamb-vulture, was seen high over the Peak, descending in his gigantic and fearful strength.

A *bouquetin*, or mountain-goat, had been browsing upon the herbage of the lower region of the Peak, having left her young in a cavity above. With the instinct of a mother she perceived the danger that threatened them, and hastened to their rescue. With inconceivable speed she leaped from crag to crag; where two parallel walls of rock arose close to each other, bounding from side to side in an upward course; or, incredible as it may seem, with successive leaps surmounting the naked perpendicular cliff. In a few moments she was with her young, her head, armed with its tremendous horns, guarding the entrance of the cave. The vulture stooped to his intended quarry, but failing to reach the young, fixed his iron talons round the horns of the dam, and, after a short struggle, dragged her half out of her recess. The bouquetin, an animal of immense strength, setting her short fore-feet against the protruding rocks, for a time kept up the desperate contest, till the fragment of a rock, hurled by the young stranger from above, struck the vulture, who, enraged, quitted his hold. The new assailant was now in evident danger, but the glitter of his short couteau-de-chasse, as the vulture approached, seemed to appal him. Infuriated, he darted off, and as he clove the air in rapid circles towards the plain, with his bearded neck bent downward, he seemed gazing upon the earth, as if desperately intent upon wreaking his vengeance on anything assailable.

In the rear of the *chalet*, and but a short distance off, a girl had been playing among the shrubbery with a young child of about two years of age; but, yielding to her girlish curiosity, she had suffered herself to be attracted toward the crowd, and the child was for the instant forgotten. The scene we have described had occupied but a few moments, nor was the situation of the child remembered till the dreadful vulture was observed to pause in his flight, immediately over the garden. A shriek from the wretched nurse of the child was the first warning of the danger that impended;

but it was too late. Poised for a few seconds on his pinions, the lammer-geyer hung in the air almost motionless, then with a slow and contracted circular movement began his descent, and with a rush of wings like a tempest swooped upon his prey: the next instant he was seen soaring towards the Peak, bearing the infant in his talons. Cross-bows, lances, were seized in haste; but what could human effort avail? Cries, shrieks, spoke the anguish of the parents and the sympathy of their friends. The vulture alighted on a ledge of the rock, some distance below the scene of his former conflict, and, as he bent down his terrible beak, it was thought that he was devouring the child. A mute horror pervaded the company, broken only by the deep, suppressed groans and convulsive sobs of the agonized parents. On a sudden, the animal was seen to toss his head high in the air, his huge wings were expanded, as if in the effort to fly, but dropped again lifeless to his sides, his monstrous frame quivered as in the spasms of death, and the lammer-geyer rolled like a dark lavange down the precipice. At the same moment the figure of the young stranger was discovered standing on the cliff, the child sat on one arm, erect in the form of life, while the other was distinctly perceived to wave a scarf in sign of victory and safety. At the sight, a shout so loud, so wild, went forth from the crowd, that in its reverberation from the mountain, it seemed to shake the solid rock, where the stranger stood on his perilous footing.

While some of the mountaineers ran to drag the feathered monster from his rocky grave, the rest of the company proceeded in frantic joy to meet the gallant victor. The situation of the stranger had indeed been one of extreme hazard. After his first rencounter with the vulture, hastening to descend the Peak, he was about to turn round an angle of the rock to the narrow ledge, along which the path led, when he beheld the vulture approaching with his prey, and he couched down behind the crag as the bird alighted at his side. Instinctively he threw himself between the beak of the ravenous monster and his intended victim, and instantly felt himself in his iron grasp. To turn, to stir on the fearful ridge, was almost sure destruction, and the slightest effort of the animal would hurl him down the rock. With the least motion possible, he directed his weapon over his head to the neck of the bird; and, guided by his left hand, just as he felt the beak close around his own neck, thrust the knife, with sure and firm hand, deep into the animal's throat; then clinging with desperate energy to the rough surface of the rocky path, sustained himself in his perilous situation till the vulture's struggles were over, when his grasp relaxed and his huge carcass slid over the prostrate body of the stranger into the abyss.

The young hero was conducted to the chalet in triumph, with the lammer-geyer borne in state before him; the men envying and the women admiring him. The youth bore his honours with a modest, yet frank and well-bred air; spoke of the achievement as of a lucky accident; and insisted that his slight wounds should not delay the ceremony for a single moment.

Accordingly the priest pronounced the blessing, and Florent and his Marianne were for the time the very happiest couple in the world. Dancing among those primitive people was, at this period, known only on the occasion of a marriage or the confirmation of a nun; wherefore, the music struck, it may be imagined with what alacrity the young people stood up, at least the girls; for the Swiss peasant, even in the dance, retains a portion of his characteristic gravity, while the females are all spirit and playful vivacity. The bride was led out by the young Austrian, who, in his neat hunter dress, exhibited a form and a grace that were long remembered and talked of by the mountain maidens.

In the repast that followed, it was plainly to be seen that it was honest Eberard's intention things should be done handsomely. The good father had even excelled himself on this occasion; and among the dainties, the ladies were surprised and delighted with the toasts sopped in wine, and nicely powdered with sugar and cinnamon. We have not mentioned milk and cheese, as being things of course: and yet the latter, at least, deserves particular notice, not only because it was excellent in itself, but the rather that it had been made and designed for this special occasion full twenty years before, and, agreeably to the country custom, had the names of the intended man and wife, while they were yet children, carved legibly upon its ample surface. The appearance of the cheese was a *coup-d'éclat*, for, with a laudable policy, the intended bride and bridegroom had been kept in ignorance of the arrangement, and suffered to fall in love in their own way: and Florent had gone through all the gradations of courtship as regulated by Swiss usage: had duly come a-wooing through storm and sun, over hulde and hubel, through tobel and tangel-holtz, until one eventful Saturday night, when every maiden, dressed for company, has

a right to look for a visit from her suitor, Florent climbed manfully up the outside of the house to her chamber-window, and sitting gallantly there, half in and half out, drinking a little kiersiwasser and talking a great deal of love, till the dawn of day, had, in the end, put the final question, in couplets invented for similar purposes by his ancestors, and receiving the favourable poetical response, retired, the joyful bridegroom elect.

While at table the host, encouraged by the curiosity manifested by the strangers, did not fail to dwell at length on the merits of Mont Pilate, which, although he admitted it was not so high as Mont Blanc, he contended was a much finer mountain. "Can you see thirteen lakes from Mont Blanc?" said he, triumphantly. "It has glaciers, it is true," he added, "and we have none to speak of; and no lauwines tumbling down upon our houses and our heads; for the snow leaves us in summer, except from under the side of old Esel; but where will ye find such pasturages as the Brundlen on Mont Blanc? And then for curiosities, let Mont Blanc show us a shaking rock like our Knapstein; or a statue of white marble, thirty feet high, fixed in the very bowels of the rock—nobody knows how, or when, or by whom—like our St. Dominic; or, above all, let them show us, in all Switzerland, a fine dismal lake like that hard by in the midst of noble firs and sycamores, where, as our fathers say, Pontius Pilate drowned himself of yore."

"And full of dark spectres," whispered Marianne, shuddering.

"And from whose vapours we get such pelting storms," added Florent: "St. Dominic preserve us from its favours to-night!"

"Our magistrates have forbidden strangers to approach the lake," observed Martin of Hergottwald; "for it is only then that it breeds tempesta."

"We know your laws, and have avoided your *mare infernale*," replied the old Austrian, to whom the observation seemed to be addressed.

"Potz tusig!" exclaimed honest Eberard, "that's a fable, I believe, friend Martin, as we of the Brundlen can testify, who have been soundly drenched and not a stranger on the mountain. But tell us, neighbour of Underwalden, you have been a traveller, did you ever see a lammer-geyer killed but on Mont Pilate? Faith, brother, since your ancestor, Sir Struth of Winkelried, destroyed the dragon, there had been no such gallant deed; and dragons, they say, are no longer to be met with."

The person addressed, who, at every opportunity, had been engaged in earnest discourse with the seniors of the company, smiled faintly as he turned to the speaker.

"There may be dragons yet to encounter, brother of Lucerne," he replied, "more dangerous to the land than any my ancestor ever destroyed;" and he glanced at the strangers, the younger of whom was chatting with the bride; the elder, however, noticed the remark, and was for an instant discomposed, but immediately resumed his serenity.

"But come," said the jovial host, "let us to the free air and taste the freshness of the evening. We have the finest echoes in the Eight Cantons," he added, turning to the strangers. "Come, girls—come, lads, tune your voices and let us hear whether the bridal carol will sleep among the rocks. No ranz-des-vaches now," cried the merry old man; "let the herds have their holiday, and give us a stirring lay, as ye wish to be brides and grooms yourselves."

"And do not forget TELL in your songs," said the guest from Underwalden.

"Away, away," cried Eberard; and the young people sallied gladly out, followed by the rest. But an air of disappointment and uneasiness took place of their hilarity as soon as they gained the open air. "Aha!" said Eberard, looking up, "Pontius is rising in his wrath—we shall have rain." And it happened as the experienced mountaineer predicted. The dense mists, arising slowly from the dismal lake, instead of passing the summits of the rocks and dispersing in the air, lingered around the sides of the seven peaks that surrounded and overlooked the plain. The muttering of thunder began to be heard, accompanied by occasional flashes of lightning, and the guests hastened back into the house, with the exception of the two strangers and the man of Underwalden, who remained behind a few minutes, and until the storm burst upon them. Those who have never witnessed an Alpine tempest cannot form an idea of its sublimity; and where the spectators now stood, in the very centre of its scope and sway, it was truly frightful.

"You have seen what Switzerland is in its wrath," said the man of Underwalden; "let us retire." Not unwillingly they left the spot, and had not yet entered the house, when a tremendous crash was heard immediately behind them, and the gigantic elm-tree, near which they had stood, was shivered into fragments.

The storm continued till the evening was so far advanced, that, when it had subsided, the inmates of the chalet felt no inclination to

resume their festivities; and, the vesper prayer made and the benediction bestowed, the guests were soon locked in profound repose.

At an early hour the next morning every one was stirring; for it was the intention of many of the visitors to join in the pilgrimage duly made on that day to the shrine of *Notre Dame des Eremites*, at the abbey of Einsedeln, in the adjoining canton of Schwytz, and soon after the matin service and the necessary morning repast, the cavalcade set out, with many cautions from honest Eberard to beware of the falling rocks, which, loosened by the recent rain, rendered the narrow valleys they might pass somewhat exposed to danger.

The man of Underwalden and the strangers, who seemed mutually desirous of knowing more of each other, were together when they reached the brow of the Alps; and before they began to descend, paused at the same moment, in admiration of the magnificent spectacle that met their view. In their front the glorious sun had just begun to show himself above the higher mountains towards the east. More than five thousand feet below them was the most picturesque lake in Switzerland, the Waldstetten See, or Water of the Sylvan States, as it was appropriately called, lying tranquil and serene in its rocky recess, and laving the beautiful shores of the four ancient and free cantons. The tops of the most distant Alps were already tinged with gold, but the mountains that clustered immediately around the lake remained in dark and gloomy grandeur. The eye wandered delighted, over the far-off scene of mountain, and valley, and forest, and stream; or, charmed and enraptured, followed the sinuous outline of the lake below, as it now expanded its broad bosom near Lucerne, or shone a liquid cross, as it branched its waters into the opposite gulfs of Kilsnacht and Alpnach; and now, in a noble sheet, diversified by bay and promontory, stretched to the east between Underwalden and Schwytz, until, approaching the towering Mont Righi, it contracted its surface to a strait, and abruptly turned towards the south into the narrow inlet which waters the wild banks of Uri.

"It is, indeed, a splendid spectacle," exclaimed the younger stranger; "nor do I deem it wonderful that such a land should be beloved, even as ye of Switzerland are said to love it."

"And shall it be a marvel," replied the Swiss, "if it be defended, even as we have sworn to defend it? Shall it be reserved for a modern ravager to violate a sanctuary which the Roman and the Hun respected; where neither Cæsar in his pride, nor Attila in his wrath, ever dared to enter?"

"How if neither Cæsar nor Attila knew of the existence of yonder valley?" asked the elder stranger.

"Scorn us, if you will," answered the Swiss, calmly, "but touch us not: disdain the land at a distance; and leave us in our simplicity, rude, perhaps, and rugged as our rocks. Yonder you behold the cradle of Helvetic liberty: it may become its tomb, but first it will be the grave of every free Helvetian. Look farther north, beyond yon lake of Zug, and you may perceive the hills of Morgarten, at whose base, by the marshy lake of Egheri, some seventy years ago, our fathers met their Austrian invaders, in force one to fifteen, and sealed the liberties of Switzerland."

"Let us move on," said the elder, a little impatiently.

"Our mountain air is often found too keen for strangers," observed the Swiss, as he sedately followed.

Descending the mountain through forests of oak and elm, over fertile pasturages or barren rocks, and by the side of precipices covered with pine or the mountain-ash, the scene every moment assuming a new aspect and varied tints, they reached Brientz, where they resumed their horses, and through several other villages, at length arrived at Lucerne. Passing the fine old town, with its towers, and battlements, and open bridges, and richly ornamented balconies, they were preparing to embark in their respective boats, when the Swiss suddenly broke the silence which for a time had been preserved.

"We may soon enough be enemies," said he. "at present let us deal frankly one with another. I am Arnold of Winkelried, a poor knight of Underwalden, who love my country, and would destroy her foes, fairly, in the field."

"And we," replied the elder, catching his blunt tone and manner, "are the young Eyloff of Ems and old John of Hasenberg, knights, and true liegemen to Leopold of Austria; ready to serve him as his soldiers in any country, but his spies in none."

"Then we understand each other," said Arnold, "and I shall not inquire why you are in Switzerland."

"You shall not need," replied John of Hasenberg; "I have old friends and companions in arms in Switzerland, and this young knight, my relative, has leisure and curiosity. We are, at present, guests of the Lord of Gerisau; but, ere we quit your mountains, may visit the Baron of Thornberg, or even attend the annual

festival of the Lord of Interlaken, at his castle on the Lake of Thun."

"The last is a gallant and true knight," remarked Arnold; "but tell Peter of Thornberg that the people of his barony of Enthlibuch are growing weary of his tyranny; and it might bestead the Lord of Gerisau if he were reminded that he is too weak to oppose the Lion League, although he has not yet joined it."

"Gerisau is a fief of Austria," was the only reply made by De Hasenberg, as they embarked.

Leaving Lucerne, they were quickly conveyed through the various curves of the lake between its noble and diversified shores, until nearly fronting Gerisau. The romantic residence of Arnold was seen on the opposite side of the lake, peeping from its elevated recess: Arnold even thought he could perceive the handkerchief waving his welcome from the balcony. "It is my daughter Bertha," said he: then turning to the Austrians, he added, "Our countries are not yet at war, and ye are honourable knights. Yonder is my habitation, and should your curiosity lead you to explore the shores of Underwalden, do not, in your way to Stantz, pass, unentered, the door of Arnold of Winkelried."

Eyloff, in his youthful feeling, was about to promise; but the tranquil John of Hasenberg prevented it by the usual acknowledgments, made in the most approved manner of the Austrian court; and they separated, if not friends, at least with no hostile feelings towards each other. Turning their prows to different points, the boats soon bore them to their several destinations, the one to the bosom of his happy family, and the other to the little castle of the petty Lord of Gerisau. But Eyloff was not content to waste the rest of the day in the monotony of the castle; and, leaving his more aged companion and their host fighting their former battles over their wine of Alsace, he engaged the boatmen, for a few florins, to proceed farther up the lake. Shooting through the narrow passage leading towards Mont Righi, and following the sudden turn to the right, the young knight passed between the memorable village and meadow pointed out by Arnold in the morning, through a stupendous mountain portal, worthy of being the entrance to a lake, at once the most classical and most magnificent in Switzerland. In breathless admiration, with feelings such as he had seldom before experienced, he glided over the silent and gloomy Lake of Uri, as it reposed in its dark and glassy stillness, closely confined between banks of almost terrific grandeur. On either side the rocks rose to a fearful height, now thrown into the wildest and most fantastic forms, now shooting up in perpendicular masses of granite, bare and bald, or shagged and bristled with dark forests of fir, or beech, or pine, down to the water's edge; and now hanging their beetling cliffs over the passing voyager, their wildest features rendered yet more savage by the fearful contrast offered, here and there, in the green or golden patch of cultivation, and rude cabin of the adventurous peasant, suspended amidst the crags.

Having reached the Rock of Tell, Eyloff, yielding to the advice of the boatmen, abandoned the design of proceeding so far as Altorf. The bay of Fluelen, they said, was sometimes dangerous in the evenings, and the day was fast wearing away; they even thought that already the golden day-streaks that crossed the dazzling white of the glaciers of the Sureen Alps were beginning to assume the rich purple hue lent by the declining sun. "The winds are going up the mountains," said one of the boatmen, as they headed homewards, "to bring down the rain upon us; there will be *flüder-wetter* yet;" and they stretched manfully to their oars. But in despite of their speed they had scarcely arrived opposite the perilous bay of Brunnen when the sun disappeared behind Mont Pilate.

"Potz tusig!" exclaimed the man who had before spoken, as he looked toward the west, "Pontius has put his black cap on; we shall have a *blascht* from that quarter too; it's well if we get out of the Uri See, where there's no landing left us, before it comes down." "Cannot we run into Brunnen?" asked the other boatman; "Or Gerisau?" inquired Eyloff. "Neither," replied the first, bluntly: "Pull round yonder promontory, and make for the first smooth spot of Underwalden, it's all that's left us." The wind began now to be evidently felt by the quiet lake, and they had barely weathered the point when the tempest burst over them in all its violence. The blast, like a thing of life, came rushing and raging over the waters; the clouds sent down their torrents with irresistible force and fury; the thunders clashed, and lightnings shot madly around them, while the winds and waters, in whirls and eddies from the numerous bluffs and rocky hollows of the shore, threatened every moment their destruction.

"Make for yon inlet," cried the boatman, as a protracted gleam of lightning showed the place of Arnold's residence.

Casting his eyes in the direction pointed out, Eyloff discovered a light skiff, struggling like

their own to gain the shore; she was nearer the land, but her peril seemed extreme, and as they approached the frail bark the flashes of light discovered a female seated in the stern, her long loose tresses streaming in the storm. Her delicate form was sustained with difficulty, while with one hand she clung to the side of the boat, and with the other grasped the helm. Meantime a well-grown lad, her companion, plied his oars with a steady and strong nerve. They were now but a short distance from the shore; lights blazing on the beach and at the house directed their course, and Eyloff almost felt assured of the female's safety, when a gust suddenly coming round from the point below, bearing the waters high before it, struck the light bark on the side and instantly upset her. The generous boy held by the boat, only to cast his look around to discover where he might succour his sister, but Eyloff had already plunged in, and at the risk of his own life rescued the lady just as she was about to sink beneath the waves. With the assistance of the boatmen they were all safely conveyed to the beach, where the distracted mother stood screaming in her despair. Her daughter was yet insensible, but when borne up the winding path that led to her dwelling, and it became certain that she yet lived, who can depict the transport of the happy parent over her restored child!

The return of Arnold, who had hastened towards home from his business abroad on the first indications of the approaching storm, was now announced, and he entered as the grateful matron, after seeing her daughter properly attended to, was pouring out her acknowledgments before the young knight; and when informed of the extent of their obligations to him, the pressure of the hand, the tear that swelled into his manly eye, spoke the fond father's feelings.

An early separation and retirement being expedient, Eyloff was conducted to his chamber, where refreshments were provided him. But he felt, for the first time, perhaps, after a day of such exertion, but little inclined either to eat or sleep, and he lay listening to the roar of the tempest without, and thinking over the last interesting incident. He still seemed to enfold in his arms the youthful beauty he had rescued, and to gaze upon her as if he would infuse, through his eyes, a portion of his own fire into her cold and inanimate form. He asked himself why a little Swiss girl, scarcely seen, should thus produce sensations which the beauties of the Austrian court had failed to excite, and he could not answer; but he could not but remember her mild blue eyes, as, awakening from the sleep of temporary death, they turned upon her deliverer, and thought following thought, he still lay drawing beautiful pictures of the future, and it was not until nature became exhausted that his spirit grew calm and he sank to rest, lulled by the low and monotonous moaning of the subsiding storm.

Is love, then, a mere passion—an excitement? Is it not rather a mystic affinity existing in kindred hearts, latent, perhaps, till circumstances bring them within the sphere of its mysterious agency? Is the beautiful apologue all fable, that the souls of those individuals of either sex, intended for each other, receive, at their formation, the impress of their destiny, and, however widely separated at their birth, know and recognize each other when they meet? If sympathy be a mere word among mortals, how is it that one shall wander among the beautiful and polished, the pure and unsophisticated of foreign lands, surrounded by all that can excite the senses or satisfy the taste, and yet return to find a kindred soul in the ordinary circle of home; while another shall leave behind, unregarded, those whom association, whom similarity of habits, tastes, opinions, even prejudices, might render objects of preference, to seek, in some distant corner of the universe, his mystic partner in a stranger, an alien in language, manners, opinions; in a word, in all but love?

Eyloff, for one so young, had seen much in the world, and his education and breeding had been suitable to his station, among the highest in Austria. Bertha was not unused to society; she had accompanied her parents in many of their visits to the gentry of the neighbouring districts, and her father's mansion was the seat of hospitality. It was not, therefore, rustic bashfulness that, when Eyloff and Bertha met at breakfast, threw over their deportment the air of reserve and embarrassment. Was it not that the mystic powers had met and commingled? Were not two kindred souls at length about to fulfil their destiny? "I am devoted to adore this maiden," humbly breathed the spirit of Eyloff; "but oh! dare I hope to gain so rich a prize? let me not offend her by the arrogance of even a too ardent gaze." "Behold," whispered the throbbing heart of Bertha, "here is the youth I am fated to love; yet ah! will he regard the poor Swiss girl?"

It was a lovely morning. The sun was rising bright and beautiful over the enchanting scene around them, and the repast of the little family was taken, with their guest, on a green terrace before the house, commanding the most interesting prospect. Yet Eyloff had never

been less attentive to the sublime and beautiful of inanimate nature. When they arose from table, however, and he followed the happy family through the romantic grounds, he could not but admire the rich and varied landscape, as it was spread out before him, of mountain, and lake, and valley, and wood; the eminences covered with vines, crowned with majestic firs, or dark with pines; while the sunny slopes were glowing with golden grain, the orchards smiled, and the pomegranate and mulberry, the fig and almond, blossomed: nor is it probable that the jessamine, the lilac, and the eglantine received the less attention from Eyloff, because he was told they had been planted by Bertha.

"No," exclaimed Eyloff, involuntarily, as they were returning towards the house, "war must not blight such scenes." The effects of the expression were immediate; the fair lids of the maiden fell pensively over her eyes as she bent them to the ground, while the chest of the boy, her brother, swelled, his eyes flashed fire, and his hand seemed already to grasp the sword. The meek matron only looked at her husband, but with one of those looks which, at such moments, she often cast upon him; looks, in which might be traced the fond mother and the devoted wife; and all of woman and something of angel. Arnold paused for a space, while a fearful sternness settled on his brow, and he stood in his family as Junius Brutus might have stood, when all was to be sacrificed for country. The young knight hastened to dispel the cloud his allusion had called down, and he was at length successful.

When Eyloff's visit closed—and it was protracted to the extreme verge of decorum—need it be said that the youth and maid separated mutually pleased and interested?

Eyloff not unfrequently was called upon to attend his relative De Hasenberg in his excursions, but on the summit of the Righi, with an amphitheatre of a hundred leagues around him, crowded with magnificence and loveliness, it was the little antique mansion of Underwalden, distinguished from its gaudy neighbours only by its simplicity—it was the humble spot where Bertha dwelt that alone attracted and enchained his observance. And when required to exercise his knightly skill in the tournament at the castle on the Lake of Thun, the multitude shouted in vain, and the hands of beauty placed a joyless chaplet on his head: it was not until at the feet of Bertha he laid his laurels and received her smile, that he felt himself a victor.

Arnold was much engaged abroad on public affairs, and, when at home, was usually occupied by the duties of his farm, or abstracted in serious reflection. He could not, however, avoid perceiving the growing intimacy of Eyloff and Bertha, but he observed it without uneasiness; the young knight had won his entire confidence; and his daughter, he knew, was incapable of an act of imprudence. The good mother, too, partook of her husband's feelings; and as she plied her domestic cares, smiled in the innocence of her heart on the tender friendship of the amiable children.

And thus the time sped away in the sweet intercourse of two young and virtuous hearts. Sometimes, seated in the social circle, Eyloff would entertain his auditors with descriptions of the country he had left, venturing more than once to hint to the blushing Bertha that the brilliant court of Austria might yet receive an added grace from the wilds of Switzerland. But more frequently the lovers enjoyed the interchange of sentiment without even the maternal eye to observe them: wandering at times through the romantic walks of the neighbouring hills and groves, soothed by the soft notes of the Alpine warbler, as the green or spotted woodpecker flew by them from branch to branch, and the busy nut-cracker was heard in his employment over their heads; while the tawny owl sat in his wisdom high up the shady sycamore, or the hermit-crow looked out grave and solemn from the recess of his piny cell: at other times in the light skiff, coasting the beautiful shore of the lake, and exploring each shady nook for new wonders, and scaring the falcon of the rock from his perch, and the silver inhabitant of the water from his cool and transparent retreat.

One mild and tranquil evening, Eyloff and his Bertha were straying on the quiet shore. He had declared his love: her eyes, that had been downcast at the avowal, were now turned up to his with ineffable affection, as, pressed to his bosom, she listened to his eloquent strain of tenderness. At this moment a boat shot rapidly across from Gerisau, and a messenger in the Austrian costume, leaping on the strand, approached respectfully and handed a letter to the knight. Eyloff grew pale as he scanned its superscription, for he knew it to be Leopold's. It was, indeed, a missive from his sovereign rebuking him for his protracted absence, and commanding his instant return to court. Old John of Hasenberg, who had so long yielded to his young friend's wish to remain, had received a like command: he was already prepared to set out, and Eyloff was

sioned by this heartless conduct, and for which he had no sympathy, was as severe as many bodily sufferings to which he would have been sorry to subject her. Whenever the poor girl happened inadvertently to pass near the dog, which was seldom, a low growl made her aware of his proximity, and drove her to a quick retreat. He was, in fact, the animal impersonation of the animal opposition which she had continually to endure. Like chooses like; and the bull-dog *in* her brother made choice of the bull-dog *out of* him for his companion. So her day was one of shrinking fear and multiform discomfort.

But a nature capable of so much distress must of necessity be *capable* of a corresponding amount of pleasure; and in her case this was manifest in the fact, that sleep and the quiet of her own room restored her wonderfully. If she was only let alone, a calm mood, filled with images of pleasure, soon took possession of her mind.

Her acquaintance with the fool had commenced some ten years previous to the time I write of, when she was quite a little girl, and had come from the country with her brother, who, having taken a small farm close to the town, preferred residing in the town to occupying the farm-house, which was not comfortable. She looked at first with some terror on his uncouth appearance, and with much wonderment on his strange dress. This wonder was heightened by a conversation she overheard one day in the street, between the fool and a little pale-faced boy, who, approaching him respectfully, said, "Weel, cornel!" "Weel, laddie!" was the reply. "Fat dis the wow say, cornel?" "Come hame, come hame!" answered the *colonel*, with both accent and quantity heaped on the word *hame*. What the *wow* could be, she had no idea; only, as the years passed on, the strange word became in her mind indescribably associated with the strange shape in yellow cloth on his sleeves. Had she been a native of the town, she could not have failed to know its import, so familiar was every one with it, although it did not belong to the local vocabulary; but, as it was, years passed away before she discovered its meaning. And when, again and again, the fool, attempting to convey his gratitude for some kindness she had shown him, mumbled over the words—"*The wow o' Rivven—the wow o' Rivven*," the wonder would return as to what could be the idea associated with them in his mind, but she made no advance towards their explanation.

That, however, which most attracted her to the old man, was his persecution by the children. They were to him what the bull-dog was to her—the constant source of irritation and annoyance. They could hardly hurt him, nor did he appear to dread other injury from them than insult, to which, fool though he was, he was keenly alive. Human gad-flies that they were! they sometimes stung him beyond endurance, and he would curse them in the impotence of his anger. Once or twice Elsie had been so far carried beyond her constitutional timidity, by sympathy for the distress of her friend, that she had gone out and talked to the boys,—even scolded them, so that they slunk away ashamed, and began to stand as much in dread of her as of the clutches of their prey. So she, gentle and timid to excess, acquired among them the reputation of a termagant. Popular opinion among children, as among men, is often just, but as often very unjust; for the same manifestations may proceed from opposite principles: and, therefore, as indices to character, may mislead as often as enlighten.

Next door to the house in which Elsie resided, dwelt a tradesman and his wife, who kept an indefinite sort of shop, in which various kinds of goods were exposed for sale. Their youngest son was about the same age as Elsie; and while they were rather more than children, and less than young people, he spent many of his evenings with her, somewhat to the loss of position in his classes at the parish school. They were, indeed, much attached to each other; and, peculiarly constituted as Elsie was, one may imagine what kind of heavenly messenger a companion stronger than herself must have been to her. In fact, if she could have framed the undefinable need of her child-like nature into an articulate prayer, it would have been—"Give me some one to love me stronger than I." Any love was helpful, yes, in its degree saving to her poor troubled soul; but the hope, as they grew older together, that the powerful, yet tender-hearted youth, really loved her, and would one day make her his wife, was like the opening of heavenly eyes of life and love in the hitherto blank and deathlike face of her existence. But nothing had been said of love, although they met and parted like lovers.

Doubtless, if the circles of their thought and feeling had continued as now to intersect each other, there would have been no interruption to their affection; but the time at length arrived when the old couple, seeing the rest of their family comfortably settled in life, resolved to make a gentleman of the youngest; and so sent him from school to college. The facilities existing in Scotland for providing a professional

training enabled them to educate him as a surgeon. He parted from Elsie with some regret; but, far less dependent on her than she was on him, and full of the prospects of the future, he felt none of that sinking at the heart which seemed to lay her whole nature open to a fresh inroad of all the terrors and sorrows of her peculiar existence. No correspondence took place between them. New pursuits and relations and the development of his tastes and judgments, entirely altered the position of poor Elsie in his memory. Having been, during their intercourse, far less of a man than she of a woman, he had no definite idea of the place he had occupied in her regard; and in his mind she receded into the background of the past, without his having any idea that she would suffer thereby, or that he was unjust towards her; while, in her thoughts, his image stood in the highest and clearest relief. It was the centre-point from which and towards which all lines radiated and converged, and although she could not but be doubtful about the future, yet there was much hope mingled with her doubts.

But when, at the close of two years, he visited his native village, and she saw before her, instead of the homely youth who had left her that winter evening, one who, to her inexperienced eyes appeared a finished gentleman, her heart sank within her, as if she had found Nature herself false in her ripening processes, destroying the beautiful promise of a former year by changing instead of developing her creations. He spoke kindly to her, but not cordially. To her ear the voice seemed to come from a great distance out of the past; and while she looked upon him, that optical change passed over her vision which all have experienced after gazing abstractedly on any object for a time: his form grew very small, and receded to an immeasurable distance; till, her imagination mingling with the twilight haze of her senses, she seemed to see him standing far off on a hill, with the bright horizon of sunset for a background to his clearly-defined figure.

She knew no more till she found herself in bed in the dark; and the first message that reached her from the outward world was the infernal growl of the bull-dog from the room below. Next day she saw her lover walking with two ladies, who would have thought it some degree of condescension to speak to her; and he passed the house without once looking towards it.

One who is sufficiently possessed by the demon of nervousness to be glad of the magnetic influences of a friend's company in a public promenade, or of a horse beneath him in passing through a churchyard, will have some faint idea of how utterly exposed and defenceless poor Elsie now felt on the crowded thoroughfare of life. And so the insensibility which had overtaken her was not the ordinary swoon with which nature relieves the overstrained nerves, but the return of the epileptic fits of her early childhood; and if the condition of the poor girl had been pitiable before, it was tenfold more so now. Yet she did not complain, but bore all in silence, though it was evident that her health was giving way. But now, help came to her from a strange quarter; though many might not be willing to accord the name of help to that which rather hastened than retarded the progress of her decline.

She had gone to spend a few of the summer days with a relative in the country, some miles from her home, if home it could be called. One evening, towards sunset, she went out for a solitary walk. Passing from the little garden-gate, she went along a bare country road for some distance, and then, turning aside by a footpath through a thicket of low trees, she came out in a lonely little churchyard on the hill-side. Hardly knowing whether or not she had intended to go there, she seated herself on a mound covered with long grass, one of many. Before her stood the ruins of an old church, which was taking centuries to crumble. Little remained but the gable-wall, immensely thick, and covered with ancient ivy. The rays of the setting sun fell on a mound at its foot, not green like the rest, but of a rich, red-brown in the rosy sunset, and evidently but newly heaped up. Her eyes, too, rested upon it. Slowly the sun sank below the near horizon.

As the last brilliant point disappeared, the ivy darkened, and a wind arose and shook all its leaves, making them look cold and troubled; and to Elsie's ear came a low faint sound, as from a far-off bell. But close beside her—and she started and shivered at the sound—rose a deep, monotonous, almost sepulchral voice, "*Come hame, come hame! The wow, the wow!*"

At once she understood the whole. She sat in the churchyard of the ancient parish church of Ruthven; and when she lifted up her eyes, there she saw, in the half-ruined belfry, the old bell, all but hidden with ivy, which the passing wind had roused to utter one sleepy tone; and there, beside her, stood the fool with the bell on his arm, and to him and to her the *wow o' Rivven* said, "*Come hame, come hame!*" Ah, what did she want in the whole universe

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She had gone to spend a few of the summer days with a relative in the country, some miles from her home, if home it could be called. One evening, towards sunset, she went out for a solitary walk. Passing from the little garden-gate, she went along a bare country road for some distance, and then, turning aside by a footpath through a thicket of low trees, she came out in a lonely little churchyard on the hill-side. Hardly knowing whether or not she had intended to go there, she seated herself on a mound covered with long grass, one of many. Before her stood the ruins of an old church, which was taking centuries to crumble. Little remained but the gable-wall, immensely thick, and covered with ancient ivy. The rays of the setting sun fell on a mound at its foot, not green like the rest, but of a rich, red-brown in the rosy sunset, and evidently but newly heaped up. Her eyes, too, rested upon it. Slowly the sun sank below the near horizon.

As the last brilliant point disappeared, the ivy darkened, and a wind arose and shook all its leaves, making them look cold and troubled; and to Elsie's ear came a low faint sound, as from a far-off bell. But close beside her—and she started and shivered at the sound—rose a deep, monotonous, almost sepulchral voice, *"Come hame, come hame! The wow, the wow!"*

At once she understood the whole. She sat in the churchyard of the ancient parish church of Ruthven; and when she lifted up her eyes, there she saw, in the half-ruined belfry, the old bell, all but hidden with ivy, which the passing wind had roused to utter one sleepy tone; and there, beside her, stood the fool with the bell on his arm, and to him and to her the *wow o' Rivven* said, *"Come hame, come hame!"* Ah, what did she want in the whole universe

sioned by this heartless conduct, and for which he had no sympathy, was as severe as many bodily sufferings to which he would have been sorry to subject her. Whenever the poor girl happened inadvertently to pass near the dog, which was seldom, a low growl made her aware of his proximity, and drove her to a quick retreat. He was, in fact, the animal impersonation of the animal opposition which she had continually to endure. Like chooses like; and the bull-dog *in* her brother made choice of the bull-dog *out of* him for his companion. So her day was one of shrinking fear and multiform discomfort.

But a nature capable of so much distress must of necessity be *capable* of a corresponding amount of pleasure; and in her case this was manifest in the fact, that sleep and the quiet of her own room restored her wonderfully. If she was only let alone, a calm mood, filled with images of pleasure, soon took possession of her mind.

Her acquaintance with the fool had commenced some ten years previous to the time I write of, when she was quite a little girl, and had come from the country with her brother, who, having taken a small farm close to the town, preferred residing in the town to occupying the farm-house, which was not comfortable. She looked at first with some terror on his uncouth appearance, and with much wonderment on his strange dress. This wonder was heightened by a conversation she overheard one day in the street, between the fool and a little pale-faced boy, who, approaching him respectfully, said, "Weel, cornel!" "Weel, laddie!" was the reply. "Fat dis the wow say, cornel?" "Come hame, come hame!" answered the *colonel*, with both accent and quantity heaped on the word *hame*. What the *wow* could be, she had no idea; only, as the years passed on, the strange word became in her mind indescribably associated with the strange shape in yellow cloth on his sleeves. Had she been a native of the town, she could not have failed to know its import, so familiar was every one with it, although it did not belong to the local vocabulary; but, as it was, years passed away before she discovered its meaning. And when, again and again, the fool, attempting to convey his gratitude for some kindness she had shown him, mumbled over the words—"*The wow o' Rivven—the wow o' Rivven*," the wonder would return as to what could be the idea associated with them in his mind, but she made no advance towards their explanation.

That, however, which most attracted her to the old man, was his persecution by the children. They were to him what the bull-dog was to her—the constant source of irritation and annoyance. They could hardly hurt him, nor did he appear to dread other injury from them than insult, to which, fool though he was, he was keenly alive. Human gad-flies that they were! they sometimes stung him beyond endurance, and he would curse them in the impotence of his anger. Once or twice Elsie had been so far carried beyond her constitutional timidity, by sympathy for the distress of her friend, that she had gone out and talked to the boys,—even scolded them, so that they slunk away ashamed, and began to stand as much in dread of her as of the clutches of their prey. So she, gentle and timid to excess, acquired among them the reputation of a termagant. Popular opinion among children, as among men, is often just, but as often very unjust; for the same manifestations may proceed from opposite principles: and, therefore, as indices to character, may mislead as often as enlighten.

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into the office, the patient said in a somewhat angry tone:

"Get you gone; your lamentations make me quite sick; I tell you I am only taking a sweat."

"But I am sorry to think you have got a relapse; what can be the occasion of it? Do let me consult the doctor about it, for it were better to take it in time;" and so saying, he was hastening out of the room. No longer able to control his temper, and too impatient to explain, yet dreading to rise in a state of incipient perspiration, the old merchant raised his voice as loud as he dared, crying,

"Don't go to the doctor, I say, and a plague upon you; only go out of the room."

Upon this the young man, approaching nearer, and marking his uncle's rising colour, who at the same time bestowed the most abusive epithets upon him, began to think he was a little touched in the head, and that there was the greater occasion for a sharp leech the more he asserted the contrary. As he stood in a thoughtful posture, with his eyes fixed on the inflamed countenance of his uncle, the calmness of his manner, and his fixed resolution of calling a physician, so incensed the latter, that he suddenly burst into a violent rage, threatening not only to cut him off without a farthing, but to knock his brains out instantly if he ventured to provoke him more; for which purpose he would rise though he was in a beautiful perspiration.

These words now confirmed the young gentleman's suspicions that something was wrong in his uncle's upper regions, being quite unlike himself, and he began to lament his situation louder than ever, ending with prayers and ejaculations for a physician. The uncle upon this put his threats into execution, leaping suddenly from his bed, while Federigo, on the other hand, believing him to be seized with a delirious paroxysm, ran towards him to keep him down, lest he should commit some horrible mischief. Escaping, however, from his hands, the enraged patient endeavoured to seize a large cudgel which he kept in the room, a design against which the young gentleman exerted himself to the utmost of his power.

A sharp contest for the possession of the stick now took place, sometimes inclining to one side, sometimes to the other; though the youth, believing his uncle endowed with the supernatural strength of a lunatic, was frequently on the point of being overcome. His great object was to secure the patient before he succeeded in obtaining the cudgel, and inflicting the severe castigation which he threatened; and, gathering strength from his despair, he began to press Messer Maffeo very hard, who, engaging in his night-cap and gown, certainly fought at a great disadvantage. His breath began to grow short and his strength to fail, and no longer able to utter a word, he fairly yielded to his adversary. The latter not venturing to let a madman loose, held him firmly down, pinioning his hands behind him, and fixing his knees upon his stomach. When he had at length bound him, hand and foot, the careful nephew again commenced his lamentations over him, regretting that so sensible a man should have run mad so suddenly. On this his uncle beginning to grin and show his teeth, he very calmly buried him under a heap of bed-clothes, and locking him up fast in the chamber, went to consult a physician. The doctor, being just on the point of visiting one of the young princes at the court, had only time to advise the careful nephew to apply a couple of sharp blisters upon his uncle's shoulders, and he would endeavour to call upon him in the evening. He would then, if necessary, order him something of a still more caustic nature, and bleed the patient copiously. For there was nothing, he said, like meeting the evil in the beginning, and applying the remedies while the patient had strength to bear them.

The anxious Federigo accordingly hastened to the surgeon's house, and finding him, unluckily for his uncle, at home, he took him armed with lancet and blisters, along with him. Proceeding with all haste, they soon arrived at the patient's residence, the young man relating by the way the whole of his late engagement, as a clear proof of the patient's lunacy. The ancient housekeeper met them at the door, crossing herself devoutly, and shedding tears, as she repeated further instances of the insanity of her poor master, who had never ceased to bite and kick, and roar most outrageously, since his nephew had left the house.

By the time the dutiful nephew and surgeon approached the chamber the violence of the old gentleman's proceedings certainly afforded strong presumptive evidence against him; and when they appeared in his presence he grew more furious than before—shouting, swearing, imploring, and laughing by turns.

"What, in heaven's name, must we do?" cried his nephew.

"Let us stay till he has worn himself out, and the paroxysm is somewhat abated," said the barbarous leech; "we can then apply our caustics without fear of risk."

"No, I think we had better begin now," replied the careful nephew; "let us lose no time; for he will do himself some injury if we permit him to go on thus. Follow me, and do not be afraid; for I think I shall manage him better this time," continued Federigo with the utmost coolness; "and when once I have pinioned down his arms you may seize him by the legs."

"But he is mad, quite mad," cried the surgeon, "let him alone, I say: when the frenzy subsides you will find he will go to sleep, and we can seize him then."

Such in fact was shortly the case, for, wearied with his violent efforts and exertions, the poor man, soon after they retired, fell into a sound sleep. But he was not long permitted to enjoy it; for the wily leech then addressing his nephew, said, "Now is the time: he is in a deep slumber, and what we have to do let us do quickly."

"Softly, softly," said the careful Federigo, as he laid hands upon the poor merchant, "there, I have him now; bring the blisters and a basin for the blood before he is well awake."

"Murder! help, help! for heaven's sake, help!" cried the patient, suddenly awakening, and beholding the fell surgeon approaching with the lancet and basin in hand; but vain were his cries; vain all his efforts to extricate himself from his impending fate. The more he struggled the more did Federigo think it his duty to use prompt remedies, and Messer Maffeo shortly lay as helpless as a new-born child. The surgeon, however, in securing his legs, had already received several severe contusions in the face; for which he was proceeding to take ample revenge in the blood of his enemy. At first, indeed, he thought of running away, but the young man encouraged him to do his duty, while the patient on his side exhibited symptoms of extreme rage and terror at his approach. The phlebotomist again advanced, and again drew back, like a spider that has got a wasp in his toils, holding his trenchant blade in his hand, nor was it until he was offered a double fee that he flew at him, and, in spite of all his shrieks and struggles, fixed a deadly blister upon either shoulder. He next attempted to draw blood, the careful nephew holding the arm, while the surgeon, with the same caution, proceeded to pierce the vein; and having accomplished this, and applied some hot cataplasms to the soles of his feet, the man of blood departed.

The patient now lay exposed to the rising pangs of the caustics, bound hand and foot. Growing hotter and hotter, they at length became so intolerable that he declared he felt them eating his flesh away and drinking his blood: that gout and colic were a mere jest to them; and that he would give up the whole of the business and all he was possessed of in the world if his cruel nephew would consent to release him. The latter, however, only thought it a further sign of madness, and proposed to adopt still stronger applications, saying to the servant in the presence of the wretched patient, "Run quick, as far as the surgeon's; bring a large blister for the head, and I will shave him myself."

Bitterly, now, did the poor merchant rue the hour when he admitted his careful nephew into his house, nor was it until he found all threats and imprecations vain, and after the blisters had done their work, that he succeeded, by dint of quiet reason and argument, in convincing the hopeful youth of the real state of the case, and that he had required nothing beyond a gentle sudorific. The dutiful nephew was forgiven, and the uncle was cured of his ague-fits.

From the Italian.

AUTUMN: A DIRGE.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying;
And the Year
On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blythe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

SHELLEY.

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

[James Montgomery, born in Irvine, Ayrshire, 4th November, 1771; died in Sheffield, 30th April, 1854. He spent ten years at school in Fulneck in training for the Moravian ministry; but not caring to devote himself to that profession, he was apprenticed to a chandler. Soon afterwards he made his way to London with a bundle of verses in MS. The publisher to whom he applied gave him employment as a clerk, but would not print his poems. He proceeded to Sheffield in 1792, and became assistant to the proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*. On account of an article in the paper offensive to the government the proprietor was obliged to leave England, and Montgomery became editor and publisher of the *Register*, the name of which he altered to that of the *Iris*. He was twice fined and imprisoned —1794–5—for printing matter disagreeable to the authorities, but he continued to conduct the journal successfully, and, in the end, numbered amongst his best friends many who had been formerly opposed to him in politics. His chief poetical works are:—*Prison Amusements; The Wanderer in Switzerland; The World before the Flood; Songs of Zion; The Pelican Island*, &c. Professor Wilson wrote in *Blackwood*:—"James Montgomery, of all the poets of this age, is in his poetry—and, we believe, also out of it—the most religious man. All his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings are moulded and coloured by religion. A spirit of invocation, prayer, and praise pervades all his poetry, and it is as sincere as it is beautiful. The elements of air, earth, fire, and water are to him all sanctified, not by poetry alone, but by piety."]

The hurricanes are fled! the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs o'er all the land
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice,—and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempest stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to fight returns;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground;
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.
  Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks;
The goat is bounding on the rocks;
Far in the valleys range the herds;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
Man riots here;—but *is* he blest?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign,—and reign alone.
  Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him:—in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands;—air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye,
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west,
Till thrice three days of noon unchanged,
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair;
But Summer checks the ravage there;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.
  In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines:
Then first her bosom felt a care;
—No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd;
The herbage shrunk; the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil;
Blossoms were shed; the umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,
And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep
There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence,—drink and die!
  But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes:
Man proves the shock; through all his veins
The frenzy of the season reigns;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire;

Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.
  There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awfully sublime;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height,—now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled;
Pure in mid heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone,
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields; or track'd with floods,
Whose glacier-fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant—he,
Who lives wherever life may be,
Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and everywhere at home,
Man pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
—The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannahs parch'd below,
To ridges of cerulean snow.
  Those highlands form'd a last retreat
From rabid Summer's fatal heat:
Though not unfelt her fervours there,
Vernal and cool the middle air;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till Avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd; in sunless caves.
And rock-bound dells, engulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd Heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd; their murmurs were in vain;
Petition'd,—but their prayers were spurn'd;
Threaten'd,—defiance was return'd:
Then rang both regions with alarms;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife:
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the insurgent plain;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valour,—or destroy.
  The legions met in war-array;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay,
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout that shook
The champaign;—stanch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood;
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the impatient hordes below,
That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.
—That night is past, that day begun;
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings:
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
While spears that catch his lightnings keen
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still,—awaiting death;
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, ere yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room;
—Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought, are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound; struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die:—
Hear, in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear,
The trumpet sounds;—one note,—no more;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er;
An earthquake rent the void between,
A moment show'd, and shut, the scene;
Men, chariots, steeds,—of either host
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost:
A solitude remains;—the dead
Are buried there,—the living fled.
  Nor yet the reign of Summer closed;
—At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died;
When—lo! with many a giddy shock
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.

That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke;
In trembling consternation, broke
Forth from their dwellings young and old;
—Nothing abroad their eyes behold
But darkness so intensely wrought,
'Twas blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye restored to sight,
Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
—A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd:
Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood;
By the red radiance turn'd to blood;
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
The panoply of vapours, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.
In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
The exulting cattle bound along;
The tuneless birds attempt a song;
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
But fraught with plague and curses came
The insidious progeny of flame;
Ah! then,—for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers,—
Words cannot paint, how every eye
(Bloodshot and dim with agony)
Was glazed, as by a palsying spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,
Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow:
Strewn with gray pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise,
Tainting with livid fumes the air;
—Then hope lies down in prone despair,
And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.
The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest the incumbent snows;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron, rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
And thence in molten torrents rush:
—Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
Then fire prevails; and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep;
While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven;
Columnar flames are rapp'd aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb
The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight;
Women, made childless in the fray;
Women, made mothers yesterday;
The sick, the aged, and the blind;
—None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
While many a victim, by the way,
Buried alive in ashes lay,
Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore:
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies the unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire
(That bar escape on either hand)
Rush on the ocean from the strand;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide;
The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
And, as they plunge, collapse to stone.
Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst the eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd;
Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared:
—Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep,
An earthquake seem'd to engulf the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave;
Down to the abyss the flood returned—
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

UNCLE'S WILL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Mr. Heimal, an old rich miser, and an odd fellow, felt that his hour was come, and therefore wrote to Adolphus, a very poor nephew, whom he always before neglected, to ask him to visit him, promising to make him heir to all his possessions. Adolphus lost no time, but travelled night and day, and reaching the little village, the residence of his uncle, early on the fifth morning, went to the Violet, the only inn of the place, in order to dress himself better, and to make inquiries about his uncle. The landlord answered, shrugging up his shoulders:—

"According to all appearances Mr. Heimal was near his end. Since Wednesday he was sensible only for a few hours each day, and is likely, says Mr. Schneidab, the village barber and physician, to depart this evening. Since the peace, instead of the better times we hoped for, a pestilence rages here, which even destroys the child in the mother's womb. My cousin, the smith, who was so strong that he might have been used like a beam to force open the church door, is gone to God yesterday evening; and Schneidab, who is not easily frightened, begins to lose courage. He believes it to be a *radical* pestilence, intended only for the benefit of the sexton, who, like an enchanted executioner, sees three dead bodies before him instead of one, and cannot heave in and out fast enough."

Adolphus asked more particulars of his uncle. "You will find with your uncle a faithful old housekeeper, and Albertina, an orphan, who lost her left eye by a ball entering the window in a skirmish, but who continues to set both young and old in a flame with the right, as if it were a burning-glass, and this without wishing it, for *Tinchen* is a perfect example."

With a heart beating so that it might be heard, Adolphus entered his uncle's house, and met Albertina. Her noble form, and her remaining burning-glass, made the loss of the other be overlooked. The gentle goodness of her spirit played about her face, and seemed independent of its form, though in truth it was, with the exception of the eye, beautiful. "Mr. Adolphus," repeated Albertina, as he named himself, "I will announce you immediately; you are expected impatiently, and will be heartily welcome."

"Thank Heaven," said the deserving heir to himself. To her he said some flattering words as she disappeared, and then prayed that his uncle's heart might be favourably disposed towards him. Albertina opened the door and bid him enter. In a moment he was at the bedside.

Old Heimal was perfectly sensible: he thanked Adolphus in a friendly way; praised his blooming appearance; assured him he had inquired after him, and heard nothing of him but what was good, and therefore had made him his heir. Adolphus stammered forth his earnest thanks.

"Not too soon, not too soon," said the other; "it is with conditions: hear them first. I am to be buried in the churchyard here, and you will receive the interest of eighty thousand thalers if you promise the magistrate to repeat piously the Lord's Prayer once a day over my grave till the end of your life. If you fail once the informer is to receive a fourth part of the inheritance, and the remainder is to go to the hospital, the guardian of which will keep a good look-out that you perform your vow. Nothing but a serious disease, testified by two surgeons, is to excuse you from this duty. The testament lies ready with the magistrate; take time, therefore, to think, for every condition is early or late a clog on the enjoyment of that good with which it is combined. 'Why did my uncle curse me,' you will say, 'with this condition? Why did he poison to me the wine he was no longer able to drink himself?' I answer, justice demands that my property should be expended for the benefit of the town in which I gained it—in which I went to school and grew up to manhood. On the boundary of the dominion of death you shall be at least reminded once a day to raise your thoughts to the Giver of all good; and I wish to save the soul of my heir from the rock of worldly perdition. Go, my son; I am weak."

Albertina had remained in the room by the command of the old man, and now accompanied Adolphus to the door. In the confusion of his feelings he seized her hand and asked what she advised. She blushed, and answered:—

"I cannot believe that you will be guided in so important a matter by the advice of an ignorant girl."

"O yes!" answered he; "your situation here makes you a friend, and the good sense of your answer belies your pretended ignorance. The powers of fate announce their decrees with pleasure by the mouth of innocent maidens."

She replied, "Turn to our Father in heaven; prayer brings power and knowledge, and we

then select, as if by inspiration, that which is best."

Adolphus left her with a grateful squeeze of the hand. He was disposed to follow her advice, but his wishes were earthly.

"Eighty thousand thalers," said he, "or rather the interest of this sum, is in truth a key to earth's heaven; but what is the price? The condition separates me for ever from all which can sweeten life or render it lovely. Suppose I might with swift horses reach the capital for a moment to strengthen my mind in the circle of beauty and intelligence, it can only be for a moment, and like a solitary moonbeam through the darkness of a wintry night; and I lose all if any accident happens to me on the road. Is there a bitterer cup than this eternal monotony—this seeing always the same faces, part expressing vulgarity, part signifying a mixture of rudeness and knowledge even more intolerable than vulgarity? Can anything be worse than to live with people who spy out every morning what I mean to nourish my body with at mid-day, and who treat every deviation from their own customs worse than the Inquisition treats heretics? Yet even here I may find friends, hearts allied to mine, though different in age, situation, and habits. But how soon is conversation exhausted! How does the daily return of the same materials diminish the charms of society! Whatever happens to the town falls on me as part of it. The inheritance makes me like one of its towers; and when I fall sick Mr. Schneidab, the village barber, will hasten, as accoucheur sent by the fates, to deliver me into another world."

In this manner, till late in the evening, did Adolphus weigh his situation; and as he was going to bed, Albertina came to announce the sudden death of his uncle. This news made him pass a sleepless night, and at times to be almost out of his senses. He imagined that the amiable Albertina glided into his chamber and begged earnestly of him to be pleased with the little town, that she delighted him very much, that she made his staying there the condition of obtaining her favour, and that she offered him her sweet mouth to seal the contract with a kiss. He then imagined himself, with her assistance, counting heaps of ducats, and he was full of gratitude for the golden shower and for the lovely bride. He embraced her with one arm and lifted a sack of thalers in the other. A cry of fire awoke him—the warm living image was fled, and the landlady burst into the room to save her wardrobe, which was safely stowed in the best chamber used for guests. The cry of fire ran through the house, for not one who could breathe but joined in the alarm.

Adolphus sprung out of bed, descended to the street, and saw the house of his departed uncle in flames. He reached it just as Albertina, with a box of valuables, came out, which she gave him as his property, and then hastened back to secure her own, and came not again. Adolphus felt how much he was indebted to her, and pressing through the burning house, found her in a courtyard clinging to a tree, which protected her for a moment from the flames.

"I am lost," said she; "save yourself."

He, however, sprang to her, the flames, as it were, following him, and making his retreat impossible. The hot air already made it difficult to breathe, when he discovered that, by climbing the tree, he might escape over the wall. With the arm of love, strengthened by fear, he dragged the maiden up the stem and along one of the overhanging branches, and then dropped her safely on the opposite side of the wall and jumped after her. Here they stood in a neighbouring garden, and first thanked God for their escape. Albertina then extinguished the sparks on his waistcoat; he kissed her as he had done in his dream, and then led her to a place of safety.

When the fire was extinguished, which did not take place till the house was consumed, Adolphus returned to bed and slept nearly as sound as his uncle, whose corporeal part had been reduced by fire to a heap of ashes. Albertina had found it, and had secretly conveyed it away. In the morning his body was sought, for the will made it necessary to have it buried; but all in vain; not a bone was to be discovered. Albertina, however, sent in secret a casket to Adolphus, and wrote with it:—

"If the accompanying casket serves, as I hope, to free my noble assistant from the heavy conditions which our departed friend imposed upon his heir, this latter will then only pray with more fervour over the ashes of his benefactor, which now lie in his hands."

Adolphus blessed in his heart her ingenuity, then went to the magistrate, who was full of thought, and knew not whom he could bury in Heimal's place—for a grave they must have, to fulfil the conditions of his will. Adolphus, however, said:—

"You undoubtedly know beforehand what I mean to say to your worship. You know that a nonentity cannot be buried, and that I cannot be bound to pray over a grave where

my uncle is not entombed; and, at the same time, his testament, making me his heir, remains perfectly valid. A process would evidently last longer than your life, and probably not be finished before the day of judgment. Far be it from me, however, to wish to injure this esteemed pleasant town, the cradle of my good fortune. I therefore resign in favour of its hospital a third part of the property left by my uncle. For this, however, you will give me permission to send your good wife some of the newest fashions from the city, where I mean to take up my residence."

Seldom has a treaty been sooner ratified than this was; and the heir got away with difficulty from the gratitude of the magistrate, to seek out Albertina. She struggled against the embraces with which, in his joy, he overwhelmed her: they might be the mode in the city—here they were quite unheard of; but Adolphus spoke with a seducing tongue, and on a subject not usually ungrateful to a maiden's ear. She pretended, indeed, not to believe him, as if she regarded it as impossible, with the failure of her eye, to please a man who was so entirely without fault, and she concealed her wishes with maidenlike excuses. The gay people of the little town, however, were soon afterwards invited to Adolphus' marriage-feast. He placed, without the knowledge of the bride, the casket with the ashes of the now blessed uncle under the marriage-bed, and was thus enabled to offer the promised prayers daily with the greatest convenience.

THE MINER.

Down 'mid the tangled roots of things
That coil about the central fire,
I seek for that which giveth wings
To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,
The sea's deep yearning far above,
"Thou hast the secret not," I cry,
"In deeper deeps is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,
In darkness, all alone, and weak;
Such loss were gain if He were won,
For 'tis the sun's own Sun I seek.

"The earth," they murmur, "is the tomb
That vainly sought his life to prison;
Why grovel longer in the gloom?
He is not here; he hath arisen."

More life for me where he hath lain
Hidden while ye believed him dead,
Than in cathedrals cold and vain,
Built on loose sands of *It is said.*

My search is for the living gold;
Him I desire who dwells recluse,
And not his image worn and old,
Day-servant of our sordid use.

If him I find not, yet I find
The ancient joy of cell and church,
The glimpse, the surety undefined,
The unquenched ardour of the search.

Happier to chase a flying goal
Than to sit counting laurelled gains,
To guess the Soul within the soul
Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtile wise,
Beyond my nature's utmost scope;
Be ever absent from mine eyes
To be twice present in my hope!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.

In Love's name you are charged hereby
To make a speedy hue and cry,
After a face who, t'other day,
Came and stole my heart away;
For your directions in brief
These are best marks to know the thief:
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove,
Playing the eagle; her clear brow
Is a comely field of snow.
A sparkling eye, so pure a gray
As when it shines it needs no day.
Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
Lilies, married to the rose,
Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;
Her lips betray their virgin red,
As they only blushed for this,
That they one another kiss;
But observe, beside the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Shall once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men
But from that voice shall hear again,
That, that is she, oh, take her t'ye,
None can rock heaven asleep but she.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1628).

PERSUASION.

[**Jane Austen**, born at Steventon, Hampshire, 16th December, 1775; died at Winchester, 24th July, 1817. Her novels still hold their place as the highest models of English domestic fiction. *Sense and Sensibility; Pride and Prejudice; Mansfield Park;* and *Emma*, were published during her lifetime, but anonymously; *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* did not appear until the year after her death, although the former is said to have been her earliest work. It was purchased by a publisher, who kept it in manuscript until her other works had established the author's reputation. Scott said of Miss Austen:—She "had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity so gifted a creature died so early!" Archbishop Whately, in the *Quarterly Review*, wrote:—"Miss Austen has the merit (in our judgment most essential) of being evidently a Christian writer: a merit which is much enhanced, both on the score of good taste and of practical utility, by her religion being not at all obtrusive."

Persuasion chiefly relates to the fortunes of Anne Elliot and her lover Captain Wentworth, who have been separated on account of his poverty. Anne is the daughter of Sir Walter Elliot, a proud, vain man, whose extravagant tastes outrun his income. He is obliged to rent his family mansion, Kellynch Hall, to Admiral Croft, and to remove to Bath with his eldest daughter Elizabeth, who is of much the same character as her father. Anne goes to visit her younger sister Mary, who is married to the son of Squire Musgrove, and who thinks she has conferred the greatest honour upon that family by the alliance.]

Uppercross was a moderate-sized village, which a few years back had been completely in the old English style, containing only two houses superior in appearance to those of the yeomen and labourers: the mansion of the squire, with its high walls, great gates, and old trees, substantial and unmodernized; and the compact, tight parsonage, inclosed in its own neat garden, with a vine and a pear-tree trained round its casements; but upon the marriage of the young squire it had received the improvement of a farm-house, elevated into a cottage, for his residence, and Uppercross Cottage, with its verandah, French windows, and other prettinesses, was quite as likely to catch the traveller's eye as the more consistent and considerable aspect and premises of the Great House, about a quarter of a mile farther on.

Here Anne had often been staying. She knew the ways of Uppercross as well as those of Kellynch. The two families were so continually meeting, so much in the habit of running in and out of each other's house at all hours, that it was rather a surprise to her to find Mary alone; but being alone, her being unwell and out of spirits was almost a matter of course. Though better endowed than the elder sister, Mary had not Anne's understanding nor temper. While well and happy, and properly attended to, she had great good humour and excellent spirits; but any indisposition sunk her completely. She had no resources for solitude; and, inheriting a considerable share of the Elliot self-importance, was very prone to add to every other distress that of fancying herself neglected and ill-used. In person, she was inferior to both sisters, and had, even in her bloom, only reached the dignity of being "a fine girl." She was now lying on the faded sofa of the pretty little drawing-room, the once elegant furniture of which had been gradually growing shabby under the influence of four summers and two children; and, on Anne's appearing, greeted her with—

"So you are come at last! I began to think I should never see you. I am so ill I can hardly speak. I have not seen a creature the whole morning!"

"I am sorry to find you unwell," replied Anne. "You sent me such a good account of yourself on Thursday."

"Yes, I made the best of it; I always do, but I was very far from well at the time: and I do not think I ever was so ill in my life as I have been all this morning: very unfit to be left alone, I am sure. Suppose I were to be seized of a sudden in some dreadful way, and not able to ring the bell! So Lady Russell would not get out. I do not think she has been in this house three times this summer."

Anne said what was proper, and inquired after her husband. "Oh! Charles is out shooting. I have not seen him since seven o'clock. He would go, though I told him how ill I was. He said he should not stay out long; but he has never come back, and now it is almost one. I assure you I have not seen a soul this whole long morning."

"You have had your little boys with you?"

"Yes, as long as I could bear their noise: but they are so unmanageable that they do me more harm than good. Little Charles does not mind a word I say, and Walter is growing quite as bad."

"Well, you will soon be better now," replied Anne, cheerfully. "You know I always cure you when I come. How are your neighbours at the Great House?"

"I can give you no account of them. I

have not seen one of them to-day, except Mr. Musgrove, who just stopped and spoke through the window, but without getting off his horse; and though I told him how ill I was, not one of them have been near me. It did not happen to suit the Miss Musgroves, I suppose, and they never put themselves out of their way."

"You will see them yet, perhaps, before the morning is gone. It is early."

"I never want them, I assure you. They talk and laugh a great deal too much for me. Oh! Anne, I am so very unwell. It was quite unkind of you not to come on Thursday."

"My dear Mary, recollect what a comfortable account you sent me of yourself! You wrote in the cheerfullest manner, and said you were perfectly well, and in no hurry for me; and that being the case, you must be aware that my wish would be to remain with Lady Russell to the last: and besides what I felt on her account, I have really been so busy, have had so much to do, that I could not very conveniently have left Kellynch sooner."

"Dear me! what can *you* possibly have had to do?"

"A great many things, I assure you. More than I can recollect in a moment; but I can tell you some. I have been making a duplicate of the catalogue of my father's books and pictures. I have been several times in the garden with Mackenzie, trying to understand, and make him understand, which of Elizabeth's plants are for Lady Russell. I have had all my own little concerns to arrange, books and music to divide, and all my trunks to repack, from not having understood in time what was intended as to the waggons: and one thing I have had to do, Mary, of a more trying nature: going to almost every house in the parish, as a sort of take-leave. I was told that they wished it; but all these things took up a great deal of time."

"Oh, well!" and after a moment's pause, "but you have never asked me one word about our dinner at the Pooles' yesterday."

"Did you go, then? I have made no inquiries, because I concluded you must have been obliged to give up the party."

"Oh yes! I went. I was very well yesterday: nothing at all the matter with me till this morning. It would have been strange if I had not gone."

"I am very glad you were well enough, and I hope you had a pleasant party."

"Nothing remarkable. One always knows beforehand what the dinner will be, and who will be there; and it is so very uncomfortable not having a carriage of one's own. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove took me, and we were so crowded! They are both so very large, and take up so much room; and Mr. Musgrove always sits forward. So there was I crowded into the back seat with Henrietta and Louisa; and I think it very likely that my illness to-day may be owing to it."

A little farther perseverance in patience and forced cheerfulness on Anne's side produced nearly a cure on Mary's. She could soon sit upright on the sofa, and began to hope she might be able to leave it by dinner-time. Then, forgetting to think of it, she was at the other end of the room, beautifying a nosegay: then she ate her cold meat; and then she was well enough to propose a little walk.

"Where shall we go?" said she when they were ready. "I suppose you will not like to call at the Great House before they have been to see you?"

"I have not the smallest objection on that account," replied Anne. "I should never think of standing on such ceremony with people I know so well as Mrs. and the Miss Musgroves."

"Oh! but they ought to call upon you as soon as possible. They ought to feel what is due to you as *my* sister. However, we may as well go and sit with them a little while, and when we have got that over we can enjoy our walk."

Anne had always thought such a style of intercourse highly imprudent; but she had ceased to endeavour to check it, from believing that, though there were on each side continual subjects of offence, neither family could now do without it. To the Great House accordingly they went, to sit the full half hour in the old-fashioned square parlour, with a small carpet and shining floor, to which the present daughters of the house were gradually giving the proper air of confusion by a grand pianoforte and a harp, flower-stands, and little tables placed in every direction. Oh! could the originals of the portraits against the wainscot, could the gentlemen in brown velvet and the ladies in blue satin have seen what was going on, have been conscious of such an overthrow of all order and neatness! The portraits themselves seemed to be staring in astonishment.

The Musgroves, like their houses, were in a state of alteration, perhaps of improvement. The father and mother were in the old English style, and the young people in the new. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove were a very good sort of people; friendly and hospitable, not much educated, and not at all elegant. Their child-

ren had more modern minds and manners. There was a numerous family; but the only two grown up, excepting Charles, were Henrietta and Louisa, young ladies of nineteen and twenty, who had brought from a school at Exeter all the usual stock of accomplishments, and were now, like thousands of other young ladies, living to be fashionable, happy, and merry. Their dress had every advantage, their faces were rather pretty, their spirits extremely good, their manners unembarrassed and pleasant; they were of consequence at home, and favourites abroad. Anne always contemplated them as some of the happiest creatures of her acquaintance: but still, saved as we all are, by some comfortable feeling of superiority from wishing for the possibility of exchange, she would not have given up her own more elegant and cultivated mind for all their enjoyments; and envied them nothing but that seemingly perfect good understanding and agreement together, that good-humoured mutual affection, of which she had known so little herself with either of her sisters.

They were received with great cordiality. Nothing seemed amiss on the side of the Great House family, which was generally, as Anne very well knew, the last to blame. The half hour was chatted away pleasantly enough; and she was not at all surprised, at the end of it, to have their walking party joined by both the Miss Musgroves, at Mary's particular invitation.

Anne had not wanted this visit to Uppercross to learn that a removal from one set of people to another, though at a distance of only three miles, will often include a total change of conversation, opinion, and idea. She had never been staying there before without being struck by it, or without wishing that other Elliots could have her advantage in seeing how unknown, or unconsidered there, were the affairs which at Kellynch Hall were treated as of such general publicity and pervading interest; yet, with all this experience, she believed she must now submit to feel that another lesson in the art of knowing our own nothingness beyond our own circle, was become necessary for her; for certainly, coming as she did, with a heart full of the subject which had been completely occupying both houses in Kellynch for many weeks, she had expected rather more curiosity and sympathy than she found in the separate but very similar remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove: "So, Miss Anne, Sir Walter and your sister are gone; what part of Bath do you think they will settle in?" and this without much waiting for an answer; or in the young ladies' addition of, "I hope we shall be in Bath in the winter; but remember, papa, if we do go, we must be in a good situation: none of your Queen Squares for us!" or in the anxious supplement from Mary, of—"Upon my word, I shall be pretty well off, when you are all gone away to be happy at Bath!"

She could only resolve to avoid such self-delusion in future, and think with heightened gratitude of the extraordinary blessing of having one such truly sympathizing friend as Lady Russell.

The Mr. Musgroves had their own game to guard and to destroy, their own horses, dogs, and newspapers to engage them, and the females were fully occupied in all the other common subjects of housekeeping, neighbours, dress, dancing, and music. She acknowledged it to be very fitting that every little social commonwealth should dictate its own matters of discourse; and hoped, ere long, to become a not unworthy member of the one she was now transplanted into. With the prospect of spending at least two months at Uppercross, it was highly incumbent on her to clothe her imagination, her memory, and all her ideas in as much of Uppercross as possible.

She had no dread of these two months. Mary was not so repulsive and unsisterly as Elizabeth, nor so inaccessible to all influence of hers; neither was there anything among the other component parts of the cottage inimical to comfort. She was always on friendly terms with her brother-in-law; and in the children, who loved her nearly as well, and respected her a great deal more than their mother, she had an object of interest, amusement, and wholesome exertion.

Charles Musgrove was civil and agreeable; in sense and temper he was undoubtedly superior to his wife, but not of powers, or conversation, or grace to make the past, as they were connected together, at all a dangerous contemplation; though, at the same time, Anne could believe, with Lady Russell, that a more equal match might have greatly improved him; and that a woman of real understanding might have given more consequence to his character, and more usefulness, rationality, and elegance to his habits and pursuits. As it was, he did nothing with much zeal, but sport; and his time was otherwise trifled away, without benefit from books or anything else. He had very good spirits, which never seemed much affected by his wife's occasional lowness, bore with her unreasonableness sometimes to Anne's admiration, and upon the whole, though

there was very often a little disagreement (in which she had sometimes more share than she wished, being appealed to by both parties), they might pass for a happy couple. They were always perfectly agreed in the want of more money, and a strong inclination for a handsome present from his father; but here, as on most topics, he had the superiority, for while Mary thought it a great shame that such a present was not made, he always contended for his father's having many other uses for his money, and a right to spend it as he liked.

As to the management of their children, his theory was much better than his wife's, and his practice not so bad. "I could manage them very well, if it were not for Mary's interference," was what Anne often heard him say, and had a good deal of faith in; but when listening in turn to Mary's reproach of, "Charles spoils the children so that I cannot get them into any order," she never had the smallest temptation to say, "Very true."

One of the least agreeable circumstances of her residence there was her being treated with too much confidence by all parties, and being too much in the secret of the complaints of each house. Known to have some influence with her sister, she was continually requested, or at least receiving hints to exert it, beyond what was practicable. "I wish you could persuade Mary not to be always fancying herself ill," was Charles' language; and, in an unhappy mood, thus spoke Mary: "I do believe if Charles were to see me dying, he would not think there was anything the matter with me. I am sure, Anne, if you would, you might persuade him that I really am very ill—a great deal worse than I ever own."

Mary's declaration was, "I hate sending the children to the Great House, though their grandmamma is always wanting to see them, for she humours and indulges them to such a degree, and gives them so much trash and sweet things, that they are sure to come back sick and cross for the rest of the day." And Mrs. Musgrove took the first opportunity of being alone with Anne to say, "Oh! Miss Anne, I cannot help wishing Mrs. Charles had a little of your method with those children. They are quite different creatures with you! But to be sure, in general, they are so spoiled! It is a pity you cannot put your sister in the way of managing them. They are as fine healthy children as ever were seen, poor little dears! without partiality; but Mrs. Charles knows no more how they should be treated—! Bless me! how troublesome they are sometimes. I assure you, Miss Anne, it prevents my wishing to see them at our house so often as I otherwise should. I believe Mrs. Charles is not quite pleased with my not inviting them oftener; but you know it is very bad to have children with one that one is obliged to be checking every moment; 'don't do this,' and 'don't do that;' or that one can only keep in tolerable order by more cake than is good for them."

She had this communication, moreover, from Mary:—"Mrs. Musgrove thinks all her servants so steady, that it would be high treason to call it in question; but I am sure, without exaggeration, that her upper housemaid and laundrymaid, instead of being in their business, are gadding about the village all day long. I meet them wherever I go; and I declare I never go twice into my nursery without seeing something of them. If Jemima were not the trustiest, steadiest creature in the world, it would be enough to spoil her; for she tells me they are always tempting her to take a walk with them." And on Mrs. Musgrove's side it was, "I make a rule of never interfering in any of my daughter-in-law's concerns, for I know it would not do; but I shall tell *you*, Miss Anne, because you may be able to set things to rights, that I have no very good opinion of Mrs. Charles' nursery-maid: I hear strange stories of her; she is always upon the gad; and from my own knowledge I can declare, she is such a fine-dressing lady, that she is enough to ruin any servants she comes near. Mrs. Charles quite swears by her, I know; but I just give you this hint, that you may be upon the watch; because if you see anything amiss, you need not be afraid of mentioning it."

Again, it was Mary's complaint that Mrs. Musgrove was very apt not to give her the precedence that was her due, when they dined at the Great House with other families, and she did not see any reason why she was to be considered so much at home as to lose her place. And one day, when Anne was walking with only the Miss Musgroves, one of them, after talking of rank, people of rank, and jealousy of rank, said, "I have no scruple of observing to you how nonsensical some persons are about their place, because all the world knows how easy and indifferent you are about it; but I wish anybody would give Mary a hint that it would be a great deal better if she were not so very tenacious, especially if she would not be always putting herself forward to take place of mamma. Nobody doubts her right to have precedence of mamma, but it would

be more becoming in her not to be always insisting on it. It is not that mamma cares about it the least in the world, but I know it is taken notice of by many persons."

How was Anne to set all these matters to rights? She could do little more than listen patiently, soften every grievance, and excuse each to the other; give them all hints of the forbearance necessary between such near neighbours, and make those hints broadest which were meant for her sister's benefit.

In all other respects her visit began and proceeded very well. Her own spirits improved by change of place and subject, by being removed three miles from Kellynch; Mary's ailments lessened by having a constant companion, and their daily intercourse with the other family, since there was neither superior affection, confidence, nor employment in the cottage to be interrupted by it, was rather an advantage. It was certainly carried nearly as far as possible, for they met every morning, and hardly ever spent an evening asunder; but she believed they should not have done so well without the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove's respectable forms in the usual places, or without the talking, laughing, and singing of their daughters.

She played a great deal better than either of the Miss Musgroves, but having no voice, no knowledge of the harp, and no fond parents, to sit by and fancy themselves delighted, her performance was little thought of, only out of civility, or to refresh the others, as she was well aware. She knew that when she played she was giving pleasure only to herself; but this was no new sensation. Excepting one short period of her life, she had never, since the age of fourteen, never since the loss of her dear mother, known the happiness of being listened to, or encouraged by any just appreciation or real taste. In music she had been always used to feel alone in the world; and Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove's fond partiality for their own daughters' performance, and total indifference to any other person's, gave her much more pleasure for their sakes, than mortification for her own.

The party at the Great House was sometimes increased by other company. The neighbourhood was not large, but the Musgroves were visited by everybody, and had more dinner-parties, and more callers, more visitors by invitation and by chance, than any other family. They were more completely popular.

The girls were wild for dancing; and the evenings ended, occasionally, in an unpremeditated little ball. There was a family of cousins within a walk of Uppercross, in less affluent circumstances, who depended on the Musgroves for all their pleasures: they would come at any time, or help to play at anything, or dance anywhere; and Anne, very much preferring the office of musician to a more active post, played country-dances to them by the hour together; a kindness which always recommended her musical powers to the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove more than anything else, and often drew this compliment,—"Well done, Miss Anne! very well done, indeed! Lord bless me! how those little fingers of yours fly about!" . . .

[Captain Wentworth prospered, and during Anne's visit to Uppercross he comes to visit his brother-in-law Admiral Crofts. Then there is a game at cross-purposes between the lovers: he thinks she is to marry a wealthy cousin, and she thinks he is to ask Louisa Musgrove to be his wife. But Louisa is suddenly announced as the betrothed of Captain Benwick, a sentimental gentleman, who in this way consoles himself for the death of Miss Harville, the lady to whom he had been formerly engaged, and the misunderstandings are brought right in this way.]

Captain Harville (the brother of Benwick's old love) moved to a window, and Anne, seeming to watch him, though it was from thorough absence of mind, became gradually sensible that he was inviting her to join him where he stood. He looked at her with a smile, and a little motion of the head, which expressed, "Come to me, I have something to say;" and the unaffected, easy kindness of manner which denoted the feelings of an older acquaintance than he really was, strongly enforced the invitation. She roused herself and went to him. The window at which he stood was at the other end of the room from where the two ladies were sitting, and though nearer to Captain Wentworth's table, not very near. As she joined him, Captain Harville's countenance reassumed the serious, thoughtful expression which seemed its natural character.

"Look here," said he, unfolding a parcel in his hand, and displaying a small miniature painting: "do you know who that is?"

"Certainly: Captain Benwick."

"Yes, and you may guess who it is for. But," in a deep tone, "it was not done for her. Miss Elliot, do you remember our walking together at Lyme, and grieving for him? I little thought then—but no matter. This was drawn at the Cape. He met with a clever young German artist at the Cape, and in compliance with a promise to my poor sister, sat

to him, and was bringing it home for her; and I have now the charge of getting it properly set for another! It was a commission to me! But who else was there to employ? I hope I can allow for him. I am not sorry, indeed, to make it over to another. He undertakes it;" looking towards Captain Wentworth, "he is writing about it now." And with a quivering lip he wound up the whole by adding, "Poor Fanny! she would not have forgotten him so soon."

"No," replied Anne, in a feeling voice, "that I can easily believe."

"It was not in her nature. She doted on him."

"It would not be the nature of any woman who truly loved."

Captain Harville smiled, as much as to say, "Do you claim that for your sex?" and she answered the question, smiling also, "Yes. We certainly do not forget you so soon as you forget us. It is, perhaps, our fate rather than our merit. We cannot help ourselves. We live at home, quiet, confined, and our feelings prey upon us. You are forced on exertion. You have always business of some sort or other to take you back into the world immediately, and continual occupation and change soon weaken impressions."

"Granting your assertion that the world does all this so soon for men (which, however, I do not think I shall grant), it does not apply to Benwick. He has not been forced upon any exertion. The peace turned him on shore at the very moment, and he has been living with us in our little family circle ever since."

"True," said Anne, "very true; I did not recollect; but what shall we say now, Captain Harville? If the change be not from outward circumstances, it must be from within; it must be nature, man's nature, which has done the business for Captain Benwick."

"No, no, it is not man's nature. I will not allow it to be more man's nature than woman's to be inconstant and forget those they do love or have loved. I believe the reverse. I believe in a true analogy between our bodily frames and our mental; and that as our bodies are the strongest so are our feelings; capable of bearing most rough usage, and riding out the heaviest weather."

"Your feelings may be the strongest," replied Anne, "but the same spirit of analogy will authorize me to assert that ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my view of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be too hard upon you if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship, for your home, country, friends, all united. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be too hard indeed" (with a faltering voice) "if woman's feelings were to be added to all this."

"We shall never agree upon this question," Captain Harville was beginning to say, when a slight noise called their attention to Captain Wentworth's hitherto perfectly quiet division of the room. It was nothing more than that his pen had fallen down; but Anne was startled at finding him nearer than she had supposed, and half inclined to suspect that the pen had only fallen because he had been occupied by them, striving to catch sounds which yet she did not think he could have caught.

"Have you finished your letter?" said Captain Harville.

"Not quite; a few lines more. I shall have done in five minutes."

"There is no hurry on my side. I am only ready whenever you are. I am in very good anchorage here," smiling at Anne, "well supplied, and want for nothing. No hurry for a signal at all. Well, Miss Elliot," lowering his voice, "as I was saying, we shall never agree, I suppose, upon this point. No man and woman would probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you—all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men."

"Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything."

"But how shall we prove anything?"

"We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin, probably, with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle, many of which (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot

be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or in some respect saying what should not be said."

"Ah!" cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, "if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, 'God knows whether we shall ever meet again!' And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence perhaps, and obliged to put into another port, he calculates how soon it may be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, 'They cannot be here till such a day,' but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!" pressing his own with emotion.

"Oh!" cried Anne, eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures! I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No; I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one: you need not covet it) is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone."

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence; her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

"You are a good soul," cried Captain Harville, putting his hand on her arm, quite affectionately. "There is no quarrelling with you. And when I think of Benwick my tongue is tied."

Their attention was called towards the others. Mrs. Croft was taking leave.

"Here, Frederick, you and I part company, I believe," said she. "I am going home, and you have an engagement with your friend. To-night we may have the pleasure of all meeting again at your party," turning to Anne. "We had your sister's card yesterday, and I understood Frederick had a card too, though I did not see it; and you are disengaged, Frederick, are you not, as well as ourselves?"

Captain Wentworth was folding up a letter in great haste, and either could not or would not answer fully.

"Yes," said he, "very true; here we separate, but Harville and I shall soon be after you—that is, Harville, if you are ready; I am in half a minute. I know you will not be sorry to be off."

Mrs. Croft left them, and Captain Wentworth, having sealed his letter with great rapidity, was indeed ready, and had even a hurried, agitated air, which showed impatience to be gone. Anne knew not how to understand it. She had the kindest "Good morning, God bless you!" from Captain Harville, but from him not a word, nor a look. He had passed out of the room without a look.

She had only time, however, to move closer to the table where he had been writing when footsteps were heard returning; the door opened, it was himself. He begged their pardon, but he had forgotten his gloves, and instantly crossing the room to the writing-table, and standing with his back towards Mrs. Musgrove, he drew out a letter from under the scattered paper, placed it before Anne with eyes of glowing entreaty fixed on her, and hastily collecting his gloves, was again out of the room almost before Mrs. Musgrove was aware of his being in it—the work of an instant.

The revolution which one instant had made in Anne was almost beyond expression. The letter, with a direction hardly legible, to "Miss A. E——," was evidently the one which he had been folding so hastily. While supposed to be writing only to Captain Benwick he had been also addressing her. On the contents of that letter depended all which this world could do for her. Anything was possible, anything might be defied rather than suspense. Mrs. Musgrove had little arrangements of her own at her own table; to their protection she must trust, and, sinking into the chair which he had occupied, succeeding to the very spot where he had leaned and written, her eyes devoured the following words:—

"I can listen no longer in silence. I must speak to you by such means as are within my reach. You pierce my soul. I am half agony, half hope. Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone for ever. I offer myself to you again with a heart even

more your own than when you almost broke it eight years and a half ago. Dare not say that man forgets sooner than woman, that his love has an earlier death. I have loved none but you. Unjust I may have been, weak and resentful I have been, but never inconstant. You alone have brought me to Bath. For you alone I think and plan. Have you not seen this? Can you fail to have understood my wishes? I had not waited even these ten days could I have read your feelings, as I think you must have penetrated mine. I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice when they would be lost on others. Too good, too excellent creature! You do us justice, indeed. You do believe that there is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating in F. W.

"I must go, uncertain of my fate; but I shall return hither, or follow your party, as soon as possible. A word, a look, will be enough to decide whether I enter your father's house this evening or never."

Such a letter was not to be soon recovered from. Half an hour's solitude and reflection might have tranquillized her; but the ten minutes only which now passed before she was interrupted, with all the restraints of her situation, could do nothing towards tranquillity. Every moment rather brought fresh agitation. It was an overpowering happiness. And before she was beyond the first stage of full sensation, Charles, Mary, and Henrietta all came in.

The absolute necessity of seeming like herself produced then an immediate struggle; but after a while she could do no more. She began not to understand a word they said, and was obliged to plead indisposition and excuse herself. They could then see that she looked very ill, were shocked and concerned, and would not stir without her for the world. This was dreadful. Would they only have gone away and left her in the quiet possession of that room it would have been her cure; but to have them all standing or waiting around her was distracting, and in desperation she said she would go home.

"By all means, my dear," cried Mrs. Musgrove, "go home directly, and take care of yourself, that you may be fit for the evening. I wish Sarah was here to doctor you, but I am no doctor myself. Charles, ring and order a chair. She must not walk."

But the chair would never do. Worse than all. To lose the possibility of speaking two words to Captain Wentworth in the course of her quiet, solitary progress up the town (and she felt almost certain of meeting him) could not be borne. The chair was earnestly protested against, and Mrs. Musgrove, who thought only of one sort of illness, having assured herself with some anxiety that there had been no fall in the case, that Anne had not at any time lately slipped down and got a blow on her head, that she was perfectly convinced of having had no fall, could part with her cheerfully, and depend on finding her better at night.

Another momentary vexation occurred. Charles, in his real concern and good nature, would go home with her; there was no preventing him. This was almost cruel. But she could not be long ungrateful; he was sacrificing an engagement at a gunsmith's to be of use to her; and she set off with him, with no feeling but gratitude apparent.

They were in Union Street, when a quicker step behind, a something of familiar sound, gave her two moments' preparation for the sight of Captain Wentworth. He joined them; but, as if irresolute whether to join or to pass on, said nothing, only looked. Anne could command herself enough to receive that look, and not repulsively. The cheeks which had been pale now glowed, and the movements which had hesitated were decided. He walked by her side. Presently, struck by a sudden thought, Charles said—

"Captain Wentworth, which way are you going? Only to Gay Street, or farther up the town?"

"I hardly know," replied Captain Wentworth, surprised.

"Are you going as high as Belmont? Are you going near Camden Place? Because, if you are, I shall have no scruple in asking you to take my place, and give Anne your arm to her father's door. She is rather done for this morning, and must not go so far without help, and I ought to be at that fellow's in the Market Place. He promised me the sight of a capital gun he is just going to send off; said he would keep it unpacked to the last possible moment, that I might see it; and if I do not turn back now, I have no chance. By his description it is a good deal like the second sized double-barrel of mine which you shot with one day round Winthrop."

There could not be an objection. There could be only a most proper alacrity, a most obliging compliance for public view; and smiles reined in and spirits dancing in private rapture. In half a minute Charles was at the bottom of Union Street again, and the other two proceed-

ing together; and soon words enough had passed between them to decide their direction towards the comparatively quiet and retired gravel walk, where the power of conversation would make the present hour a blessing indeed, and prepare it for all the immortality which the happiest recollections of their own future lives could bestow. There they exchanged again those feelings and those promises which had once before seemed to secure everything, but which had been followed by so many, many years of division and estrangement. There they returned again into the past, more exquisitely happy, perhaps, in their reunion than when it had been first projected; more tender, more tried, more fixed in a knowledge of each other's character, truth, and attachment; more equal to act, more justified in acting. And there, as they slowly paced the gradual ascent, heedless of every group around them, seeing neither sauntering politicians, bustling housekeepers, flirting girls, nor nursery-maids and children, they could indulge in those retrospections and acknowledgments, and especially in those explanations of what had directly preceded the present moment, which were so poignant and so ceaseless in interest. All the little variations of the last week were gone through; and of yesterday and to-day there could scarcely be an end.

Who can be in doubt of what followed? When any two young people take it into their heads to marry, they are pretty sure by perseverance to carry their point, be they ever so poor, or ever so imprudent, or ever so little likely to be necessary to each other's ultimate comfort. This may be bad morality to conclude with, but I believe it to be truth; and if such parties succeed, how should a Captain Wentworth and an Anne Elliot, with the advantage of maturity of mind, consciousness of right, and one independent fortune between them, fail of bearing down every opposition? They might, in fact, have borne down a great deal more than they met with, for there was little to distress them beyond the want of graciousness and warmth. Sir Walter made no objection, and Elizabeth did nothing worse than look cold and unconcerned. Captain Wentworth, with five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and as high in his profession as merit and activity could place him, was no longer nobody. He was now esteemed quite worthy to address the daughter of a foolish, spendthrift baronet, who had not had principle or sense enough to maintain himself in the situation in which Providence had placed him, and who could give his daughter at present but a small part of the share of ten thousand pounds which must be hers hereafter.

Sir Walter, indeed, though he had no affection for Anne, and no vanity flattered, to make him really happy on the occasion, was very far from thinking it a bad match for her. On the contrary, when he saw more of Captain Wentworth, saw him repeatedly by daylight, and eyed him well, he was very much struck by his personal claims, and felt that his superiority of appearance might be not unfairly balanced against her superiority of rank; and all this, assisted by his well-sounding name, enabled Sir Walter at last to prepare his pen, with a very good grace, for the insertion of the marriage in the volume of honour.

Of all the family, Mary was probably the one most immediately gratified by the circumstance. It was creditable to have a sister married, and she might flatter herself with having been greatly instrumental to the connection by keeping Anne with her in the autumn; and as her own sister must be better than her husband's sisters, it was very agreeable that Captain Wentworth should be a richer man than either Captain Benwick or Charles Hayter. She had something to suffer, perhaps, when they came into contact again, in seeing Anne restored to the rights of seniority, and the mistress of a very pretty landaulette; but she had a future to look forward to of powerful consolation. Anne had no Uppercross Hall before her, no landed estate, no headship of a family, and if they could but keep Captain Wentworth from being made a baronet, she would not change situations with Anne.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

THE FIRST FROST OF AUTUMN.

[Samuel Griswold Goodrich, born at Ridgefield, Connecticut, 19th August, 1793; died in New York, 9th May, 1860. Although few will recognize this name, every one will know the author as "Peter Parley," a pseudonym which he assumed early in his career, and which became familiar in every home in Europe and America. He wrote and edited about one hundred and seventy volumes, consisting chiefly of works for the young, and comprising poems, tales, historical and scientific manuals, and school-books. It should be observed that the name "Peter Parley" was often unfairly used on the title-pages of books with which Mr. Goodrich had nothing to do. In his *Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things I have Seen* (New York. 1856), he presented an interesting catalogue of his own works and of the "spurious Parley books." Of his poetry one critic says, "His style is simple and unaffected; the flow of his verse melodious; and his subjects generally such as he is capable of treating most successfully."]

At evening it rose in the hollow glade,
Where wild flowers blushed 'mid silence and shade;
Where, hid from the gaze of the garish noon,
They were slily wooed by the trembling moon.
It rose—for the guardian zephyrs had flown,
And left the valley that night alone.
No sigh was borne from the leafy hill,
No murmur came from the lapsing rill;
The boughs of the willow in silence wept,
And the aspen leaves in that sabbath slept.
The valley dreamed, and the fairy lute
Of the whispering reed by the brook was mute.
The slender rush o'er the glassy rill,
As a marble shaft, was erect and still,
And no airy sylph on the mirror wave,
A dimpling trace of its footstep gave.
The moon shone down, but the shadows deep
Of the pensile flowers were hushed in sleep.
The pulse was still in that vale of bloom,
And the Spirit rose from its marshy tomb.
It rose o'er the breast of a silver spring,
Where the mist at morn shook its snowy wing,
And robed like the dew, when it woos the flowers,
It stole away to their secret bowers.

With a lover's sigh, and a zephyr's breath,
It whispered bliss, but its work was death:
It kissed the lip of a rose asleep,
And left it there on its stem to weep:
It froze the drop on a lily's leaf,
And the shivering blossom was bowed in grief.
O'er the gentian it breathed, and the withered flower
Fell blackened and scathed in its lonely bower;
It stooped to the asters all blooming around,
And kissed the buds as they slept on the ground.
They slept, but no morrow could waken their bloom,
And shrouded by moonlight, they lay in their tomb.

The Frost Spirit went, like the lover light,
In search of fresh beauty and bloom that night.
Its wing was plumed by the moon's cold ray,
And noiseless it flew o'er the hills away.
It flew, yet its dallying fingers played,
With a thrilling touch, through the maple's shade;
It toyed with the leaves of the sturdy oak,
It sighed o'er the aspen, and whispering spoke
To the bending sumach, that stooped to throw
Its chequering shade o'er a brook below.
It kissed the leaves of the beech, and breathed
O'er the arching elm, with its ivy wreathed:
It climbed to the ash on the mountain's height—
It flew to the meadow, and hovering light
O'er leafy forest and fragrant dell,
It bound them all in its silvery spell.
Each spreading bough heard the whispered bliss,
And gave its cheek to the gallant's kiss—
Though giving, the leaves disdainingly shook,
As if refusing the boon they took.

Who dreamed that the morning's light would speak,
And show that kiss on the blushing cheek?
For in silence the fairy work went through—
And no croning owl of the scandal knew:
No watch-dog broke from his slumbers light,
To tell the tale to the listening night.
But that which in secret is darkly done,
Is oft displayed by the morrow's sun;
And thus the leaves in the light revealed
With their glowing hues what the night concealed.
The sweet, frail flowers that once welcomed the morn,
Now drooped in their bowers, all shrivelled and lorn;
While the hardier trees shook their leaves in the blast—
Though tell-tale colours were over them cast.
The maple blushed deep as a maiden's cheek,
And the oak confessed what it would not speak.
The beech stood mute, but a purple hue
O'er its glossy robe was a witness true.
The elm and the ivy with varying dyes,
Protesting their innocence, looked to the skies:
And the sumach rouged deeper, as stooping to look,
It glanced at the colours that flared in the brook.
The delicate aspen grew nervous and pale,
As the tittering forest seemed full of the tale;
And the lofty ash, though it tossed up its bough,
With a puritan air on the mountain's brow,
Bore a purple tinge o'er its leafy fold,
And the hidden revel was gaily told.

VIRTUE.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SCOTTISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

[The Very Rev. Edward Bannerman Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., born 31st January, 1793. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; was some time curate of Rodden-cum-Buckland, Somersetshire; removed to Edinburgh in 1824, and six years later he became incumbent of St. John's. In 1841 he was made Dean of Edinburgh, and in that office he has remained for more than thirty years, doing good work for the church and for society. He has thrice refused a bishopric; but the church had no honours to confer upon him equal to those which his own genius and benevolence have won for him. One of his early, and not least important, labours was the foundation of the Church Society, for the benefit of the poorer rural clergyman; and the Free Kirk found in this society a model for its sustentation fund. Whilst zealously occupied with the affairs of his diocese and with numerous philanthropical schemes, he also gave much attention to literature, and, besides many sermons and miscellaneous pamphlets, published *A Memoir of Sir J. E. Smith*, with a notice of his botanical works; *A Manual of Catechetical Instruction; Lectures on the Genius and Works of Handel; On the Social Influence of Railways; A Memoir of Dr. Chalmers*;[1] *On the Canon Law of the Church; The Christian Life, its Origin, Progress, and Perfection; Pulpit Table-Talk*, &c. &c. But foremost amongst all his literary labours is the *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, now in its twentieth edition. This work has done more than anything since Scott wrote to sustain an interest in Scottish folk and dialect; and it possesses a high historical value in its photographs of national characteristics, many of which have entirely disappeared, whilst others are fast disappearing. The varieties of Scottish life have never been painted by a kindlier or a more faithful hand.]

My readers need not be afraid that they are to be led through a labyrinth of metaphysical distinctions between wit and humour. I have read Dr. Campbell's dissertation on the difference in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric;* I have read Sydney Smith's two lectures: but I confess I am not much the wiser. Professors of rhetoric, no doubt, must have such discussions, but when you wish to be amused by the thing itself, it is somewhat disappointing to be presented with metaphysical analysis. It is like instituting an examination of the glass and cork of a champagne bottle, and a chemical testing of the wine. In the very process the volatile and sparkling draught which was to delight the palate, has become like ditch-water, vapid and dead. What I mean is, that, call it wit or humour, or what you please, there is a school of Scottish pleasantry, amusing and characteristic beyond all other. Don't think of *analyzing* its nature, or the qualities of which it is composed; enjoy its quaint and amusing flow of oddity and fun; as we may, for instance, suppose it to have flowed on that eventful night so joyously described by Burns:—

> "The souter tauld his queerest stories,
> The landlord's laugh was ready chorus."

Or we may think of the delight it gave the good Mr. Balwhidder, when he tells, in his *Annals of the Parish*, of some such story, that it was a "jocosity that was just a kittle to hear." When I speak of changes in such Scottish humour which have taken place, I refer to a particular sort of humour, and I speak of the sort of feeling that belongs to Scottish pleasantry,—which is sly, and cheery, and pawky. It is undoubtedly a humour that depends a good deal upon the vehicle in which the story is conveyed. If, as we have said, our quaint dialect is passing away, and our national eccentric points of character, we must expect to find much of the peculiar humour allied with them to have passed away also. In other departments of wit and repartee, and acute hits at men and things, Scotchmen (whatever Sydney Smith may have said to the contrary) are equal to their neighbours, and, so far as I know, may have gained rather than lost. But this peculiar humour of which I now speak has not, in our day, the scope and development which were permitted to it by the former generation. Where the tendency exists, the exercise of it is kept down by the usages and feelings of society. For examples of it (in its full force at any rate) we must go back to a race who are departed. One remark, however, has occurred to me in regard to the specimens we have of this kind of humour—viz., that they do not always proceed from the wit or the cleverness of any of the individuals concerned in them. The amusement comes from the circumstances, from the concurrence or combination of the ideas, and in many cases from the mere expressions which describe the facts. The humour of the narrative is unquestionable, and yet no one has tried to be humorous. In short, it is the *Scottishness* that gives the zest. The same ideas differently expounded might have no point at all. There is, for example, something highly original in the notions of celestial mechanics entertained by an honest Scottish Fife lass regarding the theory of comets. Having occasion to go out after dark, and having observed the brilliant comet then visible (1858), she ran in with breathless haste to the house, calling on her fellow-servants to

[1] It was Dean Ramsay who inspired the movement for the erection of a monument to Dr. Chalmers; and the first meeting for that object was held in the dean's house, 30th November, 1859.

"Come oot and see a new star that hasna got its tail cuttit aff yet!" Exquisite astronomical speculation! Stars, like puppies, are born with tails, and in due time have them docked. Take an example of a story where there is no display of any one's wit or humour, and yet it is a good story, and one can't exactly say why:—An English traveller had gone on a fine Highland road so long, without having seen an indication of fellow-travellers, that he became astonished at the solitude of the country; and no doubt before the Highlands were so much frequented as they are in our time, the roads had a very striking aspect of solitariness. Our traveller at last coming up to an old man breaking stones, he asked him if there was any traffic on this road—was it at *all* frequented? "Ay," he said, "it's no ill at that; there was a cadger body yestreen, and there's yoursell the day." No English version of the story could have half such amusement, or have so quaint a character. An answer, even still more characteristic, is recorded to have been given by a countryman to a traveller. Being doubtful of his way, he inquired if he were on the right road to Dunkeld. With some of his national inquisitiveness about strangers, the countryman asked his inquirer where he came from. Offended at the liberty, as he considered it, he sharply reminded the man that where he came from was nothing to him; but all the answer he got was the quiet rejoinder, "Indeed, it's just as little to me whar ye're gaen'." A friend has told me of an answer highly characteristic of this dry and unconcerned quality which he heard given to a fellow-traveller. A gentleman sitting opposite to him in the stage-coach at Berwick, complained bitterly that the cushion on which he sat was quite wet. On looking up to the roof he saw a hole through which the rain descended copiously, and at once accounted for the mischief. He called for the coachman, and in great wrath reproached him with the evil under which he suffered, and pointed to the hole which was the cause of it. All the satisfaction, however, that he got was the quiet unmoved reply, "Ay, mony a ane has complained o' *that* hole." Another anecdote I heard from a gentleman who vouched for the truth, which is just a case where the narrative has its humour, not from the wit which is displayed, but from that dry matter-of-fact view of things peculiar to some of our countrymen. The friend of my informant was walking in a street of Perth, when, to his horror, he saw a workman fall from a roof where he was mending slates, right upon the pavement. By extraordinary good fortune he was not killed, and on the gentleman going up to his assistance, and exclaiming, with much excitement, "God bless me, are you much hurt?" all the answer he got was the cool rejoinder, "On the contrary, sir." A similar matter-of-fact answer was made by one of the old race of Montrose humourists. He was coming out of church, and, in the press of the kirk *skailing*, a young man thoughtlessly trod on the old gentleman's toe, which was tender with corns. He hastened to apologize, saying, "I am very sorry, sir; I beg your pardon." The only acknowledgment of which was the dry answer, "And ye've as muckle need, sir."

One of the best specimens of cool Scottish matter-of-fact view of things has been supplied by a kind correspondent, who narrates it from his own personal recollection.

The back windows of the house where he was brought up looked upon the Greyfriars' Church that was burned down. On the Sunday morning in which that event took place, as they were all preparing to go to church, the flames began to burst forth; the young people screamed from the back part of the house, "A fire! a fire!" and all was in a state of confusion and alarm. The housemaid was not at home, it being her turn for the Sunday "out." Kitty, the cook, was taking her place, and performing her duties. The old woman was always very particular on the subject of her responsibility on such occasions, and came panting and hobbling upstairs from the lower regions, and exclaimed, "O what is't, what is't!" "Oh, Kitty, look here, the Greyfriars' Church is on fire!" "Is that a', miss? What a fricht ye geed me! I thought ye said the parlour fire was out."

From a first-rate *Highland* authority I have been supplied with the following clever and crushing reply to what was intended as a sarcastic compliment and a smart saying:—

About the beginning of the present century, the then Campbell, of Combie, on Loch Awe side, in Argyleshire, was a man of extraordinary character, and of great physical strength, and such swiftness of foot that it is said he could "catch the best *tup* on the hill." He also looked upon himself as a "pretty man," though in this he was singular; also, it was more than whispered that the laird was not remarkable for his principles of honesty. There also lived in the same district a Miss MacNabb of Bar-a'-Chaistril, a lady who, before she had passed the zenith of life, had never been remarkable for her beauty—the contrary even had passed into a proverb, while

she was in her teens; but, to counterbalance this defect in external qualities, nature had endowed her with great benevolence, while she was renowned for her probity. One day the Laird of Combie, who piqued himself on his *bon-mots*, was, as frequently happened, a guest of Miss MacNabb's, and after dinner several toasts had gone round as usual, Combie addressed his hostess, and requested an especial bumper, insisting on all the guests to fill to the brim. He then rose, and said, addressing himself to Miss MacNabb, "I propose the old Scottish toast of 'Honest men and *bonnie* lassies,'" and bowing to the hostess, he resumed his seat. The lady returned his bow with her usual amiable smile, and taking up her glass, replied, "Weel, Combie, I am sure *we* may drink that, for it will neither apply to *you* nor *me*."

An amusing example of a quiet cool view of a pecuniary transaction happened to my father whilst doing the business of the rent-day. He was receiving sums of money from the tenants in succession. After looking over a bundle of notes which he had just received from one of them, a well-known character, he said in banter, "James, the notes are not correct." To which the farmer, who was much of a humourist, dryly answered, "I dinna ken what they may be *noo;* but they were a' richt afore ye had your fingers in amang 'em." An English farmer would hardly have spoken thus to his landlord. The Duke of Buccleuch told me an answer very quaintly Scotch, given to his grandmother by a farmer of the old school. A dinner was given to some tenantry of the vast estates of the family in the time of Duke Henry. His duchess (the last descendant of the Dukes of Montague) always appeared at table on such occasions, and did the honours with that mixture of dignity and of affable kindness for which she was so remarkable. Abundant hospitality was shown to all the guests. The duchess, having observed one of the tenants supplied with boiled beef from a noble round, proposed that he should add a supply of cabbage; on his declining, the duchess good-humouredly remarked, "Why, boiled beef and greens seem so naturally to go together, I wonder you don't take it." To which the honest farmer objected, "Ah, but your grace maun alloo it's a vary *windy* vegetable," in delicate allusion to the flatulent quality of the esculent. Similar to this was the naïve answer of a farmer on the occasion of a rent-day. The lady of the house asked him if he would take some *rhubarb* tart: "Mony thanks, mem, I dinna need it."

Amongst the lower orders, humour is found, occasionally, very rich in mere children, and I recollect a remarkable illustration of this early native humour occurring in a family in Forfarshire, where I used, in former days, to be very intimate. A wretched woman, who used to traverse the country as a beggar or tramp, left a poor, half-starved little girl by the road-side, near the house of my friends. Always ready to assist the unfortunate, they took charge of the child, and as she grew a little older, they began to give her some education, and taught her to read. She soon made some progress in reading the Bible, and the native odd humour, of which we speak, began soon to show itself. On reading the passage, which began, "Then David rose," &c., the child stopped, and looking up knowingly, to say, "I ken wha that was," and, on being asked what she could mean, she confidently said, "That's David Rowse the plenchman." And again reading the passage where the words occur, "He took Paul's girdle," the child said, with much confidence, "I ken what he took that for," and on being asked to explain, replied at once, "To bake's bannocks on;" "girdle" being, in the north, the name for the iron plate hung over the fire, for making oat cakes or bannocks.

To a distinguished member of the Church of Scotland I am indebted for an excellent story of quaint child-humour, which he had from the lips of an old woman who related the story of herself:—When a girl of eight years of age, she was taken by her grandmother to church. The parish minister was not only a long preacher, but, as the custom was, delivered two sermons on the Sabbath-day without any interval, and thus saved the parishioners the two journeys to church. Elizabeth was sufficiently wearied before the close of the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the young girl, being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, to the no small amusement of those who were so near as to hear her, "Come awa, granny, and gang hame; this is a lang grace, and nae meat."

A most amusing account of child-humour used to be narrated by an old Mr. Campbell of Jura, who told the story of his own son. It seems the boy was much spoiled by indulgence. In fact, the parents were scarce able to refuse him anything he demanded. He was in the drawing-room on one occasion when dinner was announced, and on being ordered up to the nursery, he insisted on going down to

dinner with the company. His mother was for refusal, but the child persevered, and kept saying, "If I dinna gang, I'll tell thon." His father then, for peace sake, let him go, so he went and sat at table by his mother. When he found every one getting soup and himself omitted, he demanded soup, and repeated, "If I dinna get it, I'll tell thon." Well, soup was given, and various other things yielded to his importunities, to which he always added the usual threat of "telling thon." At last, when it came to wine, his mother stood firm, and positively refused, as "a bad thing for little boys," and so on. He then became more vociferous than ever about "telling thon;" and as still he was refused, he declared, "Now I will tell thon," and at last roared out, "*Ma wie breeks were made oot o' the auld curtains!*"

A facetious and acute friend who rather leans to the Sydney Smith view of Scottish wit, declares that all our humorous stories are about lairds, and about lairds who are drunk. Of such stories there are certainly not a few; one of the best belonging to my part of the country, and to many persons I should perhaps apologise for introducing it at all. The story has been told of various parties and localities, but no doubt the genuine laird was a Laird of Balnamoon (pronounced in the country Bonnymoon), and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry-brandy, instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him, that having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from the table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whisky, as it was called, the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig," and refused to have anything to do with it. Hairy lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master, "Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's nae waile o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor." The humour of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation that in such a locality, if he did not take *this* wig, he was not likely to find another. Then, what a rich expression, "waile o' wigs." In English what is it? "A choice of perukes;" which is nothing comparable to the "waile o' wigs." I ought to mention also an amusing sequel to the story, viz., in what happened after the affair of the wig had been settled, and the laird had consented to return home. When the whisky drove up to the door, Hairy, sitting in front, told the servant who came to "tak out the laird." No laird was to be seen; and it appeared that he had fallen out on the moor without Hairy observing it. Of course, they went back, and, picking him up, brought him safe home. A neighbouring laird having called a few days after, and having referred to the accident, Balnamoon quietly added, "Indeed, I maun hae a lume[1] that'll *had in.*"

The Laird of Balnamoon was a truly eccentric character. He joined with his drinking propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church, the service of which he read to his own family with much solemnity and earnestness of manner. Two gentlemen, one of them a stranger to the country, having called pretty early one Sunday morning, Balnamoon invited them to dinner, and as they accepted the invitation, they remained and joined in the forenoon devotional exercises conducted by Balnamoon himself. The stranger was much impressed with the laird's performance of the service, and during a walk which they took before dinner, mentioned to his friend how highly he esteemed the religious deportment of their host. The gentleman said nothing, but smiled to himself at the scene which he anticipated was to follow. After dinner Balnamoon set himself, according to the custom of old hospitable Scottish hosts, to make his guests as drunk as possible. The result was, that the party spent the evening in a riotous debauch, and were carried to bed by the servants at a late hour. Next day, when they had taken leave and left the house, the gentleman who had introduced his friend asked him what he thought of their entertainer—"Why, really," he replied, with evident astonishment, "sic a speat o' praying, and sic a speat o' drinking, I never knew in the whole course of my life."

Lady Dalhousie, mother, I mean, of the late distinguished Marquis of Dalhousie, used to tell a characteristic anecdote of her day. But here, on mention of the name Christian, Countess of Dalhousie, may I pause a moment to recal the memory of one who was a very remarkable person. She was, for many years, to me and mine, a sincere, and true, and

[1] A vessel.

valuable friend. By an awful dispensation of God's providence, her death happened *instantaneously* under my roof in 1839. Lady Dalhousie was eminently distinguished for a fund of the most varied knowledge, for a clear and powerful judgment, for acute observation, a kind heart, a brilliant wit. Her story was thus:—A Scottish judge, somewhat in the predicament of the Laird of Balnamoon, had dined at Coalstoun with her father, Charles Brown, an advocate, and son of George Brown, who sat in the Supreme Court as a judge with the title of Lord Coalstoun. The party had been convivial, as we know parties of the highest legal characters often were in those days. When breaking up and going to the drawing-room, one of them, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window, which was open to the summer air. The ground at Coalstoun sloping off from the house behind, the worthy judge got a great fall, and rolled down the bank. He contrived, however, as tipsy men generally do, to regain his legs, and was able to reach the drawing-room. The first remark he made was an innocent remonstrance with his friend the host, "Od, Charlie Brown, what gars ye hae sic lang steps to your *front* door?"

On Deeside, where many original stories had their origin, I recollect hearing several of an excellent and worthy, but very simple-minded man, the Laird of Craigmyle. On one occasion, when the beautiful and clever Jane, Duchess of Gordon, was scouring through the country, intent upon some of those electioneering schemes which often occupied her fertile imagination and active energies, she came to call at Craigmyle, and having heard that the laird was making bricks on the property, for the purpose of building a new garden wall, with her usual tact she opened the subject and kindly asked, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?" Good Craigmyle's thoughts were much occupied with a new leather portion of his dress, which had been lately constructed, so, looking down on his nether garments, he said, in pure Aberdeen dialect, "Muckle obleeged to yer grace, the breeks war sum ticht at first, but they are deeing weel eneuch noo." The last Laird of Macnab, before the clan finally broke up and emigrated to Canada, was a well-known character in the country, and being poor, used to ride about on a most wretched horse, which gave occasion to many jibes at his expense. The laird was in the constant habit of riding up from the country to attend the Musselburgh races. A young wit, by way of playing him off on the race-course, asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year, laird?" "Na," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face in so emphatic a manner as to preclude further questioning, "Na; but it's the same *whup*." In those days, as might be expected, people were not nice in expressions of their dislike of persons and measures. If there be not more charity in society than of old, there is certainly more courtesy. I have, from a friend, an anecdote illustrative of this remark, in regard to feelings exercised towards an unpopular laird. In the neighbourhood of Banff, in Forfarshire, the seat of a very ancient branch of the Ramsays, lived a proprietor who bore the appellation of Corb, from the name of his estate. The family has passed away, and its property merged in Banff. This laird was intensely disliked in the neighbourhood. Sir George Ramsay was, on the other hand, universally popular and respected. On one occasion Sir George, in passing a morass in his own neighbourhood, had missed the road and fallen into a bog to an alarming depth. To his great relief, he saw a passenger coming along the path, which was at no great distance. He called loudly for his help, but the man took no notice. Poor Sir George felt himself sinking, and redoubled his cries for assistance: all at once the passenger rushed forward, carefully extricated him from his perilous position, and politely apologized for his first neglect of his appeal, adding, as his reason, "Indeed, Sir George, I thought it was Corb!" evidently meaning that *had* it been Corb, he must have taken his chance for him.

In Lanarkshire, there lived a sma' sma' laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his eccentricity. On one occasion, a neighbour waited on him and requested his name as an accommodation to a bit bill for twenty pounds at three months' date, which led to the following characteristic and truly Scottish colloquy —"Na, na, I canna do that." "What for no, laird? ye hae dune the same thing for ithers." "Aye, aye, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels ye ken naething about: I canna do't." "It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird." "Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time came round, ye wadna be ready and I wad hae to pay't; sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we mae just as weel quarrel *the noo* as lang's the siller's in ma pouch." On one occasion Hamilton having business with the late Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton Palace, the duke politely asked him to lunch. A liveried servant waited upon

them, and was most assiduous in his attentions to the duke and his guest. At last our eccentric friend lost patience, and looking at the servant, addressed him thus, "What the deil for are ye dance, dancing, about the room that gait; can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's *plenty on the table for three.*"

Of another laird whom I heard often spoken of in old times, an anecdote was told strongly Scotch. Our friend had much difficulty (as many worthy lairds have had) in meeting the claims of those two woful periods of the year, called with us in Scotland the "tarmes." He had been employing for some time as workman a stranger from the south on some house repairs, of the not uncommon name in England of Christmas. His servant early one morning called out at the laird's door in great excitement that "Christmas had run away, and nobody knew where he had gone." He turned in his bed with the earnest ejaculation, "I only wish he had taken Whitsunday and Martinmas along with him." I do not know a better illustration of quiet, shrewd, and acute Scottish humour than the following little story, which an esteemed correspondent mentions having heard from his father when a boy, relating to a former Duke of Athole, who had *no family of his own*, and whom he mentions as having remembered very well:—He met one morning one of his cottars or gardeners, whose wife he knew to be in the *hopeful way*. Asking him "how Marget was the day," the man replied, that she had that morning given him twins. Upon which the duke said,—"Weel, Donald; ye ken the Almighty never sends bairns without the meat." "That may be, your grace," said Donald; "but whiles I think that Providence maks a mistak in thae matters, and sends the bairns to ae hoose and the meat to anither!" The duke took the hint, and sent him a cow with calf the following morning.

I have heard of an amusing scene between a laird celebrated for his saving propensities and a wandering sort of Edie Ochiltree, a well-known itinerant who lived by his wits and what he could pick up in his rounds amongst the houses of lairds and farmers. One thrifty laird having seen him sit down near his own gate to examine the contents of his poke or wallet, conjectured that he had come from the house, and so he drew near to see what he had carried off. As he was keenly investigating the mendicant's spoils, his quick eye detected some bones on which there remained more meat than should have been allowed to leave his kitchen. Accordingly he pounced upon the bones, and declared he had been robbed, and insisted on his returning to the house and giving back the spoil. The beggar was, however, prepared for the attack, and sturdily defended his property, boldly asserting, "Na, na, laird, thae are no Todbrae banes; thae are Inchbyre banes, and nane o' your honour's," —meaning that he had received these bones at the house of a neighbour of a more liberal character. But the beggar's professional discrimination between the bones of the two mansions, and his pertinacious defence of his own property, would have been most amusing to a by-stander.

I have, however, a reverse story, in which the beggar is quietly silenced by the proprietor. A noble lord, some generations back, well known for his frugal habits, had just picked up a small copper coin in his own avenue, and had been observed by one of the itinerating mendicant race, who, grudging the transfer of the piece into the peer's pocket, exclaimed, "O, gie't to me, my lord;" to which the quiet answer was, "Na, na; fin' a fardin for yersell, puir body."

There are always pointed anecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Thus, we have heard of a master leaving such a mansion, and taxing his servant with being drunk, which he had too often been after country visits. On this occasion, however, he was innocent of the charge, for he had not the *opportunity* to transgress. So, when his master asserted, "Jemmy, you are drunk!" Jemmy very quietly answered, "Indeed, sir, I wish I wur." At another mansion, notorious for scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which some time ago he had given to the laird. The gardener showed him a lank grayhound, on which the gentleman said, "No, no; the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a grayhound;" to which the gardener quietly answered, "Indeed, ony dog micht sune become a grayhound by stopping here."

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,

That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there.
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear't away.

COWLEY.

CONJUGAL CONTENT.

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And, to be noble, we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance, plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only way to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy, Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

GEORGE STEVENS.

THE GOBLIN BARBER.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

[**Johann August Musäus**, born at Jena, 1735; died 28th October, 1787. Although his name is little known now except to scholars, he enjoyed considerable reputation during his lifetime as a genial satirist and industrious collector of his native folk-lore. He was educated for the church, but failing to obtain an appointment he began his literary career by a satire upon Samuel Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*. After seven years' work as a tutor, he obtained a professorship in the gymnasium of Weimar. He next produced a satire upon Lavater's physiognomical theories, entitled *Physiognomical Travels;* then his *Popular Traditionary Tales;* followed by *Friend Hein's Apparitions*—a series of tales in which death is personified under the name of Friend Hein. He began another series, *Ostrich Feathers*, but only lived to complete the first volume. His *Remains*, edited by Kotzebue, appeared in 1791. The following extract is from his tale of *Dumb Love*. The sudden death of his father leaves Franz Melcherson in possession of a large fortune, which he speedily dissipates, and finds himself, like other spendthrifts, without friends as well as money. He takes a poor lodging, and falls in love with a humble girl, Meta. But he cannot tell his love, and when he learns that Meta's mother wishes her to marry a well-to-do old burgher, Franz resolves to make an effort to win fortune for her sake. He travels to Antwerp in the hope of recovering several considerable sums which were due to him. He fails, and is journeying homeward, disconsolate and penniless as when he set forth. At an inn, shelter is refused to him, and he mutters some bitter curses upon the landlord's inhospitable nature. The landlord, determined to punish Franz, calls him back, and offers him a lodging in the old castle.]

The castle lay hard by the hamlet, on a steep rock, right opposite the inn, from which it was divided merely by the highway and a little gurgling brook. The situation being so agreeable, the edifice was still kept in repair, and well provided with all sorts of house-gear; for it served the owner as a hunting-lodge, where he frequently caroused all day; and so soon as the stars began to twinkle in the sky, retired with his whole retinue, to escape the mischief of the ghost, who rioted about in it the whole night over, but by day gave no disturbance. Unpleasant as the owner felt this spoiling of his mansion by a bugbear, the nocturnal sprite was not without advantages, for

the great security it gave from thieves. The count could have appointed no trustier or more watchful keeper over the castle than this same spectre, for the rashest troop of robbers never ventured to approach its station. Accordingly he knew of no safer place for laying up his valuables than this old tower in the hamlet of Rummelsburg, near Rheinberg.

The sunshine had sunk, the dark night was coming heavily on, when Franz, with a lantern in his hand, proceeded to the castle-gate, under the guidance of mine host, who carried in his hand a basket of victuals, with a flask of wine, which he said should not be marked against him. He had also taken along with him a pair of candlesticks and two wax-lights; for in the whole castle there was neither lamp nor taper, as no one ever stayed in it after twilight. In the way, Franz noticed the creaking, heavy-laden basket, and the wax-lights, which he thought he should not need, and yet must pay for. Therefore he said: "What is this superfluity and waste, as at a banquet? The light in the lantern is enough to see with till I go to bed; and when I awake the sun will be high enough, for I am tired completely, and shall sleep with both eyes."

"I will not hide from you," replied the landlord, "that a story runs of there being mischief in the castle, and a goblin that frequents it. You, however, need not let the thing disturb you; we are near enough, you see, for you to call us, should you meet with aught unnatural; I and my folks will be at your hand in a twinkling to assist you. Down in the house there we keep astir all night through, some one is always moving. I have lived here these thirty years, yet I cannot say that I have ever seen aught. If there be now and then a little hurly-burlying at nights, it is nothing but cats and martens rummaging about the granary. As a precaution I have provided you with candles: the night is no friend of man; and the tapers are consecrated, so that sprites, if there be such in the castle, will avoid their shine."

It was no lying in mine host to say that he had never seen anything of spectres in the castle: for by night he had taken special care not once to set foot in it; and by day, the goblin did not come to sight. In the present case, too, the traitor would not risk himself across the border. After opening the door he handed Franz the basket, directed him what way to go, and wished him good-night. Franz entered the lobby without anxiety or fear, believing the ghost story to be empty tattle, or a distorted tradition of some real occurrence in the place, which idle fancy had shaped into an unnatural adventure. He remembered the stout Ritter Eberhard Bronkhorst, from whose heavy arm he had apprehended such maltreatment, and with whom, notwithstanding, he had found so hospitable a reception. On this ground he had laid it down as a rule deduced from his travelling experiences, when he heard any common rumour, to believe exactly the reverse, and left the grain of truth which, in the opinion of the wise knight, always lies in such reports, entirely out of sight.

Pursuant to mine host's direction, he ascended the winding stone stair; and reached a bolted door, which he opened with his key. A long dark gallery, where his footsteps resounded, led him into a large hall, and from this, a side-door, into a suite of apartments, richly provided with all furniture for decoration or convenience. Out of these he chose the room which had the friendliest aspect, where he found a well-pillowed bed, and from the window could look right down upon the inn, and catch every loud word that was spoken there. He lit his wax-tapers, furnished his table, and feasted with the commodiousness and relish of an Otaheitean noble. The big-bellied flask was an antidote to thirst. So long as his teeth were in full occupation, he had no time to think of the reported devilry in the castle. If aught now and then made a stir in the distance, and Fear called to him, "Hark! hark! There comes the goblin;" Courage answered: "Stuff! it is cats and martens bickering and caterwauling." But in the digestive half-hour after meat, when the sixth sense, that of hunger and thirst, no longer occupied the soul, she directed her attention from the other five exclusively upon the sense of hearing; and already fear was whispering three timid thoughts into the listener's ear, before courage had time to answer once.

As the first resource, he locked the door, and bolted it; made his retreat to the walled seat in the vault of the window. He opened this, and to dissipate his thoughts a little, looked out on the spangled sky, gazed at the corroded moon, and counted how often the stars snuffed themselves. On the road beneath him all was void; and in spite of the pretended nightly bustle in the inn, the doors were shut, the lights out, and everything as still as in a sepulchre. On the other hand, the watchman blew his horn, making his "List, gentlemen!" sound over all the hamlet; and for the composure of the timorous astronomer, who still kept feasting his eyes on the splendour of the stars, uplifted a rusty evening-hymn right under his window; so that Franz might easily

have carried on a conversation with him, which, for the sake of company, he would willingly have done, had he in the least expected that the watchman would make answer to him.

In a populous city, in the middle of a numerous household, where there is a hubbub equal to that of a bee-hive, it may form a pleasant entertainment for the thinker to philosophize on solitude, to decorate her as the loveliest playmate of the human spirit, to view her under all her advantageous aspects, and long for her enjoyment as for hidden treasure. But in scenes where she is no exotic, in the isle of Juan Fernandez, where a solitary eremite, escaped from shipwreck, lives with her through long years; or in the dreary night-time, in a deep wood, or in an old uninhabited castle, where empty walls and vaults awaken horror, and nothing breathes of life but the moping owl in the ruinous turret; there, in good sooth, she is not the most agreeable companion for the timid anchorite that has to pass his time in her abode, especially if he is every moment looking for the entrance of a spectre to augment the party. In such a case it may easily chance that a window conversation with the watchman shall afford a richer entertainment for the spirit and the heart, than a reading of the most attractive eulogy on solitude. If Ritter Zimmerman had been in Franz's place, in the castle of Rummelsburg, on the Westphalian marches, he would doubtless in this position have struck out the fundamental topics of as interesting a treatise on *Society*, as, inspired to all appearance by the irksomeness of some ceremonious assembly, he has poured out from the fulness of his heart in praise of *Solitude*.

Midnight is the hour at which the world of spirits acquires activity and life, when hebetated animal nature lies entombed in deep slumber. Franz inclined getting through this critical hour in sleep rather than awake; so he closed his window, went the rounds of his room once more, spying every nook and crevice, to see whether all was safe and earthly; snuffed the lights to make them burn clearer; and without undressing or delaying, threw himself upon his bed, with which his wearied person felt unusual satisfaction. Yet he could not get asleep so fast as he wished. A slight palpitation at the heart, which he ascribed to a tumult in the blood, arising from the sultriness of the day, kept him waking for a while; and he failed not to employ this respite in offering up such a pithy evening prayer as he had not prayed for many years. This produced the usual effect, that he softly fell asleep while saying it.

After about an hour, as he supposed, he started up with a sudden terror: a thing not at all surprising when there is tumult in the blood. He was broad awake: he listened whether all was quiet, and heard nothing but the clock strike twelve; a piece of news which the watchman forthwith communicated to the hamlet in doleful recitative. Franz listened for a while, turned on the other side, and was again about to sleep, when he caught, as it were, the sound of a door grating in the distance, and immediately it shut with a stifled bang. "Alack! alack!" bawled Fright into his ear; "this is the ghost in very deed!" "'Tis nothing but the wind," said Courage manfully. But quickly it came nearer, nearer, like the sound of heavy footsteps. Clink here, clink there, as if a criminal were rattling his irons, or as if the porter were walking about the castle with his bunch of keys. Alas, here was no wind business! Courage held his peace: and quaking Fear drove all the blood to the heart, and made it thump like a smith's forehammer.

The thing was now beyond jesting. If Fear would still have let Courage get a word, the latter would have put the terror-struck watcher in mind of his subsidiary treaty with mine host, and incited him to claim the stipulated assistance loudly from the window; but for this there was a want of proper resolution. The quaking Franz had recourse to the bed-clothes, the last fortress of the timorous, and drew them close over his ears, as bird ostrich sticks his head in the grass when he can no longer escape the huntsman. Outside it came along, door up, door to, with hideous uproar; and at last it reached the bed-room. It jerked sharply at the lock, tried several keys till it found the right one; yet the bar still held the door, till a bounce like a thunderclap made bolt and rivet start, and threw it wide open. Now stalked in a long lean man, with a black beard, in ancient garb, and with a gloomy countenance, his eyebrows hanging down in deep earnestness from his brow. Over his right shoulder he had a scarlet cloak, and on his head he wore a peaked hat. With a heavy step he walked thrice in silence up and down the chamber; looked at the consecrated tapers, and snuffed them that they might burn brighter. Then he threw aside his cloak, girded on a scissor-pouch which he had under it, produced a set of shaving-tackle, and immediately began to whet a sharp razor on the broad strap which he wore at his girdle.

Franz perspired in mortal agony under his coverlet; recommended himself to the keeping of the Virgin; and anxiously speculated on the

object of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his throat or his beard. To his comfort, the goblin poured some water from a silver flask into a basin of silver, and with his skinny hand lathered the soap into a light foam; then set a chair, and beckoned with a solemn look to the quaking looker-on to come forth from his recess.

Against so pertinent a sign remonstrance was as bootless as it is against the rigorous commands of the Grand Turk when he transmits an exiled vizier to the angel of death, the Capichi Bashi with the silken cord, to take delivery of his head. The most rational procedure that can be adopted in this critical case is to comply with necessity, put a good face on a bad business, and with stoical composure let one's throat be noosed. Franz honoured the spectre's order; the coverlet began to move, he sprang sharply from his couch, and took the place pointed out to him on the seat. However strange this quick transition from the uttermost terror to the boldest resolution may appear, I doubt not but Moritz in his *Psychological Journal* could explain the matter till it seemed quite natural.

Immediately the goblin barber tied the towel about his shivering customer, seized the comb and scissors, and clipped off his hair and beard. Then he soaped him scientifically, first the beard, next the eyebrows, at last the temples and the hind-head; and shaved him from throat to nape, as smooth and bald as a death's-head. This operation finished, he washed his head, dried it clean, made his bow, and buttoned up his scissor-pouch, wrapped himself in his scarlet mantle, and made for departing. The consecrated tapers had burned with an exquisite brightness through the whole transaction; and Franz, by the light of them, perceived in the mirror that the shaver had changed him into a Chinese pagoda. In secret he heartily deplored the loss of his fair brown locks; yet now took fresh breath as he observed that with this sacrifice the account was settled, and the ghost had no more power over him.

So it was in fact; Redcloak went towards the door, silently as he had entered, without salutation or good-bye, and seemed entirely the contrast of his talkative guild-brethren. But scarcely was he gone three steps when he paused, looked round with a mournful expression at his well-served customer, and stroked the flat of his hand over his black bushy beard. He did the same a second time, and again just as he was in the act of stepping out at the door. A thought struck Franz that the spectre wanted something, and a rapid combination of ideas suggested that perhaps he was expecting the very service he himself had just performed.

As the ghost, notwithstanding his rueful look, seemed more disposed for banter than for seriousness, and had played his guest a scurvy trick, not done him any real injury, the panic of the latter had now almost subsided. So he ventured the experiment, and beckoned to the ghost to take the seat from which he had himself just risen. The goblin instantly obeyed, threw off his coat, laid his barber tackle on the table, and placed himself in the chair, in the posture of a man that wishes to be shaved. Franz carefully observed the same procedure which the spectre had observed to him, clipped his beard with the scissors, cropped away his hair, lathered his whole scalp, and the ghost all the while sat steady as a wig-block. The awkward journeyman came ill at handling the razor; he had never had another in his hand, and he shore the beard right against the hair, whereat the goblin made as strange grimaces as Erasmus's ape when imitating its master's shaving. Nor was the unpractised bungler himself well at ease, and he thought more than once of the sage aphorism, "What is not thy trade make not thy business;" yet he struggled through the task the best way he could, and scraped the ghost as bald as he himself was.

Hitherto the scene between the spectre and the traveller had been played pantomimically; the action now became dramatic. "Stranger," said the ghost, "accept my thanks for the service thou hast done me. By thee I am delivered from the long imprisonment which has chained me for three hundred years within these walls, to which my departed soul was doomed, till a mortal hand should consent to retaliate on me what I practised on others in my lifetime.

"Know that of old a reckless scorner dwelt within this tower, who took his sport on priests as well as laics. Count Hardman, such his name, was no philanthropist, acknowledged no superior and no law, but practised vain caprice and waggery, regarding not the sacredness of hospitable rights: the wanderer who came beneath his roof, the needy man who asked a charitable alms of him, he never sent away unvisited by wicked joke. I was his castle barber, still a willing instrument, and did whatever pleased him. Many a pious pilgrim, journeying past us, I allured with friendly speeches to the hall; prepared the bath for him, and when he thought to take good comfort, shaved him smooth and bald, and packed him out of doors. Then would Count Hardman, looking from the window, see with pleasure

how the foxes' whelps of children gathered from the hamlet to assail the outcast, and to cry, as once their fellows to Elijah: 'Baldhead! Baldhead!' In this the scoffer took his pleasure, laughing with a devilish joy till he would hold his pot-paunch, and his eyes ran down with water.

"Once came a saintly man from foreign lands; he carried, like a penitent, a heavy cross upon his shoulder, and had stamped five nail-marks on his hands and feet and side; upon his head there was a ring of hair like to the crown of thorns. He called upon us here, requesting water for his feet and a small crust of bread. Immediately I took him to the bath to serve him in my common way; respected not the sacred ring, but shore it clean from off him. Then the pious pilgrim spoke a heavy malison upon me: 'Know, accursed man, that when thou diest, heaven, and hell, and purgatory's iron gate are shut against thy soul. As goblin it shall rage within these walls, till unrequired, unbid, a traveller come and exercise retaliation on thee.'

"That hour I sickened, and the marrow in my bones dried up; I faded like a shadow. My spirit left the wasted carcass, and was exiled to this castle, as the saint had doomed it. In vain I struggled for deliverance from the torturing bonds that fettered me to earth; for thou must know that when the soul forsakes her clay she panteth for her place of rest, and this sick longing spins her years to aeons, while in foreign elements she languishes for home. Now self-tormenting, I pursued the mournful occupation I had followed in my lifetime. Alas! my uproar soon made desolate this house. But seldom came a pilgrim here to lodge. And though I treated all like thee, no one would understand me, and perform, as thou, the service which has freed my soul from bondage. Henceforth shall no hobgoblin wander in this castle; I return to my long-wished-for rest. And now, young stranger, once again my thanks that thou hast loosed me! Were I keeper of deep-hidden treasures, they were thine; but wealth in life was not my lot, nor in this castle lies there any cash entombed. Yet mark my counsel. Tarry here till beard and locks again shall cover chin and scalp; then turn thee homewards to thy native town; and on the Weser-bridge of Bremen, at the time when day and night in autumn are alike, wait for a friend who there will meet thee, who will tell thee what to do, that it be well with thee on earth. If from the golden horn of plenty blessing and abundance flow to thee, then think of me; and ever as the day thou freedst me from the curse comes round, cause for my soul's repose three masses to be said. Now fare thee well. I go, no more returning."

With these words the ghost, having by his copiousness of talk satisfactorily attested his former existence as court-barber in the castle of Rummelsburg, vanished into air, and left his deliverer full of wonder at the strange adventure. He stood for a long while motionless, in doubt whether the whole matter had actually happened, or an unquiet dream had deluded his senses; but his bald head convinced him that here had been a real occurrence. He returned to bed, and slept, after the fright he had undergone, till the hour of noon. The treacherous landlord had been watching since morning, when the traveller with the scalp was to come forth, that he might receive him with jibing speeches under pretext of astonishment at his nocturnal adventure. But as the stranger loitered too long, and mid-day was approaching, the affair became serious; and mine host began to dread that the goblin might have treated his guest a little harshly, have beaten him to a jelly perhaps, or so frightened him that he had died of terror; and to carry his wanton revenge to such a length as this had not been his intention. He therefore rung his people together, hastened out with man and maid to the tower, and reached the door of the apartment where he had observed the light on the previous evening. He found an unknown key in the lock; but the door was barred within, for after the disappearance of the goblin, Franz had again secured it. He knocked with a perturbed violence, till the Seven Sleepers themselves would have awoke at the din. Franz started up, and thought in his first confusion that the ghost was again standing at the door to favour him with another call. But hearing mine host's voice, who required nothing more but that his guest would give some sign of life, he gathered himself up and opened the room.

With seeming horror at the sight of him, mine host, striking his hands together, exclaimed, "By heaven and all the saints! Redcloak" (by this name the ghost was known among them) "*has* been here, and has shaved you bald as a block! Now, it is clear as day that the old story is no fable. But tell me, how looked the goblin; what did he say to you? what did he do?"

Franz, who had now seen through the questioner, made answer: "The goblin looked like a man in a red cloak; what he did is not hidden from you, and what he said I well remember:

'Stranger,' said he, 'trust no innkeeper who is a Turk in grain. What would befal thee here he knew. Be wise and happy. I withdraw from this my ancient dwelling, for my time is run. Henceforth no goblin riots here; I now become a silent incubus to plague the landlord; nip him, tweak him, harrass him, unless the Turk do expiate his sin; do freely give thee food and lodging till brown locks again shall cluster round thy head.'"

The landlord shuddered at these words, cut a large cross in the air before him, vowed by the Holy Virgin to give the traveller free board so long as he liked to continue, led him over to his house, and treated him with the best. By this adventure Franz had well-nigh got the reputation of a conjurer, as the spirit thenceforth never once showed face. He often passed the night in the tower; and a desperado of the village once kept him company, without having beard or scalp disturbed. The owner of the place, having learned that Redcloak no longer walked in Rummelsburg, was, of course, delighted at the news, and ordered that the stranger, who, as he supposed, had laid him, should be well taken care of.

By the time when the clusters were beginning to be coloured on the vine, and the advancing autumn reddened the apples, Franz's brown locks were again curling over his temples, and he girded up his knapsack; for all his thoughts and meditations were turned upon the Weser-bridge, to seek the friend, who, at the behest of the goblin barber, was to direct him how to make his fortune. When about taking leave of mine host, that charitable person led from his stable a horse well saddled and equipped, which the owner of the castle had presented to the stranger, for having made his house again habitable; nor had the count forgot to send a sufficient purse along with it to bear its travelling charges: and so Franz came riding back into his native city, brisk and light of heart, as he had ridden out of it twelve months ago. He sought out his old quarters in the alley, but kept himself quite still and retired, only inquiring underhand how matters stood with the fair Meta, whether she was still alive and unwedded. To this inquiry he received a satisfactory answer, and contented himself with it in the meanwhile; for, till his fate were decided, he would not risk appearing in her sight, or making known to her his arrival in Bremen.

With unspeakable longing he waited the equinox; his impatience made every intervening day a year. At last the long-wished-for term appeared. The night before he could not close an eye, for thinking of the wonders that were coming. The blood was whirling and beating in his arteries, as it had done at the castle of Rummelsburg, when he lay in expectation of his spectre visitant. To be sure of not missing his expected friend, he rose by daybreak, and proceeded with the earliest dawn to the Weser-bridge, which as yet stood empty, and untrod by passengers. He walked along it several times in solitude, with that presentiment of coming gladness which includes in it the real enjoyment of all terrestrial felicity; for it is not the attainment of our wishes, but the undoubted hope of attaining them, which offers to the human soul the full measure of highest and most heartfelt satisfaction. He formed many projects as to how he should present himself to his beloved Meta, when his looked-for happiness should have arrived; whether it would be better to appear before her in full splendour, or to mount from his former darkness with the first gleam of morning radiance, and discover to her by degrees the change in his condition. Curiosity, moreover, put a thousand questions to Reason in regard to the adventure. Who can the friend be that is to meet me on the Weser-bridge? Will it be one of my old acquaintances, by whom, since my ruin, I have been entirely forgotten? How will he pave the way to me for happiness? And will this way be short or long, easy or toilsome? To the whole of which Reason, in spite of all her thinking and speculating, answered not a word.

In about an hour the bridge began to get awake; there was riding, driving, walking to and fro on it, and much commercial ware passing this way and that. The usual day-guard of beggars and importunate persons also by degrees took up this post, so favourable for their trade, to levy contributions on the public benevolence; for of poorhouses and workhouses the wisdom of the legislature had as yet formed no scheme. The first of the tattered cohort that applied for alms to the jovial promenader, from whose eyes gay hope laughed forth, was a discharged soldier, provided with the military badge of a timber leg, which had been lent him, seeing he had fought so stoutly in former days for his native country, as the recompense of his valour, with the privilege of begging where he pleased; and who now, in the capacity of physiognomist, pursued the study of man upon the Weser-bridge, with such success, that he very seldom failed in his attempts for charity. Nor did his exploratory glance in anywise mislead him in the present instance; for Franz, in the joy of his heart, threw a white engelgroschen into the cripple's hat.

During the morning hours, when none but the laborious artisan is busy, and the more exalted townsman still lies in sluggish rest, he scarcely looked for his promised friend; he expected him in the higher classes, and took little notice of the present passengers. About the council-hour, however, when the proceres of Bremen were driving past to the hall, in their gorgeous robes of office, and about exchange time, he was all eye and ear; he spied the passengers from afar, and when a right man came along the bridge his blood began to flutter, and he thought here was the creator of his fortune. Meanwhile hour after hour passed on; the sun rose high; ere long the noontide brought a pause in business; the rushing crowd faded away, and still the expected friend appeared not. Franz now walked up and down the bridge quite alone; had no society in view but the beggars, who were serving out their cold collations without moving from the place. He made no scruple to do the same; and, not being furnished with provisions, he purchased some fruit, and took his dinner *inter ambulandum*.

The whole club that was dining on the Weser-bridge had remarked the young man watching here from early morning till noon, without addressing any one, or doing any sort of business. They held him to be a lounger; and though all of them had tasted his bounty, he did not escape their critical remarks. In jest they had named him the bridge-bailiff. The physiognomist with the timber-toe, however, noticed that his countenance was not now so gay as in the morning; he appeared to be reflecting earnestly on something; he had drawn his hat close over his face; his movement was slow and thoughtful; he had nibbled at an apple-rind for some time, without seeming to be conscious that he was doing so. From this appearance of affairs the man-spier thought he might extract some profit; therefore he put his wooden and his living leg in motion, and stilted off to the other end of the bridge, and lay in wait for the thinker, that he might assail him, under the appearance of a new arrival, for a fresh alms. This invention prospered to the full: the musing philosopher gave no heed to the mendicant, put his hand into his pocket mechanically, and threw a six-groat piece into the fellow's hat, to be rid of him.

In the afternoon a thousand new faces once more came abroad. The watcher was now tired of his unknown friend's delaying, yet hope still kept his attention on the stretch. He stepped into the view of every passenger, hoped that one of them would clasp him in his arms; but all proceeded coldly on their way, the most did not observe him at all, and few returned his salute with a slight nod. The sun was already verging to decline, the shadows were becoming longer, the crowd upon the bridge diminished; and the beggar-piquet by degrees drew back into their barracks in the Mattenburg. A deep sadness sank upon the hopeless Franz when he saw his expectation mocked, and the lordly prospect which had lain before him in the morning vanish from his eyes at evening. He fell into a sort of sulky desperation; was on the point of springing over the parapet, and dashing himself down from the bridge into the river. But the thought of Meta kept him back, and induced him to postpone his purpose till he had seen her yet once more. He resolved to watch next day when she should go to church, for the last time to drink delight from her looks, and then forthwith to still his warm love for ever in the cold stream of the Weser.

While about to leave the bridge he was met by the invalided pikeman with the wooden leg, who, for pastime, had been making many speculations as to what could be the young man's object, that had made him watch upon the bridge from dawn to darkness. He himself had lingered beyond his usual time, that he might wait him out; but as the matter hung too long upon the pegs, curiosity incited him to turn to the youth himself, and question him respecting it.

"No offence, young gentleman," said he, "allow me to ask you a question."

Franz, who was not in a very talking humour, and was now meeting, from the mouth of a cripple, the address which he had looked for with such longing from a friend, answered rather testily, "Well, then, what is it? Speak, old graybeard!"

"We two," said the other, "were the first upon the bridge to-day, and now, you see, we are the last. As to me and others of my kidney, it is our vocation brings us hither, our trade of alms-gathering; but for you, in sooth you are not of our guild; yet you have watched here the whole blessed day. Now I pray you, tell me, if it is not a secret, what it is that brings you hither, or what stone is lying on your heart that you wished to roll away."

"What good were it to thee, old blade," said Franz bitterly, "to know where the shoe pinches me, or what concern is lying on my heart? It will give thee small care."

"Sir, I have a kind wish towards you, because you opened your hand to me, and twice gave me alms, for which God reward you: but

your countenance at night was not so cheerful as in the morning, and that grieves my heart."

The kindly sympathy of this old warrior pleased the misanthrope, so that he willingly pursued the conversation.

"Why, then," answered he, "if thou wouldst know what has made me battle here all day with tedium, thou must understand that I was waiting for a friend, who appointed me hither, and now leaves me to expect in vain."

"Under favour," answered Timbertoe, "if I might speak my mind, this friend of yours, be he who he like, is little better than a rogue, to lead you such a dance. If he treated *me* so, by my faith, his crown should get acquainted with my crutch next time we met. If he could not keep his word he should have let you know, and not bamboozle you as if you were a child."

"Yet I cannot altogether blame this friend," said Franz, "for being absent; he did not promise; it was but a dream that told me I should meet him here."

The goblin tale was too long for him to tell, so he veiled it under cover of a dream.

"Ah! that is another story," said the beggar; "if you build on dreams it is little wonder that your hope deceives you. I myself have dreamed much foolish stuff in my time, but I was never such a madman as to heed it. Had I all the treasures that have been allotted to me in dreams, I might buy the city of Bremen, were it sold by auction. But I never credited a jot of them, or stirred hand or foot to prove their worth or worthlessness: I knew well it would be lost. Ha! I must really laugh in your face, to think that, on the order of an empty dream, you have squandered a fair day of your life, which you might have spent better at a merry banquet."

"The issue shows that thou art right, old man, and that dreams many times deceive. But," continued Franz, defensively, "I dreamed so vividly and circumstantially, above three months ago, that on this very day, in this very place, I should meet a friend, who would tell me things of the deepest importance, that it was well worth while to come and see if it would come to pass."

"O, as for vividness," said Timbertoe, "no man can dream more vividly than I. There is one dream I had, which I shall never in my life forget. I dreamed, who knows how many years ago, that my guardian angel stood before my bed in the figure of a youth, with golden hair, and two silver wings on his back, and said to me: 'Berthold, listen to the words of my mouth, that none of them be lost from thy heart. There is a treasure appointed thee which thou shalt dig, to comfort thy heart withal for the remaining days of thy life. To-morrow, about evening, when the sun is going down, take spade and shovel on thy shoulder; go forth from the Mattenburg on the right, across the Tieber, by the Balkenbrücke, past the cloister of St. John's, and on to the Great Roland. Then take thy way over the court of the cathedral, through the Schüsselkorb, till thou arrive without the city at a garden, which has this mark, that a stair of three stone steps leads down from the highway to its gate. Wait by a side, in secret, till the sickle of the moon shall shine on thee, then push with the strength of a man against the weak-barred gate, which will resist thee little. Enter boldly into the garden, and turn thee to the vine trellises which overhang the covered walk; behind this, on the left, a tall apple-tree overtops the lowly shrubs. Go to the trunk of this tree, thy face turned right against the moon; look three ells before thee on the ground, thou shalt see two cinnamon-rose bushes; there strike in, and dig three spans deep, till thou find a stone plate; under this lies the treasure, buried in an iron chest, full of money and money's worth. Though the chest be heavy and clumsy, avoid not the labour of lifting it from its bed; it will reward thy trouble well, if thou seek the key which lies hid beneath it.'"

In astonishment at what he heard, Franz stared and gazed upon the dreamer, and could not have concealed his amazement had not the dusk of night been on his side. By every mark in the description he had recognized his own garden, left him by his father. It had been the good man's hobby in his life; but on this account had little pleased his son, according to the rule that son and father seldom sympathize in their favourite pursuit, unless indeed it be a vice, in which case, as the adage runs, the apple often falls at no great distance from the trunk. Father Melchior had himself laid out this garden, altogether to his own taste, in a style as wonderful and varied as that of his great-great-grandson, who has immortalized his paradise by an original description in *Hirschfeldts Garden Calendar*. He had not, it is true, set up in it any painted menagerie for the deception of the eye; but he kept a very large one, notwithstanding, of springing-horses, winged-lions, eagles, griffins, unicorns, and other wondrous beasts, all stamped on pure gold, which he carefully concealed from every eye, and had hid in their iron case beneath the ground. This paternal Tempe the

wasteful son, in the days of his extravagance, had sold for an old song.

To Franz the pikeman had at once become extremely interesting, as he perceived that this was the very friend to whom the goblin in the castle of Rummelsburg had consigned him. Gladly could he have embraced the veteran, and in the first rapture called him friend and father; but he restrained himself, and found it more advisable to keep his thoughts about this piece of news to himself. So he said, "Well, this is what I call a circumstantial dream. But what didst thou do, old master, in the morning, on awakening? Didst thou not follow whither thy guardian angel beckoned thee?"

"Pooh," said the dreamer, "why should I toil, and have my labour for my pains? It was nothing, after all, but a mere dream. If my guardian angel had a fancy for appearing to me, I have had enow of sleepless nights in my time, when he might have found me waking. But he takes little charge of me, I think, else I should not, to his shame, be going hitching here on a wooden leg."

Franz took out the last piece of silver he had on him: "There," said he, "old father, take this other gift from me, to get thee a pint of wine for evening-cup; thy talk has scared away my ill-humour. Neglect not diligently to frequent this bridge; we shall see each other here, I hope, again."

The lame old man had not gathered so rich a stock of alms for many a day as he was now possessed of; he blessed his benefactor for his kindness, hopped away into a drinking-shop to do himself a good turn; while Franz, enlivened with new hope, hastened off to his lodging in the alley.

Next day he got in readiness everything that is required for treasure-digging. The uneessential equipments, conjurations, magic formulas, magic-girdles, hieroglyphic characters, and such like, were entirely wanting; but these are not indispensable, provided there be no failure in the three main requisites—shovel, spade, and, before all, a treasure underground. The necessary implements he carried to the place a little before sunset, and hid them for the meanwhile in a hedge; and as to the treasure itself, he had the firm conviction that the goblin in the castle and the friend on the bridge would prove no liars to him. With longing impatience he expected the rising of the moon, and no sooner did she stretch her silver horns over the bushes than he briskly set to work, observing exactly everything the invalid had taught him; and happily accomplished the raising of the treasure without meeting any adventure in the process, without any black dog having frightened him, or any bluish flame having lighted him to the spot.

Father Melchior, in providently burying this penny for a rainy day, had nowise meant that his son should be deprived of so considerable a part of his inheritance. The mistake lay in this, that death had escorted the testator out of the world in another way than said testator had expected. He had been completely convinced that he should take his journey, old and full of days, after regulating his temporal concerns with all the formalities of an ordinary sick-bed; for so it had been prophesied to him in his youth. In consequence he purposed, when, according to the usage of the church, extreme unction should have been dispensed to him, to call his beloved son to his bed-side, having previously dismissed all by-standers, there to give him the paternal blessing, and by way of farewell memorial direct him to this treasure buried in the garden. All this, too, would have happened in just order, if the light of the good old man had departed like that of a wick whose oil is done; but as death had privily snuffed him out at a feast, he undesignedly took along with him his mammon secret to the grave; and almost as many fortunate concurrences were required before the secreted patrimony could arrive at the proper heir, as if it had been forwarded to its address by the hand of Justice itself.

With immeasurable joy the treasure-digger took possession of the shapeless Spanish pieces, which, with a vast multitude of other finer coins, the iron chest had faithfully preserved. When the first intoxication of delight had in some degree evaporated, he bethought him how the treasure was to be transported, safe and unobserved, into the narrow alley. The burden was too heavy to be carried without help: thus, with the possession of riches, all the cares attendant on them were awakened. The new Crœsus found no better plan than to intrust his capital to the hollow trunk of a tree that stood behind the garden, in a meadow; the empty chest he again buried under the rose-bush, and smoothed the place as well as possible. In the space of three days the treasure had been faithfully transmitted by instalments from the hollow tree into the narrow alley; and now the owner of it thought he might with honour lay aside his strict incognito. He dressed himself with the finest; had his prayer displaced from the church, and required, instead of it, "A Christian thanksgiving for a traveller, on returning to his native town, after happily

arranging his affairs." He hid himself in a corner of the church, where he could observe the fair Meta, without himself being seen; he turned not his eye from the maiden, and drank from her looks the actual rapture which in foretaste had restrained him from the break-neck somerset on the bridge of the Weser. When the thanksgiving came in hand, a glad sympathy shone forth from all her features, and the cheeks of the virgin glowed with joy. The customary greeting on the way homewards was so full of emphasis, that even to the third party who had noticed them it would have been intelligible.

Franz now appeared once more on the exchange; began a branch of trade which in a few weeks extended to the great scale; and as his wealth became daily more apparent, Neighbour Grudge, the scandal-chewer, was obliged to conclude, that in the cashing of his old debts he must have had more luck than sense. He hired a large house, fronting the Roland, in the market-place; engaged clerks and warehousemen, and carried on his trade unwearied-ly. Now the sorrowful populace of parasites again diligently handled the knocker of his door, appeared in crowds, and suffocated him with assurances of friendship and joy-wishings on his fresh prosperity; imagined they should once more catch him in their robber claws. But experience had taught him wisdom; he paid them in their own coin, feasted their false friendship on smooth words, and dismissed them with fasting stomachs; which sovereign means for scaring off the cumbersome brood of pickthanks and toad-eaters produced the intended effect, that they betook themselves elsewhither.

In Bremen, the remounting Melcherson had become the story of the day; the fortune which in some inexplicable manner he had realized, as was supposed, in foreign parts, was the subject-matter of all conversations at formal dinners, in the courts of justice, and at the exchange. But in proportion as the fame of his fortune and affluence increased, the contentedness and peace of mind of the fair Meta diminished. The friend *in petto* was now, in her opinion, well qualified to speak a plain word. Yet still his love continued dumb, and except the greeting on the way from church, he gave no tidings of himself. Even this sort of visit was becoming rarer; and such aspects were the sign not of warm, but of cold weather in the atmosphere of love. Jealousy, the baleful harpy, fluttered round her little room by night, and when sleep was closing her blue eyes, croaked many a dolorous presage into the ear of the re-awakened Meta. "Forego the flattering hope of binding an inconstant heart, which, like a feather, is the sport of every wind. He loved thee, and was faithful to thee, while his lot was as thy own: like only draws to like. Now a propitious destiny exalts the changeful far above thee. Ah! now he scorns the truest thoughts in mean apparel, now that pomp, and wealth, and splendour dazzle him once more; and courts, who knows what haughty fair one that disdained him when he lay among the pots, and now with siren call allures him back to her. Perhaps her cozening voice has turned him from thee, speaking with false words: 'For thee, God's garden blossoms in thy native town: friend, thou hast now thy choice of all our maidens; choose with prudence, not by the eye alone. Of girls are many, and of fathers many, who in secret lie in wait for thee; none will withhold his darling daughter. Take happiness and honour with the fairest, likewise birth and fortune. The councillor dignity awaits thee, where vote of friends is potent in the city.'"

These suggestions of Jealousy disturbed and tormented her heart without ceasing: she reviewed her fair contemporaries in Bremen, estimated the ratio of so many splendid matches to herself and her circumstances, and the result was far from favourable. The first tidings of her lover's change of situation had in secret charmed her, not in the selfish view of becoming participatress in a large fortune; but for her mother's sake, who had abdicated all hopes of earthly happiness ever since the marriage project with neighbour Hop-King had made shipwreck. But now poor Meta wished that Heaven had not heard the prayer of the church, or granted to the traveller any such abundance of success, but rather kept him by the bread and salt which he would willingly have shared with her.

The fair half of the species are by no means calculated to conceal an inward care. Mother Brigitta soon observed the trouble of her daughter, and, without the use of any great penetration, likewise guessed its cause. The talk about the re-ascending star of her former flax-negotiator, who was now celebrated as the pattern of an orderly, judicious, active tradesman, had not escaped her, any more than the feeling of the good Meta towards him; and it was her opinion that if he loved in earnest, it was needless to hang off so long, without explaining what he meant. Yet out of tenderness to her daughter, she let no hint of this discovery escape her, till at length poor Meta's heart became so full, that of her own accord

she made her mother the confidant of her sorrow, and disclosed to her its true origin. The shrewd old lady learned little more by this disclosure than she knew already. But it afforded opportunity to mother and daughter for a full, fair, and free discussion of this delicate affair. Brigitta made her no reproaches on the subject; she believed that what was done could not be undone, and directed all her eloquence to strengthen and encourage the dejected Meta to bear the failure of her hopes with a steadfast mind.

With this view she spelled out to her the extremely reasonable moral, *a, b, ab;* discoursing thus: "My child, thou hast already said *a*, thou must now say *b* too; thou hast scorned thy fortune when it sought thee, now thou must submit when it will meet thee no longer. Experience has taught me that the most confident hope is the first to deceive us. Therefore, follow my example; abandon the fair cozener utterly, and thy peace of mind will no longer be disturbed by her. Count not on any improvement of thy fate, and thou wilt grow contented with thy present situation. Honour the spinning-wheel, which supports thee; what are fortune and riches to thee when thou canst do without them?"

Close on this stout oration followed a loud humming symphony of snap-reel and spinning-wheel, to make up for the time lost in speaking. Mother Brigitta was in truth philosophizing from the heart. After her scheme for the restoration of her former affluence had gone to ruin, she had so simplified the plan of her life that Fate could not perplex it any more. But Meta was still far from this philosophical centre of indifference; and hence this doctrine, consolation, and encouragement affected her quite otherwise than had been intended: the conscientious daughter now looked upon herself as the destroyer of her mother's fair hopes, and suffered from her own mind a thousand reproaches for this fault. Though she had never adopted the maternal scheme of marriage, and had reckoned only upon bread and salt in her future wedlock, yet on hearing of her lover's riches and spreading commerce, her diet-project had directly mounted to six plates; and it delighted her to think, that by her choice she should still realize her good mother's wish, and see her once more planted in her previous abundance.

This fair dream now vanished by degrees, as Franz continued silent. To make matters worse, there spread a rumour over all the city that he was furnishing his house in the most splendid fashion for his marriage with a rich Antwerp lady, who was already on her way to Bremen. This Job's-news drove the lovely maiden from her last defence; she passed on the apostate sentence of banishment from her heart, and vowed from that hour never more to think of him; and as she did so, wetted the twining thread with her tears.

In a heavy hour she was breaking this vow, and thinking, against her will, of the faithless lover; for she had just spun off a rock of flax, and there was an old rhyme which had been taught her by her mother for encouragement to diligence:

> Spin, daughterkin, spin,
> Thy sweetheart's within!"

which she always recollected when her rock was done; and along with it the memory of the deceitful necessarily occurred to her. In this heavy hour a finger rapped with a most dainty patter at the door. Mother Brigitta looked forth: the sweetheart was without. And who could it be? Who else but neighbour Franz from the alley? He had decked himself with a gallant wooing-suit, and his well-dressed, thick brown locks shook forth perfume. This stately decoration boded, at all events, something else than flax-dealing. Mother Brigitta started in alarm; she tried to speak, but words failed her. Meta rose in trepidation from her seat, blushed like a purple rose, and was silent. Franz, however, had the power of utterance; to the soft *adagio* which he had in former days trilled forth to her, he now appended a suitable text, and explained his dumb love in clear words. Thereupon he made solemn application for her to the mother: justifying his proposal by the statement that the preparations in his house had been meant for the reception of a bride, and that this bride was the charming Meta.

Franz provided comfortably for old Timbertoe, lived happily with his wife, and found Brigitta the most tolerable mother-in-law that has ever been discovered.

WEEP NO MORE.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

BY LORD BYRON.

[Torquato Tasso, born at Sorrento, 1544; died at Rome, 25th April, 1595. The author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, and one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets, was long confined, by order of the Duke Alfonso, in a part of the monastery of St. Anne, designed for lunatics. A traditionary story attributes this step to some extravagancy on the part of the poet, evincing an attachment to the Princess Leonora, the duke's sister, in whose praise he had written some impassioned verses.[1] The confinement is said to have aggravated a constitutional disposition to madness. "At Ferrara," says Lord Byron, in his advertisement to the following poem, "are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Jerusalem* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the inkstand and chair, the tomb and the house of the latter. But as misfortune has a greater interest with posterity, and little or none for the contemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anne attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto.]

I.

Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle spirit of a child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd
Stands scoffing through the never-opened gate,
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day,
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,
For he has strengthened me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employed my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight,
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they called me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my frenzy was not of the mind:
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away;
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling, save the one, decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these and with their victims am I class'd,
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years have pass'd;
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life may close:
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

[1] Tasso's biographer, the Abate Serassi, has ascertained beyond doubt that the first cause of the poet's imprisonment was his desire to be occasionally or altogether free from servitude at the court of Alfonso. The suspicion of this desire, aggravated by a visit which Tasso made to Rome in 1575, caused the duke to refuse him admission to the court; and none of the many promises which had been given to him were fulfilled. Exasperated by this treatment, Tasso publicly uttered the wildest invectives against the duke and all the house of Este. He was thereupon consigned to prison. The silence of the Princess Leonora is attributed to her fear of the consequences to herself and her lover of any discovery of their passion. Tasso was released in 1586, and died in 1595. Byron wrote *The Lament* in 1817, after a day's visit to Ferrara.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor even men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between Distraction and Disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success?
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
Thou pitiest not - but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquench'd is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gathered lightning in its cloud,
Encompass'd with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward:
And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,
Worshipped at holy distance, and around
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One above!
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius master'd mine—
My star stood still before thee:—if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for *thee*.
The very love which lock'd me to my chain
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to thee with undivided breast,
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,
But undefined and wandering, till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee;
And then I lost my being, all to be
Absorbed in thine; the world was past away;
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant;—had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave.
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine is here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky;
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

TASSO AND LEONORA.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison-shine,
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
But Spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me,—in the dearth
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved?
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal, and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd
My brain against these bars, as the sun flash'd
In mockery through them;—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words,'—tis that I would not die,
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearthless halls,
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,—
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,—
Adores thee still; and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this—shall be a consecrated spot!
But *Thou*—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.

No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

THE GARDENS OF ARMIDA.[1]

BY TORQUATO TASSO.

Still lakes of silver, streams that murm'ring crept,
Hills, on whose sloping brows the sunbeams slept,
Luxuriant trees, that various forms display'd,
And valleys, grateful with refreshing shade,
Herbs, flow'rets gay with many a gaudy dye,
And woods, and arching grottoes met their eye.
What more than all enhanc'd those beauties rare,
Though art was all in all, no signs of art were there:
Seem'd as if nature reign'd in every part,
Such easy negligence was mixed with art;
Nature herself, in frolic, might appear
To imitate her imitator here.
'Twas magic's spell call'd forth the genial breeze,
That fill'd with pregnant life the bursting trees;
Eternal bloom they yield, eternal fruit,
The fruitage rip'ning while the blossoms shoot.
The self-same tree on one o'erloaded twig
Bears the full-ripen'd and the nascent fig;
The apple hanging on one bow is seen
In ev'ry shade of golden and of green.
Where most the genial sun the garden cheer'd
Creeping aloft, the luscious vine appear'd;
Here clusters crude, there yellower grapes it bore,
Or ruby-red, and rich with nectar'd store.
Unnumber'd birds, the leafy boughs among,
Trill'd the wild music of their wanton song.
Murmur'd the undulating air around;
The rills, the leafy grots return'd the sound,
As loud or low the quiv'ring zephyrs rung:
When ceas'd the birds, an echo deep they flung,
But when the feather'd choir restored their lay,
The echo, gently whisp'ring, died away:
Or chance the concert made, or art design'd,
Each swelling song the music-breathing wind
Alternate answer'd, and alternate join'd.
Amid the rest one beauteous warbler flew
With purple bill, and plumes of various hue,
His pliant voice assum'd the human tone,
Each note, the shrill, the soft, the deep, his own.
With wond'rous skill, mellifluous, loud, and long,
Surpassing all belief, he pour'd his song.
Their meaner strains his list'ning fellows clos'd;
The whisp'ring winds grew silent, and repos'd:
"'Behold how, bursting from its covert, blows
With virgin blushes deck'd, the modest rose;

[1] From the *Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by the Rev. J. H. Hunt. "We do not know that these lines ever appeared in so graceful an English dress before."—*Quarterly Review*.

With half her beauties hid, and half reveal'd
More lovely still she seems, the more conceal'd.
Grown bolder soon, her bosom she displays
All naked to the winds; then soon decays,
And seems the same enchanting flow'r no more,
Which youths and virgins fair admir'd before.
Thus transient and ephem'ral fades away
The flow'r, the verdure, of man's short-lived day;
And though the year bring back the vernal hour,
No more his verdure blooms, no more his flow'r.
Cull we the rose, while laughs the auspicious morn
Of that bright day, which must no more return:
Cull we the rose; love's transports let us prove,
While love may answer and reward our love.'
He cess'd; with one accord the feather'd throng
Join'd in applausive chorus to his song,
The playful doves renew'd their am'rous kiss;
Each living thing was melted into bliss.
Seem'd as th' unbending oak, the laurel chaste,
And ev'ry tree amid that flow'ry waste,
Seem'd as the earth, the waves, imbib'd the charm,
And lifeless Nature's self with love grew warm."

A POET'S ROMANCE.

[**James Sheridan Knowles**, born at Cork, Ireland, 1784; died 1st December, 1862. Actor, lecturer, dramatist, novelist, and Baptist minister. It is as a dramatist his fame will live longest. He wrote upwards of twenty plays, of which the best known are:—*Virginius* (see *Casquet*, vol. ii. p. 253); *William Tell*; *The Hunchback*; *The Love Chase*; *The Wife*, a tale of Mantua; and *Love*. His novels are: *Fortescue*; *George Lovell*; *The Rock of Rome*; and *The Idol Demolished by its own Priest*. He contributed largely to the annuals and other periodicals. "His strength lies in home-bred affections," wrote Allan Cunningham; "his *Virginius*, his *Beggar's Daughter*, and his *Wife of Mantua*, all bear evidence of this, and contain scenes of perfect truth and reality, such as no modern dramatist surpasses. He touches the heart and is safe." The following little romance has been evidently suggested by incidents in the life of the poet Tasso.]

Bright was the saloon of the ducal palace. It had been a fete-day. At the head of the apartment sat its princely master; around it were distributed in groups the shining company; the buzz of satisfaction filled it. A Frenchman and one of the courtiers held each other in converse. Surprise was painted upon the countenance of the former.

"The fairest woman in Padua," he exclaimed, "without a lover!—I mean an accepted one, for all Italy rings with the praises of the lovely Victoria—'Tis very strange! Has she not a heart?"

"If she has, signor, it is yet to be found; nor is the search an easy one—at least if we take into account the many accomplished cavaliers who have failed in it."

"She seems a very scornful lady."

"She is so."

"And yet," resumed the other, "her form and countenance are the very mould of sweetness!"

"You read her to admiration, signor," replied the courtier. "Till the age of sixteen she was the soul of frankness and simple bearing; then, however, a mood came on, the fruit of which you see. Upon that face, which used to be nothing but sun, the cloud which then settled has remained for the last three years without moving. Observe the cavalier who approaches her with a basket of fruit. He is the son of the Duke of Milan, and a candidate for the honour of her hand. Mark, I pray you, how she will receive him:—there are wages for a prince to play the lacquey for!"

"Wages, indeed! Methinks the haughty bow with which she declines his attentions should be sufficient to extinguish his love."

"Nay, signor," resumed the courtier, "frost, you know, makes the fire burn brighter."

"And yet, if, after all," exclaimed the other, as if a thought had suddenly struck him—"if, after all, that very suitor should be the object of her choice! I have met with as strange a thing. He hath a truly princely presence!"

"And a princely heart and mind, signor! with endowments of a corresponding quality. He is every way her match, saving that the lady is not more haughty than the gentleman is affable. The youth who approaches her now is the bearer, I suspect, of a message to her from the duke, with whom I remarked him a moment ago conversing. Observe how she will receive him—as I expected, she neither lifts her eyes nor gives any other notice of recognition. Ha! she rises and approaches her harp; the duke has doubtless desired her to sing. Now shall you hear music, signor! If she freezes you with her looks she will melt you with her voice."

A prelude arose from the harp, such as one would imagine a seraph in adoration to awaken. The strain which that prelude introduced was accompanied by the lady in the following verses:—

"She lived a nun!—no convent wall
Entomb'd her; she was *woman*—all
That man in woman seeks!—not one
More fond; and yet she lived a nun!

"She lived a nun for love! Her soul
Had met a kindred one—her whole
Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given
To him who own'd that soul—and Heaven.

"And was the maid beloved again?
She was!—alas! beloved in vain.
Unblessed, he died; unwed, though won,
The maid for love who lived a nun!"

"Lorenzo," cried the duke, when the strain was over, "I like your verses the better the oftener I hear them. I requested you yesterday evening, when the countess tried them first, to transcribe for me the legend which suggested them. Have you done so?"

"I have, so please you, my liege," replied the young man, presenting a paper.

"Read it for us," said the duke.

The young poet obeyed. His story was one of unfortunate love, the hero being vowed to the altar before he discovered his passion for the heroine. When he had first awakened to a consciousness of his attachment, Theodore had struggled against it; but being alone with her one day, love conquered: he told Amelia all that he had suffered, and how he lived only in her. He learned, then, that her heart was devoted to him. But he was a priest; his vows were irrevocable—their union was impossible. They bowed to their fate with sad but true hearts. He tried honestly to fulfil the duties to which he had pledged himself; she resolved to be faithful to him, took the veil, and to her last hour cherished the hope of union hereafter with her first love.

The duke applauded the legend, and directed Lorenzo to present it to the countess. She took it without the slightest acknowledgment, and handed it to one of her ladies who stood near her.

"Hard treatment for the poor poet," remarked the Frenchman.

"Yes; she treats him the worst of all. It is not pride, but absolute aversion with which she appears to regard him. His humble fortunes—for though he is distantly related to the duke, he is merely a dependent—seem to convert his merits into offences, as things he has no right to. Praise him to her, and you will learn to estimate the value of a gracious look."

"A most ungenerous and contradictory nature," exclaimed the Frenchman; "yet the poor poet is in love—and the object of his passion is the haughty countess! I never saw adoration if I do not see it now. Her frowns—her spurnings are lost upon him. He sees nothing but her charms!"

On the following morning Lorenzo was summoned to a private interview with the duke.

On this occasion the duke seemed to partake more of his niece's spirit than he was wont to do. There was a frigid distance in his manner of addressing the young man.

"Lorenzo," said the duke, "which of my niece's ladies could you fancy for a wife?"

"My liege!" ejaculated Lorenzo, gazing upon the duke with a countenance in which astonishment and incredulity were blended. The duke repeated his question.

"None of them, my lord," replied Lorenzo. "I shall never marry."

"You shall marry to-night," coolly rejoined the duke. "Lorenzo," continued he, "I have reasons for wishing you to take a wife—reasons which justify me in enforcing obedience to my wish. The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré, I know, admires you. Her father, with whom I had a conversation last night, approves of you—the match is agreeable to me. It is necessary for purposes of state, with the nature of which I may probably make you acquainted hereafter. Be acquiescence your only reply; I shall take no other—listen to no other. Give me that, and you shall bind me to the making of your fortune; refuse it, and thank yourself for the consequences. You are not a stranger to the extent of my power—you have *witnessed* what it is to feel the weight of my resentment. Beware that you do not experience it in your own person—reply not now." The duke guessed what Lorenzo was going to say—it was written on the young man's face. "Reply not now; but, mark me. I shall give orders for the nuptials to take place at nine to-night; for a quarter of an hour I shall wait in the library the result of your deliberations; at the expiration of that time, your presence or your absence be your answer."

The duke strode from the closet, leaving Lorenzo motionless and speechless. It was several minutes before the astounded poet recovered himself.

"Marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré!" he exclaimed aloud. "Never!" he added, turning to leave the apartment: the countess was standing at the door—What a moment to encounter the haughty glance and stately carriage of the scornful lady! It was true the poet loved her;—for many a year had he cherished his passion in secret; against the hope—against the probability of its being blessed—not always though. She had been kind to him when she used to be courteous to all; but once being accidentally alone with him—when his overfraught heart was throbbing full and quick—bursting as it were for vent—in an unguarded moment—without premeditation—almost without being conscious of what he did, he had snatched her to his

breast, and profaned with a kiss the lips which, until then, had been strangers to salutation so forward and so warm. Meeting with no resistance, the idea flashed across his mind that he did not love alone or unrepaid. He drew back, to gaze upon, and read the lovely face which had just been so close to his own, and to declare his passion. That face was white with terror—he felt that the frame which his arms encircled was trembling; in a moment he was at her feet. "Pardon me," he exclaimed; when a sudden change in the expression of her countenance paralyzed him, and prevented him from proceeding. Terror was displaced by disdain—the withering spirit of pride and scorn was seated on her brow, and never after, when the poet dared to lift his eye to that unrivalled throne, did he behold it filled by other occupant.

The countess slowly advanced into the apartment, her eye fixed coldly yet piercingly upon Lorenzo, who, bowing as he passed her, proceeded towards the door.

"Stop, signor," haughtily commanded the lady—Lorenzo turned. "Heard I you rightly?" she continued. "Said you just now that you would never marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré?"

"Yes."

"Yes!" echoed the countess; "and pray, signor, when was your union with that lady first contemplated?"

"This very hour—almost this very minute!" was his reply.

"And by whom?" interrogated the lady.

"By the duke."

"By the duke?" re-echoed the countess, drawing her fair figure up till it towered again. "The daughter of the Chevalier de Barré is mightily the debtor of the duke."

A chair stood near her, that which the duke had just quitted—she took it, and sat, inclining slightly backwards; her fair arms covered, yet not hidden, but revealed by sleeves of the filmiest gauze—enfolding one another; her eyes fixed upon vacancy; her countenance overcast with thought; save that now and then it was lighted up with a flash of scorn, that shot across it like voiceless lightning playing in a sky of silvery twilight.

"And so you would decline the honour of such an alliance!" remarked she, at last, contemptuously."

"I have done so."

"And the duke——" she stopped short.

"Persists," said the poet; "and has appointed to-night for our nuptials."

"He is in haste to do you honour," said the lady, and paused again. "Be you in haste," she resumed; "make up your mind to abide by wiser counsels; you must—you will. The lady is fair—accomplished—a mate for higher state and fortune. Be wise and marry her."

"Never!" emphatically ejaculated Lorenzo. The countess smiled ineffable contempt.

The poet gazed upon her. The contrast between the glow of his heart and the coldness of hers was too much for him. It unmanned him—the tears started into his eyes, and at length began to trickle down his cheeks—he stood silent. The countess raised her eyes to his face, and dropped them again, as if for the first time a touch of compassion had moved her. At this moment an attendant entered, and presented a letter to Lorenzo.

"Withdraw," said the countess, "till he reads it."

Lorenzo read the letter. The duke's escritoire stood open upon the table—without pausing a moment, he sat down, wrote the answer, and rose to summon the attendant.

"Stop," said the countess; "show me the duke's letter." Lorenzo obeyed. She read it. Therein the duke repeated his wishes, demanded instant compliance with them, and in case of disobedience, threatened the offender with the loss of liberty. The countess re-folded the letter, returned it, and went out of the apartment.

"I knew it," she cried, on entering the closet again, after the lapse of about a minute; "there are those without who are ready and able to put my uncle's threat into execution. Your answer, signor," added she.

Lorenzo handed it to the countess—one word was all that it contained—"Never"—yet seemed it as if the countess could not interpret the poet's reply. She looked alternately at the letter and its writer.

"You are much too bold," she at length exclaimed, resuming her seat.

"I am!—I am!" responded Lorenzo, throwing himself before her on his knee. The countess made an effort, as if she was about to rise, but he was desperate. He caught her by the hand and forcibly detained her—declared his passion—detailed his struggles with it—his hopelessness of overcoming it—his readiness to encounter imprisonment, slavery, death rather than do violence to it, by espousing another—acknowledged his utter unworthiness of meeting a return, although if love alone were the coin that ought to purchase love, man could not pay down the sum for hers that he could! Yet her compassion he might presume to challenge: surely it was hard that she should

deny it where most it was needed. Vehemently he pleaded for that—his eye—his cheek lit up with the passion which prompted him—his voice thrilling with it—his tears avouching all he uttered. He concluded, still retaining his humble posture. The countess's eyes, which at the commencement of his address had sternly encountered his, were now cast down. The hand which, at first, had struggled to release itself from his grasp, now lay unresistingly within it. It seemed as if the spirit of sweet ruth had returned to its proper biding-place—the soft and heaving bosom whence it had been so long excluded! A tear—a tear, the poet thought, stood trembling on the verge of the rich lid that veiled her eye, and was upon the point of falling! Could he believe it?—Yes. It trickled down her cheek!

"You pity me!" he cried. "You pity me! —I ask no other boon!—I make no merit of forbearance!—I know 'twere vain to look for any other! Welcome then the dungeons of the chateau!—welcome the bench of the galley! To the one or the other I know the duke can doom me. No matter to which!"

The answer to the duke's letter had fallen from the countess's hand. He picked it up, rose from his knee, and approached the door.

"Signor," said the countess.

He stopped and turned round—again his stern mistress stood before him. Not a vestige of her late relenting could he trace—save that it seemed as if scorn could not at once usurp the seat which pity had so recently occupied. She bent her eyes upon him, with an expression as if she had formed some fixed purpose, and was upon the point of executing it.

"Give me a proof that you love me," said the lady.

"Name it!" exclaimed the poet.

"Swear," said the countess, "by that love, that you will perform what I am about to ask."

"I swear it!" said Lorenzo, sinking upon his knee, and stretching his hand appealingly towards heaven.

"Write to the duke that you consent to marry the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré," said the countess.

Conceive how the poet looked as he dropped the witness-invoking hand, and stared in astonishment and stupor upon the collected countenance of her who had doomed him! It was too much for the inexorable lady herself to encounter; she dropped her eyes, and in silence awaited his answer. He uttered none—save what might be construed from a sigh—deep—long-drawn—and convulsive. Slowly he arose —approached the escritoire—wrote the consent —and left the room, half closing the door after him. Scarcely had he proceeded a pace or two when he thought he heard a sob. He stopped, turned, and without knowing wherefore, re-entered the apartment, but only in time to catch a glimpse of the fair figure of the countess vanishing through a portal that opened into another room. He looked for the paper upon which he had just been writing. It lay no longer on the escritoire.

"She has made all sure!" exclaimed the poet to himself, retracing his steps.

Descending the staircase, on the first landing he encountered the attendant who had brought the duke's letter. He was in company with several of his fellows, and informed the poet that it was their instructions to conduct him forthwith to their master. Lorenzo accompanied them to the library, where it was the duke's custom to pass the first two hours of the forenoon. He was now there—Lorenzo's consent was in his hand. The countess had lost no time: "Hate does its work as quick as love!" thought the poet to himself.

"'Tis well," said the duke; "your nuptials then take place at nine to-night. Prepare for them. I know your sense of honour," continued he courteously, "and I implicitly confide in it. You are at liberty. Nor foot nor eye shall track your movements. Remember at nine to-night! You care for your word!"

"More than I do for my life!" emphatically and pointedly rejoined the poet, and retired.

The poet was admired by the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—but he was beloved by another. A sequestered, natural alcove, in a remote and unfrequented part of the domain, was the spot whither it was the custom of the smitten fair one to resort and give vent to the passion which consumed her. Thither she retired that day.

Upon a rude couch, which a hillock presented, lay stretched that day the form of a maid, beauteous as eye ever feasted on!—formed for all the joys of love, yet writhing with all its pangs. Her tears had been flowing till they could flow no longer. Even the sob that succeeds the ecstasy of suffering was subsiding.

The maid started—she heard a footstep. She was on the point of plunging into the thicket to conceal herself, but it was too late.

"I have found you!" exclaimed a soft, sweet voice, and Victoria—not the countess, but her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré—entered the alcove. "I am

come to consult you about my wedding-dress. Brides should be fine, you know, and I always prefer your taste to my own——Why, what in the name of wonder is the matter?" continued she, checking the voluble strain in which she was running on, upon observing that the other stood with her back towards her, without appearing to notice what she said. "Nay, but I *will* know!" cried the frank, kind girl, and catching her by the waist, bent round, and looked up in her face. "Mercy!" she exclaimed, "you have been weeping?"

"Leave me," implored the other; "alas! that you, of all the palace, should have found me here, and thus."

"And wherefore not!" ejaculated Victoria with surprise, "who so fit? Who loves you as well as I do? Who would do so much to save you from suffering—to soothe you—to make you happy?"

"Happy!" echoed the other, laughing hysterically, "I shall never be happy; no one can ever make me happy—and you last of all! Forgive me," continued she; "I know that you love me—I know that you would do aught you could to serve me, but it is beyond your power. Leave me, Victoria; what you have witnessed, I know you will never disclose. Leave me; I am very, very miserable."

"I will not leave you," said Victoria, calmly; "you have a secret trouble, and I will never quit you till you tell me what it is."

"Why should I damp your happiness?" replied the forlorn one. "No! you shall wear nothing but smiles upon your wedding-day. Why should it be otherwise with the bride of the noblest man in Italy?"

"The noblest man in Italy!" reiterated the friend.

"In worth, I mean—genius—soul—honour—not to speak of feature and person; and even in those it would not be an easy thing to find his match in Italy."

Victoria stared upon her friend. Both for a time were silent.

"I know your secret!" at length exclaimed the former.

"You know my secret?"

"Yes; you told it me a month ago with your own lips."

"On what occasion?" inquired the alarmed and astonished maid.

"When we slept together, after the ball."

"I told it you with my own lips?"

"Yes; when you were unconscious of what you did. 'Twas in your sleep. I heard a sobbing which awakened me; it came from you. Your cheek lay close to mine; I found that it was drenched with tears. Your lips were murmuring something—breathless, I listened, and heard the name——"

"Stop!" interrupted the other, with a face and neck of crimson, "breathe it not to the air! You are wrong—you are right! No matter; you will be a bride to-night—to-night you will be married to the man you love."

"I never loved," replied the fair Victoria. "I love not him you speak of. I admire him—I like him, and feel no scruple in complying with the duke's wishes; but never did I think of him as a lover until he was named to me as such; and now, methinks, I should feel happier were he about to become *your* husband. It would be the saving of many a tear to the eye of my friend; for what I only surmised before, I am convinced of now. Come, there is no use in withholding the avowal of it; come, confess you love Lorenzo."

"Generous girl!" replied the mourner; "and so not even to myself would you, till now, reveal what my unconscious lips betrayed to you? Do you want a confirmation of the truth of what you suspected? Then take it—behold it! Would you know your friend? Needs she tell you what has changed her? Would you ask her, were she the bride of Lorenzo, if she would love her lord?"

"Hush! I hear footsteps," whispered Victoria. Both listened in breathless suspense. "They stop—the person has turned; I'll follow, and direct those feet, whosesoe'er they are, into a different track. Compose yourself as quickly as you can. Hie to your chamber; thither will I repair in half an hour from this; there we can discourse without the dread of interruption." Away flew the maid; ere a quarter of an hour had elapsed the mourner followed her.

The duke apprehending, and no wonder, that Lorenzo's repugnance to the match would betray itself, had resolved that the nuptials should be private. His niece he would have permitted to attend; but the haughty lady returned an answer, in which she declined to avail herself of the privilege. The hour of nine drew near. The duke repaired to the chapel. The holy man and his assistant were the only persons whom he found there. Advancing towards the altar, as he passed the ducal pew, he heard a half-suppressed groan. It came from the poet, who was kneeling at the seat where the countess performed her devotions.

"Lorenzo," whispered the duke.

The young man started up, and turned upon him a countenance in which agony was depicted.

"I am here, my liege," replied Lorenzo, solemnly, "I am come to perform my promise."

"'Tis well," said the duke; "you see I have contrived that your nuptials shall be private. Not even the father of your bride shall be present—a matter of imperative moment has called him from Padua. Nor shall I tax you with mirth or feasting; until the hour of rest you shall pass the time with me in my closet, where I shall detail to you the plans which I have already formed for your prosperity: your bride shall keep company with her maidens —But they might have lighted the chapel better," remarked the duke, "though I can see more than I wish to see," added he, looking at Lorenzo, "yet it is but imperfectly that I distinguish your features."

Footsteps were heard—the bride was approaching. She entered, timidly veiled, supported by her bridemaid and another female friend, and slowly approached the altar. The duke instinctively turned his eyes upon Lorenzo, and saw that it was with difficulty he could stand—he was tottering.

"One effort," whispered the duke, "and I am bound to you immeasurably and for ever—my all depends upon you!"

"I shall keep my word," replied the young man in an undertone, but with an accent which left but little doubt as to the cost at which that word must be kept.

"Proceed!" said the duke to his chaplain.

The ceremony commenced—proceeded—was concluded. In murmurs, scarcely audible, the bride delivered the repetitions and responsea. During a ceremony, under the most auspicious circumstances trying to a woman, she received, indeed, but little support from the demeanour of the bridegroom, whose words fell upon the ear

Like voice of augury foreboding woe.

"Come, Lorenzo," said the duke, "attend me to my closet."

"In a moment," replied the young man, and placing in the hand of the bride a paper which he took from his bosom, precipitately retired with his patron.

Two hours did the duke and the poet remain together. Not an argument that his ingenuity could suggest did the former fail to employ, in the hope of reconciling Lorenzo to his destiny. The young man listened in silence. Wealth, preferment, honours were promised him, but nothing could dispel the despondency which had taken entire possession of his soul. At length the clock chimed the first quarter of the midnight hour. The duke arose—rang —the summons was promptly obeyed.

"Conduct Signor Lorenzo to his chamber," said the duke. Lorenzo mechanically followed the attendant.

He entered the anteroom adjoining the bridal chamber. The door was closed after him by the attendant. His bride was there, attired as in the chapel. She had not even removed her veil, which so effectually concealed her countenance, that her thoughts could not be inferred from its workings. As soon as the sound of the attendant's receding footsteps ceased, she arose, and pointing to a paper which lay upon a table that was near her, retired by the door by which the bridegroom had entered. Lorenzo hastily opened the paper —its contents amazed him. Thus they ran:—

"I honour your feelings, little as they flatter her whom the duke did not deem unworthy of your hand. I have obeyed you, and refrained from entering the chamber which I know you regard with abhorrence. I have anticipated you; you mean to fly this night from Padua. At midnight a conveyance will be in readiness, and you shall be accompanied by a person who will not betray you, and who is provided with ample means to meet the exigencies of your flight. At the appointed hour repair to the gate of the palace. You shall find no stop, no difficulty, no disappointment."

"Most generous of women!" exclaimed Lorenzo; "would that I could love you!"

The second chime!—the third!—the fourth! —The hour of midnight struck! he descended. His bride—his slighted bride—had kept her word! Each door that might have arrested his progress yielded to him. He found himself in the open air. He turned to look once more upon the palace—he raised his eyes to the window of the countess. How his heart throbbed at the sight of the fair form that was leaning out of it! though seen but indistinctly, for there was no light except what the stars afforded. He thought she waved an arm to him as if to urge his flight. She did so. Could she be aware of what had taken place? He knelt—he breathed her name—he invoked a blessing upon it. She vanished—he rose and fled.

The palace gate opened to him. A vehicle and four was in waiting; he sprang into it. His promised companion was beside him. In a moment the wheels were in motion, and furious was the rate at which they revolved. Within a mile, however, of the first stage a smart tap was heard at the window. 'Twas opened.

"We are pursued!" whispered a horseman.

"Pursued!" exclaimed a voice that made Lorenzo's heart leap as it would bound out of his bosom.

"Yes; they are gaining upon us. I know them by their lights—you can see them half a mile behind, descending the hill."

"Stop, and let us out!" exclaimed Lorenzo's companion.

The vehicle no sooner stopped than it was empty.

"Now, drive on—you are safe! You know you have the duke's warrant for what you have done." The deserted vehicle proceeded. "Hush! and follow me," continued the same voice, addressing Lorenzo. He obeyed. They dived into a forest that skirted the road. Dark as the night was they threaded rapidly the mazes of the woody labyrinth till failing respiration commanded a pause.

"I must stop, Lorenzo," said his companion.

"The countess!" exclaimed the youth.

"Thy bride!" replied the countess, and sank into his arms, hanging with her own upon his neck.

It had been a contest between love and pride. The first bold act of the poet, when his passion mastered his discretion, discovered to the countess the interest which he had created in her heart; and at the same time presented to her in their full magnitude the impediments to their union, arising from the wide disparity of rank. In a moment she resolved to conquer her attachment; and, as the most effectual means of doing so, she ever after sedulously cultivated the sentiment that was hostile to it. 'Tis strange that the mood which a valued object excites is not unfrequently indulged in towards all besides. Hence the gentle Prince of Milan fared no better than the humble poet. But what she thought to eradicate was daily taking deeper root. She felt it, yet she endeavoured not to believe it. The secret was discovered by the duke, and the cause of the countess's repugnance to matrimony was, at last, apparent. If it were possible to remove that cause, it struck the duke that to affiance Lorenzo to another was the means. The poet's marriage with the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré was consequently resolved upon. The lady was consulted—was indifferent—consented—communicated to the countess the intention of the duke. Now was the time for an effort—she made that effort; collected all her pride, repaired to the closet of the duke, and triumphed; but the fruits of her victory were the repentance and despair which stretched her exhausted and almost lifeless along the hillock where the appointed bride had found her. Her secret, before conjectured, was now confessed; her suffering was apparent; the remedy suggested—urged—adopted. The countess was substituted for her namesake, the daughter of the Chevalier de Barré.

A gloomy, stately man stood leaning against the trunk of a tree. Before him lay two that slept. He gazed upon them, meditating. At a distance a group of attendants was in waiting. A name, uttered unconsciously in accents of melting tenderness, awakened one of the sleepers. An eye, radiant as love's own star, opened. A cheek, a moment before as pale as alabaster, at once grew crimson red!—yet was it not raised from the breast which had served it for its pillow, nor withdrawn from another cheek, the consciousness of whose close neighbourhood had changed its hue.

"It is day!—It is day!" murmured a voice of dulcet tone. "Awake!—Awake! Let us continue our flight!"

The magic sounds were heard and obeyed. The eyes of the slumberer burst with a flash of transport from the spell that bound them—but soon their light began to fade as they started from the face on which they had opened, and stood glaring upon some object of aversion and alarm.

"Merciful Providence! what gaze you at?"

The arms of the speaker were gently disengaged by the object addressed, whom they surrounded; and both simultaneously sprang upon their feet.

"My uncle!" exclaimed the countess; and, clasping Lorenzo again, hid her face in his bosom.

"I will resign her only with my life!" said Lorenzo, as his rapier flew from its scabbard.

"Sheathe your sword, young man," said the duke. "I know you are not to blame, I feel no resentment towards you. The affair is an untoward one; but as it cannot be remedied, we must even make the best of it. I acknowledge you as the husband of my niece. You will have no objection to accompany me to Padua."

The duke motioned to his attendants, who instantly led the way. The party soon regained the road, where two carriages—the duke's own and that in which the lovers fled—were in waiting. The latter found, to their amazement, that instead of penetrating deeper into the forest they had wandered back almost to the place at which they had entered it, and there had reclined to rest themselves, overpowered with fatigue and watching. The duke commanded the door of his own carriage

to be opened, desiring Lorenzo to hand the countess in. Lorenzo obeyed, and then stepped back.

"No," said the duke, "you shall not be separated from your bride; I shall ride in the other carriage." An hour and little more conveyed them to the palace, to which they were admitted by a private entrance.

"Repair to your respective chambers," said the duke; "refresh yourselves, change your attire, and be ready to obey my summons. You shall be presented, as man and wife, to my friends and household."

The duke kept his word. Before his friends and his household he acknowledged Lorenzo as the husband of the countess; and leading the way to the banqueting-room placed the one on his right hand and the other on his left, at the head of the table. The Prince of Milan had quitted the palace.

The evening was a joyous one—dancing, music—all the appliances and means of festivity. At length the bride, attended by her fair namesake, retired.

The day dawned upon eyes which had never closed their lids with watching for one who came not. The morning was far advanced when a knock at the chamber door startled the countess. Hastily she inquired, "Who was there?"

"Your uncle," replied the duke, entering as he spoke. The countess fixed on him a gaze of piercing scrutiny mingled with reproach.

"I see," said he, "you guess the purport of my visit. 'Tis even so—your bridegroom is by this time a hundred miles from Padua."

A groan—and senseless as a corse the bride lay stretched before him.

The duke having summoned the attendants of the countess, and committed her to their charge, descended to the library and threw himself into a chair. There he sat the greater part of an hour, without once changing his position or lifting his eyes from the ground. Deep was his abstraction, and gloomy were his thoughts. What was their tenor may be guessed, when the blood fled from his face, as raising his eyes, upon hearing a slight movement in the chamber, they encountered the form of the bride.

"Where is my husband?" she solemnly inquired.

The duke did not reply, but rose, and drawing a chair towards the one which he had been occupying himself, approached her to conduct her to it—she recoiled from the hand which he presented to her.

"Where is my husband?" she repeated.

"Where your own wishes would have him, were they subject to discretion," was the duke's reply; "where he is satisfied that it is to his interest and yours to remain, until he can demand, with grace, enjoyment of the right which your rashness has unhappily given him."

"Where is he?" she reiterated.

"On his way to the frontier, to join the army of the states—to acquire honours, fast as he chooses to win them—to obtain promotion, rapidly as my interest can command it—in a word, to render himself more worthy of the title of your husband." The duke's eyes here met those of the countess, and steadily returned her questioning gaze. "In a day or two you will hear from him," he continued; "he will then himself attest the truth of what I tell you. The commission which I intended to present him with as the reward of his obedience, I have conferred upon him as a means of obviating, as far as possible, the disgrace of this alliance; with the single stipulation, that he makes no attempt to see you, until his merits, backed by my influence, shall have advanced him to a command."

No comment did the countess pass upon the communication of the duke, except what a sigh might be thought to have uttered. She stood for a time regarding him, her brow slightly knit, a faint, tremulous movement upon her lips; then crossing her arms upon her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, turned from him and withdrew.

For a month the countess obstinately declined all society, save that of her faithful namesake. By her she was made acquainted with the manner in which the duke became aware of her flight, with the confusion which followed the discovery; with the circumstance of the duke's having summoned her fair friend, who, aware of the importance of thoroughly exculpating Lorenzo, declared to the duke that the plot had been exclusively of her own contrivance, and had been put into execution and perfected without the most remote suspicion on Lorenzo's part that the countess was his bride and fellow-traveller. The countess, in her turn, related what had happened from the moment of alighting from the carriage till that of re-entering it. How danger, and consequently caution, were for a time forgotten in the transports that succeeded Lorenzo's discovery of who was indeed his bride—how, at length, they bethought themselves of the necessity of flight—how they wandered till dawn broke in upon them—how fatigue overpowered them—how sleep surprised them—her dismay upon perceiving the duke.

The third week of the second month was approaching its close when a summons from the duke announced the arrival of a letter from Lorenzo. Hastily the countess descended to the saloon. She was astonished to find the Prince of Milan there; and her surprise was increased at learning that he was the bearer of Lorenzo's missive. He respectfully presented it, congratulating her upon the happy tenor of its contents. They were favourable indeed! Lorenzo had already gained a step: another one would bring him within a bound of the bright goal of his wishes. Nor was that all. The prince was charged with another commission, which, with the leave of the duke, he would execute. That leave was granted; and the unclasping of a small case of purple velvet displayed to the countess the breathing likeness of Lorenzo. The countess tremblingly snatched the costly present, half raised it to her lips, but, checking herself, deposited it in her bosom; and presenting her hand to the prince, would have permitted the kiss which he was on the point of imprinting upon it, had not a glance, which she accidentally cast towards the duke, discovered to her a smile of painful, yet indefinable meaning. Hastily she withdrew her hand, and, curtseying to the prince, retired.

Accompanied by her friend, she ascended to her apartment. As soon as she had reached it she took the portrait of Lorenzo from her bosom and gazed upon it, then caught it convulsively to her heart, then kissed it and wept over it; at length she dried her tears, replaced the miniature, and taking her friend's hand, looked steadfastly in her face.

"They would persuade me that it will be fair weather," she exclaimed; "but I know that a storm is gathering. God help me when it bursts! The sky looks clear, but the clouds are not away, but only lurking. The atmosphere is full of thunder; you cannot see it, but I feel it."

"What mean you?" anxiously inquired the other.

"We shall never meet again!" was the countess's reply. "We shall never meet again! His death, and not his exaltation, is what they seek. Unfortunate lover!—unhappy in loving!—more unhappy in being beloved! To possess me thou goest into the battle! There thou wilt win the plume; but it will wave, not in thy helm, but over thy bier! In seeking the good thou covetest, they know thou wilt be reckless of the bane, the chance of meeting which thou must encounter. 'Twill find thee! Thou wilt fall, Lorenzo! thou wilt fall! The bridegroom shall mount a bier—the bride shall be a widow. The Prince of Milan already counts upon the day when he shall invite her to other nuptials! Mark if I am not a true prophet," she said, as the duke entered the chamber.

"I am come," said he, "with further tidings of good fortune, which would have greeted you earlier had you not so abruptly quitted the saloon. The general in command, a friend of mine, has charged himself with the care of your husband's fortunes. An important post in the enemy's lines is to be carried, and the honour of leading the assault will be conferred upon Lorenzo."

The countess, for a moment or two, gazed upon her uncle with a look of piteous deprecation, mingled with reproach. Suddenly the expression of her countenance changed, her brow became darkened, her eye flashed, her lips grew firmly compressed together. She folded her arms, and drawing herself erect,

"It is murder!" she said, in a voice of appalling solemnity. "I call on Heaven to witness—it is murder!" Then throwing herself upon the neck of her friend, she burst into an agony of tears. The duke made no reply, but, scowling, left the apartment.

From that day week, a year did the sun rise and set, but light was a stranger to the mind of the countess. The sixth day from that on which she received her bridegroom's letter and portrait, the tidings of his death in battle were communicated to her. She heard the relation without shedding a tear; as she listened to it her reason became clouded. All that watchfulness and skill could do for her was attempted in vain; when, suddenly as it had deserted her, the native brightness of her mind returned. Her physicians declared that her recovery, should it ever take place, would be permanent. It was so: a tender melancholy, and a passiveness that readily granted compliance with aught that was demanded of her, were the sole remaining traces of her temporary insanity. She denied not her presence at the banquet, the ball, the chase; and the duke saw with satisfaction that she neither declined nor avoided the attentions of the Prince of Milan, who was constantly at her side. "A month or two longer," said he to himself, "and I may venture to propose him to her. My life upon it, she accepts him at last."

Two months passed over—two others were permitted to follow them, before he ventured even remotely to hint at a union with the Prince of Milan. She did not affect to misunderstand him.

"Talk of marriage to a corse," was her reply. "My husband in his shroud is not more the tenant of the grave than I am."

The duke, for that time, desisted from further importunity, but he soon renewed the theme. The attentions, too, of the prince became doubly assiduous, and although he had not yet the courage to trust his tongue with the direct avowal of his wishes, nevertheless he pleaded his passion with his looks. The demeanour of the countess suddenly changed. It was no longer passive. She obstinately kept her chamber, her fair friend, and a spaniel which she learned had been a favourite of Lorenzo's, her sole companions. Solicitations, commands, threats were disregarded. Nothing could draw her from her seclusion. The prince lost hope, the duke patience. From temporizing measures, he determined to have recourse to prompt and desperate ones.

The hour of rest had arrived—the friends were upon the point of separating for the night, when a summons at the door attracted their attention. The countess answered it; a servant presented himself, and a casket and a key were placed in the hands of the countess.

"From the duke," said the bearer, and retired.

The casket was opened. It contained a miniature of the prince, attached to a necklace of noble brilliants, a wedding-ring, and a note, which the countess hastily unfolded.

"The Prince of Milan, or the veil! Your decision to-morrow."

Such were the contents of the paper.

The countess threw herself into a chair, and sat for a considerable time in a state of perfect abstraction. At length she started from her reverie. Then taking a sheet of paper she hastily wrote upon it these two words—"*The Veil;*" and folding it, placed it with the portrait and the ring in the prince's casket.

The week following she entered upon her noviciate in a nunnery contiguous to Rome, of which her aunt, the niece of a cardinal, was the superior. Earnestly did she prepare herself for her dedication to Heaven; but no persuasion could induce her to discard the portrait of Lorenzo. "I am enjoined," was her constant reply, "I am enjoined to wean myself from things of earth. Earth has no property in him whom this resembles, to be united to whom I look towards those blessed realms whither you recommend me to direct my thoughts and wishes. The stronger my hope of that, the more must I be devoted to Heaven."

Towards the expiration of her novitiate her mind attained to that state of holy calm which may be conceived to impart a foretaste of a purely spiritual existence. Her probationary term was at length complete. She saw the dawn of the day upon which she was to take the vow that would place an impassable partition between her and the world, and she smiled upon it.

Attired in her most costly suit, set off with every ornament that the ingenuity of human vanity could invent—blazing with diamonds—she entered the church where her uncle the cardinal officiated. The soul-subduing ceremony began—the vow was propounded to her, she was upon the point of repeating it, when a sudden uproar at the door of the church, attracting the attention of every one, put a stop to the rites. All was surprise and alarm! The uproar increased. "Let him in! let him in!" exclaimed a hundred voices all at once; at the same moment an emaciated figure, wretchedly attired, with the fragment of a chain hanging from one of his arms, rushed wildly up the aisle, and, throwing himself upon the steps of the altar, grasped firmly the feet of the cardinal.

"Save me!" the wretch exclaimed; "I am an innocent man, doomed to die the death of the guilty. I fly to the altar of your God and mine for refuge. I appeal to that God and to you, his appointed servant, to save me from those who are thirsting for my blood, which they have no right to spill."

Here the clamour at the door of the church was renewed with tenfold violence. The crowd was evidently resisting the officers of justice, who, determined upon forcing way, at last obtained an entrance, amidst hootings and execrations; and, headed by their chief, approached their victim, between whom and them the cardinal hastily placed himself, in an attitude that commanded obedience and brought those in pursuit to a stand.

"His crime, signors?" with an air of overawing dignity, demanded the cardinal.

"He is an offender, condemned for life to the galleys, who has thrice attempted his escape, and thereby forfeited his life," replied the chief. "So please you, give him up to us," demanded he, with an air of constrained respect.

"Not yet," said the cardinal. "Retire into the vestry. Wait until the ceremony which you have interrupted shall have been concluded. You have my promise, from this place, that justice shall be done you. I charge myself with the custody of the man, and shall be answerable for his being forthcoming. Hence!" added he, in a tone of determined

command, perceiving that they hesitated—"Hence! or remain at the peril of your souls!—What means this?" continued he, observing that still they moved not. "Know you not what you do? See you not where you are? Impious!—Lo, who is looking at you?" exclaimed he, pointing to the altar-piece—which was the crucifixion.

The officers hung their heads, crossed themselves, bent their knees to the marble floor, and, rising, slunk away into the vestry.

"Come, my child," said the cardinal, "let us perfect your espousals with your God. Meanwhile, unhappy man," continued he, addressing himself to the poor fugitive, "withdraw thou without the railing of the altar—for the present thou art safe. Withdraw!" he reiterated, perceiving that he was unheeded. "Hear you not?—What gaze you at?—What mean you?" successively, but to no purpose, interrogated the cardinal.

The being whom he accosted had raised himself upon one knee, and with his hands firmly clasped, remained in that posture, intently contemplating the countess; oblivious apparently of the fate with which he was threatened—of the place where he was—of everything that was passing around him.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed the benevolent cardinal, "Misery and fear have bereft him of his senses. Remove him gently from the altar."

The assistants of the cardinal approached the unfortunate slave, raised him without his offering any resistance, and conducted him down the steps; he all the while looking back, his eyes rivetted upon the fair votary of the shrine.

"Come, my child!" said the cardinal, "come, let me make thee the happy bride of the cloister. Repeat the vow!"

"Forbear!" exclaimed the slave, endeavouring to free himself from those that held him. The countess started, and for the first time bent an inquiring look upon the slave.

"Poor maniac!" ejaculated the cardinal, "he knows not what he does! Hurt him not, but remove him to a distance."

The assistants obeyed, but not without difficulty did they now execute the cardinal's commands. Passiveness was turned into fury—the eyes of the slave seemed to start from their sockets—his limbs appeared to be suddenly endowed with supernatural strength. It was as much as the united efforts of the assistants could effect, to force him half-way down the aisle—nor that, until exhaustion, on his part, assisted them. At last he sank in their arms—they stopped, and the church, which was now in a state of confusion, again became silent.

"Come, thou promised bride of Heaven!" ejaculated the cardinal.

"She is mine!" shrieked the slave, starting up, his frame animated with renewed energy, "My bride, beyond my hope!—without my knowledge! Victoria!—Victoria!" continued he, his voice at the same thrilling, piercing pitch: "Remember you not, Victoria?—the flight!—the pursuit!—the escape!—the discovery!—the transport!—the overtaking!—the return!—the promised nuptial couch—the couch which they compelled me to exchange for the noisome floor of the galley!"

He stopped—he had not breath for more. The church was as still as a sepulchre, when a scream from the countess caused every heart to leap—turned towards her every eye. Her countenance was lighted up with intense recollection; she clapsed her forehead with both her hands, and stood for a moment or two, gazing in the direction of him who had spoken; then suddenly extending her arms, rushed down the steps of the altar, through the aisle, and throwing herself upon the neck of the slave—the assistants mechanically making way for her—sank lifeless into his arms—which had scarcely supported her for a minute when their master became equally insensible.

. . . . . .

Lorenzo and the countess found themselves—they knew not how—alone. Long time they spake not, except with their eyes—or their hands, which, locked in one another, gave pressure back for pressure.

"And had you renounced me, my bride," at length said Lorenzo, "when you determined to take the veil?"

A smile of delicious sweetness played about the mouth of the countess, while slowly she drew Lorenzo's miniature from her bosom, and having first pressed it to her lips, presented it to him. He glanced at it; and catching the fair one to his bosom, strainingly held her there; nor was his embrace resisted or unreturned.

The Prince of Milan, led by his passion for the countess, had lent himself to the duke's plans. The letter and the miniature were delivered merely to lull suspicion and give effect to future measures. The latter Lorenzo had sat for, at the suggestion of his rival, who, until the real intentions of the duke were put into execution, was instructed to pass himself for Lorenzo's friend.

The cardinal was a man. For many a year

the duke and he had not been upon terms. The honour of the family requiring that the affair should be hushed up as effectually as possible, matters were so contrived that it made but little noise. Where power can affect it, justice is speedily done. The slave returned no more to the galleys; his chains of iron were exchanged for bonds of silk. He was adopted by the cardinal, and in his friendship, and the love of the countess, found more than a solace for the sufferings he had undergone.

WERE NA MY HEART LICHT.

[Lady Grizel Baillie, born at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire, 25th December, 1665; died in London, 6th December, 1746. She was the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, who became the first Earl of Marchmont. She married George Baillie of Jerviswood, whose father suffered death on account of his devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. George was himself obliged to seek safety in Holland, whence he returned to his native land in the train of William of Orange. Living in a period of much excitement, Lady Grizel performed many acts of heroism—whilst her father was in hiding in the vaults of Polwarth Church, she managed to supply him with food; and on various occasions, when the lives of those who were dear to her were in danger, she succeeded in helping them and outwitting all the vigilance of the authorities. It was during her residence in Holland, that she wrote her songs, many of them she left unfinished, but a few of the most perfect were published in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and other collections of poetry. Her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, wrote an interesting account of her life, which was printed in 1809 and again in 1822.]

There was anes a May, and she loo'd na men:
She biggit her bonnie bower doun i' yon glen;
But now she cries Dool, and well-a-day!
Come doun the green gate, and come here away.
  But now she cries, &c.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
  He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
  She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee.
She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
  She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
  Albeit I was bonnie, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
  Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.
  And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
  But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
  The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We should ha'e been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it on yon lilie-white lea;
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!
  And linkin' it, &c.

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
  And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
  But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
  I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
  My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
  I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
  For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
  You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
  For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SADIK BEG.

Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage, but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee's rank, was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objections to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace.

Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and, with malicious pleasure, wished him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this happy event." "Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends." "Do you really mean to say you are happy?" said Merdek, with a smile. "I really am so," replied Sadik. "Nonsense!" said his friend; "do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion." Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. "My friend," said he, "I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but, I am happy to say, I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife." "But how has this miraculous change been wrought?" "Why," said Sadik, "I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear.

"After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went, in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head —"a word to the wise;" and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward, as usual, to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek, having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dissevered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenaneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. "Take that," said she, as she gave him another cuff. "take that, you paltry wretch. You should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding-day."

SIR JOHN MALCOM.

TO THE HUSBANDMAN.

A little furrow holds thy scatter'd seed,
One somewhat deeper will receive thy bones,
Yet plough and sow with gladness—from the soil
Springs the rich crop that feeds and gladdens life,
And hope is not quite vanish'd from the grave

GOETHE.

A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in Dublin, 1751; died in Saville Row, London, 7th July, 1816. Dramatist, poet, wit, and politician. Before he was twenty, he translated some of the lesser poems of Theocritus, and the Love Epistles of Aristænetus in conjunction with his friend H. Halhed. When aged about twenty-two he married Miss Linley, a very popular singer, but he never allowed his wife to appear on the stage after their union. Three years after his marriage, his first comedy, *The Rivals*, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre. It was followed by *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, a farce in two acts; *The Duenna*, a comic opera; *A Trip to Scarborough*, an adaptation from Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Relapse*. In 1777, when he had purchased Garrick's share in the patent of Drury Lane and become manager of that theatre, he produced there the *School for Scandal*, which immediately "took the town by storm," and its popularity seems to be unabated in our own time. Two years later, he produced *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*, in which, with infinite humour, he burlesqued the style and method most in favour with dramatists and novelists. Of his subsequent dramatic works, *Pizarro* and *The Stranger*, adaptations from plays of Kotzebue, are the most notable. From 1780 until 1812, he was in Parliament, and distinguished himself as an orator, even more than he had done as a dramatic writer; but during this period, his own carelessness about business, his extravagance, and the destruction of Drury Lane by fire, involved him in pecuniary difficulties, which undoubtedly contributed to hasten his end, although they have been the source of many amusing anecdotes.[1]]

SCENE:—*The Theatre, before the Curtain.*

Enter PUFF, SNEER, *and* DANGLE.

Puff. Come, we must not lose time; so now for the underplot.

Sneer. What the plague, have you another plot?

Puff. O Lord, yes; ever while you live have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your underplot have as little connection with your mainplot as possible.—I flatter myself nothing can be more distinct than mine; for as in my chief plot the characters are all great people, I have laid my underplot in low life; and as the former is to end in deep distress, I make the other end as happy as a farce.—Well, we are ready; now then for the justices.

[*Curtain rises.*

"JUSTICES, CONSTABLES, *&c., discovered.*"

Sneer. This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

Puff. To be sure; there has not been one yet.

Dang. It is the underplot, isn't it?

Puff. Yes.—What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery scene?

Just. If you please, sir.

Puff. Oh, very well!—Hark'ee, I don't choose to say anything more; but i' faith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner.

Dang. It's a great pity!

Puff. Now, then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

"*Just* . . Are all the volunteers without?
Const . . They are.
Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk
Just. . . Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame
And clear convicted crimes have stamp'd him soldier?
Const. . . He waits your pleasure; eager to repay
The blest reprieve that sends him to the fields
Of glory, there to raise his branded hand
In honour's cause.
Just. . . 'Tis well—'tis justice arms him!
Oh! may he now defend his country's laws
With half the spirit he has broke them all!
If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.
Const. . . I fly, the herald of your will. [*Exit.*"

Puff. Quick, sir.

Sneer. But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice, but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

Puff. Heaven forbid they should not in a free country!—Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

Dang. That's very noble in you, indeed.

"*Enter* JUSTICE'S LADY."

Puff. Now, pray mark this scene.

"*Lady.* . Forgive this interruption, good my love;
But as I just now pass'd a prisoner youth,
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized
My fluttering heart, and to myself I said,
An if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been
This stripling's height!
Just. . . Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs
Us both——

Re-enter CONSTABLE *with* SON.

What is thy name?
Son. . . My name is Tom Jenkins—*alias* have I none—
Though orphan'd and without a friend!
Just. . . Thy parents?
Son. . . My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,
As I have heard, a fishmonger—no more."

Puff. What, sir, do you leave out the account of your birth, parentage, and education?

Son. They have settled it so, sir, here.

Puff. Oh! oh!

[1] See note to Hazlitt's essay on "The Want of Money," *Casquet*, vol. ii. page 364. In the following extract from the *Critic*, Puff is the author of the tragedy in rehearsal, Dangle and Sneer are his friends.

"*Lady.* . How loudly nature whispers to my heart!
Had he no other name?
Son . . . I've seen a bill
Of his sign'd Tomkins, creditor.
Just.‖ . . This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gipsy told!—Prepare!
Son . . . I do.
Just. . . No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—
I am thy father; here's thy mother; there
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those
Are all your near relations!
Lady. . . O ecstacy of bliss!
Son . . . O most unlook'd for happiness!
Just. . . O wonderful event!
[*They faint alternately in each other's arms.*"

Puff. There, you see relationship, like murder, will out.

"*Just* . . Now let's revive—else were this joy too much!
But come—and we'll unfold the rest within;
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest and food.
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,
To find a father—where he least expects!"
[*Exeunt.*"

Puff. What do you think of that?

Dang. One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw!—Why, this underplot would have made a tragedy itself.

Sneer. Ay, or a comedy either.

Puff. And keeps quite clear, you see, of the other.

Enter SCENEMEN, *taking away the seats.*

Puff. The scene remains, does it?

Sceneman. Yes, sir.

Puff. You are to leave one chair, you know.—But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have you fellows coming in in your playhouse liveries to remove things.—I wish that could be managed better.—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

"*Enter* BEEFEATER.

Beef. . . Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee."

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before?

Puff. No, I fancy not.—Where, pray?

Dang. Yes, I think there is something like it in Othello.

Puff. Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule.

"*Beef* . . Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
It never can endure a rival's bliss!
But soft—I am observed. [*Exit.*"

Dang. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hark'ee—I would not have you be too sure that he is a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character. Here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

"*Enter* LORD BURLEIGH, *goes slowly to a chair, and sits.*"

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush!—Vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dang. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that!—Yes, it is a very likely thing—that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk!—But hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say anything!

Puff. There's the reason! why, his part is to think; and how the plague do you imagine he can think if you keep talking?

Dang. That's very true, upon my word!

"LORD BURLEIGH *comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.*"

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed! Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No I don't, upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures—yet if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil! did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dang. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show and expression of face; and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

"*Enter* SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Christ. My niece and your niece too!
By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't.—He could not else
Have gain'd their hearts.—But see where they approach:
Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!
Sir Walt. Let us withdraw and mark them. [*They withdraw.*"

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

"*Enter the two* NIECES.

1st Niece. Ellena here!
She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still!"

Puff. O dear, madam, you are not to say that to her face!—aside, ma'am, aside.—The whole scene is to be aside.

1st Niece. She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still. [*Aside.*
2nd Niece. I know he prizes not Pollina's love;
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart.
[*Aside.*
1st Niece. But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Aside.*
2nd Niece. He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
Now, vengeance do thy worst. [*Aside.*

Enter DON FEROLO WHISKERANDOS.

Whisk. . . O hateful liberty—if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina!
Both Nieces. . . And ever shalt!

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH *come forward.*

Sir Christ. and Sir Walt. Hold! we will avenge you.
Whisk. . . Hold *you*—or see your nieces bleed!
[*The two* NIECES *draw their two daggers to strike* WHISKERANDOS: *the two* UNCLES *at the instant, with their two swords drawn, catch their two* NIECES' *arms, and turn the points of their swords to* WHISKERANDOS, *who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two* NIECES' *bosoms.*"

Puff. There's situation for you! there's an heroic group!—you see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them, for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kill him, because of their nieces—I have them all at a dead lock!—for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there for ever!

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't.—Now mind——

"*Enter* BEEFEATER, *with his halberd.*

Beef. . . In the queen's name I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers!
[*They drop their swords and daggers.*"

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed!

Puff. Ay—in the queen's name.

"*Sir Christ.* Come, niece!
Sir Walter. Come, niece! [*Exeunt with the two* NIECES.
Whisk. . . What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard?
Beef. . . . Thou must do more—renounce thy love!
Whisk. . . Thou liest—base Beefeater!
Beef. . . . Ha! hell! the lie!
By Heaven thou'st roused the lion in my heart!
Off, yeoman's habit!—base disguise! off! off!
[*Discovers himself by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine waistcoat.*
Am I a Beefeater now?
Or beams my crest as terrible as when
In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop?"

Puff. There, egad! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

Dang. Admirably managed, indeed!

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

"*Whisk.* . I thank thee, Fortune, that hast thus bestowed
A weapon to chastise this insolent.
[*Takes up one of the swords.*
Beef. . . . I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank thee,
Fortune, too! [*Takes up the other sword.*"

Dang. That's excellently contrived!—It seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

"*Whisk.* . Vengeance and Tilburina!
Beef. . . . Exactly so——
[*They fight—and after the usual number of wounds given,* WHISKERANDOS *falls.*
Whisk. . . O cursèd parry!—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal.—Captain, thou hast fencèd well!
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter ——
Beef. . . . ——nity—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once!"

Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow:

now mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

"*Whisk.* . And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter—
Beef. . . . —nity—he would have added,—"

Puff. No sir—that's not it—once more, if you please.

Whisk. I wish, sir, you would practise this without me—I can't stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well; we'll go over it by-and-by. —[*Exit* WHISKERANDOS.] I must humour these gentlemen!

"*Beef.* . . Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next—"

Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech, as the body has walked off.

Beef. That's true, sir—then I'll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please.—[*Exit* BEEFEATER.] Now, who comes on?

"*Enter* GOVERNOR, *with his hair properly disordered.*

Gov. . . A hemisphere of evil planets reign!
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!
My Spanish prisoner is slain! my daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone
Distract! [*A loud flourish of trumpets.*
But hark! I am summon'd to the fort:
Perhaps the fleets have met! amazing crisis!
O Tilburina! from thy aged father's beard
Thou'st pluck'd the few brown hairs which
time had left! [*Exit.*"

Sneer. Poor gentleman!

Puff. Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter!

Dang. And the planets——

Puff. True.—Now enter Tilburina!

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin?

Puff. O Lord, sir—when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin.—Don't she, Dangle?

Dang. Always—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is—[*Looking at the book.*] "Enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen."

"*Enter* TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT, *mad, according to custom.*"

Sneer. But, what the deuce, is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is; the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now, madam confidant—but keep your madness in the back ground, if you please.

"*Tilb.* . . The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage!
Is this a grasshopper?—Ha! no; it is my
Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
I know you have him in your pocket—
An oyster may be crossed in love!—Who
says
A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my
love?—
He's here! he's there!—He's everywhere!
Ah me! he's nowhere! [*Exit.*"

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see anybody madder than that?

Sneer. Never while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dang. Yes—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses.

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea, to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes—you know my play is called *The Spanish Armada;* otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise! —and my procession!—You are all ready?

Und. Promp. [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames dressed?

"*Enter* THAMES *with two* ATTENDANTS."

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well, indeed!—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—this is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy, you know—and very useful in my case; for as there must be a procession, I suppose Thames, and all his tributary rivers, to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

Puff. Yes, one crowned with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague! you have got both your banks on one side.—Here, sir, come round. —Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks.—[*Bell rings.*] There, so, now for't!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—Away, Thames'

[*Exit* THAMES *between his banks.*

[*Flourish of drums, trumpets, cannon, &c. &c. Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays "Britons Strike Home."—Spanish fleet destroyed*

by fire-ships, &c.—English fleet advances —music plays "Rule Britannia."—The procession of all the English rivers, and their tributaries, with their emblems, &c., begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus to the march in Judas Maccabæus.—During this scene, PUFF *directs and applauds everything—then*

Puff. Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect.—So, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow.

[*Curtain drops.*

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sigh
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring:
When icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:
With noontide fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Gray twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE TREASURE-SHIP.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

My heart is freighted full of love,
As full as any argosy,
With gems below and gems above,
And ready for the open sea;
For the wind is blowing summerly.

Full strings of nature's beaded pearl,
Sweet tears! composed in amorous ties
And turkis-lockets, that no churl
Hath fashioned out mechanic-wise,
But all made up of thy blue eyes.

And girdles wove of subtle sound,
And thoughts not trusted to the air,
Of antique mould,—the same as bound,
In Paradise, the primal pair,
Before Love's arts and niceness were.

And carcanets of living sighs;
Gums that have dropped from Love's own stem,
And one small jewel most I prize—
The darling gaud of all of them—
I wot, so rare and fine a gem
Ne'er glowed on Eastern anadem.

I've cased the rubies of thy smiles,
In rich and triply-plated gold;
But *this* no other wealth defiles,
Itself itself can only hold—
The stealthy kiss on Maple-wold.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on the muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BIG LIE.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

[William Gilmore Simms, LL.D., born in Charleston, South Carolina, 17th April, 1806; died there, 11th June, 1870. He was one of the most prolific writers of America. A mere catalogue of his works in poetry, fiction, drama, history, biography, criticism, and miscellaneous literature would fill a page. It will be sufficient to state that his best known works are a series of revolutionary and border romances, published in eighteen volumes, the most notable of which are—*The Forayers, Mellichampe, Border Beagles, Woodcraft*, and *Beauchamp*. Griswold, in the *Prose Writers of America*, says:—"His (Mr. Simms') descriptions are bold and graphic, and his characters have considerable individuality. He is most successful in sketches of rude border life, in bustling, tumultuous action. . . . The shorter stories of Mr. Simms are his best works. They have unity, completeness, and strength." Notwithstanding his vast literary labours, Mr. Simms took an active part in politics, and in 1846 missed, only by one vote, being elected lieutenant-governor of his native state.]

The day's work was done, and a good day's work it was. We had bagged a couple of fine bucks and a fat doe; and now we lay camped at the foot of the "Balsam Range" of mountains in North Carolina, preparing for our supper. We were a right merry group of seven—four professional hunters, and three amateurs, myself among the latter. There was Jim Fisher, Aleck Wood, Sam or Sharp Snaffles *alias* "Yaou," and Nathan Langford *alias* the "Pious."

These were our *professional* hunters. Our *amateurs* may well continue nameless, as their achievements do not call for any present record.

There stood our tent pitched at the foot of the mountains, with a beautiful cascade leaping headlong toward us, and subsiding into a mountain runnel, and finally into a little lakelet, the waters of which, edged with perpetual foam, were as clear as crystal.

Our baggage waggon, which had been sent round to meet us by trail routes through the gorges, stood near the tent, which was of stout army canvas.

That baggage waggon held a variety of luxuries. There was a barrel of the best bolted wheat flour. There were a dozen choice hams, a sack of coffee, a keg of sugar, a few thousand of cigars, and last, not least, a corpulent barrel of Western usquebaugh, vulgarly "whisky," to say nothing of a pair of demijohns of equal dimensions, one containing peach brandy of mountain manufacture, the other the luscious honey from the mountain hives.

Supper over, and it is Saturday night. It is the night dedicated among the professional hunters to what is called "The Lying Camp."

"The Lying Camp!" I exclaimed to Columbus Mills, one of our party, a wealthy mountaineer, of large estates, whose guest I have been for some time. "What do you mean by the 'Lying Camp,' Columbus?"

The explanation soon followed.

Saturday night is devoted by the mountaineers engaged in a camp hunt, which sometimes contemplates a course of several weeks, to stories of their adventures—"long yarns"—chiefly relating to the objects of their chase and the wild experiences of their professional life. The hunter who naturally inclines to exaggeration is, at such a period, privileged to deal in all the extravagances of invention—nay—he is *required* to do so! To be literal, or confine himself to the bald and naked truth, is not only discreditable, but a *finable* offence! He is, in such a case, made to swallow a long, strong, and difficult potation! He cannot be too extravagant in his incident; but he is also required to exhibit a certain degree of *art* in their use; and he thus frequently rises into a certain realm of fiction, the ingenuities of which are made to compensate for the exaggerations, as they do in the *Arabian Nights* and other Oriental romances.

This will suffice for explanation.

Nearly all our professional hunters assembled on the present occasion were tolerable *raconteurs*. They complimented Jim Fisher by throwing the raw deer-skin over his shoulders; tying the antlers of the buck with a red handkerchief over his forehead; seating him on the biggest boulder which lay at hand; and, sprinkling him with a stoup of whisky, they christened him "The Big Lie" for the occasion. And in this character he complacently presided during the rest of the evening; till the company prepared for sleep, which was not till midnight, he was king of the feast.

It was the duty of the "Big Lie" to regulate proceedings, keep order, appoint the *raconteurs* severally, and admonish them when he found them foregoing their privileges, and narrating bald, naked, and uninteresting truth. They must deal in fiction.

Jim Fisher was seventy years old, and a veteran hunter, the most famous in all the country. He *looked* authority, and promptly began to assert it, which he did in a single word:—

"Yaou!"

"Yaou" was the *nom de nique* of one of the hunters, whose proper name was Sam Snaffles, but who, from his special smartness, had

obtained the farther sobriquet of "*Sharp* Snaffles."

Columbus Mills whispered me that he was called "Yaou" from his frequent use of that word, which, in the Choctaw dialect, simply means "Yes." Snaffles had rambled considerably among the Choctaws, and picked up a variety of their words, which he was fond of using in preference to the vulgar English; and his common use of "Yaou" for the affirmative had prompted the substitution of it for his own name. He answered to the name.

"Ay—yee, Yaou," was the response of Sam. "I was *qfeard*, 'Big Lie,' that you'd be hitching me up the very first in your team."

Sam Snaffles swallowed his peach and honey at a gulp, hemmed thrice lustily, put himself into an attitude, and began as follows.

I shall adopt his language as closely as possible; but it is not possible, in any degree, to convey any adequate idea of his *manner*, which was admirably appropriate to the subject-matter. Indeed, the fellow was a born actor.

The "Jedge" was the *nom de guerre* which the hunters had conferred upon me, looking, no doubt, to my venerable aspect—for I had travelled considerably beyond my teens—and the general dignity of my bearing.

"You see, Jedge," addressing me especially as the distinguished stranger, "I'm a telling this hyar history of mine jest to please *you*, and I'll try to please you ef I kin. These fellows hyar have hearn it so often that they knows all about it jest as well as I do my own self, and they knows the truth of it all, and would swear to it afore any hunters' court in all the county, ef so be the affidavy was to be tooken in camp and on a Saturday night.

"You see then, Jedge, it's about a dozen or fourteen years ago, when I was a young fellow without much beard on my chin, though I was full grown as I am now—strong as a horse, ef not quite so big as a buffalo. I was then jest a-beginning my 'prenticeship to the hunting business, and looking to sich persons as the 'Big Lie' thar to show me how to take the track of b'ar, buck, and painther.

"But I confess I weren't a-doing much. I hed a great deal to l'arn, and I reckon I miss'd many more bucks than I ever hit—that is, jest up to that time ——"

"Look you, Yaou," said "Big Lie," interrupting him, "you're gitting too close upon the eternal stupid truth! All you've been a-saying is jest nothing but the naked truth, as I knows it. Jest crook your trail!"

"And how's a man to lie decently onless you lets him hev a bit of truth to go upon? The truth's nothing but a peg in the wall that I hangs the lie upon. A'ter a while I promise that you sha'n't see the peg."

"Worm along, Yaou!"

"Well, Jedge, I warn't a-doing much among the *bucks* yet—jest for the reason that I was quite too eager in the scent a'ter a sartin *doe!* Now, Jedge, you never seed my wife—my Merry Ann, as I calls her; and ef you was to see her *now*—though she's prime grit yit—you would never believe that, of all the womankind in all these mountains, she was the very yaller flower of the forest, with the reddest rose cheeks you ever did see, and sich a mouth, and sich bright curly hair, and so tall, and so slender, and so all over beautiful. O Lawd! when I thinks of it and them times, I don't see how 'twas possible to think of buck-hunting when thar was sich a doe, with sich eyes shining on me.

"Well, Jedge, Merry Ann was the only da'ter of Jeff Hopson and Keziah Hopson, his wife, who was the da'ter of Squire Claypole, whose wife was Margery Clough, that lived down upon Pacolet River ——"

"Look you, Yaou, ain't you getting into them derned facts agin, eh?"

"I reckon I em, 'Big Lie.' 'Scuse me; I'll kiver the pegs *direct-lie*, one a'ter t'other. Whar was I? Ah! Oh! Well, Jedge, poor hunter and poor man—jest, you see, a squatter on the side of a leetle bit of a mountain close on to Columbus Mills, at Mount Tryon, I was all the time on a hot trail a'ter Merry Ann Hopson. I went thar to see her a'most every night; and sometimes I carried a buck for the old people, and sometimes a doeskin for the gal; and I do think, bad hunter as I then was, I pretty much kept the fambly in deer meat through the whole winter.

"Well, Jedge, though Jeff Hopson was glad enough to git my meat always, he didn't affection me as I did his da'ter. He was a sharp, close, money-loving old fellow, who was always considerate of the main chaince; and the old lady, his wife, who hairdly dare say her soul was her own, she jest looked both ways, as I may say, for Sunday, never giving a fair look to me or my chainces, when his eyes were sot on *her*. But 'twa'n't so with my Merry Ann. She hed the eyes for me from the beginning, and soon she hed the feelings; and, you see, Jedge, we sometimes did git a chaince, when old Jeff was gone from home, to come to a sort of onderstanding about our feelings; and the long and the short of it was that Merry Ann confessed to me that she'd like nothing better than to be my wife. She liked no other man but me.

"Now, Jedge, a'ter that, what was a young fellow to do? That, I say, was the proper kind of incouragement. So I said, 'I'll ax your daddy.' Then she got scary, and said, 'Oh, don't, for somehow, Sam, I'm a-thinking daddy don't like you enough *yit*. Jest hold on a bit, and come often, and bring him venison, and try to make him laugh, which you kin do, you know, and a'ter a time you kin try him.' And so I did—or rether I didn't. I put off the axing. I come constant. I brought venison all the time, and b'ar meat a plenty, a'most three days in every week.

"Well, Jedge, this went on for a long time, a'most the whole winter, and spring, and summer, till the winter begun to come in agin. I carried 'em the venison, and Merry Ann meets me in the woods, and we hes sich a pleasant time when we meets on them little odd chainces that I gits hot as thunder to bring the business to a sweet honey finish.

"But Merry Ann keeps on scary, and she puts me off, ontil, one day, one a'ternoon, about sundown, she meets me in the woods, and she's all in a flusteration. And she ups and tells me how old John Grimstead, the old bachelor (a fellow about forty years old, and the dear gal not yet twenty), how he's a'ter her, and bekaise he's got a good fairm, and mules and horses, how her daddy's giving him the open mouth incouragement.

"Then I says to Merry Ann:

"'You sees, I kain't put off no longer. I must out with it, and ax your daddy at onst.' And then her scary fit come on again, and she begs me not to—not *jist yit*. But I swears by all the Hokies that I won't put off another day; and so, as I haird the old man was in the house that very hour, I left Merry Ann in the woods, all in a trimbling, and I jist went ahead, detarmined to have the figure straight, whether odd or even.

"I was jubious; but I jist bolted into the house, as free and easy and bold as ef I was the very best customer that the old man wanted to see."

Here Yaou paused to renew his draught of peach and honey.

"Well, Jedge, I put a bold face on the business, though my hairt was gitting up into my throat, and I was almost a-gasping for my breath, when I was fairly in the big room, and standing up before the old squaire. He was a-setting in his big squar hide-bottom'd armchair, looking like a jedge upon the bench jist about to send a poor fellow to the gallows. As he seed me come in, looking queer enough, I reckon, his mouth put on a sort of grin, which showed all his grinders, and he looked for all the world as ef he guessed the business I come about. But he said good-natured enough,

"'Well, Sam Snaffles, how goes it?'

"I said to myself,

"'It's jest as well to git the worst at onst, and then thar'll be an eend of the oneasiness.' So I up and told him, in pretty soft, smooth sort of speechifying, as how I was mighty fond of Merry Ann, and she, I was a-thinking, of me, and that I jest come to ax ef I might her Merry Ann for my wife.

"Then he opened his eyes wide, as ef he never ixpected to hear sich a proposal from me.

"'What!' says he. 'You?'

"'Jest so, squaire,' says I. 'Ef it pleases you to believe me, and to consider it reasonable, the axing.'

"He sot quiet for a minit or more, then he gits up, knocks all the fire out of his pipe on the chimney, fills it, and lights it agin, and then comes straight up to me, whar I was a-setting on the chair in front of him, and without a word he takes the collar of my coat betwixt the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and he says:

"'Git up, Sam Snaffles. Git up, ef you please.'

"Well, I gits up, and he says:

"'Hyar. Come. Hyar.'

"And with that he leads me right across the room to a big looking-glass that hung agin the partition wall, and thar he stops before the glass, facing it and holding me by the collar all the time.

"Now that looking-glass, Jedge, was about the biggest I ever did see. It was a'most three feet high, and a'most two feet wide, and it had a bright, broad frame, shiny like gold, with a heap of leetle figgers worked all round it. I reckon thar's no sich glass now in all the mountain country.

"Well, thar he hed me up, both on us standing in front of this glass, whar we could a'most see the whole of our full figgers from head to foot.

"And when we hed stood thar for a minit or so, he says, quite solemn like:

"'Look in the glass, Sam Snaffles.'

"So I looked.

"'Well,' says I. 'I sees you, Squaire Hopson, and myself, Sam Snaffles.'

"'Look good,' says he; '*obzarve* well.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'm a-looking with all my eyes. I only sees what I tells you.'

"'But you don't *obzarve*,' says he. 'Looking and seeing's one thing,' says he, 'but obzarving's another. Now *obzarve*.'

"By this time, Jedge, I was getting sort o' riled, for I could see that somehow he was jest a-trying to make me feel redickilous. So I says:

"'Look you, Squaire Hopson, ef you thinks I never seed myself in a glass afore this, you're mighty mistaken.'

"'Very well,' says he. 'Now obzarve. You sees your own figger, and your face, and you air obzarving as well as you know how. Now, Mr. Sam Snaffles—now that you've hed a fair look at yourself—jest now answer me, from your honest conscience, a'ter all you've seen, ef you honestly thinks you're the sort of pusson to hev *my* da'ter.'

"And with that he gin me a twist, and when I wheeled round he hed wheeled round too, and thar we stood full facing one another.

"Lawd! how I was riled! But I answered, quick:

"'And why not, I'd like to know, Squaire Hopson? I ain't the handsomest man in the world, but I'm not the ugliest; and folks don't generally consider me at all among the uglies. I'm as tall a man as you, and as stout and strong, and as good a man o' my inches as ever stepped in shoe-leather. And it's enough to tell you, squaire, whatever *you* may think, that Merry Ann believes in me, and she's a way of thinking that I'm jest about the very pusson that ought to hev her.'

"'Merry Ann's thinking,' says he, 'don't run all fours with her fayther's thinking. I axed you, Sam Snaffles, to *obzarve* yourself in the glass. I telled you that seeing warn't edzactly obzarving. You seed only the inches; you seed that you hed eyes, and mouth, and nose, and the airms and legs of a man. But eyes and mouth, and legs and airms, don't make a man.'

"'Oh, they don't,' says I.

"'No, indeed,' says he. 'I seed that you hed all them; but then I seed thar was one thing that you hedn't got.'

"'Jimini!' says I, mighty confused. 'What thing's a-wanting to me to make me a man?'

"'*Capital*,' says he, and he lifted himself up and looked mighty grand.

"'Capital,' says I; 'and what's that?'

"'Thar air many kinds of capital,' says he. 'Money's capital, for it kin buy everything; house and lands is capital; cattle and horses and sheep, when thar's enough on 'em, is capital. And as I obzarved you in the glass, Sam Snaffles, I seed that *capital* was the very thing that you wanted to make a man of you. Now, I don't mean that any da'ter of mine shall marry a pusson that's not a *parfect* man. I obzarved you long ago, and seed whar you was wanting. I axed about you. I axed your horse.'

"'Axed my horse!' says I, pretty nigh dumfoundered.

"'Yes; I axed your horse, and he said to me, 'Look at me. I hain't got an ounce of spar' flesh on my bones. You kin count all my ribs. You kin lay the whole length of your 'airm betwixt any two on 'em, and it'll lie thar as snug as a black snake betwixt two poles of a log-house.' Says he, 'Sam's got *no capital*. He ain't got any time five bushels of corn in his crib, and he's such a monstrous feeder himself that he'll eat out four bushels, and think it mighty hard upon him to give *me* the other one.' Thar, now, was your horse's testimony, Sam, agin you. Then I axed about your cabin, and your way of living. I was curious, and went to see you one day when I knowed you waur at home. You hed but one chair, which you gin me to sit on, and you sot on the eend of a barrel for yourself. You gin me a rasher of bacon what hedn't a streak of fat in it. You hed a poor quarter of a poor doe hanging from the rafters, a poor beast that somebody hed disabled ——'

"'I shot it myself,' says I.

"'Well, it was a-dying when you shot it, and all the hunters say you was a poor shooter at anything. Your cabin had but one room, and that you slept in and ate in, and the floor was six inches deep in dirt. Says I to myself, says I, 'This poor fellow's got *no capital;* and he hasn't the head to git *capital:*' and from that moment, Sam Snaffles, the more I obzarved you the more sartin 'twas that you never could be a man ef you waur to live a thousand years.'

"A'ter that long speechifying, Jedge, you might ha' ground me up in a mill, biled me down in a pot, and scattered me over a manure heap, and I wouldn't ha' been able to say a word.

"I cotched up my hat, and was a-gwine, when he said to me, with his derned infernal big grin:

"'Take another look in the glass, Sam Snaffles, and obzarve well, and you'll see jest whar it is I thinks that you're wanting.'

"I didn't stop for any more. I jest bolted, like a hot shot out of a shovel, and didn't know my own self, or whatever steps I tuk, tell I got into the thicket and met Merry Ann coming towards me.

"I must liquor now.

"Well, Jedge, it was a hard meeting betwixt me and Merry Ann. The poor gal come to

me in a sort of run, and hairdly drawing her breath, she cried out:

"'Oh, Sam! What does he say?'

"What could I say? How tell her? I jest wrapped her up in my arms, and I cries out, making some violent remarks about the old squaire.

"Then she screamed, and I hed to squeeze her up, more close than ever, and kiss her, I reckon, more than a dozen times, jest to keep her from gwine into historical fits. I telled her all, from beginning to eend.

"I telled her that thar waur some truth in what the old man said; that I hedn't been keerful to do the thing as I ought; that the house *was* mean and dirty; that the horse was mean and poor; that I hed been thinking too much about her own self to think about other things; but that I would do better, would see to things, put things right, git corn in the crib, git 'capital' ef I could, and make a good, comfortable home for *her*.

"'Look at me,' says I, 'Merry Ann. Does I look like a man?'

"'You're all the man I wants,' says she.

"'That's enough,' says I. 'You shall see what I kin do, and what I *will* do. That's ef you air true to me.'

"And she throwed herself upon my buzzom, and cried out:

"'I'll be true to you, Sam. I loves nobody in all the world so much as I loves you.'

"'And you won't marry any other man, Merry Ann, no matter what your daddy says?'

"'Never,' she says.

"'And you won't listen to this old bachelor fellow, Grimstead, that's got the 'capital' already, no matter how they spurs you?'

"'Never,' she says.

"'Sw'ar it,' says I, 'sw'ar it, Merry Ann, that you will be my wife, and never marry Grimstead.'

"'I sw'ars it,' she says, kissing *me*, bekaize we had no book.

"'Now,' says I, 'Merry Ann, that's not enough. Cuss him for my sake, and to make it sartin. Cuss that fellow Grimstead.'

"'Oh, Sam, I kain't cuss,' says she; 'that's wicked.'

"'Cuss him on my account,' says I—'to my credit.'

"'Oh,' says she, 'don't ax me. I kain't do that.'

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, if you don't cuss that fellow some way, I do believe you'll go over to him a'ter all. Jest you cuss him, now. Any small cuss will do, ef you're in airnest.'

"'Well,' says she, 'ef that's your idee, then I says, '*Drot his skin*,'[1] and drot *my* skin, too, ef ever I marries anybody but Sam Snaffles.'

"'That'll do, Merry Ann,' says I. 'And now I'm easy in my soul and conscience. And now, Merry Ann, I'm gwine off to try my best and git the 'capital.' Ef it's the 'capital' that's needful to make a man of me, I'll git it, by all the Holy-Hokies, if I kin.'

"And so, after a million of squeezes and kisses, we parted; and she slipt along through the woods, the back way to the house, and I mounted my horse to go to my cabin. But, afore I mounted the beast, I gin him a dozen kicks in his ribs, jest for bearing his testimony agin me, and telling the old squaire that I hedn't 'capital' enough for a corn crib.

"I was mightily let down, as you may think, by old Squaire Hopson; but I was mightily lifted up by Merry Ann.

"But when I got to my cabin, and seed how mean everything was there, and thought how true it was all that old Squaire Hopson had said, I felt overkim, and I said to myself, 'It's all true. How kin I bring that beautiful yaller flower of the forest to live in sich a mean cabin, and with sich poor accommydations? She that had everything comforting and nice about her.'

"Then I considered all about 'capital:' and it growed on me, ontil I begin to see that a man might hev good legs and arms and thighs, and a good face of his own, and yit not be a parfect and proper man a'ter all. I hed lived, you see, Jedge, to be twenty-three years of age, and was living no better than a three-year-old b'ar, in a sort of cave, sleeping on shuck and straw, and never looking after to-morrow.

"I couldn't sleep all that night for the thinking and obzarvations. That impudent talking of old Hopson put me on a new track. I couldn't give up hunting. I knowed no other business, and I didn't hafe know that.

"Well, Jedge, as I said, I had a most miserable night of consideration and obzarvation and concatenation accordingly. I felt all over mean, 'cept now and then, when I thought of dear Merry Ann, and her felicities and cordialities and fidelities; and then, the cuss

[1] "Drot," or "Drat," has been called an American vulgarism, but it is genuine old English, as ancient as the days of Ben Jonson. Originally the oath was "God rot it," but Puritanism, which was unwilling to take the name of God in vain, was yet not prepared to abandon the oath, so the pious preserved it in an abridged form, omitting the G from God, and using, "Od rot it." It reached its final contraction, "Drot," before it came to America. "Drot it," "Drat it," "Drot your eyes," or "Drot his skin," are so many modes of using it among the uneducated classes.—W. G. S.

which she gin, onder the kiver of 'Drot,' to that dried-up old bachelor Grimstead. But I got to sleep at last. And I had a dream. And I thought I seed the prettiest woman critter in the world, next to Merry Ann, standing close by my bedside; and, at first, I thought 'twas Merry Ann, and I was gwine to kiss her agin; but she drawed back and said:

"'Scuse me. I'm not Merry Ann, but I'm her friend and your friend; so don't you be down in the mouth, but keep a good hairt, and you'll hev help, and git the 'capital' whar you don't look for it now. It's only needful that you be detarmined on good works and making a man of yourself.'

"A'ter that dream I slept like a top, woke at day-peep, took my rifle, called up my dog, mounted my horse, and put out for the laurel hollows.

"Well, I hunted all day, made several *starts*, but got nothing; my dog ran off, the rascally pup, and, I reckon, ef Squaire Hopson had met him he'd ha' said 'twas bekaise I starved him. Fact is, we hedn't any on us much to eat that day, and the old mar's ribs stood out bigger than ever.

"All day I rode and followed the track, and got nothing.

"Well, jest about sunset I come to a hollow of the hills that I hed never seed before; and in the middle of it was a great pond of water, what you call a lake; and it showed like so much purple glass in the sunset, and 'twas jest as smooth as the big looking-glass of Squaire Hopson's. Thar wa'n't a breath of wind stirring.

"I was mighty tired, so I eased down from the mar', tied up the bridle and check, and let her pick about, and laid myself down onder a tree, jest about twenty yards from the lake, and thought to rest myself ontil the moon riz, which I knowed would be about seven o'clock.

"I didn't mean to fall asleep, but I did it; and I reckon I must ha' slept a good hour, for when I woke the dark had set in, and I could only see one or two bright stars hyar and thar, shooting out from the dark of the heavens. But ef I seed nothing, I haird; and jest sich a sound and noise as I hed never haird before.

"Thar was a rushing and a roaring and a screaming and a splashing in the air and in the water as made you think the universal world was coming to an eend.

"All that set me up. I was waked up out of sleep and dream, and my eyes opened to everything that eye could see; and sich another sight I never seed before. I tell you, Jedge, ef there was one wild-goose settling down in that lake thar was one hundred thousand of 'em. I couldn't see the eend of 'em. They come every minit, swarm a'ter swarm, in tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds; and sich a fuss as they did make; sich a gabbling, sich a splashing, sich a confusion, that I was fairly conflusterated; and I jest lay whar I was, a-watching 'em.

"You never seed beasts so happy. How they flapped their wings; how they gabbled to one another; how they swam hyar and thar, to the very middle of the lake and to the very edge of it, jest a fifty yards from whar I lay squat, never moving leg or arm. It was wonderful to see. I wondered how they could find room, for I reckon thar waur forty thousand on 'em, all scuffling in that leetle lake together.

"Well, as I watched them, I said to myself:

"'Now, if a fellow could only captivate all them wild geese—fresh from Canniday, I reckon—what would they bring in the market at Spartanburg and Greenville?' Walker, I knowed, would buy 'em up quick at fifty cents a head. Forty thousand geese at fifty cents a head. Thar was 'capital.'

"I could ha' fired in among 'em with my rifle, never taking aim, and killed a dozen or more at a single shot; but what was a poor dozen geese when thar waur forty thousand to captivate?

"What a haul 'twould be ef a man could only get 'em all in one net! Kiver them all at a fling!

"The idee worked like so much fire in my brain.

"How can it be done?

"That was the question.

"'Kin it be done?' I axed myself.

"'It kin,' I said to myself; 'and I'm the very man to do it.'

"Then I got up and tuk to my horse and rode home.

"And thar, when I had swallowed my bit of hoe-cake and bacon and a good strong cup of coffee, and got into bed, I couldn't sleep for a long time, thinking how I was to git them geese.

"But I kept nearing the right idee every minit, and when I was fast asleep it came to me in my dream.

"I seed the same beautifulest young woman agin that hed given me the incouragement before to go ahead, and she helped me out with the idee.

"So in the morning I went to work. I rode off to Spartanburg, and bought all the twine and cord and hafe the plough-lines in town; and I got a lot of great fish-hooks, all to help

make the tanglement parfect; and I got lead for sinkers, and I got cork-wood for floaters; and I pushed for home jist as fast as my poor mar' could streak it.

"I was at work day and night for nigh on to a week making my net; and when 'twas done I borrowed a mule and cart from Columbus Mills thar—he'll tell you all about it, he kin make his affidavy to the truth of it.

"Well, off I driv with my great net, and got to the lake about noonday. I knowed 'twould take me some hours to make my fixings parfect, and get the net fairly stretched across the lake, and jest deep enough to do the tangling of every leg of the birds in the very midst of their swimming, and snorting, and splashing, and cavorting. When I hed fixed it all fine, and jest as I wanted it, I brought the eends of my plough-lines up to where I was gwine to hide myself. This was onder a strong sapling; and my calkilation was, when I hed got the beasts all hooked, forty thousand, more or less—and I could tell how that was from feeling on the line—why, then, I'd whip the line round the sapling, hitch it fast, and draw in my birds at my own ease, without axing much about their comfort.

"'Twas a most beautiful and parfect plan, and all would ha' worked beautiful well but for one leetle oversight of mine. But I won't tell you about that part of the business yit, the more pretickilarly as it turned out for the very best, as you'll see in the eend.

"I hedn't long finished my fixing when the sun suddenly tumbled down the heights, and the dark begun to creep in upon me, and a pretty cold dark it waur. I remember it well. My teeth begun to chatter in my head, though I was boiling over with inward heat, all jest coming out of my hot eagerness to be captivating the birds.

"Well, Jedge, I hedn't to wait overlong. Soon I haird them coming, screaming fur away, and then I seed them pouring, jest like so many white clouds, straight down, I reckon, from the snow mountains off in Canniday.

"Down they come, millions upon millions, till I was sartin thar waur already pretty nigh on to forty thousand in the lake.

"Well, thar they waur, forty thousand, we'll say, with, it mout be, a few millions and hundreds over. And Lawd! how they played, and splashed, and screamed, and dived! I calkilated on hooking a good many of them divers, in pretikilar, and so I watched and waited, ontil I thought I'd feel of my lines; and I begun, leetle by leetle, to haul in, when, Lawd love you, Jedge! sich a ripping and raging, and bouncing and flouncing, and flopping and splashing, and kicking and screaming, you never did hear in all your born days!

"By this I knowed that I had captivated the captains of the host, and a pretty smart chaince, I reckoned, of the rigilar army, ef 'twa'n't edzactly forty thousand; for I calkilated that some few would get away—run off—jest as the cowards always does in the army jest when the shooting and confusion begins; still I reasonably calkilated on the main body of the rigiments: and so, gitting more and more hot and eager, and pulling and hauling, I made one big mistake, and, instid of wrapping the eends of my lines around the sapling that was standing jest behind me, what does I do but wraps 'em round my own thigh—the right thigh, you see—and some of the loops waur hitched round my left arm at the same time.

"All this come of my hurry and ixcitemen', for it was burning like a hot fever in my brain, and I didn't know when or how I hed tied myself up, ontil suddently, with an all-fired scream, all together, them forty thousand geese rose like a great black cloud in the air, all tied up, tangled up—hooked about the legs, hooked about the gills, hooked and fast in some way in the beautiful leetle twistings of my net.

"Yes, Jedge, as I'm a living hunter to-night, hyar a-talking to you, they riz up all together, as ef they hed consulted upon it, like a mighty thunder-cloud, and off they went, screaming and flouncing, meaning, I reckon, to take the back track to Canniday, in spite of the freezing weather.

"Before I knowed whar I was, Jedge, I was twenty feet in the air, my right thigh up and my left arm, and the other thigh and arm a-dangling useless, and feeling every minit as ef they was gwine to drop off.

"You may be sure I pulled with all my might, but that waur mighty leetle in the fix I was in, and I jest hed to hold on, and see whar the infernal beasts would carry me. I couldn't loose myself, and ef I could I was by this time quite too fur up in the air, and darsn't do so, onless I was willing to hev my brains dashed out, and my whole body mashed to a mammock.

"Thar I was dangling, like a dead weight, at the tail of that all-fired cloud of wild geese, head downward, and gwine, the Lawd knows whar!—to Canniday, or Jericho, or some other heathen territory beyond the Massissipp, and it mout be, over the great etarnal ocean.

"When I thought of *that*, and thought of the lines giving way, and that on a suddent I should come down plump into the big sea, jest

n the middle of a great gathering of shirks nd whales, to be dewoured and tore to bits by eir bloody grinders, I was ready to die of eer outright. I thought over all my sinnings a moment, and I thought of my poor dear erry Ann, and I called out her name, loud I could, jest as ef the poor gal could hyar or help me.

"And jest then I could see we waur a draw- g nigh a great thunder-cloud. I could see red tongues running out of its black jaws; d 'Lawd!' says I, 'ef these all-fired infarnal ld beasts of birds should carry me into that ud to be burned to a coal, fried, and roasted, d biled alive by them tongues of red fire.'

"But the geese fought shy of the cloud, ugh we passed mighty nigh on to it, and I ld see one red streak of lightning run out the cloud, and give us chase for a full hafe ile; but we waur too fast for it, and, in a ring passion, bekaise it couldn't ketch us, red streak struck its horns into a great tree behind us, that we had passed over, and it into flinders in the twink of a mus- ito.

"But by this time I was beginning to feel ike stupid. I knowed that I waur fast gitting nsible, and it did seem to me as ef my hour r come, and I was gwine to die—and die rope, and dangling in the air, a thousand es from the airth!

"But jest then I was roused up. I felt something brush agin me; then my face was scratched; and, on a suddent, thar was a stop put to my travels by that conveyance. The geese had stopped flying, and waur in a mighty great confusteration, flopping their wings as well as they could, and screaming with all the tongues in their jaws. It was clar to me now that we had run agin something that brought us all up with a short hitch.

"I was shook roughly agin the obstruction, and I put out my right arm and cotched a hold of a long arm of an almighty big tree; then my legs waur cotched betwixt two other branches, and I rekivered myself, so as to set up a leetle and rest. The geese was a tumbling and flopping among the branches. The net was hooked hyar and thar; and the birds waur all about me, swinging and splurging, but onable to break loose and git away.

"By leetle and leetle I come to my clar senses, and begun to feel my sitivation. The stiffness was passing out of my limbs. I could draw up my legs, and, after some hard work, I managed to onwrap the plough-lines from my right thigh and my left arm, and I hed the sense this time to tie the eends pretty tight to a great branch of the tree which stretched clar across and about a foot over my head.

"Then I begun to consider my sitivation. I hed hed a hard riding, that was sartin; and I felt sore enough. And I hed hed a horrid bad skeer, enough to make a man's wool turn white afore the night was over. But now I felt easy, bekaise I considered myself safe. With daypeep I calkilated to let myself down from the tree by my plow-lines, and thar, below, tied fast, warn't thar my forty thousand captivated geese?

"'Hurrah!' I sings out. 'Hurrah! Merry Ann; we'll hev the 'capital' now, I reckon.'

"And, singing out, I drawed up my legs and shifted my body so as to find an easier seat in the crutch of the tree, which was an almighty big chestnut oak, when, oh Lawd! on a suddent the stump I hed been a-setting on give way onder me. 'Twas a rotten jint of the tree. It gave way, Jedge, as I tell you, and down I went, my legs first, and then my whole body —slipping down, not on the outside, but into a great hollow of the tree, all the hairt of it being eat out by the rot; and afore I knowed whar I waur, I waur some twenty foot down, I reckon; and, by the time I touched bottom, I was up to my neck in honey.

"It was an almighty big honey-tree, full of the sweet treacle, and the bees all gone and left it, I reckon, for a hundred years. And I in it up to my neck.

"I could smell it strong. I could taste it sweet. But I could see nothing.

"Lawd! Lawd! From bad to worse; buried alive in a hollow tree, with never a chaince to git out! I would then ha' given all the world ef I was only sailing away with them bloody wild geese to Canniday and Jericho, even across the sea, with all its shirks and whales dewouring me.

"Buried alive! Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd! 'Lawd save me and help me!' I cried out from the depths. And, 'Oh, my Merry Ann!' I cried, 'shill we never meet agin no more?' 'Scuse my weeping, Jedge, but I feels all over the sinsation, fresh as ever, of being buried alive in a bee-hive tree and presarved in honey. I must liquor, Jedge."

After refreshing himself with another draught, Sam proceeded with the story of his strange adventure:—

"Only think of me, Jedge, in my sitivation! Buried alive in the hollow of a mountain chestnut oak! Up to my neck in honey, with never no more an appetite to eat than ef it waur

the very gall of bitterness than we reads of in the Holy Scripters!

"All dark, all silent as the grave, 'cept for the gabbling and the cackling of the wild geese outside that every now and then would make a great splurging and cavorting, trying to break away from their hitch, which was jist as fast fixed as my own.

"Who would git them geese that hed cost me so much to captivate? Who would inherit my 'capital?' and who would hev Merry Ann? and what will become of the mule and cart of Mills fastened in the woods by the leetle lake?

"I cussed the leetle lake, and the geese, and all the 'capital.'

"I cussed. I couldn't help it. I cussed from the bottom of my hairt when I ought to ha' bin saying my prayers. And thar was my poor mar' in the stable with never a morsel of feed. She had told tales upon me to Squaire Hopson, it's true, but I forgin her, and thought of her feed, and nobody to give her none. Thar waur corn in the crib and fodder, but it warn't in the stable; and onless Columbus Mills should come looking a'ter me at the cabin, thar waur no hope for me or the mar'.

"Oh, Jedge, you couldn't jedge of my sitivation in that deep hollow, and cave, I may say, of mountain oak. My head waur jest above the honey, and ef I backed it to look up, my long ha'r at the back of the neck a'most stuck fast, so thick was the honey.

"But I couldn't help looking up. The hollow was a wide one at the top, and I could see when a star was passing over. Thar they shined, bright and beautiful, as if they waur the very eyes of the angels; and as I seed them come and go, looking smiling in upon me as they come, I cried out to 'em, one by one:

"'Oh, sweet sperrits, blessed angels! ef so be thar's an angel sperrit, as they say, living in all them stars, come down and extricate me from this fix, for, so fur as I kin see, I've got no chaince of help from mortal man or woman. Hairdly onst a year does a human come this way, and ef they did come how would they know I'm hyar? How could I make them hyar me?' I knowed I prayed like a heathen sinner, but I prayed as well as I knowed how; and thar warn't a star passing over me that I didn't pray to soon as I seed them shining over the opening of the hollow; and I prayed fast and faster as I seed them passing away and gitting out of sight.

"Well, Jedge, suddently, in the midst of my praying, and jest after one bright, big star hed gone over me without seeing my sitivation, I hed a fresh skeer.

"Suddent I haird a monstrous fluttering among my geese—my 'capital.' Then I haird a great scraping and scratching on the outside of the tree, and, suddent, as I looked up, the mouth of the hollow was shet up.

"All was dark. The stars and sky waur all gone. Something black kivered the hollow and, in a minit a'ter, I haird something slipping into the hollow right upon me.

"I could hairdly draw my breath. I begun to fear that I was to be siffocated alive; and as I haird the strange critter slipping down I shoved out my hands and felt ha'r—coarse wool—and with one hand I cotched hold of the ha'ry leg of a beast, and with t'other hand I cotched hold of his tail.

"'Twas a great b'ar, one of the biggest, come to git his honey. He knowed the tree, Jedge, you see, and ef any beast in the world loves honey, 'tis a b'ar beast. He'll go to his death on honey, though the hounds are tearing at his very haunches.

"You may be sure, when I onst knowed what he was, and onst got a good gripe on his hind-quarters, I warn't gwine to let go in a hurry. I knowed that was my only chance for gitting out of the hollow, and I do believe them blessed angels in the stars sent the beast, jest at the right time, to give me human help and assistance.

"Now, yer see, Jedge, thar was no chance for him turning round upon me. He pretty much filled up the hollow. He knowed his way, and slipped down, eend foremost—the latter eend, you know. He could stand upon his hind-legs and eat all he wanted. Then, with his great sharp claws and his mighty muscle, he could work up, holding on to the sides of the tree, and git out a'most as easy as when he come down.

"Now, you see, ef he weighed five hundred pounds, and could climb like a cat, he could easy carry up a young fellow that hed no flesh to spar', and only weighed a hundred and twenty-five. So I laid my weight on him, eased him off as well as I could, but held on to tail and leg as ef all life and etarnity depended upon it.

"Now I reckon, Jedge, that b'ar was pretty much more skeered than I was. He couldn't turn in his shoes, and with something fastened to his ankles, and as he thought, I reckon, some strange beast fastened to his tail, you never seed beast more eager to git away, and git upwards. He knowed the way, and stuck his claws in the rough sides of the hollow, hand over hand, jest as a sailor pulls a rope, and up we went. We hed, howsomdever,

more than one slip back, but, Lawd bless you! I never let go. Up we went, I say, at last, and I stuck jest as close to his haunches as death sticks to a dead nigger. Up we went. I felt myself moving. My neck was out of the honey. My airms were free. I could feel the sticky thing slipping off from me, and a'ter a good quarter of an hour the b'ar was on the great mouth of the hollow; and as I felt that I let go his tail, still keeping fast hold of his leg and with one hand I cotched hold of the outside rim of the hollow; I found it fast, held on to it; and jest then the b'ar sat squat on the very edge of the hollow, taking a sort of rest a'ter his labour.

"I don't know what 'twas, Jedge, that made me do it. I warn't a-thinking at all. I was only feeling and drawing a long breath. Jest then the b'ar sort o' looked round as ef to see what varmint it was a-troubling him, when I gin him a mighty push, strong as I could, and he lost his balance and went over outside down clar to the airth, and I could hyar his neck crack, almost as loud as a pistol.

"I drawed a long breath a'ter that, and prayed a short prayer; and, feeling my way all the time, so as to be sure agin rotten branches, I got a safe seat among the limbs of the tree, and sot myself down, detarmined to wait tell broad daylight before I tuk another step in the business.

"And thar I sot. So fur as I could see, Jedge, I was safe. I hed got out of the tie of the flying geese, and thar they all waur, spread before me, flopping now and then, and trying to extricate themselves; but they couldn't come it. Thar they waur, captivated, and so much 'capital' for Sam Snaffles.

"And I hed got out of the lion's den—that is, I hed got out of the honey-tree, and warn't in no present danger of being buried alive agin. Thanks to the b'ar, and to the blessed, beautiful angel sperrits in the stars that hed sent him thar seeking honey to be my deliverance from my captivation.

"And thar he lay, jest as quiet as ef he waur a-sleeping, though I knowed his neck was broke. And that b'ar, too, was so much 'capital.'

"And I sot in the tree making my calkilations. I could see now the meaning of that beautiful young critter that come to me in my dreams. I was to hev the 'capital,' but I was to git it through troubles and tribulations, and a mighty bad skeer for life. I never knowed the valley of 'capital' till now, and I seed the sense in all that Squaire Hopson told me, though he did tell it in a mighty spiteful sperrit.

"Well, I calkilated.

"It was cold weather, freezing, and though I had good warm clothes on, I felt monstrous like sleeping, from the cold only, though perhaps the tire and the skeer together hed something to do with it. But I was afeard to sleep. I didn't know what would happen, and a man has never his right courage ontil daylight. I fou't agin sleep by keeping on my calkilation.

"Forty thousand wild geese!

"Thar wa'n't forty thousand edzactly—very far from it—but thar they waur, pretty thick; and for every goose I could git from forty to sixty cents in all the villages in South Carolina.

"Thar was 'capital!'

"Then thar waur the b'ar.

"Jedging from his strength in pulling me up, and from his size and fat in filling up that great hollow in the tree, I calkilated that he couldn't weigh less than five hundred pounds. His hide, I knowed, was worth twenty dollars. Then thar was the fat and tallow, and the biled marrow out of his bones, what they makes b'ar's grease out of, to make chicken whiskers grow big enough for game-cocks. Then thar waur the meat, skinned, cleaned, and all; thar couldn't be much onder four hundred and fifty pounds, and whether I sold him as fresh meat or cured he'd bring me ten cents a pound at the least.

"Says I, 'Thar's capital!'

"'Then,' says I, 'thar's my honey-tree. I reckon thar's a matter of ten thousand gallons in this hyar same honey-tree; and if I kint git fifty to seventy cents a gallon for it thar's no alligators in Flurriday.'

"And so I calkilated through the night, fighting agin sleep, and thinking of my 'capital' and Merry Ann together.

"By morning I had calkilated all I hed to do and all I hed to make.

"Soon as I got a peep of day I was up and on the look-out.

"Thar all around me were the captivated geese critters. The b'ar laid down parfectly easy and waiting for the knife; and the geese, I reckon they were much more tired than me, for they didn't seem to hev the hairt for a single flutter, even when they seed me swing down from the tree among 'em holding on to my plough-lines and letting myself down easy.

"But first I must tell you, Jedge, when I seed the first signs of daylight and looked around me, Lawd bless me! what should I see but old Tryon Mountain with his great head lifting itself up in the east! And beyant I could see the house and fairm of Columbus Mills; and as I turned to look a leetle south

of that thar was my own poor leetle log-cabin standing quiet, but with never a smoke streaming out from the chimbley.

"'God bless them good angel sperrits,' I said, 'I ain't two miles from home!' Before I come down from the tree I knowed edzactly whar I waur. 'Twas only four miles off from the lake and whar I hitched the mule of Columbus Mills close by the cart. Thar, too, I had left my rifle. Yet in my miserable fix, carried through the air by them wild geese, I did think I hed gone a'most a thousand miles towards Canniday.

"Soon as I got down from the tree I pushed off at a trot to git the mule and cart. I was pretty sure of my b'ar and geese when I come back. The cart stood quiet enough. But the mule, having nothing to eat, was sharping her teeth upon a boulder, thinking she'd hev a bite or so before long.

"I hitched her up, brought her to my bee-tree, tumbled the b'ar into the cart, wrung the necks of all the geese that waur thar—many hed got away—and counted some twenty-seven hundred that I piled away atop of the b'ar."

"Twenty-seven hundred!" cried the "Big Lie" and all the hunters at a breath. "Twenty-seven hundred! Why, Yaou, whenever you telled of this thing before you always counted them at three thousand one hundred and fifty!"

"Well, ef I did, I reckon I was right. I was sartinly right then, it being all fresh in my 'membrance; and I'm not the man to go back agin his own words.

"Well, Jedge, next about the b'ar. Sold the hide and tallow for a fine market-price; sold the meat, got ten cents a pound for it fresh—'twas most beautiful meat; biled down the bones for the marrow; melted down the grease; sold fourteen pounds of it to the barbers and apothecaries; got a dollar a pound for that; sold that hide for twenty dollars; and got the cash for everything.

"Well, I kin only say, that a'ter all the selling—and I driv at it day and night, with Columbus Mills' mule and cart, and went to every house in every street in all them villages—I hed a'most fifteen hundred dollars, safe stowed away onder the pillows of my bed, all in solid gould and silver.

"But I warn't done. Thar was my bee-tree. Don't you think I waur gwine to lose that honey; no, my darlint. I didn't beat the drum about nothing. I didn't let on to a soul what I was a-doing. They axed me about the wild geese, but I sent 'em on a wild-goose chase; and 'twan't till I hed sold off all the b'ar meat and all the geese that I made ready to git at that honey. I reckon them bees must ha' been making that honey for a hundred years, and was then driv out by the b'ars.

"Columbus Mills will tell you; he axed me all about it; but though he was always my good friend, I never even telled it to him. But he lent me his mule and cart, good fellow as he is, and never said nothing more; and, quiet enough, without beat of drum, I bought up all the tight-bound barrels that ever brought whisky to Spartanburg and Greenville, whar they hes the taste for that article strong; and day by day I went off carrying as many barrels as the cart could hold and the mule could draw. I tapped the old tree—which was one of the oldest and biggest chestnut oaks I ever did see—close to the bottom, and drawed off the beautiful treacle. I was more than sixteen days about it, and got something over two thousand gallons of the purest, sweetest, yellowest honey you ever did see. I could hairdly git barrels and jimmyjohns enough to hold it; and I sold it out at seventy cents a gallon, which was mighty cheap. So I got from the honey a matter of fourteen hundred dollars.

"Now, Jedge, all this time, though it went very much agin the grain, I kept away from Merry Ann and the old squaire, her daddy. I sent him two hundred head of geese—some fresh, say one hundred, and another hundred that I hed cleaned and put in salt—and I sent him three jimmyjohns of honey, five gallons each. But I kept away and said nothing, beat no drum, and hed never a thinking but how to git in the 'capital.' And I did git it in.

"When I carried the mule and cart home to Columbus Mills I axed him about a sartin farm of one hundred and sixty acres that he hed to sell. It hed a good house on it. He selled it to me cheap. I paid him down, and put the titles in my pocket. 'Thar's capital,' says I.

"*That* waur a fixed thing for ever and ever. And when I hed moved everything from the old cabin to the new farm, Columbus let me hev a fine milch cow that gin eleven quarts a day, with a beautiful young calf. Jest about that time thar was a great sale of the furniter of the Ashmore family down at Spartanburg, and I remembered I hed no decent bedstead, or anything rightly sarving for a young woman's chamber; so I went to the sale, and bought a fine strong mahogany bedstead, a dozen chairs, a chist of drawers, and some other things that ain't quite mentionable, Jedge, but all proper for a lady's chamber; and I soon hed the house fixed up ready for anything. And up to this

time I never let on to anybody what I was a-thinking about or what I was a-doing ontil I could stand up in my own doorway and look about me, and say to myself, 'This is my 'capital,' I reckon;' and when I hed got all that I thought a needcessity to git I took 'count of everything.

"I spread the title-deeds of my fairm out on the table. I read 'em over three times to see ef twaur all right. Thar was my name several times in big letters, 'to hev and to hold.'

"Then I fixed the furniter. Then I brought out into the stable-yard the old mar'—you couldn't count her ribs *now*, and she was spry as ef she hed got a new conceit of herself.

"Then thar was my beautiful cow and calf, ealing fat, both on 'em, and sleek as a doe in autumn.

"Then thar waur a fine young mule that I bought in Spartanburg; my cart, and a strong second-hand buggy, that could carry two pussons convenient of two different sexes. And I felt big, like a man of consekence and capital.

"That warn't all.

"I had the shiners, Jedge, besides—all in gould and silver—none of your dirty rags and dirty spotty paper.

"I hed a grand count of my money, Jedge. I hed it in a dozen or twenty little bags of leather—the gould—and the silver I hed in shot-bags. It took me a whole morning to count it up and git the figgers right. Then I stuffed it in my pockets, hyar and thar, everywhar wharever I could stow a bag; and the silver I stuffed away in my saddle-bags, and clapped it on the mar'.

"Then I mounted myself, and sot the mar's nose straight in a bee-line for the fairm of Squaire Hopson.

"I was a-gwine, you see, to surprise him with my 'capital;' but, fust, I meant to give him a mighty grand skeer.

"You see, when I was a-trading with Columbus Mills about the fairm and cattle and other things, I ups and tells him about my courting of Merry Ann; and when I telled him about Squaire Hopson's talk about 'capital,' he says:

"'The old skunk! What right hes he to be talking big so when he kain't pay his own debts. He's been owing me three hundred and fifty dollars now gwine on three years, and I kain't git even the *intrust* out of him. I've got a mortgage on his fairm for the whole, and ef he won't let you hev his da'ter, jest you come to me, and I'll clap the screws to him in short order.'

"Says I, 'Columbus, won't you sell me that mortgage?'

"'You shill hev it for the face of the debt,' says he, 'not considerin' the intrust.'

"'It's a bargin,' says I; and I paid him down the money, and he signed the mortgage over to me for a vallyable consideration.

"I hed that beautiful paper in my breast pocket, and felt strong to face the squaire in his own house, knowing how I could turn him out of it. And I mustn't forget to tell you how I got myself a new rig of clothing, with a mighty fine over-coat and a new fur cap; and as I looked in the glass I felt my consekence all over at every for'a'd step I tuk; and I felt my inches growing with every pace of the mar' on the high-road to Merry Ann and her beautiful daddy.

"Well, Jedge, before I quite got to the squaire's farm, who should come out to meet me in the road but Merry Ann, her own self. She hed spied me, I reckon, as I crossed the bald ridge a quarter of a mile away. I do reckon the dear gal hed been looking out for me every day the whole eleven days in the week, counting in all the Sundays. In the mountains, you know, Jedge, that the weeks sometimes run to twelve, and even fourteen days, specially when we're on a long camp-hunt.

"Well, Merry Ann cried and laughed together, she was so tarnation glad to see me agin. Says she:

"'Oh, Sam! I'm so glad to see you! I was afeard you had clean gin me up. And thar's that fusty old bachelor Grimstead, he's a-coming here a'most every day; and daddy, he sw'ars that I shill marry, and nobody else; and mammy, she's at me too, all the time, telling how fine a fairm he's got, and what a nice carriage, and all that; and mammy says as how daddy'll be sure to beat me ef I don't hev him. But I kain't bear to look at him, the old grisly.'

"'Cuss him,' says I. 'Cuss him, Merry Ann.'

"And she did, but onder her breath—the old cuss.

"'Drot him!' says she; and she said louder, 'and drot me too, Sam, ef I ever marries anybody but you.'

"By this time I hed got down and gin her a long, strong hug, and a'most twenty or a dozen kisses, and I says:

"'You shan't marry nobody but me, Merry Ann; and we'll hev the marriage this very night, ef you says so.'

"'Oh! psho, Sam! How you does talk!'

"'Ef I don't marry you to-night, Merry Ann, I'm a holy mortar, and a sinner not to be saved by any salting, though you puts the petre

with the salt. I'm come for that very thing. Don't you see my new clothes?'

"'Well, you hev got a beautiful coat, Sam; all so blue, and with sich shiny buttons.'

"'Look at my waistcoat, Merry Ann. What do you think of that?'

"'Why, it's a most beautiful blue velvet.'

"'That's the very article,' says I. 'And see the breeches, Merry Ann; and the boots.'

"'Well,' says she, 'I'm fair astonished, Sam. Why, whar, Sam, did you find all the money for these fine things?'

"'A beautiful young woman, a'most as beautiful as you, Merry Ann, come to me the very night of that day when your daddy driv me off with a flea in my ear. She come to me to my bed at midnight ——'

"'Oh, Sam! *ain't* you ashamed!'

"'Twas in a dream, Merry Ann; and she tells me something to incourage me to go for'a'd, and I went for'a'd, bright and airly next morning, and I picked up three sarvants that hev been working for me ever sence.'

"'What sarvants?' says she.

"'One was a goose, one was a b'ar, and t'other was a bee!'

"'Now, you're a-fooling me, Sam.'

"'You'll see. Only you git yourself ready, for, by the eternal Hokies, I marries you this very night, and takes you home to *my* fairm bright and airly to-morrow morning.'

"'I do think, Sam, you must be downright crazy.'

"'You'll see and believe. Do you go home and get yourself fixed up for the wedding. Old Parson Stovall lives only two miles from your daddy, and I'll hev him hyar by sundown. You'll see.'

"'But ef I waur to b'lieve you, Sam——'

"'I've got on my wedding clothes o' purpose, Merry Ann.'

"'But *I* hain't got no clothes fit for a gal to be married in,' says she.

"'I'll marry you this very night, Merry Ann,' says I, 'though you hedn't a stitch of clothing at all!'

"'Git out, you sassy Sam,' says she, slapping my face. Then I kissed her in her very mouth, and a'ter that we walked on together, I leading the mar'.

"Says she, as we neared the house, 'Sam, let me go before, or stay hyar in the thick, and you go in by yourself. Daddy's in the hall smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers.'

"'We'll walk in together,' says I, quite consekential.

"Says she, 'I'm so afeard.'

"'Don't you be afeard, Merry Ann,' says I; 'you'll see that all will come out jest as I tells you. We'll be hitched to-night ef Parson Stovall, or any other parson, kin be got to tie us up.'

"Says she, suddently, 'Sam, you're a-walking lame, I'm a-thinking. What's the matter? Hev you hurt yourself any way?'

"Says I, 'It's only owing to my not balancing my accounts even in my pockets. You see I feel so much like flying in the air with the idee of marrying you to-night that I filled my pockets with rocks, jest to keep me down.'

"'I do think, Sam, you're a leetle cracked in the upper story.'

"'Well,' says I, 'ef so, the crack has let in a blessed chaince of the beautifullest sunlight. You'll see! Cracked, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Wait till I've done with your daddy! I'm gwine to square accounts with *him*, and I reckon, when I'm done with him, you'll guess that the crack's in *his* skull, and not in mine.'

"'What! you wouldn't knock my father, Sam!' says she, drawing off from me and looking skeary.

"'Don't you be afeard; but it's very sartin ef our heads don't come together, Merry Ann, you won't hev me for your husband to-night. And that's what I've swore upon. Hyar we air!'

"When we got to the yard I led in the mar', and Merry Ann she ran away from me and dodged round the house. I hitched the mar' to the post, took off the saddle-bags, which was mighty heavy, and walked into the house stiff enough I tell you, though the gould in my pockets pretty much weighed me down as I walked.

"Well, in I walked, and thar sat the old squaire smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. He looked at me through his specs over the newspaper, and when he seed who 'twas his mouth put on that same conceited sort of grin and smile that he ginerally hed when he spoke to me.

"'Well,' says he, gruffly enough, 'it's you, Sam Snaffles, is it?' Then he seems to discover my new clothes and boots, and he sings out, 'Heigh! you're tip-toe fine to-day! What fool of a shopkeeper in Spartanburg have you tuk in this time, Sam?'

"Says I, cool enough, 'I'll answer all them iligant questions a'ter a while, squaire; but would prefar to see to business fust.'

"'Business!' says he; 'and what business kin you hev with me, I wants to know?'

"'You shall know, squaire, soon enough, and I only hopes it will be to your liking a'ter you l'arn it.'

"So I laid my saddle-bags down at my feet and tuk a chair quite at my ease; and I could see that he was all astare in wonderment at what he thought my sassiness. As I felt I had my hook in his gills, though he didn't know it yit, I felt in the humour to tickle him and play him as we does a trout.

"Says I, 'Squaire Hopson, you owes a sartin amount of money, say 350 dollars, with intrust on it for now three years, to Dr. Columbus Mills.'

"At this he squares round, looks me full in the face, and says:

"'What the Old Harry's that to you?'

"Says I, gwine on cool and straight, 'You gin him a mortgage on this fairm for security.'

"'What's that to you?' says he.

"'The mortgage is over-due by two years, squaire,' says I.

"'What the Old Harry's all that to you, I say?' he fairly roared out.

"'Well, nothing much, I reckon. The three hundred and fifty dollars, with three years' intrust at seven per cent., making it now—I've calkelated it all without compounding—something over four hundred and twenty-five dollars—well, squaire, that's not much to *you*, I reckon, with your large capital. But it's something to me.'

"'But I ask you again, sir,' he says, 'what is all this to you?'

"'Jist about what I tells you—say four hundred and twenty-five dollars; and I've come hyar this morning, bright and airly, in hope you'll be able to square up and satisfy the mortgage. Hyar's the dockyment.'

"And I drawed the paper from my breast-pocket.

"'And you tell me that Dr. Mills sent you hyar,' says he, 'to collect this money?'

"'No; I come myself on my own hook.'

"'Well,' says he, 'you shill hev your answer at onst. Take that paper back to Dr. Mills and tell him that I'll take an airly opportunity to call and arrange the business with him. You hev your answer, sir,' he says, quite grand, 'and the sooner you makes yourself scarce the better.'

"'Much obleeged to you, squaire, for your cereelity,' says I; 'but I ain't quite satisfied with that answer. I've come for the money due on this paper, and must hev it, squaire, or thar will be what the lawyers call *four closures* upon it!'

"'Enough! tell Dr. Mills I will answer his demand in person.'

"'You needn't trouble yourself, squaire; for ef you'll jest look at the back of that paper and read the 'signmeant, you'll see that you've got to settle with Sam Snaffles, and not with Columbus Mills.'

"Then he snatches up the dockyment, turns it over, and reads the rigilar 'signmeant, writ in Columbus Mills' own handwrite.

"Then the squaire looks at me with a great stare, and he says, to himself like:

"'It's a *bonny fodder* 'signmeant.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'it's *bonny fodder*—rigilar in law—and the titles all made out complete to me, Sam Snaffles; signed, sealed, and delivered, as the lawyers says it.'

"'And how the Old Harry come you by this paper?' says he.

"I was gitting riled, and I was detarmined, this time, to gin my hook a pretty sharp jerk in his gills; so I says:

"'See, I've got my wedding-breeches on. I'm to be married to-night, and I wants to take my wife to her own fairm as soon as I kin. Now, you see, squaire, I all along set my hairt on this fairm of yourn, and I detarmined ef ever I could git the 'capital,' to get hold of it; and that was the idee I hed when I bought the 'signmeant of the mortgage from Columbus Mills. So, you see, ef you kain't pay a'ter three years, you never kin pay, I reckon; and ef I don't git my money this day, why—I kain't help it—the lawyers will hev to see to the *four closures* to-morrow!"

"'Great God, sir!' says he, rising out of his chair, and crossing the room up and down, 'do you coolly propose to turn me and my family headlong out of my house?'

"'Well now,' says I, 'squaire, that's not edzactly the way to put it. As I reads this dockyment'—and I tuk up and put the mortgage in my pocket—'the house and fairm are *mine* by law. They onst was yourn; but it wants nothing now but the *four closures* to make 'em mine.'

"'And would you force the sale of property worth two thousand dollars and more for a miserable four hundred dollars?'

"'It must sell for what it'll bring, squaire; and I stands ready to buy it for my wife, you see, ef it costs me twice as much as the mortgage.'

"'Your wife!' says he; 'who the Old Harry is she? You once pertended to have an affection for my da'ter.'

"'So I hed; but you hedn't the proper affection for your da'ter that I hed. You prefar'd money to her affections, and you drive me off to git 'capital!' Well, I tuk your advice, and I've got the capital.'

"'And whar the Old Harry,' said he, 'did you get it?'

"'Well, I made good tairms with the old devil for a hundred years, and he found me in the money.'

"'It must hev been so,' said he. 'You waur not the man to git capital in any other way.'

"Then he goes on: 'But what becomes of your pertended affection for my da'ter?'

"''Twan't pertended; but you throwed yourself betwixt us with all your force, and broke the gal's hairt, and broke mine, so far as you could; and as I couldn't live without company, I hed to look for myself and find a wife as I could. I tell you, as I'm to be married to-night, and as I've swore a most etarnal oath to hev this fairm, you'll hev to raise the wind to-day, and square off with me, or the lawyers will be at you with the *four closures* to-morrow, bright and airly.'

"'Dod dern you!' he cries out. 'Does you want to drive me mad?'

"'By no manner of means,' says I, jest about as cool and quiet as a cowcumber.

"The poor old squaire fairly sweated, but he couldn't say much. He'd come up to me and say:

"'Ef you only did love Merry Ann!'

"'Oh,' says I, 'what's the use of your talking that? Ef you only hed ha' loved your own da'ter!'

Then the old chap begun to cry, and as I seed that I jest kicked over my saddle-bags lying at my feet, and the silver Mexicans rolled out—a bushel on 'em, I reckon—and, oh, Lawd! how the old fellow jumped, staring with all his eyes at me and the dollars.

"'It's money,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'jest a few hundreds of thousands of *my* 'capital.' I didn't stop at the figgers, you see.

"Then he turns to me, and says, 'Sam Snaffles, you're a most wonderful man. You're a mystery to me. Whar, in the name of Heaven, hev you been? and what hev you been doing? and whar did you git all this power of capital?'

"I jest laughed, and went to the door and called Merry Ann. She come mighty quick. I reckon she was watching and waiting.

"Says I, 'Merry Ann, that's money. Pick it up and put it back in the saddle-bags, ef you please.'

"Then says I, turning to the old man, 'Thar's that whole bushel of Mexicans, I reckon. Thar monstrous heavy. My old mar'—ax her about her ribs now!—she fairly squelched onder the weight of me and that money. And I'm pretty heavy loaded myself. I must lighten, with your leave, squaire.'

"And I pulled out a leetle doeskin bag of gould half-eagles from my right-hand pocket and poured them out upon the table; then I emptied my left-hand pocket, then the side-pockets of the coat, then the skairt-pockets, and jist spread the shiners out upon the table.

"Merry Ann was fairly frightened, and run out of the room; then the old woman she come in, and as the old squaire seed her, he tuk her by the shoulder and said:

"'Jest you look at that thar.'

"And when she looked and seed, the poor old hypercritical scamp sinner turned round to me and flung her airms round my neck, and said:

"'I always said you waur the only right man for Merry Ann.'

"The old spooney!

"Well, we were married that night, and hev been comfortable ever since."

That was the end of Yaou's story.

THE PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

There in yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;—
There children dwell who know no parent's care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve.
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride:
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;

How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

FROM SWIFT.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chestful, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And I think he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "this critical age," as divines say, "this sinful age."

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this: this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

"That was excellently observed," said I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine: when we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present; but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

FROM POPE.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither

better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but, generally, true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit: and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Giving advice is, many times, only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense; it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The differenee between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

It is with narrowed-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things, whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable: but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew a man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.[1]

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an ami-

[1] It is said of Frederick the Great that an additional guinea was only wanting to render his fêtes and entertainments magnificent.

able character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

There is nothing meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

FROM LAVATER.

He who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical: is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

He who begins with severity in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.

There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

He who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love unite, the more radiant when they meet.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence: who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

Sagacity in selecting the good, and courage to honour it, according to its degree, determines your own degree of goodness.

Who cuts is easily wounded. The readier you are to offend, the sooner you are offended.

He who is respectable when thinking himself alone and free from observation, will be so before the eye of all the world.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself: there is a princely manner of giving and a royal manner of accepting.

He who affects useless singularity, has a little mind.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint: the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

The wrangler, the puzzler, the word-hunter, are incapable of great actions.

Who, at the relation of some unmerited misfortune smiles, is either a fool, a fiend, or a villain.

Know, that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him: humanity has power over all that is human: the most inhuman man still remains man, and never *can* throw off all taste for what belongs to man—but you must learn to wait.

The most abhorred thing in nature is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to the lap of a tender, helpless family.

Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth.

Then talk of patience, when you have borne him who has none, without repining.

Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game: but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and great man.

He who believes not in virtue, must be vicious; all faith is only the reminiscence of the good that once arose and the omen of the good that may arise within us.

If you mean to know yourself, interline such of these aphorisms as affected you, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness with you, and then show your copy to whom you please.

PLEASURES OF PROMISE.

Things may be well to seem that are not well to be,
And thus hath fancy's dream been realized to me.
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;
We seek the green hill's side, and thorns are only found!

Is hope then ever so?—or is it as a tree,
Whereon fresh blossoms grow, for those that faded be!
Oh, who may think to sail from peril and from snare,
When rocks beneath us fail, and bolts are in the air!

Yet hope the storm can quell with a soft and happy tune,
Or hang December's cell with figures caught from June:
And even unto me there cometh, less forlorn,
An impulse from the sea, a promise from the morn.

When summer shadows break, and gentle winds rejoice,
On mountain or on lake ascends a constant voice
With a hope and with a pride, its music woke of old,
And every pulse replied in tales as fondly told.

Though illusion aids no more the poetry of youth,
Its fabled sweetness o'er, it leaves a pensive truth:—
That tears the sight obscure, that sounds the ear betray,
That nothing can allure the heart to go astray.

S. Laman Blanchard.

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.[1]

[Robert Southey, LL.D., born at Bristol, 12th August, 1774; died at Keswick, Cumberland, 21st March, 1843. Poet, historian, biographer, and miscellaneous writer. For some time he was uncertain what profession to adopt: his friends advised the church; he flirted with law, and at length devoted himself to literature. In 1807 he received a pension of £144 a year for literary services; in 1813 he was appointed poet laureate; in 1835 he was placed on the civil list for £300 a year, and Sir Robert Peel offered him a baronetcy, which he declined. Of his numerous works we may mention, amongst his poems: *Joan of Arc; Thalaba the Destroyer; Madoc; Metrical Tales and other Poems; Roderick, the Last of the Goths; Wat Tyler; The Curse of Kehama; The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, &c. Amongst his prose writings—*The Life of Nelson*—which Macaulay said was, "beyond all doubt, the most perfect of his works"—*Life of John Wesley; History of the Peninsular War; Lives of Uneducated Poets; Essays, Moral and Political*, &c. In his *Poetic Literature*, D. M. Moir observed: "Southey shone in the paths of gentle meditation and philosophic reflection; but his chief strength lay in description, where he had few equals. . . . His capacious mind may be likened to a variegated continent, one region of which is damp with fogs, rough with rocks, barren and unprofitable; the other bright with glorious sunshine, valleys of rich luxuriance, and forests of perpetual verdure." *Joan of Arc* was his first publication of any importance, and appeared in 1795. In his later years the poet carefully revised the poem for the complete edition of his works published by Longmans and Co. *The Maid of Orleans*—so-called on account of her heroic defence of that city—was born in the hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, in 1410 or 1411, and her marvellous career closed in May, 1431, in the market-place of Rouen, where she was burned as a sorceress. Southey in his preface to the poem wrote: "That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, few will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the king when he disguised himself, among the courtiers, to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from the tomb of St. Catherine, are facts in which all historians agree. . . . The Maid was not knowingly an impostor."]

Orleans was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay; with toil
Exhausted, and sore anguish, soon she closed
Her heavy eyelids; not reposing then,
For busy phantasy in other scenes
Awaken'd: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Instructing best the passive faculty;
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things *are* that *seem*.
Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer through the cheerless night.
Far through the silence of the unbroken plain
The bittern's boom was heard; hoarse, heavy, deep,
It made accordant music to the scene.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing: through their broken folds the moon
Struggled at times with transitory ray,
And made the moving darkness visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands, amid whose stagnate waters, hoarse
The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
A time-worn bark receives the maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where through the crazy vessel's yawning side
The muddy waters oozed. A woman guides,
And spreads the sail before the wind, which moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by a dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round his prison towers.
Wan was the pilot's countenance, her eyes
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrow'd deep.
Channell'd by tears! a few gray locks hung down
Beneath her hood: and through the maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood, when, as the night-breeze pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless bats with short shrill note flit by.
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leapt, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection.
There, a mouldering pile
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone through its fretted windows: the dark yew,
Withering with age, branch'd there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy cypress rear'd
Its head; the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man
Sate near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fallen
And half-obscured by moss, and gather'd heaps
Of wither'd yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones.
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the maid; the tomb-fires on his face
Shed a blue light; his face was of the hue
Of death; his limbs were mantled in a shroud.
Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,

[1] In the first edition of *Joan of Arc* this Vision formed the ninth book, allegorical machinery having been introduced throughout the poem as originally written. All that remained of such machinery was expunged in the second edition, and the Vision was then struck out, as no longer according with the general design.

Exclaim'd the spectre, "Welcome to these realms,
These regions of despair, O thou whose steps
Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes!
Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
Eternal, to this everlasting night,
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
Dark as the bosom of their gloomy king."

So saying, he arose, and drawing on,
Her to the abbey's inner ruin led,
Resisting not his guidance. Through the roof
Once fretted and emblazed, but broken now
In part, elsewhere all open to the sky,
The moonbeams enter'd, chequer'd here, and here
With unimpeded light. The ivy twined
Round the dismantled columns; imaged forms
Of saints and warlike chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground,
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And rusted trophies. Meantime overhead
Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
He, silent, led her on, and often paused,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene.
He dragg'd her on
Through a low iron door, down broken stairs;
Then a cold horror through the maiden's frame
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead.
"Look here!" he cried,
"Damsel, look here! survey this house of death;
O soon to tenant it; soon to increase
These trophies of mortality, . . . for hence
Is no return. Gaze here; behold this skull,
These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
That with their ghastly grinning seem to mock
Thy perishable charms; for thus thy cheek
Must moulder. Child of grief! shrinks not thy soul,
Viewing these horrors? trembles not thy heart
At the dread thought that here its life's-blood soon
Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
With the cold clod? thing horrible to think, . . .
Yet in thought only, for reality
Is none of suffering here; here all is peace;
No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
But having lost, knowledge of loss is not,
Therefore no ill. Oh, wherefore then delay
To end all ills at once!"
So spake Despair.
The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was silence. Quick her heart
Panted. He placed a dagger in her hand,
And cried again, "Oh wherefore then delay!
One blow, and rest for ever!" On the fiend
Dark scowl'd the virgin with indignant eye,
And threw the dagger down. He next his heart
Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the maid
Along the downward vault.
The damp earth gave
A dim sound as they pass'd: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.
"Behold!" the fiend exclaim'd, "how loathsomely
The fleshly remnant of mortality
Moulders to clay!" then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
Lay livid; she beheld with horrent look,
The spectacle abhorr'd by living man.

"Look here!" Despair pursued, "this loathsome mass
Was once as lovely, and as full of life
As, damsel, thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,
And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
That at the hallow'd altar, soon the priest
Should bless her coming union, and the torch
Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,
Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
That priest consign'd her, for her lover went
By glory lured to war, and perish'd there;
Nor she endured to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
Dost thou then, maiden, tremble at the tale?
Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
The self-devoted hero!"
Fearfully
The maid look'd down, and saw the well-known face
Of Theodore. In thoughts unspeakable,
Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd
Her cold damp hands: "Shrink not," the phantom cried,
"Gaze on!" and unrelentingly he grasp'd
Her quivering arm: "this lifeless mouldering clay,
As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
Of youth and love; this is the hand that cleft
Proud Salisbury's crest, now motionless in death,
Unable to protect the ravaged frame
From the foul offspring of mortality
That feed on heroes. Though long years were thine
Yet never more would life reanimate
This slaughter'd youth; slaughter'd for thee! for thou
Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
Where else he had survived to good old age:
In thy defence he died: strike then! destroy
Remorse with life."
The Maid stood motionless,
And, wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
"Avaunt, Despair! Eternal Wisdom deals
Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
Alike design'd; and shall the creature cry,
'Why hast thou done this?' and with impious pride
Destroy the life God gave?"
The fiend rejoin'd,
"And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
Assign'd to mortal man? born but to drag,
Through life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load

Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
This is his consummation!—Think again!
What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life,
But lengthen'd sorrow? If protracted long,
Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
Stretch out their languid length, oh think what thoughts,
What agonizing feelings, in that hour,
Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse,
Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
Seizes the throbbing heart; the faltering lips
Pour out the impious prayer that fain would change
The Unchangeable's decree; surrounding friends
Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheeks with tears;
And all he loved in life embitters death.

"Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
Of easiest dissolution! yet weak man
Resolves, in timid piety, to live;
And veiling fear in superstition's garb,
He calls her resignation!
Coward wretch!
Fond coward, thus to make his reason war
Against his reason. Insect as he is,
This sport of chance, this being of a day,
Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast,
Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
That God regards man, miserable man,
And preaching thus of power and providence,
Will crush the reptile that may cross his path!

"Fool that thou art! the Being that permits
Existence, gives to man the worthless boon:
A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest,
Bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
And such do well to keep it. But to one
Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
With many a hard unmerited affliction,
It is a hair that chains to wretchedness
The slave who dares not burst it!
Thinkest thou,
The parent, if his child should unrecall'd
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
'Oh! the wide world is comfortless, and full
Of fleeting joys and heart-consuming cares,
I can be only happy in my home
With thee—my friend!—my father!' Thinkest thou,
That he would thrust him as an outcast forth?
Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
And love the trespass."
Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
Even as a wretch, whose famish'd entrails crave
Supply, before him sees the poison'd food
In greedy horror.
Yet, not silent long.
'Eloquent tempter, cease!" the Maiden cried,
"What though affliction be my portion here,
Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back
Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
Then lift mine eyes to heaven, and there in faith
Know my reward? . . . I grant, were this life all,
Was there no morning to the tomb's long night,
If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
A wise and friendly comforter! . . . But, fiend,
There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
He shall not gain who never merited.
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose
The precious privilege, while life endures
To do my Father's will. A mighty task
Is mine, . . . a glorious call. France looks to me
For her deliverance."
"Maiden, thou hast done
Thy mission here," the unbaffled fiend replied:
"The foes are fled from Orleans: thou, perchance
Exulting in the pride of victory,
Forgettest him who periah'd: yet albeit
Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth,
That hour allotted canst thou not escape,
That dreadful hour, when contumely and shame
Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
Destined to drain the cup of bitterness,
Even to its dregs, . . . England's inhuman chiefs
Shall scoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
And force such burning blushes to the cheek
Of virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
The earth might cover thee. In that last hour,
When thy bruis'd breast shall heave beneath the chains
That link thee to the stake, a spectacle
For the brute multitude, and thou shalt hear
Mockery more painful than the circling flames
Which then consume thee; wilt thou not in vain
Then wish my friendly aid? then wish thine ear
Had drank my words of comfort? that thy hand
Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
Insulted modesty?"
Her glowing cheek
Blush'd crimson; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd; her breath short panted The cold fiend,
Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, "Too timid Maid,
So long repugnant to the healing aid
My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
The allotted length of life."
He stamp'd the earth,
And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
Two Gouls came on, of form more rearful-foul
Than ever palsied in her wildest dream
Hag-ridden Superstition. Then Despair
Seized on the Maid, whose curdling blood stood still,
And placed her in the seat, and on they pass'd
Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
Shot from the dæmons, as they dragg'd along
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren feast
On carcasses.

Below, the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. "Look here!"—Despair addrest
The shuddering virgin, "see the dome of Death!"
It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
The entrails of the earth, as though to form
A grave for all mankind: no eye could reach
Its distant bounds. There, throned in darkness, dwelt
The unseen power of Death.
Here stopt the Gouls,
Reaching the destined spot. The fiend stepped out,
And from the coffin as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, "Where mortal never stood before,
Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;
Observe the dole that nature deals to man,
And learn to know thy friend."
She answer'd not,
Observing where the Fates their several tasks
Plied ceaseless. "Mark how long the shortest web
Allow'd to man!" he cried; "observe how soon,
Twined round yon never-resting wheel, they change
Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade,
Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers."

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
Or as the spotless lily of the vale,
Was never one beyond the little span
Of infancy untainted; few there were
But lightly tinged; more of deep crimson hue,
Or deeper sable dyed. Two Genii stood,
Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter drops
Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
Shed less profusely there his lesser store;
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant hoard,
Compassionating man; and happy he
Who on his thread those precious tears receives;
If it be happiness to have the pulse
That throbs with pity, and in such a world
Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
With anguish at the sight of human woe.

To her the fiend, well hoping now success,
"This is thy thread; observe how short the span;
And little doth the evil Genius spare
His bitter tincture there." The Maiden saw
Calmly. "Now gaze!" the tempter fiend exclaim'd,
And placed again the poniard in her hand,
For Superstition, with a burning torch,
Approach'd the loom. "This, damsel, is thy fate!
The hour draws on—now strike the dagger home!
Strike now, and be at rest!"
The Maid replied,
"Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
Impious I strive not: let that will be done!"

She spake, and lo! celestial radiance beam'd
Amid the air, such odours wafting now
As erst came blended with the evening gale,
From Eden's bowers of bliss. An angel form
Stood by the Maid; his wings, ethereal white,
Flash'd like the diamond in the noontide sun,
Dazzling her mortal eye: all else appear'd
Her Theodore.
Amazed she saw: the fiend
Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
Sounded, though now more musically sweet
Than ever yet had thrill'd her soul attuned,
When eloquent affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight.
"Beloved Maid!
Lo! I am with thee, still thy Theodore!
Hearts in the holy bands of love combined,
Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine!
A little while and thou shalt dwell with me
In scenes where sorrow is not. Cheerily
Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
Rough though it be and painful, for the grave
Is but the threshold of eternity."

THE ADMIRAL ON SHORE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I do not know any moment in which the two undelightful truisms which we are all so ready to admit and to run away from—the quick progress of time and the instability of common events—are brought before us with a more uncomfortable consciousness than that of visiting, after a long absence, a house with whose former inhabitants we had been on terms of intimacy. The feeling is still more unpleasant when it comes to us unexpectedly and finds us unprepared, as has happened to me to-day.

A friend requested me this morning to accompany her to call on her little girl, whom she had recently placed at the Belvidere, a new and celebrated boarding-school—I beg pardon! —establishment for young ladies, about ten miles off. We set out accordingly, and, my friend being a sort of person in whose company one is apt to think little of anything but herself, had proceeded to the very gate of the Belvidere before I had at all recollected the road we were travelling, when in our momentary stop at the entrance of the lawn, I at once recognized the large substantial mansion, surrounded by magnificent oaks and elms, whose shadow lay broad and heavy on the grass in the bright sun of August; the copse-like shrubbery, which sunk with a pretty natural wildness to a dark clear pool, the ha ha, which parted the pleasure-ground from the open common, and the beautiful country which lay like a panorama beyond—in a word, I knew at a

glance, in spite of the disguise of its new appellations, the White House at Hannonby, where ten years ago I had so often visited my good old friend Admiral Floyd.

The place had undergone other transmogrifications besides its change of name; in particular, it had gained a few prettinesses and had lost much tidiness. A new rustic bench, a green-house, and a verandah, may be laid to the former score; a torn book left littering on the seat, a broken swing dangling from the trees, a skipping-rope on the grass, and a straw bonnet on a rose-bush, to the latter; besides which, the lawn which, under the naval reign, had been kept almost as smooth as water, was now in complete neglect, the turf in some places growing into grass, in others trodden quite bare by the continual movement of little rapid feet; leaves lay under the trees; weeds were on the gravel; and dust upon the steps. And in two or three chosen spots small fairy gardens had been cribbed from the shrubberies, where seedy mignonette and languishing sweet-peas, and myrtles over-watered, and geraniums, trained as never geraniums were trained before, gave manifest tokens of youthful gardening. None of the inhabitants were visible, but it was evidently a place gay and busy with children, devoted to their sports and their exercise. As we neared the mansion, the sounds and sights of school-keeping became more obvious. Two or three pianos were jingling in different rooms, a guitar tinkling, and a harp twanging; a din of childish voices, partly French partly English, issued from one end of the house; and a foreign-looking figure advanced from the other, whom, from his silk stockings, his upright carriage, and the boy who followed him carrying his kit, I set down for the dancing-master; whilst in an upstair apartment were two or three rosy laughing faces, enjoying the pleasure of disobedience in peeping out of window, one of which faces disappeared the moment it caught sight of the carriage, and was in another instant hanging round its mother's neck in the hall. I could not help observing to the governess, who also met us there, that it was quite shocking to think how often disobedience prospers amongst these little people. If Miss Emily had not been peeping out of the window when we drove up to the door, she would have been at least two minutes later in kissing her dear mamma —a remark to which the little girl assented very heartily, and at which her accomplished preceptress tried to look grave.

Leaving Emily with her mother, I sallied forth on the lawn to reconnoitre old scenes and recollect old times. My first visit especially forced itself on my remembrance. It had been made, like this, under the sultry August sun. We then lived within walking distance, and I had been proceeding hither to call on our new neighbours, Admiral and Mrs. Floyd, when a very unaccountable noise on the lawn induced me to pause at the entrance; a moment's observation explained the nature of the sounds. The admiral was shooting wasps with a pocket-pistol; a most villanous amusement, as it seemed to me, who am by nature and habit a hater of such poppery, and indeed of all noises which are at once sudden and expected. My first impulse was to run away, and I had actually made some motions towards a retreat, when, struck with the ludicrous nature of the sport, and the folly of being frightened at a sort of squibbery, which even the unusual game (though the admiral was a capital marksman, and seldom failed to knock down his insect) did not seem to regard, I faced about manfully, and contenting myself with putting my hands to my ears to keep out the sound, remained at a very safe distance to survey the scene. There, under the shade of the tall elms, sat the veteran, a little old withered man, very like a pocket-pistol himself, brown, succinct, grave, and fiery. He wore an old-fashioned naval uniform of blue, faced with white, which set off his mahogany countenance, drawn into a thousand deep wrinkles, so that his face was as full of lines as if it had been tattooed, with the full force of contrast. At his side stood a very tall, masculine, large-boned, middle-aged woman, something like a man in petticoats, whose face, in spite of a quantity of rouge and a small portion of modest assurance, might still be called handsome, and could never be mistaken for belonging to other than an Irish woman. There was a touch of the brogue in her very look. She, evidently his wife, stood by marking the covies, and enjoying, as it seemed to me, the smell of gunpowder, to which she had the air of being quite as well accustomed as the admiral. A younger lady was watching them at a little distance, apparently as much amused as myself, and far less frightened; on her advancing to meet me the pistol was put down, and the admiral joined us. This was my first introduction: we were acquainted in a moment; and before the end of my visit he had shown me all over his house, and told me the whole history of his life and adventures.

In these there was nothing remarkable, excepting their being so entirely of the sea. Some sixty-five years before, he had come into

the world in the middle of the British Channel, while his mother was taking a little trip from Portsmouth to Plymouth on board her husband's flag-ship (for he, too, had been an admiral), when, rather before he was expected, our admiral was born. This *début* fixed his destiny. At twelve years old he went to sea, and had remained there ever since, till now, when an unlucky promotion sent him ashore, and seemed likely to keep him there. I never saw a man so unaffectedly displeased with his own title. He forbade any of his family from calling him by it, and took it as a sort of affront from strangers.

Being, however, on land, his first object was to make his residence as much like a man-of-war as possible, or rather as much like that *beau-ideal* of a habitation his last frigate, the *Mermaiden*, in which he had by different prizes made above sixty thousand pounds. By that standard his calculations were regulated; all the furniture of the White House at Hannonby was adapted to the proportions of his majesty's ship the *Mermaiden*. The great drawing-room was fitted up exactly on the model of her cabin, and the whole of that spacious and commodious mansion made to resemble, as much as possible, that wonderfully inconvenient abode, the inside of a ship; every thing crammed into the smallest possible compass; space most unnecessarily economized, and contrivances devised for all those matters which need no contriving at all. He victualled the house as for an East-India voyage, served out the provisions in rations, and swung the whole family in hammocks.

It will easily be believed that these innovations, in a small village in a midland county, where nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants had never seen a piece of water larger than Hannonby great pond, occasioned no small commotion. The poor admiral had his own troubles. At first every living thing about the place rebelled—there was a general mutiny; the very cocks and hens whom he crammed up in coops in the poultry-yard screamed aloud for liberty; and the pigs, ducks, and geese, equally prisoners, squeaked and gabbled for water; the cows lowed in their stall—the sheep bleated in their pens, the whole live-stock of Hannonby was in durance.

The most unmanageable of these complainers were of course the servants; with the men, after a little while, he got on tolerably, sternness and grog (the wind and sun of the fable) conquered them: his stanchest opponents were of the other sex, the whole tribe of housemaids and kitchenmaids abhorred him to a woman, and plagued and thwarted him every hour of the day. He, on his part, returned their aversion with interest; talked of female stupidity, female awkwardness, and female dirt; and threatened to compound an household of the crew of the *Mermaiden*, that should shame all the twirlers of mops and brandishers of brooms in the county. Especially, he used to vaunt the abilities of a certain Bill Jones, as the best laundress, sempstress, cook, and housemaid in the navy; him he was determined to procure, to keep his refractory household in some order: accordingly, he wrote to desire his presence; and Bill, unable to resist the summons of his old commander, arrived accordingly.

This Avatar, which had been anticipated by the revolted damsels with no small dismay, tended considerably to ameliorate matters. The dreaded major-domo turned out to be a smart young sailor, of four or five-and-twenty, with an arch smile, a bright merry eye, and a most knowing nod, by no means insensible to female objurgation or indifferent to female charms. The women of the house, particularly the pretty ones, soon perceived their power; and as this Admirable Crichton, of his majesty's ship the *Mermaiden*, had, amongst his other accomplishments, the address completely to govern his master, all was soon in the smoothest track possible. Neither, universal genius though he were, was Bill Jones at all disdainful of female assistance, or averse to the theory of a division of labour. Under his wise direction and discreet patronage, a peace was patched up between the admiral and his rebellious handmaids. A general amnesty was proclaimed, with the solitary exception of an old crone of a she-cook, who had, on some occasion of culinary interference, turned her master out of his own kitchen, and garnished Bill Jones' jacket with an unseemly rag, yclept a dish-clout. She was dismissed by mutual consent; and Sally the kitchenmaid, a pretty black-eyed girl, promoted to the vacant post, which she filled with eminent ability.

Soothed, guided, and humoured by his trusty adherent, and influenced perhaps a little by the force of example and the effect of the land breeze, which he had never breathed so long before, our worthy veteran soon began to show symptoms of a man of this world. The earth became, so to say, his native element. He took to gardening, to farming, for which Bill Jones had also a taste; set free his prisoners in the *basse-cour*, to the unutterable glorification and crowing of cock and hen, and cackling and gabbling of goose and turkey, and enlarged his own walk from pacing backwards and forwards

in the dining-room, followed by his old shipmates, a Newfoundland dog and a tame goat, into a stroll round his own grounds, to the great delight of those faithful attendants. He even talked of going pheasant-shooting, bought a hunter, and was only saved from following the fox-hounds by accidentally taking up *Peregrine Pickle*, which, by a kind of Sortes Virgilianæ, opened on the mischances of Lieutenant Hatchway and Commodore Trunnion in a similar expedition.

After this warning, which he considered as nothing less than providential, he relinquished any attempt at mounting that formidable animal a horse, but having found his land-legs, he was afoot all day long in his farm or his garden, setting people to rights in all quarters, and keeping up the place with the same scrupulous nicety that he was wont to bestow on the planks and rigging of his dear *Mermaiden*. Amongst the country people he soon became popular. They liked the testy little gentleman, who dispensed his beer and grog so bountifully and talked to them so freely. He would have his own way, to be sure, but then he paid for it; besides, he entered into their tastes and amusements, promoted May-games, revels, and other country sports, patronized dancing-dogs and monkeys, and bespoke plays in barns. Above all, he had an exceeding partiality to vagrants, strollers, gipsies, and such like persons; listened to their tales with a delightful simplicity of belief; pitied them, relieved them, fought their battles at the bench and the vestry, and got into two or three scrapes with constables and magistrates by the activity of his protection. Only one counterfeit sailor with a sham wooden-leg, he found out at a question, and, by aid of Bill Jones, ducked in the horse-pond, for an impostor, till the unlucky wretch, who was, as the worthy seaman suspected, totally unused to the water, a thorough land-lubber, was nearly drowned; an adventure which turned out the luckiest of his life, he having carried his case to an attorney, who forced the admiral to pay fifty pounds for the exploit.

Our good veteran was equally popular amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood. His own hospitality was irresistible, and his frankness and simplicity, mixed with a sort of petulant vivacity, combined to make him a most welcome relief to the dulness of a country dinner-party. He enjoyed society extremely, and even had a spare bed erected for company; moved thereunto by an accident which befel the fat rector of Kinton, who having unfortunately consented to sleep at Hannonby one wet night, had alarmed the whole house, and nearly broken his own neck, by a fall from his hammock. The admiral would have put up twenty spare beds if he could have been sure of filling them, for besides his natural sociability, he was, it must be confessed, in spite of his farming, and gardening, and keeping a log-book, a good deal at a loss how to fill up his time. His reading was none of the most extensive: *Robinson Crusoe*, the naval *Chronicle*, Southey's admirable *Life of Nelson*, and Smollett's novels, formed the greater part of his library; and for other books he cared little, though he liked well enough to pore over maps and charts, and to look at modern voyages, especially if written by landsmen or ladies; and his remarks on those occasions often displayed a talent for criticism, which, under different circumstances, might have ripened into a very considerable reviewer.

For the rest, he was a most kind and excellent person, although a little testy and not a little absolute; and a capital disciplinarian, although addicted to the reverse sins of making other people tipsy whilst he kept himself sober, and of sending forth oaths in volleys whilst he suffered none other to swear. He had besides a few prejudices incident to his condition—loved his country to the point of hating all the rest of the world, especially the French; and regarded his own profession with a pride which made him intolerant of every other. To the army he had an intense and growing hatred, much augmented since victory upon victory had deprived him of the comfortable feeling of scorn. The battle of Waterloo fairly posed him. "To be sure to have drubbed the French was a fine thing—a very fine thing—no denying that! but why not have fought out the quarrel by sea?"

I made no mention of Mrs. Floyd in enumerating the admiral's domestic arrangements, because, sooth to say, no one could have less concern in them than that good lady. She had not been Mrs. Floyd for five-and-twenty years without thoroughly understanding her husband's despotic humour, and her own light and happy temper enabled her to conform to it without the slightest appearance of reluctance or discontent. She liked to be managed—it saved her trouble. She turned out to be Irish, as I had suspected. The admiral, who had reached the age of forty without betraying the slightest symptom of matrimony, had, during a sojourn in Cork harbour, fallen in love with her, then a buxom widow, and married her in something less than three weeks after their acquaintance began, chiefly moved

to that unexpected proceeding by the firmness with which she bore a salute to the lord-lieutenant which threw half the ladies on board into hysterics.

Mrs. Floyd was indeed as gallant a woman as ever stood fire. Her first husband had been an officer in the army, and she had followed the camp during two campaigns; had been in one battle and several skirmishes, and had been taken and retaken with the carriages and baggage without betraying the slightest symptom of fear. Her naval career did not shame her military reputation. She lived chiefly on board, adopted sea-phrases and sea-customs, and but for the petticoat might have passed for a sailor herself.

And of all the sailors that ever lived she was the merriest, the most generous, the most unselfish; the very kindest of that kindest race! There was no getting away from her hearty hospitality, no escaping her prodigality of presents. It was dangerous to praise or even to approve of anything belonging to herself in her hearing; if it had been the carpet under her feet or the shawl on her shoulders, either would instantly have been stripped off to offer. Then her exquisite good humour! Coarse and boisterous she certainly was, and terribly Irish; but the severest stickler for female decorum, the nicest critic of female manners, would have been disarmed by the contagion of Mrs. Floyd's good humour.

My chief friend and favourite of the family was however one who hardly seemed to belong to it—Anne, the eldest daughter. I liked her even better than I did her father and mother, although for very different qualities. She was "inland bred," and combined in herself sufficient self-possession and knowledge of the world, of literature, and of society, to have set up the whole house, provided it had been possible to supply their deficiency from her superabundance; she was three or four-and-twenty, too, past the age of mere young ladyism, and entirely unaccomplished, if she could be called so, who joined to the most elegant manners a highly cultivated understanding and a remarkable talent for conversation. Nothing could exceed the fascination of her delicate and poignant raillery, her voice and smile were so sweet, and her wit so light and glancing. She had the still rarer merit of being either entirely free from vanity, or of keeping it in such good order, that it never appeared in look or word. Conversation, much as she excelled in it, was not necessary to her, as it is to most eminent talkers. I think she enjoyed quiet observation full as much, if not more; and at such times there was something of good-humoured malice in her bright hazel eye, that spoke more than she ever allowed her tongue to utter. Her father's odd ways, for instance, and her mother's odd speeches, and her sister's lack-a-daisicalness, amused her rather more than they ought to have done: but she had never lived with them, having been brought up by an aunt who had recently died leaving her a splendid fortune; and even now that she had come to reside at home, was treated by her parents, although very kindly, rather as an honoured guest than a cherished daughter.

Anne Floyd was a sweet creature in spite of a little over-acuteness. I used to think she wanted nothing but falling in love to soften her proud spirit and tame her bright eye; but falling in love was quite out of her way—she had the unfortunate distrust of an heiress, saturated with professions of attachment, and suspecting every man of wooing her fortune rather than herself. By dint of hearing exaggerated praise of her beauty, she had even come to think herself plain; perhaps another circumstance a little contributed to this persuasion—she was said to be, and undoubtedly was, remarkably like her father. There is no accounting for the strange freaks that nature plays in the matter of family likeness. The admiral was certainly as ugly a little man as one should see in a summer day, and Anne was as certainly a very pretty young woman: yet it was quite impossible to see them together, and not be struck with the extreme and even absurd resemblance between his old battered face and her bright and sparkling countenance. To have been so like my good friend the admiral might have cured a lighter spirit of vanity.

Julia, the younger and favourite daughter, was a fine tall handsome girl of nineteen, just what her mother must have been at the same age; she had been entirely brought up by Mrs. Floyd, except when deposited from time to time in various country boarding-schools, whilst that good lady enjoyed the pleasure of a cruise. Miss Julia exhibited the not uncommon phenomenon of having imbibed the opposite faults to those of her instructress, and was soft, mincing, languid, affected, and full of airs and graces of the very worst sort; but I don't know that she was much more ignorant and silly than a girl of nineteen, with a neglected education, must needs be; and she had the farther excuse of being a spoiled child. Her father doated upon her, and thought her the most accomplished young

woman of the age; for certain, she could play a little, and sing a little, and paint a little, and talk a little very bad French, and dance and dress a great deal. She had also cultivated her mind by reading all the love-stories and small poetry that came in her way; corresponded largely with half-a-dozen bosom friends picked up at her different seminaries; and even aspired to the character of authoress, having actually perpetrated a sonnet to the moon, which sonnet, contrary to the well-known recipe of Boileau and the ordinary practice of all nations, contained eighteen lines, four quatrains, and a couplet; a prodigality of words which the fair poetess endeavoured to counterbalance by a corresponding sparingness of idea. There was no harm in Julia, poor thing, with all her affectation. She was really warm-hearted and well-tempered, and might have improved under her sister's kind and judicious management, but for a small accident which interrupted the family harmony, and eventually occasioned their removal from Hannonby.

The admiral, always addicted to favouritism, had had under his protection, from boyhood to manhood, one youth of remarkable promise. He had been his first lieutenant on board the *Mermaiden*, and was now, at three-and-twenty, a master and commander; which promotion, although it ejected him from that paragon of frigates, the young captain did not seem to think so great an evil as the admiral had found his advancement. He was invited to the White House forthwith; and the gallant veteran, who seldom took the trouble to conceal any of his purposes, soon announced that Captain Claremont was his intended son-in-law, and that Miss Julia was the destined bride.

The gentleman arrived, and did as much honour to the admiral's taste as his other favourite Bill Jones. Captain Claremont was really a very fine young man, with the best part of beauty, figure and countenance, and a delightful mixture of frankness and feeling, of spirit and gaiety, in his open and gentlemanly manners; he was, at a word, just the image that one conjures up when thinking of a naval officer. His presence added greatly to the enjoyment of the family; the admiral "fought his battles over again," and so did his lady, who talked and laughed all day long: Anne watched the proceedings with evident amusement, and looked even archer than usual; whilst Julia, the heroine of the scene, behaved as is customary in such cases, walked about, exquisitely dressed, with a book in her hand, or reclined in a picturesque attitude, expecting to be made love to; and Captain Claremont, who had never seen either sister before, pleased with Julia's beauty and a little alarmed at Anne's wit, appeared in a fair way of losing his heart in the proper quarter. In short, the flirtation seemed going on very prosperously; and the admiral, in high glee, vented divers sea-jokes on the supposed lovers, and chuckled over the matter to Bill Jones, who winked and grinned and nodded responsively.

After a few weeks that sagacious adherent began to demur.

"Things seemed," as he observed, "rather at a stand-still—the courtship was a deal slacker, and his honour, the captain, had talked of heaving anchor and sailing off for Lincolnshire."

To this the admiral answered nothing but "Tush!" and "pshaw!" and as the captain actually relinquished, with very little pressing, his design of leaving Hannonby, Bill Jones' suspicions did seem a little super-subtle. Bill, however, at the end of ten days, retained his opinion.

"For certain," he said, "Miss Julia had all the signs of liking upon her, and moped and hung her head and talked to herself like the negro who drowned himself for love on board the *Mermaiden;* and the captain, he could not say but he might be in love—he was very much fallen away since he had been in that latitude—had lost his spunk, and was become extraordinarily forgetsome—he might be in love, likely enough, but not with Miss Julia—he was sure to sheer away from her; never spoke to her at breakfast or dinner, and would tack a hundred ways not to meet her, whilst he was always following in the wake of Miss Anne; and she (Miss Julia) had taken to writing long letters again, and to walking the terrace between the watches, and did not seem to care for the captain. He could not make the matter out. Miss Anne, indeed!"

Here the admiral, to whom the possibility of a failure in his favourite scheme had never occurred, interrupted his confidant by a thousand exclamations of "Ass! blockhead! lubber!" to which tender appellations that faithful satellite made no other reply than a shake of the head as comprehensive as Lord Burleigh's.

The next morning vindicated Bill's sagacity. Anne, who, for obvious reasons, had taken the task upon herself, communicated to her father that Captain Claremont had proposed to her and that she had accepted his offer. The admiral was furious, but Anne, though very mild, was very firm; she would not give up her lover, nor would her lover relinquish

her; and Julia, when appealed to, asserted her female privilege of white-lying, and declared that if there was not another man in the world she would never have married Captain Claremont.

The admiral, thwarted by everybody, and compelled to submit for the first time in his life (except in the affair of his promotion and that of the ducked sailor), stormed, and swore, and scolded all round, and refused to be pacified; Mrs. Floyd, to whom his fiat had seemed like fate, was frightened at the general temerity, and vented her unusual discomfort in scolding too; Anne took refuge in the house of a friend; and poor Julia, rejected by one party and lectured by the other, comforted herself by running away, one fine night, with a young officer of dragoons, with whom she had had an off-and-on correspondence for a twelvemonth. This elopement was the copestone of the admiral's misfortunes; he took a hatred to Hannonby, and left it forthwith; and it seemed as if he had left his anger behind him, for the next tidings we heard of the Floyds, Julia and her spouse were forgiven in spite of his soldiership, and the match had turned out far better than might have been expected; and Anne and her captain were in high favour, and the admiral gaily anticipating a flag-ship and a war, and the delight of bringing up his grandsons to be the future ornaments of the British navy.

THE WORLD.[1]

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the earth can not!"

[1] From *Lilliput Lectures*, by the author of *Lilliput Levee* (Mathew Browne). London: Strahan & Co.

THE DORTY BAIRN.

[David Wingate, born at Cowglen, Renfrewshire, 1828. At the age of nine years he began work in a coal-mine; he subsequently studied at the Glasgow School of Mines, and qualified himself for the responsible position of manager of extensive collieries in Lanarkshire. In 1862 appeared his first volume, *Poems and Songs*, and in 1866 another volume, *Anne Weir and other Poems*, both published by Blackwood and Sons. Mr. Wingate at once obtained general recognition as one of the foremost of modern Scottish poets. Healthy pathos, honest humour, and a spirit of sturdy independence, are the most prominent characteristics of his verse.]

Preserve me! Lizzie Allan,
Hae ye no your breakfast taen?
Sic a face ye hae wi' greetin'!
What's the matter wi' ye, wean?

Aye! "A flee ran owre your parritch?"
"Fanny snowkit at your bread?"
My certie! Leddy Lizzie!
Ye're a dainty dame indeed!

But the parritch can be keepit,
And the bread can be laid bye,
And if hunger proves nae kitchen,
Then the tawse we'll hae to try.

Aye! a bairn may weel be saucy
Whare there's plenty and to spare;
But there's mony a better lassie
Would be blythe to see sic fare.

Oh! waes me! but it's vexin',
Yet it's needless to misca'—
See, there's the glass. What think ye?
D'ye ken yoursel ava?

There's the een I praised this mornin',
For the happy licht within,
Noo as red's the fire wi' rubbin',
Baith as blear't's the cludit moon.

There's the pina'[1] that an hour sin'
Was as white's the driven snaw,
Noo as draiglet as the dish-cloot,—
D'ye ken yoursel ava'?

And your hauns that were like lilies,
Saw ye e'er sic hauns as thae?
And your cheeks! Their verra roses
Ye'll hae rubbit aff some day.

Oh Lizzie, Lizzie Allan!
Ye maun mend, or ye shall learn
That it's mair o' cuffs than cuddlin'
That awaits a dorty bairn.

[1] "Pina'," i.e. pinafore.

"You've a kiss to gie me," hae ye?
"You've a kiss as weel as him?"
Oh thae een! There's nae resistin'
When it's sorrow makes them dim.

Ay, you'll get anither pina',
And I'll kame your curls sae broon,
And you'll be my ain wee Lizzie,
And the best in a' the toun.

THE MORTAL IMMORTAL.

[Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, born 1798; died in London, 1st February, 1851. She was the daughter of William Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*, &c., and became the second wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. During their residence on the banks of the Lake of Geneva in 1816, Byron, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley agreed to beguile a rainy season by writing something in imitation of the weird German legends they had been reading. Mrs. Shelley produced *Frankenstein*, a romance, which, by its wildness and daring originality, obtained popularity at the date of its publication. She subsequently wrote: *Valperga*, or the Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca; *Lodore*; *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*; *The Last Man*; *Falkner*—novels which are now little known. She also contributed to the annuals, &c., and published an edition of the works of Shelley with biographical preface and notes. The following is a specimen of Mrs. Shelley's eerie powers of imagination.]

July 16, 1833.—This is a memorable anniversary for me; on it I complete my three hundred and twenty-third year!

The Wandering Jew?—certainly not. More than eighteen centuries have passed over his head. In comparison with him, I am a very young Immortal.

Am I, then, immortal? This is a question which I have asked myself, by day and night, for now three hundred and three years, and yet cannot answer it. I detected a gray hair amidst my brown locks this very day—that surely signifies decay. Yet it may have remained concealed there for three hundred years—for some persons have become entirely white-headed before twenty years of age.

I will tell my story, and my reader shall judge for me. I will tell my story, and so contrive to pass some few hours of a long eternity, become so wearisome to me. For ever! Can it be? to live for ever! I have heard of enchantments, in which the victims were plunged into a deep sleep, to wake, after a hundred years, as fresh as ever: I have heard of the Seven Sleepers—thus to be immortal would not be so burdensome: but, oh! the weight of never-ending time—the tedious passage of the still-succeeding hours! How happy was the fabled Nourjahad!——but to my task.

All the world has heard of Cornelius Agrippa. His memory is as immortal as his arts have made me. All the world has also heard of his scholar, who, unawares, raised the foul fiend during his master's absence, and was destroyed by him. The report, true or false, of this accident, was attended with many inconveniences to the renowned philosopher. All his scholars at once deserted him—his servants disappeared. He had no one near him to put coals on his ever-burning fires while he slept, or to attend to the changeful colours of his medicines while he studied. Experiment after experiment failed, because one pair of hands was insufficient to complete them: the dark spirits laughed at him for not being able to retain a single mortal in his service.

I was then very young—very poor—and very much in love. I had been for about a year the pupil of Cornelius, though I was absent when this accident took place. On my return, my friends implored me not to return to the alchemist's abode. I trembled as I listened to the dire tale they told; I required no second warning; and when Cornelius came and offered me a purse of gold if I would remain under his roof, I felt as if Satan himself tempted me. My teeth chattered—my hair stood on end:—I ran off as fast as my trembling knees would permit.

My failing steps were directed whither for two years they had every evening been attracted,—a gently bubbling spring of pure living waters, beside which lingered a dark-haired girl, whose beaming eyes were fixed on the path I was accustomed each night to tread. I cannot remember the hour when I did not love Bertha; we had been neighbours and playmates from infancy—her parents, like mine, were of humble life, yet respectable—our attachment had been a source of pleasure to them. In an evil hour a malignant fever carried off both her father and mother, and Bertha became an orphan. She would have found a home beneath my paternal roof, but unfortunately, the old lady of the near castle, rich, childless, and solitary, declared her intention to adopt her. Henceforth Bertha was clad in silk—inhabited a marble palace—and was looked on as being highly favoured by fortune. But in her new situation among her new associates, Bertha remained true to the friend of her humbler days; she often visited the cottage of my father, and when forbidden to go thither, she would stray towards the neighbouring wood, and meet me beside its shady fountain.

She often declared that she owed no duty to her new protectress equal in sanctity to that which bound us. Yet still I was too poor to marry, and she grew weary of being tormented on my account. She had a haughty but an impatient spirit, and grew angry at the obstacles that prevented our union. We met now after an absence, and she had been sorely beset while I was away; she complained bitterly, and almost reproached me for being poor. I replied hastily,—

"I am honest, if I am poor!—were I not, I might soon become rich!"

This exclamation produced a thousand questions. I feared to shock her by owning the truth, but she drew it from me; and then, casting a look of disdain on me, she said—

"You pretend to love, and you fear to face the Devil for my sake!"

I protested that I had only dreaded to offend her;—while she dwelt on the magnitude of the reward that I should receive. Thus encouraged—shamed by her—led on by love and hope, laughing at my late fears, with quick steps and a light heart I returned to accept the offers of the alchemist, and was instantly installed in my office.

A year passed away. I became possessed of no insignificant sum of money. Custom had banished my fears. In spite of the most painful vigilance, I had never detected the trace of a cloven foot; nor was the studious silence of our abode ever disturbed by demoniac howls. I still continued my stolen interviews with Bertha, and hope dawned on me—hope—but not perfect joy; for Bertha fancied that love and security were enemies, and her pleasure was to divide them in my bosom. Though true of heart, she was somewhat of a coquette in manner; and I was jealous as a Turk. She slighted me in a thousand ways, yet would never acknowledge herself to be in the wrong. She would drive me mad with anger, and then force me to beg her pardon. Sometimes she fancied that I was not sufficiently submissive, and then she had some story of a rival, favoured by her protectress. She was surrounded by silk-clad youths—the rich and gay——What chance had the sad-robed scholar of Cornelius compared with these?

On one occasion the philosopher made such large demands upon my time, that I was unable to meet her as I was wont. He was engaged in some mighty work, and I was forced to remain, day and night, feeding his furnaces and watching his chemical preparations. Bertha waited for me in vain at the fountain. Her haughty spirit fired at this neglect; and when at last I stole out during the few short minutes allotted to me for slumber, and hoped to be consoled by her, she received me with disdain, dismissed me in scorn, and vowed that any man should possess her hand rather than he who could not be in two places at once for her sake. She would be revenged!—And truly she was. In my dingy retreat I heard that she had been hunting, attended by Albert Hoffer. Albert Hoffer was favoured by her protectress, and the three passed in cavalcade before my smoky window. Methought that they mentioned my name—it was followed by a laugh of derision, as her dark eyes glanced contemptuously towards my abode.

Jealousy, with all its venom and all its misery, entered my breast. Now I shed a torrent of tears, to think that I should never call her mine; and, anon, I imprecated a thousand curses on her inconstancy. Yet still I must stir the fires of the alchemist, still attend on the changes of his unintelligible medicines.

Cornelius had watched for three days and nights, nor closed his eyes. The progress of his alembics was slower than he expected: in spite of his anxiety, sleep weighed upon his eyelids. Again and again he threw off drowsiness with more than human energy; again and again it stole away his senses. He eyes his crucibles wistfully. "Not ready yet," he murmured; "will another night pass before the work is accomplished? Winzy, you are vigilant—you are faithful—you have slept, my boy—you slept last night. Look at that glass vessel. The liquid it contains is of a soft rose-colour: the moment it begins to change its hue, awaken me—till then I may close my eyes. First, it will turn white, and then emit golden flashes; but wait not till then; when the rose-colour fades, rouse me." I scarcely heard the last words, muttered as they were in sleep. Even then he did not quite yield to nature. "Winzy, my boy," he again said, "do not touch the vessel—do not put it to your lips; it is a philter—a philter to cure love: you would not cease to love your Bertha—beware to drink!"

And he slept. His venerable head sunk on his breast, and I scarce heard his regular breathing. For a few minutes I watched the vessel—the rosy hue of the liquid remained unchanged. Then my thoughts wandered—they visited the fountain, and dwelt on a thousand charming scenes never to be renewed—never! Serpents and adders were in my heart as the word "Never!" half formed itself on my lips. False girl!—false and cruel!

Never more would she smile on me as that evening she smiled on Albert. Worthless, detested woman! I would not remain unrevenged —she should see Albert expire at her feet— she should die beneath my vengeance. She had smiled in disdain and triumph—she knew my wretchedness and her power. Yet what power had she?—the power of exciting my hate—my utter scorn—my—oh, all but indifference! Could I attain that—could I regard her with careless eyes, transferring my rejected love to one fairer and more true, that were indeed a victory!

A bright flash darted before my eyes. I had forgotten the medicine of the adept; I gazed on it with wonder: flashes of admirable beauty, more bright than those which the diamond emits when the sun's rays are on it, glanced from the surface of the liquid; an odour the most fragrant and grateful stole over my sense; the vessel seemed one globe of living radiance, lovely to the eye, and most inviting to the taste. The first thought, instinctively inspired by the grosser sense, was, I will—I must drink. I raised the vessel to my lips. "It will cure me of love—of torture!" Already I had quaffed half of the most delicious liquor ever tasted by the palate of man, when the philosopher stirred. I started—I dropped the glass—the fluid flamed and glanced along the floor, while I felt Cornelius's grip at my throat, as he shrieked aloud, "Wretch! you have destroyed the labour of my life!"

The philosopher was totally unaware that I had drunk any portion of his drug. His idea was, and I gave a tacit assent to it, that I had raised the vessel from curiosity, and that, frighted at its brightness, and the flashes of intense light it gave forth, I had let it fall. I never undeceived him. The fire of the medicine was quenched—the fragrance died away —he grew calm, as a philosopher should under the heaviest trials, and dismissed me to rest.

I will not attempt to describe the sleep of glory and bliss which bathed my soul in paradise during the remaining hours of that memorable night. Words would be faint and shallow types of my enjoyment, or of the gladness that possessed my bosom when I woke. I trod air—my thoughts were in heaven. Earth appeared heaven, and my inheritance upon it was to be one trance of delight. "This it is to be cured of love," I thought; "I will see Bertha this day, and she will find her lover cold and regardless; too happy to be disdainful, yet how utterly indifferent to her!"

The hours danced away. The philosopher, secure that he had once succeeded, and believing that he might again, began to concoct the same medicine once more. He was shut up with his books and drugs, and I had a holiday. I dressed myself with care; I looked in an old but polished shield, which served me for a mirror; methought my good looks had wonderfully improved. I hurried beyond the precincts of the town, joy in my soul, the beauty of heaven and earth around me. I turned my steps towards the castle—I could look on its lofty turrets with lightness of heart, for I was cured of love. My Bertha saw me afar off, as I came up the avenue. I know not what sudden impulse animated her bosom, but at the sight she sprung with a light fawn-like bound down the marble steps, and was hastening towards me. But I had been perceived by another person. The old high-born hag, who called herself her protectress, and was her tyrant, had seen me also; she hobbled, panting, up the terrace; a page, as ugly as herself, held up her train, and fanned her as she hurried along, and stopped my fair girl with a "How, now, my bold mistress? whither so fast? Back to your cage—hawks are abroad!"

Bertha clasped her hands—her eyes were still bent on my approaching figure. I saw the contest. How I abhorred the old crone who checked the kind impulses of my Bertha's softening heart. Hitherto, respect for her rank had caused me to avoid the lady of the castle; now I disdained such trivial considerations. I was cured of love, and lifted above all human fears; I hastened forwards, and soon reached the terrace. How lovely Bertha looked! her eyes flashing fire, her cheeks glowing with impatience and anger, she was a thousand times more graceful and charming than ever—I no longer loved—Oh! no, I adored—worshipped —idolized her!

She had that morning been persecuted, with more than usual vehemence, to consent to an immediate marriage with my rival. She was reproached with the encouragement that she had shown him—she was threatened with being turned out of doors with disgrace and shame. Her proud spirit rose in arms at the threat; but when she remembered the scorn that she had heaped upon me, and how, perhaps, she had thus lost one whom she now regarded as her only friend, she wept with remorse and rage. At that moment I appeared. "O, Winzy!" she exclaimed, "take me to your mother's cot; swiftly let me leave the detested luxuries and wretchedness of this noble dwelling—take me to poverty and happiness."

I clasped her in my arms with transport.

The old lady was speechless with fury, and broke forth into invective only when we were far on our road to my natal cottage. My mother received the fair fugitive, escaped from a gilt cage to nature and liberty, with tenderness and joy; my father, who loved her, welcomed her heartily; it was a day of rejoicing, which did not need the addition of the celestial potion of the alchemist to steep me in delight.

Soon after this eventful day I became the husband of Bertha. I ceased to be the scholar of Cornelius, but I continued his friend. I always felt grateful to him for having, unawares, procured me that delicious draught of a divine elixir, which, instead of curing me of love (sad cure! solitary and joyless remedy for evils which seem blessings to the memory), had inspired me with courage and resolution, thus winning for me an inestimable treasure in my Bertha.

I often called to mind that period of trance-like inebriation with wonder. The drink of Cornelius had not fulfilled the task for which he affirmed that it had been prepared, but its effects were more potent and blissful than words can express. They had faded by degrees, yet they lingered long—and painted life in hues of splendour. Bertha often wondered at my lightness of heart and unaccustomed gaiety; for, before, I had been rather serious, or even sad, in my disposition. She loved me the better for my cheerful temper, and our days were winged by joy.

Five years afterwards I was suddenly summoned to the bedside of the dying Cornelius. He had sent for me in haste, conjuring my instant presence. I found him stretched on his pallet, enfeebled even to death; all of life that yet remained animated his piercing eyes, and they were fixed on a glass vessel, full of a roseate liquid.

"Behold," he said, in a broken and inward voice, "the vanity of human wishes! a second time my hopes are about to be crowned, a second time they are destroyed. Look at that liquor—you remember five years ago I had prepared the same, with the same success;—then, as now, my thirsting lips expected to taste the immortal elixir—you dashed it from me! and at present it is too late."

He spoke with difficulty, and fell back on his pillow. I could not help saying—

"How, revered master, can a cure for love restore you to life?"

A faint smile gleamed across his face as I listened earnestly to his scarcely intelligible answer.

"A cure for love and for all things—the Elixir of Immortality. Ah! if now I might drink, I should live for ever!"

As he spoke, a golden flash gleamed from the fluid; a well-remembered fragrance stole over the air; he raised himself, all weak as he was—strength seemed miraculously to re-enter his frame—he stretched forth his hand—a loud explosion startled me—a ray of fire shot up from the elixir, and the glass vessel which contained it was shivered to atoms! I turned my eyes towards the philosopher; he had fallen back—his eyes were glassy—his features rigid—he was dead!

But I lived, and was to live for ever! So said the unfortunate alchemist, and for a few days I believed his words. I remembered the glorious drunkenness that had followed my stolen draught. I reflected on the change I had felt in my frame—in my soul. The bounding elasticity of the one—the buoyant lightness of the other. I surveyed myself in a mirror, and could perceive no change in my features during the space of the five years which had elapsed. I remembered the radiant hues and grateful scent of that delicious beverage—worthy the gift it was capable of bestowing—I was, then, IMMORTAL!

A few days after I laughed at my credulity. The old proverb, that "a prophet is least regarded in his own country," was true with respect to me and my defunct master. I loved him as a man—I respected him as a sage—but I derided the notion that he could command the powers of darkness, and laughed at the superstitious fears with which he was regarded by the vulgar. He was a wise philosopher, but had no acquaintance with any spirits but those clad in flesh and blood. His science was simply human; and human science, I soon persuaded myself, could never conquer nature's laws so far as to imprison the soul for ever within its carnal habitation. Cornelius had brewed a soul-refreshing drink—more inebriating than wine—sweeter and more fragrant than any fruit: it possessed probably strong medicinal powers, imparting gladness to the heart and vigour to the limbs; but its effects would wear out; already were they diminished in my frame. I was a lucky fellow to have quaffed health and joyous spirits, and perhaps long life, at my master's hands; but my good fortune ended there: longevity was far different from immortality.

I continued to entertain this belief for many years. Sometimes a thought stole across me—Was the alchemist indeed deceived? But my habitual credence was, that I should meet the fate of all the children of Adam at my ap-

pointed time—a little late, but still at a natural age. Yet it was certain that I retained a wonderfully youthful look. I was laughed at for my vanity in consulting the mirror so often, but I consulted it in vain—my brow was untrenched—my cheeks—my eyes—my whole person continued as untarnished as in my twentieth year.

I was troubled. I looked at the faded beauty of Bertha—I seemed more like her son. By degrees our neighbours began to make similar observations, and I found at last that I went by the name of the scholar bewitched. Bertha herself grew uneasy. She became jealous and peevish, and at length she began to question me. We had no children; we were all in all to each other; and though, as she grew older, her vivacious spirit became a little allied to ill-temper, and her beauty sadly diminished, I cherished her in my heart as the mistress I had idolized, the wife I had sought and won with such perfect love.

At last our situation became intolerable: Bertha was fifty—I twenty years of age. I had, in very shame, in some measure adopted the habits of a more advanced age; I no longer mingled in the dance among the young and gay, but my heart bounded along with them while I restrained my feet; and a sorry figure I cut among the Nestors of our village. But before the time I mention things were altered—we were universally shunned; we were—at least, I was—reported to have kept up an iniquitous acquaintance with some of my former master's supposed friends. Poor Bertha was pitied, but deserted. I was regarded with horror and detestation.

What was to be done? we sat by our winter fire—poverty had made itself felt, for none would buy the produce of my farm; and often I had been forced to journey twenty miles, to some place where I was not known, to dispose of our property. It is true we had saved something for an evil day—that day was come.

We sat by our lone fireside—the old-hearted youth and his antiquated wife. Again Bertha insisted on knowing the truth; she recapitulated all she had ever heard said about me, and added her own observations. She conjured me to cast off the spell; she described how much more comely gray hairs were than my chestnut locks; she descanted on the reverence and respect due to age—how preferable to the slight regard paid to mere children: could I imagine that the despicable gifts of youth and good looks outweighed disgrace, hatred, and scorn? Nay, in the end I should be burned as a dealer in the black art, while she, to whom I had not deigned to communicate any portion of my good fortune, might be stoned as my accomplice. At length she insinuated that I must share my secret with her, and bestow on her like benefits to those I myself enjoyed, or she would denounce me—and then she burst into tears.

Thus beset, methought it was the best way to tell the truth. I revealed it as tenderly as I could, and spoke only of a *very long life*, not of immortality—which representation, indeed, coincided best with my own ideas. When I ended, I rose and said,

"And now, my Bertha, will you denounce the lover of your youth?—You will not, I know. But it is too hard, my poor wife, that you should suffer from my ill-luck and the accursed arts of Cornelius. I will leave you—you have wealth enough, and friends will return in my absence. I will go; young as I seem, and strong as I am, I can work and gain my bread among strangers, unsuspected and unknown. I loved you in youth; God is my witness that I would not desert you in age, but that your safety and happiness require it."

I took my cap and moved towards the door; in a moment Bertha's arms were round my neck, and her lips were pressed to mine. "No, my husband, my Winzy," she said, "you shall not go alone—take me with you; we will remove from this place, and, as you say, among strangers we shall be unsuspected and safe. I am not so very old as quite to shame you, my Winzy; and I dare say the charm will soon wear off, and, with the blessing of God, you will become more elderly-looking, as is fitting; you shall not leave me."

I returned the good soul's embrace heartily. "I will not, my Bertha; but for your sake I had not thought of such a thing. I will be your true, faithful husband while you are spared to me, and do my duty by you to the last."

The next day we prepared secretly for our emigration. We were obliged to make great pecuniary sacrifices—it could not be helped. We realized a sum sufficient, at least, to maintain us while Bertha lived; and, without saying adieu to any one, quitted our native country to take refuge in a remote part of western France.

It was a cruel thing to transport poor Bertha from her native village, and the friends of her youth, to a new country, new language, new customs. The strange secret of my destiny rendered this removal immaterial to me; but I compassionated her deeply, and was glad to perceive that she found compensation for her misfortunes in a variety of little ridiculous

circumstances. Away from all tell-tale chroniclers, she sought to decrease the apparent disparity of our ages by a thousand feminine arts —rouge, youthful dress, and assumed juvenility of manner. I could not be angry—Did not I myself wear a mask? Why quarrel with hers, because it was less successful? I grieved deeply when I remembered that this was my Bertha, whom I had loved so fondly, and won with such transport—the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with smiles of enchanting archness and a step like a fawn—this mincing, simpering, jealous old woman. I should have revered her gray locks and withered cheeks; but thus!——It was my work, I knew; but I did not the less deplore this type of human weakness.

Her jealousy never slept. Her chief occupation was to discover that, in spite of outward appearances, I was myself growing old. I verily believed that the poor soul loved me truly in her heart, but never had woman so tormenting a mode of displaying fondness. She would discern wrinkles in my face and decrepitude in my walk, while I bounded along in youthful vigour, the youngest looking of twenty youths. I never dared address another woman: on one occasion, fancying that the belle of the village regarded me with favouring eyes, she brought me a gray wig. Her constant discourse among her acquaintances was, that though I looked so young, there was ruin at work within my frame; and she affirmed that the worst symptom about me was my apparent health. My youth was a disease, she said, and I ought at all times to prepare, if not for a sudden and awful death, at least to awake some morning white-headed, and bowed down with all the marks of advanced years. I let her talk—I often joined in her conjectures. Her warnings chimed in with my never-ceasing speculations concerning my state, and I took an earnest, though painful, interest in listening to all that her quick wit and excited imagination could say on the subject.

Why dwell on these minute circumstances? We lived on for many long years. Bertha became bed-rid and paralytic; I nursed her as a mother might a child. She grew peevish, and still harped upon one string—of how long I should survive her. It has ever been a source of consolation to me, that I performed my duty scrupulously towards her. She had been mine in youth, she was mine in age, and at last, when I heaped the sod over her corpse, I wept to feel that I had lost all that really bound me to humanity.

Since then how many have been my cares and woes, how few and empty my enjoyments! I pause here in my history—I will pursue it no further. A sailor without rudder or compass, tossed on a stormy sea—a traveller lost on a wide-spread heath, without landmark or stone to guide him—such have I been: more lost, more hopeless than either. A nearing ship, a gleam from some far cot, may save them; but I have no beacon except the hope of death.

Death! mysterious, ill-visaged friend of weak humanity! Why alone of all mortals have you cast me from your sheltering fold? O, for the peace of the grave! the deep silence of the iron-bound tomb! that thought would cease to work in my brain, and my heart beat no more with emotions varied only by new forms of sadness!

Am I immortal? I return to my first question. In the first place, is it not more probable that the beverage of the alchemist was fraught rather with longevity than eternal life? Such is my hope. And then be it remembered, that I only drank *half* of the potion prepared by him. Was not the whole necessary to complete the charm? To have drained half the Elixir of Immortality is but to be half immortal—my For-ever is thus truncated and null.

But again, who shall number the years of the half of eternity? I often try to imagine by what rule the infinite may be divided. Sometimes I fancy age advancing upon me. One gray hair I have found. Fool! do I lament? Yes, the fear of age and death often creeps coldly into my heart; and the more I live, the more I dread death, even while I abhor life. Such an enigma is man—born to perish—when he wars, as I do, against the established laws of his nature.

But for this anomaly of feeling surely I might die: the medicine of the alchemist would not be proof against fire—sword—and the strangling waters. I have gazed upon the blue depths of many a placid lake, and the tumultuous rushing of many a mighty river, and have said, Peace inhabits those waters; yet I have turned my steps away, to live yet another day. I have asked myself, whether suicide would be a crime in one to whom thus only the portals of the other world could be opened. I have done all, except presenting myself as a soldier or duellist, an object of destruction to my—no, *not* my fellow-mortals, and therefore I have shrunk away. They are not my fellows. The inextinguishable power of life in my frame, and their ephemeral existence, places us wide as the poles asunder. I could not raise a hand against the meanest or the most powerful among them.

Thus I have lived on for many a year—alone,

and weary of myself—desirous of death, yet never dying—a mortal immortal. Neither ambition nor avarice can enter my mind, and the ardent love that gnaws at my heart, never to be returned—never to find an equal on which to expend itself—lives there only to torment me.

This very day I conceived a design by which I may end all—without self-slaughter, without making another man a Cain—an expedition, which mortal frame can never survive, even endued with the youth and strength that inhabits mine. Thus I shall put my immortality to the test, and rest for ever—or return, the wonder and benefactor of the human species.

Before I go, a miserable vanity has caused me to pen these pages. I would not die, and leave no name behind. Three centuries have passed since I quaffed the fatal beverage: another year shall not elapse before, encountering gigantic dangers—warring with the powers of frost in their home—beset by famine, toil, and tempest—I yield this body, too tenacious a cage for a soul which thirsts for freedom, to the destructive elements of air and water—or, if I survive, my name shall be recorded as one of the most famous among the sons of men; and, my task achieved, I shall adopt more resolute means, and, by scattering and annihilating the atoms that compose my frame, set at liberty the life imprisoned within, and so cruelly prevented from soaring from this dim earth to a sphere more congenial to its immortal essence.

THE CHARM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Wind the shell, bind the spell;—
What is in it? Fond farewell!
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it on the maiden's soul!
Suns may set, and years may roll;
Yet beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong and deep!
Anguish, distance, time are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

Literary Gazette.

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

I saw a child some four years old,
Along a meadow stray;
Alone she went—unchecked—untold—
Her home not far away.

She gazed around on earth and sky—
Now paused, and now proceeded;
Hill, valley, wood—she passed them by,
Unmarked, perchance unheeded.

And now gay groups of roses bright,
In circling thickets bound her—
Yet on she went with footsteps light,
Still gazing all around her.

And now she paused, and now she stooped,
And plucked a little flower—
A simple daisy 'twas, that drooped
Within a rosy bower.

The child did kiss the little gem,
And to her bosom pressed it;
And there she placed the fragile stem
And with soft words caressed it.

I love to read a lesson true,
From nature's open book—
And oft I learn a lesson new
From childhood's careless look.

Children are simple—loving—true;
'Tis Heaven that made them so;
And would you teach them—be so too
And stoop to what they know.

Begin with simple lessons—things
On which they love to look:
Flowers, pebbles, insects, birds on wings—
These are God's spelling-book.

And children know His A, B, C,
As bees where flowers are set:
Would'st thou a skilful teacher be?
Learn, then, this alphabet.

From leaf to leaf, from page to page,
Guide thou thy pupil's look,
And when he says, with aspect sage,
"Who made this wondrous book?"

Point thou with reverent gaze to heaven,
And kneel in earnest prayer,
That lessons thou hast humbly given,
May lead thy pupil there.

THE PANTOFLES.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOZZI.

In Bagdad lived an old merchant of the name of Abon Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice. His coffers were small to look at (if you could get a sight of them), and very dirty; but they were crammed with jewels. His clothes were as scanty as need be; but then, even in his clothes there was *multum in parvo;* to wit, much dirt in little space. All the embroidery he wore was of that kind which is of necessity attendant upon a ragged state of drapery. It meandered over his bony form in all the beauty of ill-sewn patches. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting; a kind of canvas, and so mixed with elementary substances, that its original colour, if it still existed, was invisible. But of all his habiliments, his slippers were most deserving the study of the curious. They were the extreme cases both of his body and his dirt. The soles consisted chiefly of huge nails, and the upper leathers of almost everything. The ship of the Argonauts was not a greater miscellany. During the ten years of their performance in the character of shoes, the most skilful cobblers had exercised their science and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great, and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that they were promoted to honours of proverbialism; and Abon Casem's slippers became a favourite comparison when a superfluity of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened one day, as this precious merchant was walking in the market, that he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; and as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, and he made it still more so, he bought them. The vendor informed him, furthermore, that a perfumer having lately become bankrupt, had no resource left but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose-water; and Casem, greatly rejoicing at this news, and hastening to the poor man's shop, bought up all the rose-water at half its value. He then carried it home, and comfortably put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, and buoyant in his spirits, our hero, instead of making a feast, according to the custom of his fellows, thought it more advisable to go to the bath, where he had not been for some time.

While employed in the intricate business of undressing, one of his friends, or one whom he believed such (for your misers seldom have any), observed that his pantofles had made him quite the by-word of the city, and that it was high time to buy a new pair. "To say the truth," said Casem, "I have long thought of doing so, but they are not yet so worn as to be unable to serve me a little longer!"—and having undressed himself, he went into the stove.

During the luxury he was there enjoying, the Cadi of Bagdad came in, and having undressed himself, he went into the stove likewise. Casem soon after came out, and having dressed himself, looked about for his pantofles, but nowhere could he find them. In the place of his own he found a pair sufficiently different to be not only new, but splendid; and feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend (not the less so, perhaps, because he wished it), he triumphantly thrust his toes in them, and issued forth into the air, radiant with joy and a skin nearly clean.

On the other hand, when the cadi had performed the necessary purifications, and was dressed, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. Nowhere could they be found. Instead of the embroidered pantofles of the judge, they detected, in a corner, only the phenomena left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt how their master's had disappeared. The slaves made out immediately for Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defence, sent him to prison. Now in the East, the claws of justice open just as wide, and no wider, as the purse of the culprit; and it may be supposed that Abon Casem, who was known to be as rich as he was miserly, did not get his freedom at the same rate as his rose-water.

The miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard, for beard is not a dear stuff; and being mightily enraged with the pantofles, he seized upon them, and threw them out of his window into the Tigris. It happened a few days after, that some fishermen drew their nets under the window, and the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the pantofles. Furious against Casem (for who did not know Casem's pantofles?) they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The pantofles flew into his room, fell among his bottles, which were ranged with great care along the shelf, and overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose-water. Imagine, if you can, the miser's agony! With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, he roared out,

"Accursed pantofles, will you never cease persecuting the wretched Casem?" So saying, he took a spade, and went into his garden to bury them.

It so happened that one of his neighbours was looking out of the window at the time; and seeing Casem poking about the earth in his garden, he ran to the cadi, and told him that his old friend had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was requisite to excite the cupidity of the judge. He allowed the miser to aver, as loudly as he pleased, that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded the treasure he had found. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his own asseverations, he paid the money, and departed, cursing the very souls of the pantofles.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy movables, our hero walked to some distance from the city, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now fairly seen the last of them; but the devil, not yet tired of tormenting him, guided the pantofles precisely to the mouth of the conduit. From this point they were carried along into the city, and sticking at the mouth of the aqueduct, they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountains, seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage; and at length dragged into the face of day the old reprobate slippers, which they immediately took to the cadi, complaining loudly of the damage they had caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before: but far was he from having the luck of seeing his chattels detained. The cadi, having delivered the sentence, said, like a conscientious magistrate, that he had no power of retaining other people's property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted master. He carried them home with him; and meditating as he went, and as well as he was able to meditate, how he should destroy them; at length he determined upon committing them to the flames. He accordingly tried to do so, but they were too wet: so he put them on a terrace to dry. But the devil, as aforesaid, had reserved a still more cruel accident than any before: for a dog, whose master lived hard by, seeing these strange wild fowl of a pair of shoes, jumped from one terrace to the other, till he came to the miser's, and began to play with one of them; in his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell, heavy with hobnails and the accumulated guilt of years, on the tender head of an infant, and killed him on the spot. The parents went straight to the cadi and complained that they had found their child dead, and Casem's pantofle lying by it, upon which the judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine.

Casem returned home, and taking the pantofles, went back to the cadi, crying out with an enthusiasm that convulsed everybody, "Behold! behold! See here the fatal cause of all the sufferings of Casem, these accursed pantofles, which have at length brought ruin upon his head. My lord cadi, be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all imputation of accident which these slippers henceforth may occasion, as they certainly will to anybody who ventures into their accursed leather." The cadi could not refuse this request; and the miser learned to his cost the ill effects of not buying a new pair of shoes.

THE VIOLET-GIRL.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

When Fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yester-eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and short my way,
But sad experience, in one moment earned,
Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of a day.

Passing the corner of a pop'lous street,
I marked a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce in the chill March weather
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those healthy blossoms and that fading child:—

—Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
And this poor sorry weed cast loosely forth
On life's wild waste to struggle as it can!

To me that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee,
While meanest images alone are hers,
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnished chamber of dim cold,

How she must loathe the very scented flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much, and harbingers of more—
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our sorest mortal sore.

EDUCATION.

[Martin Luther, born at Eisleben, Saxony, 10th November, 1483; died 18th February, 1546. The great Reformer, and reverenced by his countrymen as the father of the German language and literature. The following extract from "A Discourse on the Spiritual Advantages arising from the Futherance of Schools, and the Injury consequent on the Neglect of Them," is an interesting specimen of Luther's powers as an essayist, and has a curious significance in these days of school boards.]

Now if thou hast a child that is fit to receive instruction, and art able to hold him to it and dost not, but goest thy way and carest not what shall become of the secular government, its laws, its peace, &c., thou warrest against the secular government, as much as in thee lies, like the Turk, yea, like the devil himself. For thou withholdest from the kingdom, principality, country, city, a redeemer, comfort, corner-stone, helper, and saviour. And on thy account the emperor loses both sword and crown; the country loses safeguard and freedom, and thou art the man through whose fault (as much as in thee lies) no man shall hold his body, wife, child, house, home, and goods in safety. Rather thou sacrificest all these without ruth in the shambles, and givest cause that men shall become mere beasts, and at last devour one another. This all thou wilt assuredly do, if thou withdraw thy child from so wholesome a condition, for the belly's sake. Now art thou not a pretty man and a useful in the world? who makest daily use of the kingdom and its peace, and by way of thanks, in return, robbest the same of thy son, and deliverest him up to avarice, and labourest with all diligence to this end, that there may be no man who shall help maintain the kingdom, law, and peace; but that all may go to wreck, notwithstanding thou thyself possessest and holdest body and life, goods and honour, by means of said kingdom.

I will say nothing here of how fine a pleasure it is for a man to be learned, albeit he have never an office; so that he can read all manner of things by himself at home, talk and converse with learned people, travel and act in foreign lands. For peradventure there be few who will be moved by such delights. But seeing thou art so bent upon mammon and victual, look here and see how many and how great goods God has founded upon schools and scholars, so that thou shalt no more despise learning and art by reason of poverty. Behold! emperors and kings must have chancellors and scribes, counsellors, jurists, and scholars. There is no prince but he must have chancellors, jurists, counsellors, scholars, and scribes: so likewise, all counts, lords, cities, castles, must have syndics, city clerks, and other learned men; nay, there is not a nobleman but must have a scribe. Reckon up, now, how many kings, princes, counts, lords, cities, and towns, &c. Where will they find learned men three years hence? seeing that here and there already a want is felt. Truly I think kings will have to become jurists and princes chancellors, counts and lords will have to become scribes, and burgomasters sacristans.

Therefore I hold that never was there a better time to study than now; not only for the reason that the art is now so abundant and so cheap, but also because great wealth and honour must needs ensue, and they that study now will be men of price; insomuch that two princes and three cities shall tear one another for a single scholar. For look above or around thee and thou wilt find that innumerable offices wait for learned men, before ten years shall have sped; and that few are being educated for the same.

Besides honest gain, they have also honour. For chancellors, city clerks, jurists, and people in office, must sit with those who are placed on high, and help, counsel, and govern. And they, in fact, are the lords of this world, although they are not so in respect of person, birth, and rank.

Solomon himself mentions that a poor man once saved a city, by his wisdom, against a mighty king. Not that I would have, herewith, warriors, troopers, and what belongs to strife done away, or despised and rejected. They also, where they are obedient, help to preserve peace and all things with their fist. Each has his honour before God as well as his place and work.

On the other hand, there are found certain

scratchers[1] who conceit that the title of writer is scarce worthy to be named or heard. Well, then, regard not that, but think on this wise: these good people must have their amusement and their jest. Leave them their jest, but remain thou, nevertheless, a writer before God and the world. If they scratch long, thou shalt see that they honour, notwithstanding, the pen above all things; that they place it[2] upon hat and helmet, as if they would confess, by their action, that the pen is the top of the world, without which they can neither be equipped for battle nor go about in peace; much less scratch so securely. For they also have need of the peace which the emperors, preachers, and teachers (the lawyers) teach and maintain. Wherefore thou seest that they place our implement, the dear pen, uppermost. And with reason, since they gird their own implement, the sword, about the thighs; there it hangs fitly and well for their work; but it would not beseem the head: there must hover the plume. If, then, they have sinned against thee, they herewith expiate the offence, and thou must forgive them.

There be some that deem the office of a writer to be an easy and trivial office; but to ride in armour, to endure heat, cold, dust, thirst, and other inconvenience, they think to be laborious. Yea! that is the old, vulgar, daily tune; that no one sees where the shoe pinches another. Every one feels only his own troubles, and stares at the ease of others. True it is, it would be difficult for me to ride in armour; but then, on the other hand, I would like to see the rider who should sit me still the whole day long and look into a book, though he were not compelled to care for aught, to invent, or think, or read. Ask a chancery-clerk, a preacher, or an orator, what kind of work writing and haranguing is? Ask a schoolmaster what kind of work is teaching and bringing up of boys? The pen is light, it is true, and among all trades no tool so easily furnished as that of the writing trade, for it needeth only a goose's wing, of which one shall everywhere find a sufficiency *gratis*. Nevertheless, in this employment, the best piece in the human body (as the head), and the noblest member (as the tongue), and the highest work (as speech) must take part and labour most; while, in others, either the fist, or the feet, or the back, or members of that class alone work; and they that pursue them may sing merrily the while, and jest freely, which a writer cannot do. Three fingers do the work (so they say of writers), but the whole body and soul must co-operate.

I have heard of the worthy and beloved emperor Maximilian, how, when the great boobies complained that he employed so many writers for missions and other purposes, he is reported to have said: "What shall I do? They will not suffer themselves to be used in this way, therefore I must employ writers." And further: "Knights I can create, but doctors I cannot create." So have I likewise heard of a fine nobleman, that he said, "I will let my son study. It is no great art to hang two legs over a steed and be a rider; he shall soon learn me that; and he shall be fine and well-spoken."

They say, and it is true, the pope was once a pupil too. Therefore despise me not the fellows who say "*panem propter Deum*" before the doors and sing the bread-song.[3] Thou hearest, as this psalm says, great princes and lords sing. I too have been one of these fellows, and have received bread at the houses, especially at Eisenach, my native city. Although, afterward, my dear father maintained me, with all love and faith, in the high-school at Erfurt, and, by his sore sweat and labour, has helped me to what I have become—still I have been a beggar at the doors of the rich, and, according to this psalm, have attained so far by means of the pen, that now I would not compound with the Turkish emperor, to have his wealth and forego my art. Yea, I would not take for it the wealth of the world many times multiplied; and yet, without doubt, I had never attained to it had I not chanced upon a school and the writers' trade.

Therefore let thy son study, nothing doubting, and though he should beg his bread the while, yet shalt thou give to our Lord God a fine piece of wood out of which he can whittle thee a lord. And be not disturbed that vulgar niggards contemn the art so disdainfully, and say, Aha! if my son can write German, and read and cipher, he knows enough; I will have him a merchant. They shall soon become so tame that they will be fain to dig with their fingers, ten yards deep in the earth, for a scholar. For my merchant will not be a merchant long, when law and preaching fail. That know I for certain; we theologians and lawyers must remain, or all must go down with us together. It cannot be otherwise. When theologians go, then goes the Word of God, and

[1] *Scharrhansen*, men who scratch for money, and think of nothing else.—Tr.

[2] The word *Feder*, feather, is used indifferently in German to denote pen or plume.—Tr.

[3] A song or psalm which the poor students of Luther's time sang, when they went about imploring charity at the doors of the rich.

remains nothing but the heathen, yea! mere devils. When jurists go, then goes justice together with peace, and remains only murder, robbery, outrage, force, yea! mere wild beasts. But what the merchant shall earn and win, when peace is gone, I will leave it to his books to inform him. And how much profit all his wealth shall be to him when preaching fails, his conscience, I trow, shall declare to him.

I will say briefly of a diligent pious schoolteacher or magister, or of whomsoever it is, that faithfully brings up boys and instructs them, that such an one can never be sufficiently recompensed or paid with money; as also the heathen Aristotle says. Yet is this calling so shamefully despised among us, as though it were altogether nought. And we call ourselves Christians!

And if I must or could relinquish the office of preacher and other matters, there is no office I would more willingly have than that of schoolmaster or teacher of boys. For I know that this work, next to the office of preacher, is the most profitable, the greatest, and the best. Besides, I know not even which is the best of the two. For it is hard to make old dogs tame and old rogues upright; at which task, nevertheless, the preacher's office labours, and often labours in vain. But young trees be more easily bent and trained, howbeit some should break in the effort. *Beloved! count it one of the highest virtues upon earth, to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own.*

MY LOVE.

A tender paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.

Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in heaven; so beamed serene
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.

Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love ere to his fairest votaries lent,
By this, were deemed ungentle cold disdain.

Her lovely looks in sadness downward bent,
In silence, to my fancy, seemed to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?

PETRARCH.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO was HE!—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name hath perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more:
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

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[1] In 1806 Byron wrote an "Answer to a beautiful poem entitled *The Common Lot*," in which he pleads that honour and fame never die. The following stanzas will show the argument of the poem:

"The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time untiring waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

What though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoyed
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot,
Shall burst the bondage of the grave."

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Arma Virumque *Cano*."

I was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in *Joe Miller* of a man who, being *pressed* to serve his majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as "*Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M——, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the ballot.

At the sight of the orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision, which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them next that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed at Ramsgate the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transports!*"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rainbow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor sergeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militiaman having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6, in short, whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly, I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the war-secretary to this purport—"That I considered myself *drawn*, and expected therefore to be well *quarter'd*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen 'to be mustarded;' but that if his majesty did '*call me out*,' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction.*'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the

bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the general's red-coats, or general post-men, brought me a large packet sealed with the war-office seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge," by which I was officially absolved from serving on horse or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not—unless his majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied*.

—*From the Comic Annual.*

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A VARIATION.

Youth rambles on life's arid mount,
And strikes the rock, and finds the vein,
And brings the water from the fount,
The fount which shall not flow again.

The man mature with labour chops
For the bright stream a channel grand,
And sees not that the sacred drops
Ran off and vanish'd out of hand.

And then the old man totters nigh,
And feebly rakes among the stones.
The mount is mute, the channel dry!
And down he lays his weary bones.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HAPPINESS.

Because the Few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy soul less wise or less refined.
True, that the small delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs;
True, that, though free from passion's lawless sway,
A loftier being brings severer cares.
Yet have they special pleasures, even mirth,
By those undreamt-of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know, man does not live by joy alone,
But by the presence of the power of God.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.[1]

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at daybreak, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghing the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists, clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning, said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or maybe the misfortune," said he, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no way complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now, the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no

[1] From *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* See *Casquet*, page 177, vol. I.

doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you Mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she, "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was sometime before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father:—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and maybe now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? maybe you have not such thing as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is

the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—

"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in an undertone, "she's as mild and beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and the stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her: and," said Dick, looking up slily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why, there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that maybe would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Everything prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing-tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathleen, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "for," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country, as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

WM. MOTHERWELL.

HOPE.

The wretch, condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HEIRESS.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanour, I had thought little or nothing on the subject till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouttes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me, while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented unison they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband—for the husband of an orphan—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her:—a professed rake too—who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my senti-

ments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians—revere their office—and tremble at their authority—but to make myself wretched merely to please them—no! no! I positively cannot think of it.

Well—time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and on the day of his attaining age he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion I found was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my godmother; why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog.* The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale-Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprise when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting, and distracted baronet! Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room.

Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered—till one evening, towards the close of a long tête-a-tête conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied,

"One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant prospects you would condescend to share my retirement."

His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart,

"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing."

"But why? Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments—or any estates induce me to place, at the head of my table, a hump-backed bas-bleu in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed?"

"Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?"

"Intimately. She's my most particular friend!"

"I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?"

"Offended! offended! offended! oh no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens! Not the least offended. Hump-backed! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass.

"I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance."

"The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing."

"The deuce!"

"Don't swear, but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape.

I heard something very like "Curse Miss Vavasour!" on the way to my own apartment. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blythely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose—in a darkened room—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated.

"No—no," said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesy, "no! no! it is preposterous

to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl."

Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railleries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

—From *The Blank-Book of a Small Colleger.*

WHILE TAKIN' A WIFT O' MY PIPE.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.[1]

While takin' a wift o' my pipe tother neet,
A thowt trickled into my pate,
That sulkin' becose everything isn't sweet,
Is nought but a foolish consate;
Iv mon had bin made for a bit of a spree,
An' th' world were a marlockin' schoo',
Wi' nought nobbut heytin', an' drinkin', an' glee,
An' haliday gam to go through,
He'd sicken afore
His frolic were o'er,
An' feel he'd bin born for a foo'.

Poor crayter, he's o' discontentment an' deawt,
Whatever his fortin may be;
He's just like a chylt at goes cryin' abeawt,
"Eawr Johnny's moor traycle nor me;"
One minute he's trouble't, next minute he's fain,
An' then, they're so blended i' one,
It's hard to tell whether he's laughin' through pain,
Or whether he's peawtin' for fun;—
He stumbles, an' grumbles,
He struggles, an' juggles,—
He capers a bit,—an' he's gone.

It's wise to be humble i' prosperous ways,
For trouble may chance to be nee;
It's wise for to struggle wi' sorrowful days
Till sorrow breeds sensible glee;
He's rich that, contented wi' little, lives weel,
An' nurses his little to moor;
He's weel off 'at's rich, iv he nobbut can feel
He's brother to thoose that are poor;
An' to him 'at does fair,
Though his livin' be bare,
Some comfort shall olez be sure.

We'n nobbut a lifetime a-piece here below,
An' th' lungest is very soon spent;
There's summat aboon measur's cuts for us o',
An' th' most on 'em nobbut a fent;
Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
We'n make th' best o'th stuff till it's done,
An' when it leets eawt to get rivven a bit,
Let's darn it as weel as we con;
When th' order comes to us
To doff these owd clooas,
There'll surely be new uns to don.

[1] From *Lancashire Songs.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[Alexander Wilson, born in Paisley, 6th July, 1766; died in Philadelphia, 23d August, 1813. A poet and the founder of American ornithology. For several years he worked at the loom as a weaver in his native town, and afterwards travelled through the country as a peddler. He published his first volume of poems in 1790, and two years later issued, anonymously, his humorous ballad of *Watty and Meg*, which, much to the author's delight, was attributed to Burns. He emigrated to America in 1794; and found occupation as a schoolmaster. Upon settling at Kingsessing, he began to prepare for his great work on American ornithology; he explored the country, generally alone, and personally collected all his specimens. He lived to complete the eighth volume of the work; the ninth was produced under the care of his friend and occasional companion in his explorations, George Ord. Wilson's poetical talent has been almost forgotten, whilst his fame as an ornithologist remains undiminished.]

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use
(If skill'd to teach and diligent to rule),
Is the learn'd master of a little school.
Not he who guides his legs, or skills the clown
To square his fist, and knock his fellow down:
Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
To parry thrusts and pierce th' unguarded heart;
But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
From black, rough *pothooks*, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
From *numeration*, through an opening way,
Till dark *annuities* seem clear as day;
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
Till earth's remotest bound, and heaven's bright train
He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.
If such his toils, sure honour and regard
And wealth and fame will be his dear reward.
Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days!
Yes!—bless'd indeed, by cold ungrateful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
Despised by those who to his labours owe
All that they read, and almost all they know;
Condemn'd, each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive e'en Patience to despair;
The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark impenetrable skull—
The endless round of A, B, C's whole train
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge, his merits disappear:

If mild—"*Our lazy master loves his ease,*
The boys at school do anything they please."
If rigid—"*He's a cross hard-hearted wretch,*
He drives the children stupid with his birch.
My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;
But frowns and flogging frighten him to death."
Do as he will his conduct is arraign'd,
And dear the little that he gets is gain'd;
E'en *that* is given him, on the quarter day,
With looks that call it—*money thrown away.*
Just heaven! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that teachers share;
If such their fate, by thy divine control
O give them health and fortitude of soul!
Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame.
Grant this, ye powers! to Dominies distress'd,
Their sharp-tailed *victories* will do the rest.

THE TURNIP.

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich, the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself; so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before, and never will again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him. One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? if I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this; the best thing perhaps is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king; "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune." "Ah, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother, who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, everybody forgets me."

The king then took pity on him, and said, "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother." Then he gave him gold and lands and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king; and thought he must have a much larger gift in return: for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth?

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip: so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart, and drag it home with him. When he reached home he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and spite; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he resolved to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him: and having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure; let us go and dig it up, and share it between us." The other had no suspicions of his roguery; so they went out together, and as they were travelling along the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

But whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse at a distance, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree where they left him dangling, and ran away. Meantime he worked and worked away, till he made a hole large enough to put out his head.

When the horseman came up he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the sack saw him passing under the tree, he cried out, "Good morning, good morning to thee, my friend!" The student looked about everywhere, and seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, "Who calls me?"

Then the man in the tree answered, "Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to this seat all the learning of the schools is as empty

air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars, the laws that control the winds, the number of the sands on the sea-shore, the healing of the sick, the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge."

The student listened to all this, and wondered much; at last he said, "Blessed be the day and hour when I found you; cannot you contrive to let me into the sack for a little while?" Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, "A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and entreat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learned some little matters that are yet unknown to me."

So the student sat himself down and waited a while; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged earnestly that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst of knowledge was great. Then the other pretended to give way, and said, "Thou must let the sack of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter." So the student let him down, opened the sack, and set him free. "Now, then," cried he, "let me ascend quickly." As he began to put himself into the sack, heels first, "Wait awhile," said the gardener, "that is not the way." Then he pushed him in head first, tied up the sack, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom, dangling in the air. "How is it with thee, friend?" said he, "dost thou not feel that wisdom comes unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert."

So saying, he trotted off on the student's nag, and left the poor fellow to gather wisdom till somebody should come and let him down.

WOMAN.[1]

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1] First printed in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, c. xxiv.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[George Gordon, Lord Byron, born in London, 22d January, 1788; died at Missolonghi, 19th April, 1824. He was the only child of Captain John Byron, of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon, of Gight, Aberdeenshire. Until the age of ten he was educated at Aberdeen under the care of his mother; he was then—having become heir to the title and estate of his grand-uncle, Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey—removed to Harrow, and subsequently to Cambridge. In 1807 appeared the *Hours of Idleness*, and the severe comments made upon it by the *Edinburgh Review* inspired the poet with his satire of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809). He travelled on the Continent for a couple of years, and soon after his return issued the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812), which at once elevated him to the pinnacle of poetic fame. In 1815 he married Miss Millbanke; a year afterwards Lady Byron, with her infant daughter Ada, returned to her father's house in Leicestershire. Byron thereupon quitted England with the determination never to return. He flitted about from place to place, but spent most of his time in Italy. In 1823 he proved his devotion to Greece by joining in the attempt to secure its independence, giving to that object his fortune and his life—for it was in the course of this enterprise that he was attacked by the illness which closed his career. His life provoked many scandals, which have been more than once revived since his death; and on this subject a French critic makes the following observations:[1]—"Our curiosity has killed our enthusiasm; whether it regards a great poet or a great man, we lose sight of his work or his actions to occupy ourselves only with his private life. . . . The heritage of a great man is not in that which brings him down to our level, but in that which exalts him above us."[2]]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

[1] Henri Blaze de Bury in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st October, 1872.

[2] Of Byron's works Macaulay wrote:—"It was in description and meditation that he excelled. 'Description,' as he said in *Don Juan*, 'was his *forte*. His manner is indeed peculiar, and is almost unequalled—rapid, sketchy, full of vigour; the selection happy; the strokes few and bold. . . . Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. . . . But, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

THE WAVERLEY MYSTERY.

It is difficult nowadays to realize the intensity of the curiosity which long prevailed regarding the authorship of the Waverley Novels. The secret was well kept; several intimate friends had no doubt that Scott was the author, but few were certain of it. The works were attributed to various known and unknown men; then the rapidity with which one novel followed the other gave rise to the idea that they could not be the productions of one man. This suggested to Scott the most humorous of all his introductions, namely, the preface to the *Betrothed*, which he called "Minutes of sederunt of a general meeting of the shareholders designing to form a joint-stock company, united for the purpose of writing and publishing the class of works called the Waverley Novels." Curiosity was at length satisfied and false rumours extinguished by Sir Walter Scott's public acknowledgment of the authorship at the first dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund,

held in the Assembly Rooms, on Friday, 23d February, 1827. The fund had been established in 1819, under the patronage of Frederick, Duke of York, for the benefit of sick and aged players. It was considered advisable by the managers of the institution to attract attention to the charity by means of a public dinner, and Sir Walter Scott consented to preside on the occasion. The following sketch of the proceedings appeared shortly after the event in a Glasgow periodical called the *Ant*, and is valuable as the report of an eye-witness:—

"Never was dinner so delayed, or so little worth being waited for, till the company was stupified, and in that mood taken by surprise on the entrance of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Fife, and other gentlemen, by the centre door. When they were recognized, every man stood up and cheered, as the chairman, with his 'peers,' halted his way up the middle passage to the elevated seat beneath the royal canopy at the cross table, looking down the room. There was no grace before meat, and very little at it, believe me, for we were all as ravenous as wolves, and every man was there 'his own carver.'

"As I sent you more than one of the Edinburgh papers, it is needless for me to recapitulate the proceedings of the evening, as, upon the whole, they were faithfully reported; although it was impossible for them to convey an idea of the intense spirit of sociality, and intimate brotherhood of feeling, as it were, which speedily pervaded the meeting, and distinguished it from the stiff formality and ostentatious parade of public dinners in general. All that I can do is merely to gather up a few crumbs of intelligence that escaped the regular caterers for the public, or were deemed too trivial for their notice. Sir Walter spoke of the memory of the Duke of York with the feeling of one who had lost a friend, but we were obliged to pledge it and many other toasts with empty glasses. Mr. Robertson, the jolly croupier, even whose roundity hardly made him visible to one-half of the company, so lowly was he seated, did not relish this, and prevented Sir Walter from going farther till he, at least, was supplied. At a later period he rose up and declared, with rich emphasis, that 'the room was still full of waiters, but empty of wine,' and at last we all got to port. The chairman hesitated considerably in his opening or formal speech. He seemed to have written and forgotten it; but no sooner was the task-work over, than he felt at his own ease, and made his auditors be at theirs. In fact, each of us very speedily experienced the same agreeable feeling that would have been ours had we been seated at table with Sir Walter, and been on terms of perfect intimacy with him. At length Lord Meadowbank got up and petrified us all by his direct, and, as it at first appeared, scandalously rude allusion to his friend's being the author of *Waverley*. The next sensation was that of wonder, how Sir Walter, so involved, would contrive to extricate himself from the dilemma. He rose up; a smile played upon his rough and shagged, but expressive face; and in a low tone, which yet was heard in the remotest corner of the room, revealed the truth that no one there had doubted, but that every one was electrified to hear from his own lips—that he was the author—or, as he added, the sole author of the writings that have placed *Waverley* and its successors at the head of the romance literature of the world. There was, as you may guess, cheering at this till the roof sent back the thundering plaudits. . . . I must conclude. Mackay's speech was well *written;* but he has only one way of delivery, whether of 'my conscience!' or 'the immortal Garrick,' &c. He can sing plaintively, however, and with feeling, as well as comically and with mirth, as he that night evinced. The badinage between him and Sir Walter was highly dramatic—so much so, as to appear premeditated to some. Good-nature, rather than very good taste, at all events, prompted the giving a second-rate actor's health next, after such a ceremony as the revelation of the 'Veiled Prophet.' The more minute touches—in which it was that the chairman excelled,—of course could not be detailed in the newspaper reports—as where he alluded to his son's being a hussar—where he spoke of auld Scotland, and 'every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle'—and of Mrs. Siddons—Mrs. Anne Page, and 'her probabilities'—and Lord Ogilby and his 'twinge'—nor can they convey to you the Northumbrian raciness of his 'hurra'—of P. Robertson's mellow tones, smacking of old port and good living."

Sir Walter Scott took the chair, amid enthusiastic greetings, at six o'clock, supported on his right hand by the Earl of Fife, and on the left by Lord Meadowbank. On the right of the Earl of Fife were Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Admiral Adam, Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, and several officers of the 7th Hussars; and on the left of the chair sat Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, and several officers: Patrick Robertson, Esq., Advocate, and Sir Samuel Stirling of Glorat, Bart., croupiers. Professor Wilson was ill, and unable to attend the meeting.

After the toasts of "The King," "The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family," and the late "Duke of York," the chairman proposed the Theatrical Fund. He spoke with much fervour of the dramatic art, and warmly pleaded for the poor player, whose wants were not of his own making, but arose from the natural sources of sickness and old age. Mackay, the popular Scottish actor who was long identified with the character he represented in the stage version of *Rob Roy*, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, returned thanks on behalf of his brethren. Before sitting down he proposed the health of the Patrons of the Theatrical Fund; and then came what proved to be the event of the evening.

Lord Meadowbank begged to return the thanks of the patrons for the honour now conferred on them. He could bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution. And now, that he might in some measure repay the gratification which had been afforded himself, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But the clouds were now dispelled—the *darkness visible* was cleared away—and the Great Unknown—(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country—the mighty magician who had rolled back the current of time, and conjured up the men and the manners which had long passed away, stood revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen. If he himself were capable of imagining all that belonged to this mighty subject—were he even able to give utterance to all that, as a friend, as a man, and as a Scotsman, he must feel regarding it; yet knowing, as he well did, that this illustrious individual was not more distinguished for his towering talents, than for those feelings which rendered such allusions ungrateful to him, however sparingly introduced, he would on that account still refrain from doing that which would otherwise be no less pleasing to him than to his audience. But this his lordship hoped he would be allowed to say—his auditors would not pardon him were he to say less—we owe to him as a people a large and heavy debt of gratitude. He it is who has opened to foreigners the grand and characteristic beauties of our country. It is by him that our gallant ancestors and the struggles of our illustrious patriots, who fought and bled in order to secure that independence and that liberty we now enjoy, have obtained a fame no longer confined to the boundaries of a remote and comparatively obscure nation: it is he who has called down on their struggles for glory and freedom the admiration of foreign countries. He has conferred a new reputation on our national character, and bestowed on Scotland an imperishable name, were it only by her having given birth to himself. [Loud and rapturous applause showed that the audience thoroughly appreciated and endorsed this encomium.]

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. A variety of reasons had led to the concealment: perhaps caprice had the greatest share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (Long and loud cheering.) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again, I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, but as this would go to the public, he wished to speak seriously; and when he said that he was the author, he meant that *he was the total and undivided author*. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, "Your breath has filled my sails;" and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie (loud applause)—and he was sure, that when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion

it should be PRODIGIOUS!—(Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay, after a short pause, exclaimed, in the character of Bailie Jarvie,—"My conscience! My worthy faither the deacon could not have believed that siccan a great honour should befa' me his son—that I should hae had sic a compliment paid to me by the Great Unknown."

Sir Walter Scott—"The Small Known now, Mr. Bailie."

Mr. Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years; and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had gi'en sic universal satisfaction to a' parties—(loud laughter and applause).—Before he sat down, he begged to propose "The Lord Provost and the City of Edinburgh."

Bailie Bonar returned thanks.

Mr. Patrick Robertson, one of the wittiest and most jovial of the old school of Scottish lawyers—who afterwards became one of the lords of the Court of Session, and astounded everybody by publishing two volumes of poems and sonnets—next proposed the health of Mrs. Henry Siddons and success to the Theatre Royal of Edinburgh. Mr. Murray, the brother of Mrs. H. Siddons and then manager of the Theatre, returned thanks for his sister, and told how the theatre had been rescued from ruin, and all its difficulties overcome, by the production of *Rob Roy*—a statement which might have been made by many subsequent managers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, for in these cities the play always proves attractive. The toasts which followed were: by the chairman, "Mr. Murray," who replied; "The Stewards," which Mr. Vandenhoff, the actor, acknowledged; by Lord Meadowbank, "The Earl of Fife," who replied, and concluded by giving the health of the "Edinburgh Theatrical Company;" by P. Robertson, "Lord Jeffrey," whose absence was due to ill-health; by Mr. J. Maconochie, "Mrs. Siddons, senior, the most distinguished ornament of the stage;" by Mr. Dundas of Arniston, "The Memory of Home, the Author of Douglas." The chairman next said he had too long delayed proposing a toast which must be ever hailed with pleasure in a Scottish meeting. He meant the land that bore us,—the Land of Cakes; every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle. (Applause.) So long as her sons should stand by her, as their fathers had done, she must be a happy country and a respected one. And he who would not drink a bumper to this toast, may he never drink whisky more.

Then Mr. H. G. Bell proposed the health of James Sheridan Knowles. The chairman followed with "Shakspeare," and "Joanna Baillie;" and after these toasts had been honoured, came "Mr. Terry" (who dramatized most of the Waverley Novels); "Allan Ramsay;" "the Patronesses of the Theatre;" "the New Theatre;" and "Henry Mackenzie, 'the man of feeling.'"

Immediately afterwards Sir Walter said: "Gentlemen,—it is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge, I may say, '*non sum qualis eram.*' At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogilby as to his rheumatism, and say, 'There's a twinge.' I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair."—The worthy baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.

Mr. Patrick Robertson was then called to the chair by acclamation.

"Gentlemen,"—said Mr. Robertson,—"I take the liberty of asking you to fill a bumper to the very brim. There is not one of us who will not remember, while he lives, being present at this day's festival, and the declaration made this night by the gentleman who has just left the chair. That declaration has rent the veil from the features of the Great Unknown—a name which must now merge in the name of the Great Known. It will be henceforth coupled with the name of Scott, which will become familiar like a household word. We have heard the confession from his own immortal lips—(tremendous cheering)—and we cannot dwell with too much or too fervent praise on the merits of one of the greatest men Scotland has produced."

The following is Sir Walter's own comment upon the proceedings at the Theatrical Fund dinner; it is an entry in his diary for February 24th, . . . "If our jests were not good, our laughter was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxed me with the novels, and to end that farce at once, I pleaded guilty; so that splore is ended. As to the collection—it has been 'much cry and little woo, as the deil said when he shore the sow.' I got away at ten at night." Lord Meadowbank had, when going into the meeting, asked Scott if he might refer to the authorship of the novels; and as the facts were pretty generally known since the failure of his publishing house, Scott answered: "Do as you like—only, don't say much about so old a story."

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

The 15th August, 1871, was the hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birth, and the Edinburgh Border Counties Association inaugurated the movement for a festival in honour of the memory of Scott, to be held on that occasion. For reasons of convenience, the celebration was arranged to take place on Wednesday the 9th August, and accordingly, with few exceptions, the centenary honours were paid on that day. In the principal cities of the United Kingdom, of America, the Continent, and the colonies, and, indeed, wherever there was a reading population, the genius of Scott was gratefully remembered in public and private on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Edinburgh, being his natal city, was appropriately the centre of these rejoicings; and as the British Association held its meeting there in August, the number of strangers who attended the chief festival was considerably increased. During the day the city was crowded with visitors from far and near; flags were raised on the public buildings and on several private houses; relics of "the great magician"—his manuscripts, portraits, and other articles intimately associated with his life and works—were exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy; and, in brief, town and people presented the appearance of a national and popular holiday. In the evening various parts of the town were illuminated and the streets were crowded with sightseers. The Scott banquet was held in the Corn Exchange, which was decorated for the occasion, and the company numbered about two thousand. Amongst the guests were the most famous representatives of literature, art, and science. The Earl of Dalkeith—one of the Scotts of Buccleuch—presided, and the vice-chairmen were Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Jerviswood, the Lord Justice-general, and the Lord-provost of Edinburgh.

As one of the best specimens of the oratory which the occasion inspired, we desire to preserve here the address of Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, who, after the customary loyal toasts from the chair, proposed "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott."

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell said:—To offer for your consideration some of the reasons why the memory of Sir Walter Scott should be honoured in an assembly composed mainly of his countrymen, and wholly of his admirers, may seem a very simple task. To state in any adequate manner his services to his country and mankind would be a task of a very different kind. It would involve nothing less than a review of the literature which he found, the literature which he left, and the literature which a later age has created, and an examination into the part which literature holds in the vital system of a people. I need hardly say that the first and simpler method of treating the subject is the one which I propose to myself, and that in approaching even that, I am sensible how much I stand in need of your indulgence. I would first remind you of the amount of work accomplished by Scott, and the comparatively brief period in which it was performed. In 1796, his twenty-fifth year, he began to toy with literature as a translator of German ballads. But his own original writings, beginning with the *House of Aspen*, and ending with the *Surgeon's Daughter*, all saw the light between 1799 and 1831. His career as a popular poet may be said to have opened with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805, and ended with *Harold the Dauntless* in 1817. His career as our first writer of prose fiction commenced with *Waverley* in 1814, and closed with his life. By the side of this ample and sparkling stream of original writing flowed another of scarcely inferior volume, consisting of miscellaneous works, editorial, critical, biographical, or historical, of which it is enough to mention the editions of *Dryden and Swift*, the *Life of Napoleon*, and the *Tales of a Grandfather*. As an officer of the Court of Session and sheriff of Selkirk, professional work occupied a considerable portion of his time, and so also did the mercantile concerns in which he was unfortunately a partner. For a good many years, the years of seeming financial prosperity, say from 1817 or 1818 to 1825, he was one of the most prominent figures in social life in Scotland, and one of the favourite lions of London. In these busy thirty-two years enough was done to fill the lives of ten not inconsiderable mortals. One of the Homeric heroes seemed to have reappeared upon the earth, clothed in superhuman strength and the wig and gown of a Scotch advocate. (Applause.)

As a poet, Scott, like other great masters of the lyre, may be said to have fulfilled the aspirations, and given full and triumphant truth to the thought, with which many kindred minds have been in labour, but which they had lacked strength to bring forth. In days when letters here in Scotland were still young, there was a strong disposition to gather up, and afterwards a no less strong wish to reproduce, the relics of earliest song. The ballads

which collectors like George Bannatyne and Richard Maitland loved, later poets like Allan Ramsay and Elizabeth Halket eagerly imitated, and so considerable was the power and the industry of these imitators that it has lately been argued with plausibility that the best of our so-called old Scottish ballads belong to the age of Sir Roger de Coverley. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Percy's *Reliques* are later indications of the tendency of thought and taste which in another branch of art was likewise marked by the plaster pinnacles of Strawberry Hill. Scott himself, cradled in the ballad-land, became the most zealous as well as the ablest of ballad editors. In collecting materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, thinking, as it was said, "of little but the queerness and the fun," he was making himself for the work of his life. He was also in no small degree making at the same time the public taste to which that work was to be submitted. In fulness of time the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was born, to fascinate a world athwart which the genius of Burns had lately flashed, but in which Hayley was probably the most popular poet, and the laurel of Dryden certainly wreathed the brows of Pye. Few critics will question the supremacy of Scott, at least in our language, in the field of metrical romance. Opinion may vary as to the rank to be assigned to that class of composition. Other poets have soared higher into the empyrean of thought, or have dived deeper into the mystery of life, but none has ever told his tale with greater breadth of light and shade, or hurried his reader along with a more genial vivacity; none has ever lit up the banquet-hall or the battle-field with more of Homeric fire, or adorned his action with a more exquisite transcript of the scenery of nature. (Applause.) It is in virtue of these qualities that a great poet holds as his own for ever the ground, historical or topographical, which his wand has once touched; and conquests of this kind are in one sense a measure of his power. In this sphere Scott is certainly the greatest of peaceful and beneficent conquerors in the world of letters. Bannockburn and Flodden are his; Melrose and Dunvegan, and many a fair domain and ancient pile between. The house of Buccleuch is not less indebted to his genius than to the valour of another Sir Walter, the favour of King James, or the good housewifery of the lady of the *Lay*. Of this city, his own romantic town, he is, in our legal language, the unquestioned feudal superior. It is curious now to turn to his friend Moore's playful allusions to these poetical conquests at the time *Rokeby* was announced in 1814. Writing in the character of Messrs. Lackington to one of their authors, he says that Scott,

"Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming by long quarto stages to town,
And, beginning with *Rokeby*, the job's sure to pay;
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now the scheme is, though none of our hackneys can beat him,
To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
Who by means of quick proofs, no revises, long coaches,
May do a few villas before Scott approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach without foundering at least Woburn Abbey."

It is needless to remind you that ere the fresh poet alighted at Woburn gate Scott had pursued his raid far into England, and with new arms had annexed Ashby and Kenilworth, Whitefriars and Whitehall. (Applause.) Had Scott written nothing but his lyrics he would still hold a distinguished place in letters. "Rosabelle," "Lochinvar," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Norah's Vow," and "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" will be sung and loved as long as tenderness and melody, pith and vigour, archness, gaiety, and delicate humour shall please the ear, inspire the fancy, and touch the heart. These and other songs of Scott have made the tour of the world with the songs of Burns, and haunt the memory of most men who love poetry and speak English. They are the very songs to be sung in a strange land by exiles not much given to weeping and hanging their harps on willows, and who yet at Vancouver or Hong-Kong very steadily think of Scotland, knowing, or perhaps not knowing, how greatly the Scotland to which their hearts turn is the intellectual creation of Scott. It is the poet's best reward, we are told by Longfellow, to find his song in the heart of a friend. Scott, like Longfellow himself, is a poet who enjoys "love, honour, and obedience, troops of friends." One of the latest of his stranger-friends whom I have met with turned up in North-Eastern Siberia. If you will look into the pleasant tent-life in that country of Mr. George Kennan, an American surveyor, you will find him discovering analogies between the scenery around him and the Western Highlands of Scott's poetry, and recording how he and his party made the woodlands of Kamtschatka re-echo to the wild and unaccustomed war-notes of "Bonnie Dundee."

I would now ask you to look at Scott as a writer of prose fiction, who, from the stores of his learning and the spring of his imagination, fed for sixteen years the fancy of the civilized world, ministering no less to the social and moral well-being than to the innocent gaiety of

nations. The Waverley Novels provided a new pleasure for the reading world, even for the little fastidious world of jaded elderly critics. To him who has never seen the sea or the mountains, the first sight of either becomes an epoch in his life. Many of us, I believe, cherish as a choice reminiscence our first glimpse of the fair imaginary realm which was created by Scott. My own first peep of it I well remember, obtained by means of a review which I got hold of when at an age at which the nature and uses of quarterly criticism were for me as yet very dim. The delight with which I devoured the extracts in small print was only equalled by the disgust with which I floundered amongst the comments in a larger type, lamentable fits of insanity, as I thought them, befalling in some mysterious manner my matchless story-teller. It was not till several years afterwards that the book itself fell into my hands, and the well-remembered names of Isaac of York, Rebecca and Rowenna, told me that I had found an old friend in *Ivanhoe*. I venture to mention this trivial personal incident in hopes that it may recall to many of you whom I have the honour to address, various green spots, diverse and yet similar, of auld langsyne connected with Scott and his writings. (Applause.) The effect which the first Waverley Novel may produce on a fresh and imaginative mind, now when Scott has taught his craft to so many cunning hands, can give but a very faint idea of the success of *Waverley*. "The small anonymous sort of a novel," as Scott called it in sending it to Mr. Morritt by the mail of the 9th July, 1814, very speedily took the world by storm. Five years later, on the publication of the eighth of the series, a reviewer so discriminating and so little given to reckless praise as Mr. Jeffrey announced that no such prodigy had been known since Shakspeare wrote his thirty-eight plays in the brief space of his early manhood. This opinion was recorded upon the appearance of *Kenilworth*, *Nigel*, *Durward*, and various other favourites, scarce less successful than their predecessors. Detailed criticism would be out of place here, where we are met to agree that as Stratford did for Shakspeare, so Edinburgh must do for Scott. The long procession of ideal figures, headed by Waverley and the Baron of Bradwardine, and closed by Richard Middlemas and the French Begum, forms stern and solemn, or gay and sportive, courtly or grotesque, of every age and sex, of many climes, periods, and moods of mind, which proceeded from the brain of Scott, have furnished a goodly quota of their number to the world's gallery, where the people of the poet's dream stand side by side with the personages of history, and where it often occurs to us, who are the transitory visitors to the show, to exclaim with the Spanish monk before the canvas of Titian—

> "These are the real men,
> And we the painted shadows on the wall."

(Applause.) Who of us, indeed, do not feel Don Quixote and his squire, Hamlet and Falstaff, to be our fellow-creatures quite as truly as Philip III. or the Minister Lerma, or Devereux or Cecil or Queen Bess herself? Scott has filled more places in the historical Valhalla than any other writer, Shakspeare alone excepted. To the history of this little corner of northern Europe, this single Scotchman, bending his big brow over his desk, has given a wide and splendid celebrity, far beyond the reach, at least far beyond the attainment of the strong hands and stout hearts and busy brains of the whole perfervid race of other days at home and abroad. (Applause.)

His reading of our national story is probably the version which will long be accepted by the world. In one point, indeed, it was fiercely challenged. The sufferings and services of the Covenanters had made them popular idols, and some good men were startled at being shown that their idols had a comic side, and on being reminded that in respect and sympathy for freedom of thought the black Prelatist and the true-blue Presbyterian were in the relative condition of the pot and the kettle in the fable. But I question if any of the controversialists who entered the field against Scott ever recognized more fully than he did that the spirit which leads men to lay down their lives for what they hold to be truth is the very breath of national life; if any Whig writer has ever painted a more touching picture of the better men of Bothwellhaugh than the novelist who delighted to wear the white cockade of the cavalier. In fact, the good corn of the history of the Kirk seems to owe quite as much to the winnowing it received from Scott as to the painful garnerings of honest Wodrow, in whose husbandry flail and fanner were unknown. If the world beyond the Tweed is likely for long to read Scottish history with the eyes of Scott, it is still more certain to adopt his estimate of the character of our people. Coleridge used to say, "Whenever I have occasion to speak of a Scotch rascal, I always lay the emphasis on Scotch." This principle Scott applied in a somewhat larger spirit. His Scotch characters, Highland and Lowland, tinted with all the delicate shades of local and social colour, gentle

and simple, good and bad, are all emphatically Scotch. It is not for a Scotchman to say whether our great painter has or has not been

> "To all our virtues very kind,
> To all our faults a little blind."

But we certainly ought to be well content with the national portraiture, and do each what in us lies to perpetuate its nobler features. The work that Burns yearned after from the depths of his passionate heart, Scott has actually accomplished. From the story of our feuds and factions, from the dust and blood of the past, his genius and his patriotism have culled all that was pure and lovely and of good report, and have woven it into an immortal chaplet for the brow of Caledonia. He has fanned the fire of Scottish nationality without detriment—nay, with positive advantage to that higher and nobler nationality which rallies around the flag whereon the white cross fits so compactly into the red. Wherever the British flag flies it will find no better or truer defenders there than those Scotchmen who best know and love their Scott. (Applause.)

Amidst moral and intellectual benefits, I must not forget the important contributions of Scott to the material prosperity of his native land. The dead poet whom we celebrate is as distinctly an employer of labour as any of those captains of industry whose looms whirl by the Tweed or whose furnaces flame along the Clyde. Here, there, everywhere, pilgrims are flocking to the shrines which he has built for himself and his country; and trades and occupations of all kinds flourish by the brain which lies in Dryburgh, as they formerly flourished by the brain of St. Thomas. Mrs. Dodds of the Cleikum, Neil Blane of the Howff, and others, his pleasant publicans, are only a few of those whom Scott has established in a roaring business. When land is to be sold in any district of the Scott countries, his scenes and his characters therewith connected, and even his passing allusions, are carefully chronicled amongst other attractions in the advertisement, and duly inventoried amongst the title-deeds of the estate. It would be hard to say how many years' purchase Scott has added to the value of Branksome, or of the Eildon pastures. But there is no doubt that the touch of his pen does in many places form an important element of that unearned increment of value—that, I believe, is the scientific term—which Mr. Stuart Mill and friends propose shortly to transfer from the lords of the soil to the Lords of the Treasury. Some of Scott's truest admirers have been disposed to regret that there is no single piece of his that gives any adequate idea of his greatness. The pangs of parturition were indeed unknown to that most prolific of brains. The mighty machinery of his mind worked with the least possible friction. *Waverley* is generally esteemed the most carefully finished of his tales, yet we know, on his own authority, the two last volumes were written between the 4th of June and the 1st of July. The noble lord who, in a party attack on the most illustrious of his countrymen, told the House of Commons that one of the Clerks of Session wrote more books than any other person had leisure to read, would probably have accomplished an unusual feat if he had read in one day the forty pages 8vo which Scott sometimes wrote in the same period of time. The two sermons which Scott wrote for a clerical friend were promised overnight and placed in his hand next morning. The absence of apparent effort in the exercise of even his highest powers struck all strangers who had an opportunity of observing his talents. Two acute and by no means superstitious observers solved the mystery by ascribing to him something of supernatural power. "There was," says Hazlitt, "a degree of capacity in that huge double forehead which superseded all effort, and made everything come intuitively and almost mechanically." Captain Basil Hall was at first much exercised by the phenomenon, but as he himself kept a very copious journal, and discovered that in one of his visits to Abbotsford he had written in one day about as much as Scott considered a fair day's task, he considered that his wonder was misapplied. "No such great matter after all," concluded the gallant captain; "it is mere industry and a little invention, and that we all know costs Scott nothing." (A laugh.) In fact, amongst his intimate friends the marvellous facility and fecundity of the man ceased to excite any surprise. Even the faithful and affectionate Laidlaw, his amanuensis in times of sickness, used to forget himself and everything else in the interest of the tale he was writing down. If the dictation flagged, he would say, "Come, sir, get on; get on;" and would receive the characteristic reply, "Hout! Willie, you forget I have to invent the story!" (Laughter.)

It is natural at first sight to regret all this headlong haste, and to wish that four or five of the novels had been compressed into a perfect work of art, into a "gem of purest ray serene" altogether worthy of the mind whence it came. No doubt the rule of Goldsmith's connoisseur is generally a sound one, that the picture would have been better

had the painter taken more pains; and if we can conceive such a thing as a pedagogue seated with a row of possible Walter Scotts before him, it would be highly proper that he should impress the maxim on their young minds. But as the genius of Scott was in so many points exceptional, it is possible that it may have worked under special laws of its own, and that something of the charm of his works may belong to their rapid and spontaneous flow, like the rush of a river or melody from the throats of birds

"That carol their sweet pleasures to the spring."

(Applause.) The influence of Scott upon literature, both at home and abroad, was immense. Whatever he did, whatever attire he chose to assume, at once became the fashion. The apparent ease of his verse, the fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure, procured him a large poetical following, in which there were, no doubt, many figures strange to see, like the alderman, in whose person Holyrood saw

"The royal Albyn's tartan as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt."

But his school can likewise boast of several disciples of rare genius. His presence may be felt in some of the earlier tales of Byron; from his shrine comes some of the fire that burns in *Ivry* and the *Armada*, and the *Roman Lays* of Macaulay, and in the *Cavalier Ballads* of our own still lamented Aytoun. Of the historical romance in prose he may be called the father; and never had literary sire a more goodly offspring in the second generation—

"By many names men call them,
In many lands they dwell."

In France, Hugo, De Vigny, the elder Dumas; in Spain, Fernan Caballero; in Italy, Manzoni and D'Azeglio; in Germany, Zschokke and Alexis; in America, Cooper; at home, Grattan, Leigh Hunt, and Thackeray, are only a few of the writers well known to fame, who have essayed to bend the bow of Scott. Of living English writers I will not speak. Many names will at once occur to you all, and I am sure that the most famous of the band would be the foremost in rendering homage to their great master. If the words that Scott wrote to Mr. Cadell in 1830 were somewhat overcharged then, they are more near the truth in 1871—"The fact is," he wrote, "I have taught a hundred gentlemen to write nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself." In truth, Scott's art, using the word in the larger sense, was like that of Falstaff, who was witty himself and the cause of wit in other men.

Even in the fields less peculiarly his own than fiction his influence was very great. His writings stimulated historical research in a hundred directions; and he was the founder of the Bannatyne Club, parent model of many similar societies prolific of goodly quartos. In his romances the delighted reader had found himself brought face to face with personages whom he had before seen only as in a glass darkly. Historians began to take a leaf out of the great novelist's book; to use a style more dramatic and pictorial; to develop individual character; and bestow unwonted pains on accessories of time and place. Is it too much to say that we probably owe to the example of Scott some of the most graceful digressions of Hallam: something of the splendid scene-painting of Macaulay; something of the electric light flashed over many famous men, and into many dark places, from the pen of Carlyle? (Applause.) Is it unreasonable to suppose that his great genius has exercised an influence, not the less real because untraced, unseen, unsuspected, like the influence of the Gulf Stream diffusing itself through our western sounds and sea-coasts in softer verdure and richer foliage?

Of all the legacies which Scott has bequeathed to mankind, I believe none are more precious than his own character and life. (Applause.) Happy in many things, unhappy in a few, he was singularly happy in a biographer. Amongst our chosen book companions, amongst the friends that can never alter nor forsake, *Lockhart's Life of Scott* deserves to hold a place of chief honour and ready access. I doubt whether the world has ever been told so much about any one man by any single biographer—whether the life of a great man has ever fallen into the hands of a writer with equal opportunity of knowing the whole truth, and equal faculty for telling it; and whether the whole *Biographie Universelle* can furnish a single other name that would show so fair if the whole life which belonged to it were unrolled like that of Scott, year by year, almost day by day, before the gaze of his fellowmen. (Applause.) The admiration with which Scott was regarded during the larger portion of his life was great, but the love and affection which he inspired during his whole life was still greater. Warmly and widely loved before he was famous, in later days he attracted the regard of various remarkable persons to whom his fame was an unknown quantity. In Paris, in 1815, amongst all the celebrities of Europe, he seemed especially to fascinate Blucher and Platoff the Cossack, the latter of whom, cantering down the Rue de la Paix, would jump off his horse to kiss him. It is highly improbable that either the Prussian

field-marshal or the hetman of the Cossacks of the Don knew much about either *Marmion* or *Waverley*, or that they were influenced by anything deeper than the frank kindly aspect of the stalwart ex-volunteer, with "that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality, courage, and tenderness," which Haydn assures us "neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched." How variegated with all the hues of character is the list of his friends! Jeffrey, Rogers, Moore, Byron, Crabbe, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Southey, Haydn, George IV., are only a sample of those who, differing from one another on many things, agreed to love and honour Scott. The reverence in which he was held from their first acquaintance by Lockhart is of itself no small proof of his titles to be revered and honoured. With the intellectual life of his time, Scott's relations were as genial as those which bound him to its social life. His career gave no incident to the "Quarrels of Authors." His high, frequently too high, appreciation of the writings of his contemporaries was one of the most noticeable of his many pleasant traits of character. Washington Irving, after passing a few days at Abbotsford in 1817, was convinced that his host was the author of the Waverley Novels, because they were the only important works of the day he had never quoted. How characteristic is Scott's reminiscence of Burns, and his pride in having, as a boy, helped the poet to the authorship of some lines by Langhorne, and having received a grateful look from him in return. From this, which was probably his first meeting with any distinguished man of letters, to that which was probably one of the last, at Naples, when being under the delusion that his debts were all paid, he offered pecuniary aid to Sir William Gell, the record of his relations with his brethren of the pen is a record of brotherly-kindness, encouragement, furtherance, earnest sympathy in success or in disappointment, of gifts of money when he had it, of loans of time, when time was to him in a special manner money. (Applause.)

Much has been written and said about Scott's desire to found a family upon the estate which his industry had acquired. It has been urged that being the Ariosto of the North, the Cervantes of his native land, it was pitiable that he should have cared to be Scott of Abbotsford—a kind of distinction frequently achieved and enjoyed by his Andrew Fairservices and Nicol Jarvies. This view of the case seems to leave out of sight the important fact that the Scott was as strong within him as the Ariosto or Cervantes, and that if he had been devoid of one of the strongest tendencies of the race from which he was sprung, he would not have been the Walter Scott we have met here to celebrate. (Applause.) In the higher part of his character he was a poet, in the everyday concerns of life he was a shrewd practical man of the world. Hence, having acquired wealth by an unusual path, he invested that wealth very much as any one of his friends might have done who had acquired it by the practice of law or the weaving of wool. In his case land had a peculiar attraction, for he had loved the country from his cradle, and by its possession he was enabled to realize, or to try to realize, the half-feudal, half-patriarchal life of his day-dreams. The existence of a certain number of families, with more or less of permanence in the possession of the soil, and enjoying more or less of social importance, was, according to his political theories, essential to the welfare of an ancient kingdom. There was nothing inconsistent or unworthy that a man holding this theory should desire that amongst those families his descendants should be found. The popular and prevailing theory is, of course, of an opposite kind. But for some cause or other, which it is not for me to explain, when the holders of this theory buy land, it seems to lose its grasp of their vigorous and enterprising minds. They, too, build and plant on a scale altogether feudal; and their walls and windows blaze with heraldry, just as if romantic poetry and old-fashioned Toryism had been their business and their creed.

Even of Scott's politics, so characteristic of the man, I will venture to say a word. They were the opinions naturally growing up in the mind of a man who had been unable to feel any enthusiasm for French Liberalism in 1789; who had rejoiced in the fall of the French Napoleon in 1815, before a European coalition mainly formed and set in motion by the Tory ministry of England, and who had not seen, as we have seen, the national prosperity which attends three generations of revolution. Such as they were, the views of the young advocate defending a housebreaker at Jedburgh were those of the favourite at Carlton House, which is more than could be said for some of the fine folks he met there. On the whole, I believe few of us will be disposed to regret that he did not go over to the winning side in 1831—a year of rapid change and sudden conversion. He had chosen his party, and adhered to it strictly; but there was nothing in his tenets nor in his attitude that was ignoble, or narrow, or incongruous. His once famous *Malagrowther's Letters* show that he

was no slave to party allegiance, and that in the midst of his own anxieties and disasters the call of public duty found him no niggard of his time and toil. His writings show that while his own opinions were firmly held, he was ever mindful of how much may always be said on the other side. Tories may well be proud that the most illustrious author of his day was a Tory. Not a few Radicals I believe there are who will think more kindly of Toryism for his sake, just as I am sure that any repugnance to the Radical faith must have been much softened in any one who had enjoyed the benignant converse of another great man lately taken from us—George Grote. (Applause.) Those who are most disposed to discover evidence of weakness in this or that portion of Scott's conduct will admit such weaknesses only brought into nobler prominence the indomitable fortitude with which he confronted the misfortunes of his later years. One weakness he unquestionably had—that of reluctance to look disagreeable facts in the face. But for this his financial disasters would probably never have overtaken him. He could, however, as few men could, set his face as a flint against the inevitable in declining years and health, and take up arms against a sea of troubles with all the energy of youth. There is nothing more tragic in the story of literature than his memorable struggle—from the entry in his diary of 24th January, 1826—"I will dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds, or what may sell for such, to make good my engagements"—to the closing scene, when six years of such incessant digging had done their work on the noble intellect, and when the rocks of Pausilippo and the Campanian lake beyond could elicit no other words from the weary pilgrim but—

> "It's up the craggy mountain
> And down the mossy glen,
> We canna gang a milking
> For Charlie and his men."

For myself I can say that I never take down, for instruction or amusement, a volume of Scott's writings, published in or after 1826, without thinking of the circumstances in which they were composed, and remembering that they, like the water from the Well of Bethlehem, which David refused to drink, represent the heart's blood of a brave man's life. May the day never come in Scotland when we shall forget that noble and beautiful life with its triumphs and its joys, and its sorrows, and its lessons! (Applause.) You have met to-night to do him a rare and exceptional honour; yet the century which closes with the 100th anniversary of his birth has been a century full of great capacities, great achievements, and colossal and unparalleled events. Within the lifetime of Scott died Clive and Hastings, the founders of our Indian empire; Chatham fell in the senate, and Nelson on the quarter-deck: Fox, Burke, the younger Pitt, Canning, and many more, died in the fulness of parliamentary fame; Wellington lived and conquered: and a host of writers, philosophers, and inventors inscribed their names in the book of fame. Of all these statesmen, soldiers, and thinkers, two only have been thought worthy of such national recognition, both poets, both Scotchmen—Burns and Scott. (Prolonged applause.)

A song written by Mr. James Ballantine was then sung by the Scottish singer, Mr. Kennedy, who was enthusiastically encored. The following gentlemen spoke during the evening, each heartily paying his mite of homage to the shade of Scott: The Lord Justice-clerk, Dean Stanley, Lord Lawrence, Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms (for Ireland), Mr. Cyrus Field (for America), Dr. Beets (for Holland), M. Ivan Tourguènef (for Russia), the Lord-mayor of London, the Lord-provost, Lord Houghton, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Airlie, Sir Alexander Grant, Lord Jerviswood, &c.

Not the least noteworthy event of the evening was the exchange of telegrams between the Earl of Dalkeith, as chairman of the meeting, and the President of the United States, his excellency U. S. Grant.

Whatever failures there may have been in carrying out the details of the festival, everything was done with the earnest desire to honour the memory of Sir Walter Scott, who more than all her heroes has won honour for Scotland.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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THE CASQUET

OF

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LITERATURE:

BEING

A SELECTION IN POETRY AND PROSE

FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRED AUTHORS.

EDITED,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES,

By CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

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THE CASQUET.

MOSS-SIDE.

[John Wilson, born in Paisley, 18th May, 1785; died in Edinburgh, 3d April, 1854. Poet, novelist, miscellaneous writer, and professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst the contemporaries of Scott, none hold a more enduring position than "Christopher North." He was educated at Glasgow and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize of fifty guineas by a poem on *Painting, Poetry, and Architecture*. Having succeeded to a considerable fortune on the death of his father, he purchased, in 1808, Elleray, a small estate in Cumberland, where he settled for a time, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey for his neighbours and friends. In 1814 he became a member of the Edinburgh bar. Meanwhile he had been making some reputation as a poet; and in his lines called "The Magic Mirror," published in the *Annual Register* for 1812, he was the first to hail Scott as "the great Magician." In the same year his poem the *Isle of Palms* appeared, and Jeffrey predicted that the author would "rise to high honours in the corps of Lake poets." The *City of the Plague* was issued four years after, and Allan Cunningham characterized it as "a noble and deeply pathetic poem." In 1820 he succeeded Dr. Thomas Brown in the chair of moral philosophy. Two years later appeared his first essay as a novelist, *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; "a selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin," comprising twenty-four tales and sketches, one of which we quote here. The *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* and the *Foresters* followed, and obtained extensive favour. Wilson's greatest popularity, however, was earned as "Christopher North," and by the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1822-1835), and were subsequently collected and published in three volumes. Humour, satire, and incisive criticism of men and books render the *Noctes* one of the most notable literary productions of the century. Wilson resigned his professorship in 1852, and about the same time his name was placed on the civil list for an annuity of £300. A bronze statue of him by Steell was erected in the Princes Street Gardens in 1865.]

GILBERT AINSLIE was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms, that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thraldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons

were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonnie burn, —its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow cornfields,—its bare pastoral hillsides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps, lured thither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover—the beautiful fair clover, that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter who was out at service came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk, —sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm. One after the other they all continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropped with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation, both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from

another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words —all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lown and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity." In a short silent half hour the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared,"—said the youth, with a tear in his eye,—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bedside, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison, though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that

she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him; for the heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath the minister of Auchindown never left his manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isobel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

"He waled a portion with judicious care,
And Let us worship God, he said, with solemn air."

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds, and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert Ainslie, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all!"

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest

boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

MAUD MÜLLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Müller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat:
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor;
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

GRIEVE NOT FOR THE PAST.

Weep no more for what is past,
For time in motion makes such haste
He hath no leisure to descry
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider accident,
And how repugnant unto sense
It pays desert with bad event,
We shall disparage Providence.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.

A PILOT'S WIFE.

[Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Prescott Spofford, born at Calais, Maine, U.S., 1835. She has contributed numerous tales and lyrics to the principal American magazines. Her first separate publication was *Sir Rohan's Ghost* (1859), which was followed by *The Amber Gods*, and other Stories; *Azarian, an Episode*, &c. *The North American Review* said that in her work, "large knowledge, cultivated taste, and high creative genius are equally and signally manifest."]

Of course I knew Bert was a pilot when we were married, and knew also what the duties of a pilot were; for many a time had I been down the bay in his boat, ripping up the sheet of harbour water, with its enamel of blue and silver, the sun striking out ahead of us, and the wind just swelling the sails, as if we were drawn by a pair of swift white swans. Bert would be over the side fishing when we had anchored, and presently there would be the nicest chowder that ever contented hunger, the table spread in the neatest cabin afloat as handsomely as in some great gentleman's dining-hall—for all that I know about great gentlemen's dining-halls—with every delicacy of the season on it, and duff stuffed full of plums. When we girls came on deck again, after some of us had taken our naps as comfortably as in Sleepy Hollow, and some of us had peered and pried into the tiny kitchen, and learned how the boys got along in rough weather by examining everything we could come across, and some of us had prinked in the looking-glass till we were quite satisfied with ourselves, and ready to afford somebody else satisfaction, then we would find one of the boat-keepers tuning his violin, and another wetting up his piccolo, and we would dance till sunset, just as merry and careless as the flies dance in the air; and so at last out swelled the sails again, and up we floated homeward, all of us laughing and chaffing, and lunching with insatiable sea-appetites, till the moonlight softened the sport and made us sentimental; and the songs began stealing out over the water so sweetly that all the little boats would turn about and stay to listen; and when we were at home it seemed to us to have been such a day that we could not believe in it any more than if we had stepped upon another star; and we fancied, to be sure, that a pilot's life was, after all the talk—cruising about summer waters, with spacious decks and a flute and violin—as pleasant as one perpetual picnic; or else why were gentlemen who were able to buy every delight that the land affords spending half their fortunes in

yachting round the coast from June until November?

I hardly ever gave the thing a thought, though, whether it was pleasant or not, all the time—whether it was safe as a rocking-chair or otherwise—I believed so thoroughly in Bert's skill. But I should have been a greater fool than I was if I had not known that it was really dangerous; for once I was out with Bert and his mates, and it came on to blow in the wildest manner. He brought the boat to anchor under lee of an island, took in every stitch of sail, and was for keeping me below; but I wouldn't be kept, because if I was going to be drowned at all I wanted to be drowned in the open sea, and not in the cabin; so he made me secure and comfortable, and we rode it out, the sun shining just as clear as ever an October sun shone in the bluest of blue skies—skies like burnished steel; but the screaming and roaring wind raging over us in mighty gasps, the boat plunging bowsprit under with every shudder, and throwing the water up around us in great and real rainbows. It was frightful, but the sunshine made it splendid. That was a storm, I thought. Well, Bert knew what to do, it was evident—just down with his sails and out with his anchors, and wait till it blew over. And Bert let me think I had actually been in the worst kind of danger, which it might have been, indeed, if he had been heedless or unskilful—let me think so because he knew, by that time, that I cared for him a good deal, and he didn't want me to be quivering at home with fright whenever the wind blew. But if I had seen some great ship in the distance, union down, and signalling for a pilot, and had seen Bert, in his stout boat-rig, jump with the keeper into the canoe, and fly after her like a petrel, half in, half under, the water powdering over them, uncertain should they reach the ship, unable to return, drawn up at last with bowlines tossed out to them—lines into whose noose they thrust their legs while holding on with their hands above—the canoe sinking under them, as it thumped against the ship's side, while they swung over those black gulfs of death, and were dragged up out of a watery grave into perhaps a worse one—the ship just back from a three-years' voyage, and her best bow-anchor gone, so that she would drag ashore in spite of the others, and must be taken up to still water through all the boiling channel-ways between ledges and rocks and shallows, come what might; or had it been a month later, and in the wintry weather, high seas, and every bucketful of water freezing as it fell on deck, till anchors and chains and ropes and canvas were bedded in ice, and the ship was settling two feet by the head with the weight of the frozen spray about her, so that the first thing for the pilot to do was to put her about as best he could, and run for the Gulf Stream, and melt her out, and wait for a south wind, and come up a week after, if, indeed, he ever came up at all—why, then, if I had seen such sights as these, and lived through the seeing, I might have said that I had known what danger was. Yet they were in reality the scenes of Bert's everyday life, in our climate, where half the year it is foul weather, and where, storm or shine, Bert's boat must be upon the spot. But as I never had seen anything of the kind, the upshot of it was that I didn't take heed to myself that there was anything of the kind, and thought Bert, upon the whole, had a much easier time of it than I was like to have; and if he was exposed to storm, why, I should be caught out in the rain sometimes; and I took up my life as happy as any chirruping cricket, and certainly as selfishly disposed as anybody that has been petted and cosseted all the early days is like to be.

We went to housekeeping immediately upon our marriage, for mother said she despised these boarding people; she went to housekeeping when she was married, and she meant all her children should do the same; and if their husbands weren't able to go to housekeeping, then they weren't able to be husbands, and there was an end of it; and no two people, she said, brought up in different fashions, could unite their lives into one without some jarring, and a third party was sure to turn that jar into an earthquake; and if there were fewer third parties, half the trouble would be done away with; for she believed half the divorces and separations and quarrels in the State were brought about by boarding-house intimacies with third parties. So to housekeeping, as I said, we went—though I knew that by-and-by I should just perish with loneliness, and in the very pleasantest house I am sure that the whole city had to offer, if it was the smallest—the bay-window of the sunny little parlour looking out upon the water, so that we could see everything that came up the harbour, and, from my bird's-nest of a room above, with the glass that Bert mounted there, I could sweep the bay, and see Bert's boat when it was miles away.

Bert staid up with great contentment for a week or ten days, pottering and tinkering about the house, and finding little odd jobs to attend to, where he had thought everything perfect

till experience proved the contrary, planting morning-glories and scarlet-beans round the basement to run up over the bay-window, and a prairie-rose and a basalt for the lattice of the door, setting out a cherry-tree and a dwarf-pear, and trimming up a grape-vine in the little yard, and arranging all manner of convenient contrivances in all manner of corners. Then when dark came we would light the drop-lamp, and have a little wood-fire on the hearth; for we were just beginning the cool May nights, and then we would draw round it—I with my worsteds, and he with the evening paper; and he would look at me over the paper, and lay it down, and draw a long breath of pleasure, and say that if we had been married nearly a year we could not be more comfortable. When we had been married nearly a year we were not half so comfortable.

But before a fortnight of our new life I could see that Bert began to be restless. He had been on the water ever since he was a child, and a long spell of shore always seemed to dry and warp him a little, he said. He began to grumble about being ashamed to be seen lubbering round so, and to declare that now he had a family to provide for, he must be up and doing. And so I had no business to be surprised when one day, long before the end of the regulation honey-moon, a steamer having been telegraphed from Halifax, Bert kissed me, and swung his cloak over his arm, and was off down the bay to find his boat, and be running a bee-line to meet the steamer east of the Cape, and ahead of all the other boats.

Now you may be very sure this was not particularly pleasing. Married a fortnight and tired of me already, I said to myself. I ate no dinner that day, and long before dark I shut the shutters, and locked up the house, and went to bed; and after lying awake, thinking I heard thieves, and smelled fire, and saw ghosts, and was totally deserted and dreadfully abused, at last I was crying myself to sleep, when click went a latch-key, and in stalked Bert, blazing up the gas, and tossing down his cloak in a heap, and crying out that it served him right for leaving the dearest little wife in the world. And I can't say that I was sorry one bit to hear that, coming across a miserable little dirty collier, he had been obliged to take her in, and Tom Holliday's boat got the big steamer after all.

But Bert's penitence was brief—for, you see, he wasn't the fool that I was, and knew business must be attended to—and presently he was off again. A thousand a year, you see, was far too little for people to live on and lay by anything; for, with the running expenses taken from the earnings, that was about all there was left to the men. And I ought to have had the sense to understand matters; yet when did a girl of seventeen ever have any sense? But Bert had enough for both of us: and so he kept the boat snapping, and never lost a fee for want of being on the ground—if that is what you can call it when there isn't a bit of ground to be found for fathoms.

Of course, then, I was left very much to myself. It was unavoidable. And the worst of it was that I wouldn't see that it was unavoidable. And, of course, I was miserably lonely; and, by-and-by, when I was really feeling wretched, my once-cheerful little home, still as death now from morning to night, seemed to me to be an actual grave. Mother couldn't come and visit me, for she had married again herself, a few years since, and had a young brood to attend to; and she couldn't spare me any of the children, for she wanted Netty to see after Nanny, and Neddy wouldn't go to school unless Natty went to keep off the big boys; and I didn't like to leave home and visit her, and Bert didn't like to have me, lest I should be away when he chanced to come unannounced, as he always did come—she living four miles off now, in one of the suburbs, for the sake of a garden—and so I was left to weather it out; and when Bert came up I used to cry every time, I was so glad to see him.

Bert couldn't understand that, of course—he so strong and bluff and hearty, and I so sick and childish and weak. All my nerves seemed to be on the string too. I was as petulant as a porcupine, and so fractious that I wonder the very bird and cat didn't reproach me—for Bert had brought me a mocking-bird to conquer the stillness; and a wandering cat, seeing that we were two poor young people sadly in need of a guardian, had adopted us. And when I looked over at Bert, at some time when he happened to be at home, and thought that he would be off again directly, then the tears and sobs used to burst right out, and astound him and perplex him, so that I can see his great, good, wondering eyes now, and he would be alarmed and vexed enough to make him wish he hadn't come home at all.

I hadn't any appetite when he was away, and wanted nothing to eat myself; and sometimes, if you'll believe it, I would lie in bed all day, and there wouldn't be a morsel of anything cooked in the house at all when Bert ran in, and if he hadn't been the best-tempered fellow on the bay or off of it, he certainly would have staid away altogether. I used to cry half

my time; I was afraid Bert was sick of me, and I was certainly sick of myself; I couldn't see to read, for I was so nervous that the letters danced before my eyes, and I couldn't sew, for there were always two needles and two threads; and I don't know but I really might have gone out of my mind, or have driven Bert out of his, if it hadn't occurred to him to close the house, and take me down the bay with him, as he used to do; and it was really wonderful how a fortnight's enjoyment of the cool salt summer air there braced all my nerves taut again; so that I was quite well when he brought me back, and tolerably sensible, and sat down cheerfully to the sewing I had neglected so long, and which must be done so nicely, because, I said, that if a little girl came, and her mother were to die, this sewing would be kept for her to see, and I wanted every stitch to be a moral lesson to her.

So the mocking-bird used to pour out a flood of music through the little rooms, into which there always poured a flood of sunshine, only half barred out by the pink and purple morning-glories; and the Skye, that Bert brought home from an English schooner one day, with his yellow eyes looking out like coals of fire from his tawny shag, used to bark at the bird; and my great St. Bernard, sent over from home, used to silence him with his big paw; and the little cat used to put up her back at the three; and I sat there with my sewing and my singing and my neighbours and my dumb family—no, they weren't dumb, by any means—all at once metamorphosed into the happiest little housekeeper this side the meridian. Bert came and went, too, a good deal oftener than before—for perhaps he had come to question whether he did not owe other duties to his family than the mere providing of the means to live, and whether it was just the square thing to take a young girl out from the bustle and cheer of a great family and shut her up all by herself in a cage; and he was good and kind beyond comparison, so that I learned by heart the meaning of the promise "to cherish" in the marriage ceremony.

But, of course, this couldn't last long. It would have been Eden out of date, and was heaping up the happiness of a long life into these few months. I was aware of that; I knew that either I was going to die or a change must come, since so much bliss was never meant for mortals, who must content themselves with snatches, and judge from a little what a great deal means; and I had been on the watch for the change some days before the horrid windy morning when Bert went to take the British steamer *Assyria* down the bay on her way to Liverpool.

That was a good job, as jobs go, in itself; and he said, in bidding me good-by, that he should try and be up the next day, unless business was so brisk that it seemed throwing money away to leave, and it was not to be done inside the law, moreover. The wind blew a tornado that night, and the water dashed over the sea-wall in scuds; but it had blown a great many tornadoes, and nothing had happened to Bert, and I never dreamed of regarding it. And I heard from one of the men next day that there was hardly a vessel telegraphed; so I knew he would be along presently, and I had made up my mind to have him carve me out a bracket from an old cigar-box to hang at the head of my bed, and I was looking forward to a real happy evening, with him at work opposite me, and the snapping wood-fire again between us, for we were now in the cool October nights; so I set myself at work, and made the nicest little supper ready—scrod, as brown outside and as white inside as a cocoanut is, and cold turkey deviled with the East Indian sauce that the captain of the *Bengal* sent me, and a charlotte russe that I had learned how to make myself, with our own little Muscat grapes whipped into it, and a cup of chocolate that was as rich as nectar. And the scrod grew brown and grew black and turned to a chip, and the deviled turkey sizzled and sizzled away to saw-dust, and the chocolate skimmed all over with a coat of cold oil at last, and the very dog grew tired of watching, and no Bert came; and I ate the charlotte russe myself, and went to bed.

And the next day no Bert, and the next day, and a week passed without him, and then all at once I remembered the tornado and the water whipping the sea-wall, and I began to be seriously uneasy. Began to be!—I was, I had been! I swept the bay, with that glass in my room, day and night, I might say, but no sign of Bert or Bert's boat could I see.

At length, one day, I thought I did make out the boat; but the little signal which it was arranged between him and me should always be visible when he was on board I could nowhere discover, and, of course, I was wild with my fancies: Bert was lost, he had been drowned in returning from the *Assyria*, he had been knocked overboard, his canoe had filled, and he had gone down like lead with all his heavy gear on; and I was working myself into agonies and was almost down sick, when who should appear but Will Davenant, swinging his surtout over his shoulders by the sleeves, and coming

in as though he were sent. As I looked up in his face I noticed that he was pale and grave, and felt he had bad news for me beforehand.

"Well, Bert's gone this time," said he.

It gave me such a turn! If I ever have a stroke I shall feel no worse. I only wonder I didn't drop on the spot. But my will is stout, and that held out to hear the worst.

"Gone?" I gasped. "Lost? My Bert?"

"Oh, pooh! nonsense!" he returned. "Nothing of the kind. I'm a stupid. Gone to Liverpool!"

To Liverpool! Well, you may suppose what a difference that was! All the blood in my body had been gathering round my heart till I was as white as a sheet, and now it was all plunging up my face, that I was hiding with both hands as red as any rose. Bert gone to Liverpool, and without ever telling me! He had run away and left me! You see I had read so many novels. The whole world was reeling round me in a great noisy whirl, and it was all of a sudden that I grew conscious of Will Davenant's putting me into a chair and sprinkling water on me, and heard him saying to himself: "Dear me! This is rough on her, and no mistake. Look here now, Sady. Listen a moment," I could hear him exclaiming. "It's only for three weeks. He'll be back in a jiffy. Can't you hear? Don't you understand? The *Assyria* couldn't set him down in that hurricane blowing great guns; and so she had to take him on, and send him over next steamer. It's been done before, don't you see? At least that's what our reckoning is—"

"Oh, Will, then you're not certain, after all!" I cried.

"Certain as anything can be on such slippery stuff as water. Why, it's nothing out of the common course. Old Captain Johnson once was carried round Cape Horn in that way, and his family had worn out their mourning for him before the news reached them. We'd have had letters from Bert, only, as luck would have it, the *Assyria's* on the line that doesn't touch at Halifax. One week's gone," said Will, beginning to stride about the floor. "Come now, you lock up, and run over to your mother's; and in a fortnight you'll see somebody heave in sight, and put out one of his great paws to sweep you back again."

"Oh no, no!" I sobbed. "I'll stay here and wait for him—here, where I saw him last. Perhaps he'll never come! oh! perhaps he'll never come!"

"Come! I don't know what's to hinder his coming," said Will, "unless they kill him with kindness. The captain 'll have him at his table; there won't be anything in the ship too good for him; best of everything at his command: champagne just running down his throat; all the pretty women asking him about the weather—"

"Oh, Will!"

"Fact! You see now! And when he gets to Liverpool those British pilots will take him in hand, and they'll treat him so well, that I'll dare swear, he'll never be able to tell you what the house he stops at looks like. Perhaps, then, he won't come home next steamer, the very next," said that cunning fellow, trying to stave off my anxiety, if, indeed, things should prove to be worse than he fancied they were. and Bert didn't come home next steamer, nor ever afterward. "A man isn't treated like a prince more than once in his life, and he couldn't be blamed much if he made the most of that once; now could he?"

"I don't know anything about that!" I cried. "I know Bert will be back in the next steamer if he's alive."

"Of course he will! of course he will! Keep your craft sharp by the wind, Sady, and he'll hail you before you know it," said Will.

And so he did. Exactly a fortnight from that day. I had been rambling round the house like an uneasy spirit, never still in one place five minutes at a time, neither sleeping nor eating, and finding no peace except when Will Davenant, or some other of Bert's friends, came in and talked the matter over, nor then either; and mother, who had left everything to come and stay with me, declared I would lose my wits unless I practised some sort of self-control; when, one day, after I had seen the great steamer come ploughing up the bay, and had vowed that Bert must be in her, as I had concerning every steamer arriving since Will Davenant's first call, and then had given him up at last because he hadn't the wings of the dove, and was plunged in unmitigated despair, all of a sudden in he walks, as large as life, and takes me in his arms and kisses me, while I faint dead away.

Well, that was very delightful—I was such a selfish little wretch, and I don't say that I'm any better now—to think that Bert cared so much to be home, to relieve my anxiety, and, maybe, his own, that he didn't even wait for another steamer on that same line, but caught one that was leaving the very day they made port, and was back again on American shores without having stepped on British soil. Not that Bert wouldn't have cared for it, you know; wouldn't have made the European tour, as they

call it, with as good a relish as the best; wouldn't have liked to stand inside the old cathedrals, and see the sunbeams swimming up aloft in the roof, and the doves flying in and out and building their little indifferent nests in the carvings made by fingers dust a thousand years ago; wouldn't have liked to look at the great paintings, as if he were in a vision; to have walked through the old halls were history happened—for you mustn't take it for granted that my Bert is an ignoramus because he earns his livelihood in hard work and exposure. I don't know the more finished gentleman than he, if you want the truth. There is an education better than books, and you can't learn at colleges all my Bert knows. Latin and Greek I grant you, and you're welcome—for the use of dead men's tongues, who did no good with them while they had them, and heathen barbarians at that, I've never been able to see; but whatever can be gained by the knowledge of men and of the round earth and sea and sky, the best learning that the world affords, my Bert has at his fingers' tips. A man can't bring into port a great French or British steamer, commanded by some captain next to a nobleman; or a man-of-war, commanded, maybe, by a nobleman himself, with all his courtly breeding, and a mind rich with the advantages of generations; or one of our own line-of-battle ships, with an old hero on the quarter-deck; or a merchantman from the East Indies; a fruiter from the Levant, with Portuguese and Greeks before the mast; a South American, with hides and horns; a whaler from the pole; a little schooner, creeping up the coast with lime—can't meet familiarly, as pilots do; welcomed with opened arms, and told by many a captain that they would rather see him than their wives—all these different sorts, without getting at the core of countries and races in a way that is like a liberal education. And Bert had always said that, if ever he was rich, we'd take passage for the other side, and for Vesuvius, and the Midnight Sun, and the Catacombs, and the Inquisition, and the Pyramids, and I don't know what all. But there! there's no hope of a pilot's being rich. I tell Bert that if ever they get rid of the laws that restrain them now, so that each pilot can ask his own price, and a ship in a gale refusing it, he can tell her to get in the best way she can, till she calls him back at any price, why, then he won't expose himself to being drowned and his children to being orphaned for a beggarly twenty or fifty dollars; but the great merchant princes, that own the ships and cargoes, will have to open their purses, and a pilot maybe as well off as his neighbours. But Bert says that, once change those laws, decent men would leave the calling, pilotage would be piracy, the bay would be swarming with sharks and wreckers, and he would sooner turn longshoreman and sweep a crossing.

But all this has nothing to do with Bert's return; and as I was saying, there was nobody inside of that horizon happier than I that day.

But it was that day. Two or three days afterward, when the bright edge of relief and gratitude and pleasure had worn down the least in the world, I began, of course—or else it wouldn't have been I—to question a little, to worry, and wonder why it happened that Bert couldn't leave the steamer just that time, when he'd weathered so many worse gales; and all at once it leaked out, I don't know how or where, that Will Davenant's cousin Kate was aboard that steamer, just married to a rich old fellow who was doing the fashionable thing and taking her abroad. She was a bold and handsome hussy, always making eyes at Bert. And Bert hadn't mentioned her; and Will hadn't mentioned her—it never occurred to me that Will hadn't known of it, or that Bert hadn't seen her once all the way across—and so I put two and two together, and wrought myself up to a frenzy, and there was an end of happiness. For from conjecture I crept to suspicion, and from suspicion I flew to certainty, and from certainty to desperation. I went about my work slipshod, and glowering like a wild woman, and the dishes were half cooked, and the floors half swept and everything was rough with dust; the tins and the silver were tarnished and unscoured, the little woodfire was never lit in welcome at night, and the whole house was just as gloomy and cheerless as I felt myself; so that it must have made Bert groan to set his foot inside the door, and he would hardly have been to blame if he had slipped back to Liverpool, and had his merrymaking with the warm-hearted men over there, after all.

But Bert had married me for better or worse, and, though it was pretty much all worse, he was determined to make the best of it; and so he believed that this was all due to my weak nerves and ill health—which it wasn't, but only to a life of indulgence, and selfishness, and waywardness bearing fruit—and he humoured me, and waited on me, and was gentler with me than ever mother was in all her life. For mother came in one day, and found the plates not washed, and the fire gone out, and me sitting down at heel, sulking and wretched, with my hair uncombed, and no collar on; and

she declared on the spot that patience had had its perfect work with me, that all I needed was a good sound shaking, and if I wasn't too old to behave in that way, I wasn't too old to have it, and she had half the mind to give it to me; and such conduct, she said, had driven better men than Bert to drink. She was ashamed to own me for a child of hers, and I'd only have myself to thank if he went to the bad altogether. And up I flared, and said, if it wasn't gone to the bad already to have been chasing across the Atlantic after Kate Davenant, I should like to know what it was. I suppose the fact is that I must have been a little crazy. And just as mother turned round with the dishcloth suspended, and her mouth wide open, Bert, who had come in unnoticed in the high words, and had heard those high words, pushed open the door, and stood before me.

I shall never forget how Bert looked that moment. His face was as white and set as a dead man's. It would have looked like a dead man's if the awful living eyes hadn't been blazing out of it like two fires—so dark and terrible that I cowered.

"Say that again, Sady," said he.

And my heart bubbling up with anger at the tone, I said it again, and more of it too.

"I swear to you that this is the first I ever knew of her being on the steamer," said Bert then, in a great, grand voice that of itself seemed to wake me from my evil mood as if it had been a nightmare, though doubtless it was fear, calling the blood away from my brain, that waked me. He returned to my mother. "Take care of her," he said; "take good care of her. I must get down the harbour before the weather thickens. Maybe I shall never come up again. I hope I never shall!"

With that he paused and hesitated, and took a step forward and toward me; but Heaven only knows what imp of perversity caught my shoulder and twisted me round and away, and in a moment the door was closed gently, as Bert did everything in the house, and he was gone. And then you may imagine that chaos reigned in that room for an hour, with penitence and self-reproach and fear, and cries and sobs and hysterics, and sal volatile and hot shrub; and mother left off scolding and hushed me, and bathed my face, and combed my hair, afraid lest I'd do myself a mischief; and finally, as she couldn't stay, Nanny being threatened with the croup, and Neddy being just vaccinated and taking tremendously, she tied on my cloak and furs, and took a basket of things out of the bureau drawer, and locked up the doors, and slipped the key under the stone, and hailed a car at the head of the street, and shoved me in, and carried me off to her own house—all in a vague, wild, cloudy state of mind, where nothing seemed to be real but a dull and universal ache, which, whether it belonged to my body or my soul, I had not wit enough to know. "I'm going to die," I said, looking out at the purple, leaden afternoon, and the dreary branches bending in the damp and bitter wind that soughed up the street openings like the cry of lost souls. "I'm going to die," I said. "I've begun already. My mind's all dim and dying first." So at last we reached the place, just as the first snowflakes began falling out of that cold and desolate sky, and mother got me into the house. What a busy bustling little body she was then! I can hardly realize it when I see her sitting there now, so gray-haired and white and silent, and watching Netty's twins as they tumble together on the floor, just like the cool of the day. And presently I was tucked up warm in bed, and falling off into strange, wild dreams, and waking out of them in terror every now and then.

And that night my baby was born. It was a furious storm outside as midnight drew on; hardly less furious within, as, in pauses of pain, I thought of Bert—his boat lying too far out in the bay, with the gale and the sleet fierce enough to cut the eyes out of his head if he looked to windward, or maybe run down without the hearing of a cry, by some great steamer in that weather, too thick with the driving snow to see a light or your own length ahead; or else dragging her anchor somewhere, parting cable and drifting on the rocks; and I remembered the wreck on Norman's Woe, where the spouting water leaped round the sailor lashed in the shrouds till he was encased and sealed in a mass of frozen ice, and a spar swinging round with a lurch of the wreck snapped him in two like a dead branch; and I thought, in swift succession, of all the horrid chances of those dark winter seas, till my brain was raging with heat, and all my words were delirious.

It was of no use their putting the little flannel bundle up on the pillow beside me and bidding me look at it; it was of no use the four pattering night-gowned imps, all waked and peeping in, at the risk of squills and opodeldoc, whispering and on tip-toe, wondering how it came there through all that storm, chuckling over a queer little sneeze that plainly told that it took cold in coming, and which the ridiculous morsel gave with as much self-possession as if the whole atmosphere belonged to it, and scampering off to bed again with their happy

tongues subdued only till they were half out of hearing, and already quarrelling as to whether Neddy and Nanny were as much aunts and uncles as Natty and Netty; it was of no use their telling me here was the nicest baby ever born into this breathing world, and just to look at these tiny perfect fingers and that atom of an ear. What could I care for that and such as that? There were millions of babies in the world, but there was only one Bert, and I had driven him out into the whirling white tempest of that pitiless night; and every screaming blast, every push of the great shoulder of the gale against the house, made me start up and cry out.

But all at once I heard mother saying in an undertone, as if she had not said it half a dozen times before, that here was Bert's chin with all the pluck of it, if ever anything was, and she shouldn't wonder if the eyes—and, without waiting to hear her finish, it came over me, like a fresh tide of feeling and thought, that this was Bert's child after all; and if I never saw Bert again, yet, perhaps, the boy might grow up to be like his father; and I don't know what there was comforting in the idea, but I turned and laid my cheek down against his, and began to sink away quietly to sleep. And they darkened the room, and set the lamp outside in the next one, where mother went to busy herself about something or other; and presently the nurse was nodding, as I found when suddenly starting wide awake, not having really lost myself at all. What made me start wide awake then, with all my senses about me, as alert as ever I was in my life? I will tell you.

The landing of the front stairs opened directly into the room where I lay; and, as if he had just come in the door, from off the sea, there, in his great storm-clothes, stood Bert.

What a white, fixed face it was he wore! Not the face which I had seen in the afternoon, but a deathly, ghastly face, that it chilled one's marrow to look at; and the hair was hanging wet about it, and around the eyes, that had an appalling, absent, vacant gaze, such as I had never seen in Bert's shining, splendid ones. "Oh, what is it, Bert?" I cried. "Don't be frightened, dear! It's all over, and I'm very well, and it's—it's a boy." Then I remembered how we had parted, and I whispered, half choked, imploring him to forgive me.

"I went home to find you, Sady," murmured he, in as hollow a tone as the whistle of the wind, "and I've been looking for you since, my darling. And so it's a boy, is it?" And he came and laid his cold, wet, rough face down on mine, and on that little velvet cheek beside mine, and stood erect, and shuddered, and was gone—gone like the breaking of a bubble.

And with the outcry that I made the nurse sprang to her feet, and mother came running in; and they both declared what a pity I had waked, and what a sweet sleep I must have been having; and, of course, I had been dream ing; what preposterous nonsense to say I hadn't, for nobody else had seen Bert, as, indeed, where could he have come from in such a storm? And I just as stoutly maintained that they needn't try and deceive me, and Bert was in the house, for I had seen him, and they were doing me a great deal more harm by keeping him away than if they let him come in again. And then, as I detected them looking strangely at each other, I exclaimed again that I had not been asleep at all, and it was not his ghost that I had seen, for all their looks, but Bert himself; and, as they tried to soothe me, and laugh me out of the notion, and I saw they were in earnest, cold shivers began to rush over me, till they shook me as I lay. "He is drowned! he is drowned!" I sung out between my chattering teeth. "And I have done it. I have destroyed my husband!" And I raised such a ululu that presently mother took me in hand again severely, and told me that, whether I had destroyed my husband or not, I should certainly destroy my child by allowing myself to get into this condition; and if I didn't hush up at once, she would go out in the snow herself and fetch the doctor again, and give me a Dover's powder. And then, as the baby began to cry, she and the nurse made such a racket between them, with their shshshing and trotting and patting and stirring and sipping, that there was nothing for it but that I should be quiet. And, directly, their voices sounded miles away; and, thoroughly worn out, I went to sleep, and never waked till morning, when the storm had all blown up the coast, and the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was bluer than the sapphire in the high-priest's breastplate.

But I did not wake to suit the day. I opened my eyes with such wonder to see it so bright and careless, with such a load of heaviness, such vague regret that I had waked at all; and, of course, my first thought was Bert.

The storm had been a brief one, it seemed, sweeping swift and furious; possibly Bert's boat might have been beyond its belt, and have known but little of it. Yet that was hardly likely, and I tried to brace myself for the worst, and prayed—I don't know how long it was since I had said my prayers—for strength

to receive the blow I feared, and which would be a blow, come how it might, as only fit punishment for my wickedness, or, if not as punishment, at least as only the taking from me that of which I had proved unworthy. I to have thought any evil of my Bert, with his soul as white and clear as that window-pane that let my glance through into the heavens!

And so all that morning I lay there, not saying a word, never dropping into a doze, but listening, listening at every pore for a step that did not come; and, though I lay like a log in my listening, inwardly I fretted and fumed and fidgeted, and my head burned and my heart beat like a leaf in the wind. And when the doctor ran up stairs he said it would never do in the world, I was getting into a high fever; I must take a draught he mixed, and go to sleep; and so I did, with my baby in my arms. And when I woke up, there sat Bert beside me, with one cool hand grasping both my hot ones.

"Oh, Bert," I said, feebly, closing my eyes again, "is it really you this time? If you are going to go—again—go before I open my eyes, and it won't be so hard."

"Ay, my darling!" he cried, with his great, hearty voice. "Who else should it be? But it came precious near never being—"

"Oh, Bert, weren't you really here last night, then?"

"Here last night? Sady, that's just what I've been asking myself. But no—neither here nor anywhere else."

"Dear Bert, you must have had such a dreadful night!"

He didn't speak then, but he lifted my hands and kissed them—my little hard hands. It meant that I had had a dreadful night too.

Just then mother came in with some decoction; she had seen Bert before. "Now you mustn't get her all excited again with your talk, Bert, my dear," said she. "Here you can give her this gruel, while I take up my grandson. Bless his little heart—nobody taking a bit of notice of him! I suppose you've been home and found all safe, Bert?" she added.

"No, I haven't," replied he. "I knew Sady was over here—I don't know how I knew it, but I did—and I just made sail in this direction."

"Weren't you surprised when you saw that little head on the pillow?"

"Not at all," said Bert, crossing over to inspect, for the hundredth time or so, the rosy collection of fists and feet on her lap. "I knew it was there, and I knew it was a boy. I was saying it was a boy when I came to."

"Came to?" repeated mother and I together.

"Oh yes. You haven't heard, of course. Why, I came as near laying my bones where the old anchors lie last night—"

"Bert!"

"Yes, really. Now I'm safe," said he, "and, if you won't flush up and worry, I'll tell you about it."

"I'll worry a great deal more if you don't tell me," murmured I.

"Yes, Bert," said mother.

"Well, this is all, and it isn't much. There was a schooner wabbling round out there in the bay, as clearly as we could make out in the scud and snow, as if every soul on board had lost their heads; and we came to the conclusion that, whether she wanted a pilot or not, she needed one, or she'd be splinters and saw-dust on the channel islands before morning. And after a little, feeling desperate and wicked, and hardly caring what happened, I set out for her. And I think I'd have made her, for I've ridden rougher water than that in my canoe, only just at the last minute I remembered a paper in the cabin with the list of the *Assyria*'s passengers in it, and my heart melted, and I thought I'd be in town in a couple of hours, and I thought if I showed that to you, Sady, and showed you that there was no such name as Kate Davenant's—"

"Why, of course there wasn't, Bert!" I interrupted. "It would have been her husband's."

"Her husband's?" asked Bert, turning on me his great brown eyes in a wondering way. "Kate married, Sady, and yet you could—"

"Oh don't, dear Bert! Don't say anything more about it!" I exclaimed in a tremor. "I was out of my head—I must have been! And you forgave me for it all last night—"

"That is it, exactly," said Bert, solemnly, while mother's eyes grew round and rounder: "I did. And you, Sady, did you forgive me, then, for having flashed off yesterday afternoon in that rage?"

"Yesterday? It seems a year ago. Oh, I never can forgive myself, Bert!"

"There, there, children," said mother.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Bert, in a moment, "I made for the paper, and found it, and sprang along up with it, and jumped into the canoe. And just then there came one of those seas that run every eighth or tenth wave in a gale, and before we could lift an oar it had roared and raced after us, and had reared and fallen, and the boat had swamped under us, crushing up like paper, and I had gone down in the icy water with it, the whole tempest

booming in my ears, and the weight of the whole ocean on my head; and when I came to the top again I could see the row of wild faces just above the lights which the men were swinging over the side, and I shouted for a line and a lantern on it, and out it flew, and I caught it just as I was washing by, and contrived to get it fast under my arms, and give the word to haul me in. And then, as they were pulling hand over hand, there came a hitch, a grasp slipped in the confusion—for everybody had a different order to give—the boat pitched, and Morris lost his footing on the wet planks; and I felt myself going, and called to them again, and then I was sucked under and under; and when they laid me on the deck at last there was no more life in me than in a log."

"Oh, Bert!" I cried, starting up, and quite forgetting for the instant that it was all over now, at any rate.

"There! lie right down again and keep still, or I'll let you guess the rest. Don't you see I'm alive?" said he, laughing. "For they lugged me down below, and worked away on me with hot blankets and rum and hartshorn and the like, and still I lay as dead as a pelt, to all appearance, and they were just giving me up, when one of them dropped the hartshorn and spilled it up my nostrils; and suddenly, with a start and a shudder, and saying over and over, 'It's a boy, it's a boy,' I opened my eyes, and presently was all right, and brought that schooner up to town after all, though I can't rightly say that I've got over the tingle of that hartshorn yet. And I was just as well aware, Sady, of having been in your mother's house—that time while they were working over my body—of having hunted for you at home, of having found you here, of having seen my child, as I am of the same at this moment. And I swear I don't understand it!" said Bert, getting up and setting down the gruel I hadn't touched, and coming back again. "It's been buzzing about my brain, the puzzle of it, all the morning. What is a drop of brandy, a sniff of vinegar, a touch of hot flannel, that they should breathe the breath of life into my nostrils? When my soul had left my body, how did hartshorn, even that whole battery of it that Ben opened at once, call it back again? Suppose I hadn't smelled it—then dead as a pelt I should have remained; and what difference does a little camphor and vinegar make to my immortal spirit, I should like to know? And I'd ask, if they can make souls out of salts, why they don't sell them over the druggists' counters—by George I would!—if it wasn't that mine crossed the water and came out here and up into this very room, and saw you, and heard you, and kissed you, Sady!"

"Bert," said mother, with great dignity, having a feeling that this was talk Deacon Kemp would have pronounced unsafe, "you are enough to drive Sady into a delirium, if you're not in one yourself—"

"Oh, Bert, I'm so glad," I said, without waiting for the rest, "to think that when your soul was free it travelled straight to me! And I'll promise, oh, I'll promise to try and be a good wife after this—"

"You are now," said he, "the best of wives."

"Oh, I will be, Bert, as long as I live!"

"And afterward," whispered Bert, over my head, "when we're ghosts together?"

"Always, Bert. For ever and ever."

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
  Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
  Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
  Beauteous Catherine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
  To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
  Fundamental law she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
  And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
  Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
  And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
  A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
  Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon these pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That made up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

THE DREAM CONFIRMED.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Not very long ago, one William Laidlaw, a sturdy Borderer, went on an excursion to a remote district in the Highlands of Scotland He was a tall and very athletic man, remarkably active, and matchless at cudgel-playing, running, wrestling, and other exercises, for which the Borderers have been noted from time immemorial. To his other accomplishments he added an excellent temper, was full of good-humour, and a most capital bottle-companion. Most of our modern travellers would have performed the greater part of the journey he undertook in a steam-boat, a stage-coach, or some such convenience; but he preferred going on foot, without any companion excepting an old oaken cudgel, which had been handed down to him from several generations, and which, by way of fancy, had been christened 'Knock-him-down.' With this trusty friend in his hand, and fifty pounds sterling in his pocket, he found himself, by the fourth day, in one of the most dismal glens of the Highlands. It was by this time nightfall, and both William's appetite and limbs told him it was high time to look about for a place of repose, having, since six in the morning, walked nearly fifty English miles.

Now, the question which employed his cogitations at this moment was, whether he should proceed, at the risk of losing his way among the bogs and morasses for which this district is famed, or remain till daybreak where he was? Both expedients were unpleasant, and it is difficult to say which he would have adopted, when, about a mile to the left, a glimmering among the darkness attracted his notice. It might have been a "Will-o'-wisp," or the light of some evil spirit at its midnight orgies; but whatever the cause might be, it decided Mr. Laidlaw as to his further operations. He did not reflect a moment upon the matter, but exercising "Knock-him-down" in its usual capacity of walking assistant, he found himself in a few minutes alongside the spot from which the light proceeded. It was a highland cottage, built after the usual fashion, partly of stone and partly of turf; but without examining too minutely the exterior of the building, he applied the stick to the door with such a degree of force as he conceived necessary to arouse the inmates.

"Wha's there?" cried a shrill voice, like that of an old woman; "what want ye at this hour of the night?"

"I want lodging, honest woman, if such a thing is to be got."

"Na, na," replied the inmate, "you can get nae lodging here. Neither gentle nor simple shall enter my house this night. Gang on your ways, you're no aboon five miles frae the clachan of Ballacher."

"Five deevils!" exclaimed the Borderer; "I tell you I have walked fifty miles already, and could as soon find out Johnny Groat's as the clachan."

"Walk fifty more, then," cried the obstinate portress; "but here you downa enter, while I can keep you out."

"If you come to that, my woman," said William, "we shall soon settle the point. In plain language, if you do not let me in wi' your gude-will, I shall enter without it," and with that he laid his shoulder to the door, with the full intention of storming the fortress. A whispering within made him pause a moment.

"And must I let him in?" murmured the old woman to some one who seemed in the interior.

"Yes," answered a half-suppressed voice; "he may enter—he is but one, and we are three—a lowland tup, I suppose."

The door was slowly opened. The person who performed this unwilling act was a woman apparently above seventy, haggard, and bent by an accumulation of infirmity and years. Her face was pale, malignant, and wrinkled, and her little sharp peering eyes seemed like those of the adder to shoot forth evil upon whomsoever she gazed. As William entered, he encountered this aged sybil, her natural hideousness exposed full to his gaze by the little rush-light she held up above her head, the better to view the tall Borderer.

"You want a night's lodging, say you? Ay, nae doubt, like many others frae the south, come to trouble honest folks."

"There's nae need to talk about troubling," said Laidlaw. "If you have trouble, you shall be paid for it; and since you are pleased, my auld lady, to talk about the south, let me say a word of the north. I have got money in my pouch to pay my way wherever I go, and this is mair than some of your bonnie Highland lairds can say. Here it lies, my lady!" and he struck with the palm of his hand the large and well-replenished pocket-book, which bulged out from his side.

"I want nane of your money," said the old crone, her eyes nevertheless sparkling with a malicious joy; "walk in; you will have the company of strangers for the night."

He followed her advice, and went to the end of the cottage, near which, upon the floor, blazed a large fire of peat. There was no grate, and for chimney, a hole in the roof sufficed, through which the smoke ascended in large volumes. Here he saw the company mentioned by the sybil. It consisted of three men, of the most fierce and savage aspect. Two of them were dressed as sailors, the third in a sort of Highland garb. He had never seen any persons who had so completely the air of desperadoes. The two first were dark in their complexions, their black bushy beards apparently unshorn for many weeks. Their expressions were dark and ominous, and bespoke spirits within which had been trained up in crime. Nor were the red locks of the third, and his fiery countenance, and sharp, cruel eyes, less appalling, and less indicative of evil.

So near an intercourse with such people, and under these circumstances, would have thrown a chill over most hearts; but William Laidlaw was naturally a stranger to fear, and, at any rate, his great strength gave him a confidence which it was very difficult to shake; he had, besides, a most unbounded confidence in scientific cudgel-playing, and in the virtues of "Knock-him-down."

These three men were seated around the fire; and when our traveller came alongside of them, and saluted them, not one returned his salutation. Each sat in dogged silence. If they deigned to recognize him, it was by looks of ferocious sternness, and these looks were momentary, for they instantly relapsed into their former state of sullen apathy.

William was at this time beset by two most unfortunate inclinations. He had an incorrigible desire, first, to speak, and secondly, to eat; and never had any propensities come upon a man so *malapropos*. He sat for a few minutes absolutely nonplussed about the method of gratifying them. At length, after revolving the matter deeply in his mind, he contrived to get out with the following words:—

"I have been thinking, gudewife, that something to eat is very agreeable when a body is hungry." No answer.

"I have been thinking, mistress, that when a man is hungry he is the better of something to eat." No answer.

"Did you hear what I was saying, mistress?"

"Perfectly weel."

"And what is your opinion of the matter?"

"My opinion is, that a hungry man is the better of being fed." Such was the old dame's reply; and he thought he could perceive a smile of bitter ridicule curl up the savage lips of his three neighbours.

"Was there ever such an auld hag?" thought the yeoman to himself. "There she sits at her wheel, and cares nae mair for a fellow-creature than I would for a dead sheep."

"Mistress," continued he, "I see you will not tak' hints. I maun then tell you plainly that I am the next door to starvation, and that I will thank you for something to eat."

This produced the desired effect, for she instantly got up from her wheel, went to a cupboard, and produced a plentiful supply of cold venison, bread and cheese, together with a large bottle full of the finest whisky.

William now felt quite at his ease. Putting "Knock-him-down" beside him, and planting himself at the table, he commenced operations in a style that would have done honour to Friar Tuck himself. Venison, bread and cheese, disappeared like magic. So intently did he keep to his occupation, that he neither thought nor cared about any other object.

Everything which came under the denomination of eatable having disappeared from the table, he proceeded to discuss the contents of the black bottle which stood by. He probably indulged rather freely in this respect, for shortly after commencing he became very talkative, and seemed resolved, at all risks, to extract conversation from his mute companions.

"You will be in the smuggling trade, frien'?" said he, slapping the shoulder of one of his dark-complexioned neighbours. The fellow started from his seat, and looked upon the Borderer with an expression of anger and menace, but he was suddenly quieted by one of his companions, who whispered into his ear, "Hush, Roderick; never mind him; the time is not yet come."

"I was saying, frien'," reiterated Laidlaw, without perceiving this interruption, "that you will be in the smuggling trade?"

"Maybe I am," was the fellow's answer.

"And you are a fish of the same water?" continued William to the second, who nodded assent.

"And you, frien', wi' the red hair, what are ye?"

"Humph."

"Humph!" cried the Borderer; "that is one way of answering questions—humph, ay humph, very good: ha, ha, your health, Mr. Humph!" and he straightway swallowed another glass of the potent spirit.

These three personages, during the whole of his various harangues, preserved the same unchanged silence, replying to his broken and unconnected questions by nods and monosyllables. They even held no verbal communication with one another, but each continued apparently within himself the thread of his own gloomy meditations. The night by this time waxed late; the spirit began to riot a little in the Borderer's head; and concluding that there was no sociality among persons who would neither drink nor speak, he quaffed off a final glass, and dropped back on his chair.

How long he remained in this state cannot be known. Certain it is, he was rather suddenly awakened from it by a hand working its way cautiously and gently into his bosom. At first he did not know what to make of this. his ideas were as yet unrallied, and by a sort of instinct he merely pressed his left hand against the spot by way of resistance. The same force continuing, however, to operate as formerly, he opened his eyes, and saw himself surrounded by the three strangers. The red-haired ruffian was the person who had aroused him—the two others, one of them armed with a cutlass, stood by. William was so astonished at this scene, that he could form no opinion on the subject. His brain still rung with the strange visions that had crossed it, and with the influence of intoxication.

"I am thinking, honest man, that you are stealing my pocket-book," was the first ejaculation he got out with, gazing at the same time with a bewildered look on the plunderer.

"Down with the villain!" thundered one of these worthies at the same instant; "and you, sir," brandishing his cutlass over the Borderer's head, "resist, and I will cleave you to the collar."

This exclamation acted like magic upon Laidlaw; it seemed to sober him in an instant, and point out his perilous situation.

The trio had rushed upon him, and attempted to hold him down. Now or never was the period to put his immense strength to the trial. Collecting all his energies, he bounded from their grasp, and his herculean fist falling like a sledge-hammer upon the forehead of him who carried the cutlass, the ruffian tumbled headlong to the earth. In a moment more he stood in the centre of the cottage, whirling "Knock-him-down" around his head in the attitude of defiance. Such was now his appearance of determined courage and strength that the two ruffians opposed to him, although powerful men, and armed with bludgeons, did not dare to advance, but recoiled several paces from their single opponent. He had escaped thus far, but his situation was still very hazardous, for the men, though baffled, kept their eyes intently fixed upon him, and seemed only to wait an opportunity when they could rush

on with most advantage." Besides, the one he had floored had just got up, and with his cutlass joined the others. If they had made an attack upon him, his great skill and vigour would in all probability have brought one of them to the ground, but then he would have been assailed by the two others; and the issue of such a contest, armed as one of them was, could not but be highly dangerous.

Meanwhile the men, although none of them ventured to rush singly upon the Borderer, began to advance in a body, as if for the purpose of getting behind him. "Now," thought William, "if I can but keep you quiet till I get opposite the door, I may show you a trick that will astonish you." So planning his scheme, he continued retreating before his assailants, and holding up his cudgel in the true scientific position till he came within a foot of the door; most fortunately it stood wide open. One step aside, and the threshold was gained —another, and it was passed. In the twinkling of an eye, swift like a thunderbolt, fell "Knock-him-down" upon the head of the most forward opponent, and in another out bolted William Laidlaw from the cottage. The whole was the work of an instant. He who received the blow fell stunned and bleeding to the ground, and his companions were so confounded that they stood mute and gazing at each other for several seconds. Their resolution was soon taken, and in a mood between shame and revenge, they sallied out after the fugitive. Their speed was, however, employed in vain against the fleetest runner of the Cheviots, and they were afraid to separate, lest each might encounter singly this formidable adversary, who perhaps might have dealt with them in the same manner as Horatius did with the Curiatii of old. The pursuit continued but a short way, as the yeoman more than double distanced his pursuers in the first two minutes, and left them no chance of coming up with him.

It was by this time three in the morning. The intense darkness of midnight had worn away, and though the sun was yet beneath the horizon, a sort of reflected light so far prevailed as to render near objects visible. In the course of an hour the hill tops became exposed above the misty wreaths which hung heavily upon their sides, and which began to dissolve away and float slowly down the glen in pale columns. In a short time a hue like that of twilight rendered distinctly visible the mountain boundaries of the vale. William walked onward with his usual speed. Such at last was his prodigious rapidity of movement, that he utterly lost the use of his senses. He appeared to himself to fly rather than walk over the earth; his head became giddy, and it is difficult to say where his flight might have ended, when "Knock-him-down" was suddenly swept from his hand. This in a moment arrested his speed, for such was his sympathy with this companion that he could not possibly get on, or even live without it. "Knock-him-down, whare are ye?" was his first exclamation at the departure of his favourite. "I say, Knock-him-down—whare are ye?" Here honest William sat down upon the heath to bemoan his misfortune. Now for the first time in his life he parted with all recollection. A strange, mysterious, indescribable ringing took place in his ears—the hills reeled—his head nodded once, twice, and again—and in a few seconds he dropped into a profound sleep.

This may be considered an epoch in the yeoman's life, for here he, for the first time, according to his own account, was visited by a dream. Out of the pale mist of the glen he imagined he saw approach him the very person to whose house he was bound. The aspect of this man was melancholy—his face deadly pale —and as he stood opposite to the Borderer, and said, "William Laidlaw," the latter felt his flesh creep with an unutterable dread.

"William Laidlaw," continued he, "you are going to my house, but you will not find me at home. I have gone to a far country—Neil M'Kinnon and his two cousins sent me there. You will find my body in the pit near the Cairn of Dalgulish. The money you are bringing to me give to my poor family, and may God bless you!" Having pronounced these words the figure vanished, nor had the Borderer the power to recal it. He did not, however, awake, but lay in the same restless state till the sun, shining in all the splendour of an August morning, burst upon him.

William awoke a sober man. The morning was indeed beautiful. The sun shone in his strength, lighting up the vale with a flood of radiance. On the summits of the hills not a cloud rested—all was clear and lucid as crystal, and the untainted sky hung like a vault of pure sapphire over the thousand rocks and glens beneath. The object which first arrested our friend's attention was "Knock-him-down" stuck up in the middle of a whin bush, and his immediate impulse was to relieve it from this inglorious situation. Having done this, stretched his limbs, and examined his pocket-book, which he found "tight and well," he proceeded on his journey. He was naturally the reverse of superstitious, but somehow or other a train of unpleasant thoughts came over

him, which he could not get rid of. His mind was so unaccustomed to thinking of any kind, and, above all, to gloomy thinking, that he knew not what to make of the matter. He whistled and sung in vain to dispel the feeling. The same load hung upon his mind, and oppressed it grievously.

In this train he found himself at length in front of the clachan of Ballacher. This small village was in possession of the individual to whom he was journeying. His dwelling, a large farmhouse, was in the centre; the cottages which surrounded it were occupied by his servants and tenantry.

It was about mid-day when he entered the village. It was deserted, while a strange and subduing melancholy seemed to hang over it. He strode slowly on, but no human being made his appearance. At length a funeral procession, followed by many women and children, came silently up the middle avenue of the village. It might be a deception of his fancy, but he thought the looks of the mourners were more sad and more profoundly interesting than he had ever witnessed on any previous occasion. He followed the convoy to the cemetery, which was not far distant, and when the last shovelful of earth was thrown upon the grave, he inquired whose funeral it was.

"It is that of Allaster Wilson, our master," was the reply.

"Good Heaven! and how did he die?" cried William, deeply agitated.

"That no one knows," answered an old man who stood by; "he was found murdered; but a day will come when the Lord will cause his blood to be requited on his murderers."

"And where was his body found?" said the astonished Borderer.

"In the chalk-pit near the Cairn of Dalgulish," replied the senior, and he wiped his aged eyes and walked slowly away.

William started back with horror, and instantly recollected his dream. It was indeed the very individual to whose house he was journeying, that he now saw laid in his grave. His first duty was to go to the bereaved family of his departed friend, and to comfort the widow and the fatherless. A tear rolled from his manly eye as he entered the mansion of sorrow; and when he saw the relict and the weeping family of his friend he thought his heart would have died within him. Having paid into their hands the money he owed them, and performed various offices of kindness, he bade them for the present adieu, and went to Inverness.

He had no business to transact there; his only object was to obtain the aid of justice in pursuit of the three men whom he supposed to be the murderers. Neil M'Kinnon was apprehended at the house where Laidlaw first saw him; but though his guilt was strongly suspected, no positive proof could be adduced against him, and he was dismissed. The two other men were never heard of. It was supposed that they had gone on board a smuggling cutter which left Fort-William, and afterwards perished, with all its crew, in the Sound of Mull.

The dream still continued to agitate the yeoman's mind to a great degree, and from being the gayest farmer of the Borders, he returned as thoughtful as a philosopher.

TIME.

BY THE REV. BENJ. MARSDEN.

I ask'd an Aged Man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I ask'd the aged Venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode."

I asked a Dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time," he replied—
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!"—and he died.

I asked the Golden Sun and Silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years:
They answer'd, "Time is but a meteor glare,
And bids us for Eternity prepare."

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize."

I ask'd a Spirit Lost; but, oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried—"A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of Things Inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell.

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to day! To morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I ask'd Old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew quickly past;
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the Mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
"By heaven," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
Time was!" he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

[**Mrs. Catherine Grace Gore**, born in Nottinghamshire, 1800; died 29th January, 1861. A prolific writer of novels chiefly descriptive of "fashionable life." She produced upwards of 150 volumes, besides contributing prose and verse to miscellaneous publications. Her first novel, *Marchmont, or The Maid of Honour*, appeared in 1823. *Bond*, a dramatic poem, and *Two Broken Hearts* are the most notable of her poetical efforts. Of her numerous tales the best remembered are: *The Ambassador's Wife; The Debutante; Hungarian Tales; The Money-Lender; The Soldier of Lyons; The Woman of Business; The Woman of the World*, &c. &c. They "reflect accurately enough the notions current among the upper classes respecting religion, politics, domestic morals, the social affections, and that coarse aggregate of dealing with our neighbours which is embraced by the term common honesty."—*Athenæum.*]

In the course of the campaigns immediately following the French Revolution, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the banks of the Rhine, experienced, on more than one occasion, the unequal fortunes of war; and was compelled to submit to the superior force, or superior skill, of a conquering army. After the passage of the French troops under Hoche, effected at Weisse Thurm, in 1797, a blockade, which endured until the peace of Leoben, harassed its devoted garrison. It was then abandoned to the possession of the troops of the Elector of Mayence; and although the little town of Thal, situated at its base, had been sacrificed in the course of the siege, Coblentz, whose position on the opposite bank, at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine, derives its best security from the fortress, was thus restored to tranquillity, and a hope of happier times. The confusion of an ill-disciplined and inexperienced army had indeed rendered abortive to the Rhenish shores those local advantages by which they ought to have been secured from devastation; and the prolonged disorganization and disunion prevalent in the adjacent provinces had, by the most impolitic inconsistency, embarrassed every branch of public business, and while agriculture was driven from the ravaged plains, and commerce from the ensanguined waves of the Rhine, civil discord had embroiled the citizens of almost every town of mark along its course. But affairs were now beginning to wear a more promising aspect. The Congress of Rastadt had already opened its negotiations, and despair on one side, and exhaustion or weariness on the other, had succeeded in cooling the heat of those national feuds which had brought the ruinous footsteps of advancing and retreating armies to trample the bosom of an afflicted country. That there were some among its sons over-eager to avenge the deep scars thus inflicted, the murder of the French deputies at the very gates of Rastadt terribly attests.

It chanced that some days previous to the opening of the congress, a French noble,—the Count D'Aubigny,—with his wife and son, had been arrested, on their return to their native country, by the authorities of Coblentz; who, judging from the passports and papers in his possession that he had high influence, and an important connection with the Directory, secured him in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein as a valuable hostage for the interests of their city. The count, who had sought safety in emigration during the short supremacy of one of the earlier and more furious factions of the republic, had been recently recalled to fill an appointment of dignity and honour under the new government. Galling as it was to his feelings to be thus thwarted and restrained upon the very threshold of France, yet his trust in the efficacy of an appeal which he had forwarded to the congress prevented him from giving way to the natural impatience of his mind. A deeper feeling, however—a feeling of horror and desperation—soon superseded his irritation and regrets: a body of French troops presented itself before the fortress, menacing its garrison and luckless inhabitants with all the horrors of a protracted siege.

It was in vain that D'Aubigny recalled to his own mind, and whispered to his fair companion, that the fortress was bomb-proof and casemated with unequal art; and still more vain were his entreaties to Colonel Faber, its brave but sturdy commandant, that his wife and child might be conveyed under a flag of truce to Coblentz. The colonel, to whom his prisoner was both nationally and individually an object of distrust, persisted that the interest of his command forbade the concession.

"Your ladies of France," said he, "God give them grace!—are too nimble-tongued to be trusted in an enemy's camp, and Moritz Faber

will scarcely be tempted to enable the fair countess to carry tidings of the nakedness of the land, and of the impoverished resources of the fort, unto a band which bears the tri-coloured rag as its ensign, and treachery as its password. No, no!—abide in the old eagle's nest. Our galleries are a surety from your friends in the valley; and when our provisions fail—which fail they shall ere I yield the charge committed to my hand unto a gang of marauding cut-throats—the countess and her son shall honourably share our fare and our famine. Perhaps the plea of a lady's sufferings may more promptly disperse your gentle countrymen yonder, who write themselves *preux chevaliers*, than falconet or culverin!"

Count D'Aubigny, finding persuasion fruitless, and knowing that resistance might even less avail him, could only pray, that either the return of his own *estafette* from Rastadt, or of that despatched by Colonel Faber, might bring a mandate of intelligence between the besieging and besieged. A few days sufficed to show him, and the expiration of several weeks tended most horribly to prove, that the fortress had been indeed surprised in an hour of security and consequent destitution; he looked tremblingly to the result, and marked the daily diminution of their apportionment of provisions, with a sense of dread he dared not reveal to his companions in misfortune.

If any woman, however, could be gifted to receive with fortitude an announcement of evil, severe as that anticipated by the count, it was Eveline—his lovely and most beloved wife: for her mind was as firm and elevated in its character, as her demeanour and disposition were femininely gentle: and her attachment to the young Eugene, the son of D'Aubigny by a former marriage, partook of a conscientious devotion to his interests, such as the mere tenderness of maternal love could not have alone suggested. It was for him—it was for that fair boy, who had loved her so fondly—that her first apprehensions of the horror of their position became terrible to her mind. Eugene was frail and delicate, and had been nurtured with the softest tending; he had attained neither the strength of body nor mind essential to the endurance of an evil from which his high condition might have seemed to secure him; and his parents, for they were equally so in affection for the child, had not courage to forewarn and inure him to the approaching calamity.

They saw him from the first reject with silent but evident loathing the coarse food tendered for his support. They marked his soft cheek grow wan under the deprivation—his little voice gradually weaken—his step bound less playfully along the rude pavement of their chamber; and they looked into each other's faces with tearful eyes as they first noted the change; but dared not interrogate the boy, or utter one audible comment. Soon however, fatally soon, the miserable fact became too loudly a matter of comment in the garrison for even the child to remain in ignorance of their threatened destiny. Day after day passed, and brought nothing but sights of death and sounds of lamentation; and the wasting strength of the prisoners rendered their minds still more susceptible of terror and despair; but neither their wants, nor the murmurs of the soldiery, could influence by the weight of a feather the stern determination of the commandant to yield but in his hour of death.

Let those who limit their consciousness of the pangs of hunger by the loss of an occasional meal, which may have rendered restless their luxurious couch, affect to underrate the agonies of starvation, and to attemper according to Adam Smith's theory of morality their arguments for the indecency of bewailing a vulgar lack of food. But the actual sense of famine, —the gnawing, irritating sense, which confuses the ears with strange sounds—the body with sickness—the heart with perturbation—the head with dizzy bewilderment—these are sufferings which defy the mastery of mental fortitude!

D'Aubigny was the first to give utterance to his feelings, for they were solely urged by the suppressed torments he was condemned to witness. "My Eveline," said he, "my sweet, my heavenly-minded wife, could I have believed when I sought your hand, amid the lofty pomp of your high estate, that I should but win it to share in the horrors of my evil destiny—could I have dreamed, when I wept my first glad tears over this boy's cradle, that I should live to wish him unborn—to see him perish—slowly—horribly—"

"Hush! D'Aubigny, he sleeps; his head hath sunk upon my knee."

"No! mother," said the boy, very faintly, "I am not sleeping; I am listening quietly to my kind father's voice."

"It is exhaustion! by the God of mercy! it is exhaustion which hath bowed his head!" exclaimed the count, taking his son into his arms, and gazing with an indescribable thrill upon his attenuated countenance, then rushing forwards in despite of the outcry and resistance of the various sentries, he forced himself into

the presence of Colonel Faber, still straining his child to his bosom.

"Look on him!" said he, with a voice broken by sobs; "'tis my only child,—look upon him,—and if you have the heart of a man, deny not my petition. It is not yet too late,—send him from Ehrenbreitstein."

"It cannot be," answered Faber, resolutely; although the manifest condition of the lovely boy brought a deep flush even to his temples. "I will give him up my own share of provision with pleasure, Count D'Aubigny; but not a living soul must leave the fortress!—I am deeply responsible to my country: and the famishing condition of my soldiers—*my children*—might otherwise prompt me to desert a trust which the Congress of Rastadt appear so little interested to protect. My duty, sir, is one of sternness; I *cannot* grant your request."

"Do not weep, father," murmured the child, faintly, "I never saw tears of thine before; do not let them fall for Eugene. I *will* be better; I *will* feed heartily on the food we can still procure;—do not weep, father."

And with an effort mighty at his age, the child did indeed force between his lips the loathsome morsels which fell scantily to their share. Every domestic animal within the walls had been sacrificed; and the obscene flesh of dogs and horses had become a delicacy beyond the soldiers' power of purchase! and on such revolting aliments did Eveline force herself to feed, in order to entice and deceive the boy's enfeebled appetite. But all would not do;—already many of the least hardy of the garrison had fallen a sacrifice to want of wholesome food;—and the failing strength and tremulous lips of Eugene and his mother proclaimed that they were soon to follow. Yes, they were dying of starvation!

Again the count attempted to move the feelings of Faber in their behalf; but he no longer bore denial with resignation. Moved beyond his patience, he raved, threatened, and even attempted violence; and as the scene had many witnesses, the commandant felt it due to himself to punish the offender with solitary confinement. "Thus, 'too," thought the stanch old soldier, "I shall spare this unfortunate parent the misery of looking upon sufferings which he cannot alleviate."

The wretched chamber inhabited by the Countess D'Aubigny was situated in one of the loftiest and most secure towers of the fortress; and when the sun, which had lost its power to cheer the desponding prisoners, dawned through the arrow-slits on the day succeeding that of D'Aubigny's imprisonment, Eveline rose to drag her failing, quivering limbs towards the morning air, and resting her head beside the narrow opening, looked down upon the blue, glassy, dancing, *free* waters of the Rhine, that rippled far, far below the fortress, and prayed that they might rise and overwhelm her. But she instantly reproved the thought, as she had already done the proposal of her husband, that they should anticipate their inevitable and horrible end. "This child," she had replied, "is a sacred deposit in our hands; we have no right to leave him orphaned, to his sorrow; and you could not—no! you could not attempt *his* little life!"

"What seest thou yonder, mother?" faltered the boy, whom her movement had disturbed, but who was now too weak to approach the *soupirail* for refreshment.

"I see Heaven's mighty sunshine, dear Eugene, bright as if it shone upon no human misery. I see the white city of Coblentz, backed by its green plantations, and sending up the smoke of a thousand hearths. Beside them there is happiness, Eugene,—smiles and food, child,—and with *us* abideth nought save trust in the mercy of God. Think upon it,—think, beloved child, that we shall soon be free from pain and grief!"

"I cannot think, mother; my head swims strangely. But there is still feeling in my heart,—and it is all for thee and for my father."

"Eugene, should we survive this peril, and thou hast the strength of youth in thy favour, let this remembrance become a pledge for the tender mercies of thy future life; so that the poor and the hungry may not plead to thee in vain."

"Mother, thy words reach not my failing ears; draw nearer, mother, for I would die with my hand in thine."

On that very day the destinies of the fortress were accomplished; and the sacrifice which had been made was made in vain:—the fiat of the Congress of Rastadt commanded the brave Faber to open its gates to the enemy of his country. The noble brother of Eveline D'Aubigny, whose anxiety for her liberation had motived in a great measure the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein, was the first to rush into the chamber of the captive. No living thing stirred there. The boy had died first, for his face was covered, and his limbs composed; and Eveline—if the fair wasted thing which lay beside him might claim that name—had perished in the effort of executing that last duty!

SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROBIN HOOD, A CHILD.

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

The green leaves they looked greener still,
And the thrush, renewing his tune,
Shook a loud note from his gladsome bill
Into the bright blue noon.

Robin Hood's mother looked out, and said,
"It were a shame and a sin
For fear of getting a wet head
To keep such a day within,
Nor welcome up from his sick bed
Your uncle Gamelyn."

And Robin leaped, and thought so too;
And so he has grasped her gown;
And now looking back, they have lost the view
Of merry sweet Locksley town.

Robin was a gentle boy,
And therewithal as bold;
To say he was his mother's joy,
It were a phrase too cold.

His hair upon his thoughtful brow
Came smoothly clipped, and sleek,
But ran into a curl somehow
Beside his merrier cheek.

Great love to him his uncle too
The noble Gamelyn bare,
And often said, as his mother knew,
That he should be his heir.

Gamelyn's eyes, now getting dim,
Would twinkle at his sight,
And his ruddy wrinkles laugh at him
Between his locks so white;

For Robin already let him see
He should beat his playmates all
At wrestling, running, and archery;
Yet he cared not for a fall.

Merriest he was of merry boys,
And would set the old helmets bobbing;
If his uncle asked about the noise,
'Twas, "If you please, sir, Robin."

And yet if the old man wished no noise,
He'd come and sit at his knee,
And be the gravest of grave-eyed boys;
And not a word spoke he.

So whenever he and his mother came
To brave old Gamelyn Hall,
'Twas nothing there but sport and game,
And holiday folks all:
The servants never were to blame,
Though they let the physic fall.

And now the travellers turn the road,
And now they hear the rooks;
And there it is—the old abode,
With all its hearty looks.

Robin laughed, and the lady too,
And they looked at one another;
Says Robin, "I'll knock as I'm used to do,
At uncle's window, mother."

And so he picked up some peebles and ran,
And jumping higher and higher,
He reached the windows with *tan a ran tan*,
And instead of the kind old white-haired man,
There looked out a fat friar.

"How now," said the fat friar angrily,
"What is this knocking so wild?"
But when he saw young Robin's eye,
He said, "Go round, my child:

"Go round to the hall, and I'll tell you all:"
He'll tell us all! thought Robin;
And his mother and he went quietly,
Though her heart was set a throbbing.

The friar stood in the inner door,
And tenderly said, "I fear
You know not the good squire's no more,
Even Gamelyn de Vere.

"Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
He changed but yesternight:"
"Now make us way," the lady said,
"To see that doleful sight."

"Good Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
And has made us his holy heirs;"
The lady stayed not for all he said,
But went weeping up the stairs.

Robin and she went hand in hand,
Weeping all the way,
Until they came where the lord of that land
Dumb in his cold bed lay.

His hand she took, and saw his dead look,
With the lids over each eye-ball;
And Robin and she wept as plenteously,
As though he had left them all.

"I will return, Sir Abbot of Vere,
I will return as is meet,
And see my honoured brother dear
Laid in his winding-sheet.

"And I will stay, for to go were a sin,
For all a woman's tears,
And see the noble Gamelyn
Laid low with the De Veres."

The lady went with a sick heart out
Into the kind fresh air,
And told her Robin all about
The abbot whom he saw there:

And how his uncle must have been
Disturbed in his failing sense,
To leave his wealth to these artful men
At hers and Robin's expense.

Sad was the stately day for all
But the Vere Abbey friars,
When the coffin was stript of its hiding pall,
Amidst the hushing choirs.

Sad was the earth-dropping "dust to dust,"
And "our dear brother here departed;"
The lady shook at them, as shake we must;
And Robin he felt strange-hearted.

That self-same evening, nevertheless,
They returned to Locksley town,
The lady in a dumb distress,
And Robin looking down.

They went, and went, and Robin took
Long steps by his mother's side,
Till she asked him with a sad sweet look
What made him so thoughtful-eyed.

"I was thinking, mother," said little Robin,
And with his own voice so true,
He spoke right out, "that if I was a king,
I'd see what those friars do."

His mother stooped with a tear of joy,
And she kissed him again and again,
And said, "My own little Robin boy,
Thou wilt be a King of Men!"

ROBIN HOOD'S FLIGHT.

Robin Hood's mother, these twelve years now,
Has been gone from her earthly home;
And Robin has paid, he scarce knew how,
A sum for a noble tomb.

The church-yard lies on a woody hill,
But open to sun and air;
It seems as if the heavens still
Were looking and smiling there.

Often when Robin looked that way,
He looked through a sweet thin tear,
But he looked in a different manner, they say,
Towards the Abbey of Vere.

He cared not for its ill-got wealth,
He felt not for its pride;
He had youth, and strength, and health,
And enough for one beside.

But he thought of his gentle mother's cheek,
How it had sunk away,
And how she used to grow more weak
And weary every day.

And how when trying a hymn, her voice
At evening would expire,
How unlike it was the arrogant noise
Of the hard throats in the quire.

And Robin thought too of the poor,
How they toiled without their share,
And how the alms at the abbey-door
But kept them as they were:

And he thought him then of the friars again,
Who rode jingling up and down
With their trappings and things as fine as the kings,
Though they wore but a shaven crown.

And then bold Robin he thought of the king,
How he got all his forests and deer,
And how he made the hungry swing
If they killed but one in a year.

And thinking thus, as Robin stood
Digging his bow in the ground,
He was aware in Gamelyn wood
Of one who looked around.

"And what is Will doing," said Robin then,
"That he looks so fearful and wan?"
"Oh my dear master that should have been,
I am a weary man,—

"A weary man," said Will Scarlet, "am I;
For unless I pilfer this wood
To sell to the fleshers, for want I shall die
Here in this forest so good,—

"Here in this forest where I have been,
So happy and so stout,
And like a palfrey on the green
Have carried you about."

"And why, Will Scarlet, not come to me?
Why not to Robin, Will?
For I remember thy love and thy glee,
And the scar that marks thee still.

"And not a soul of my uncle's men
To such a pass should come,
While Robin can find in his pooket or bit
A penny or a crumb.

"Stay thee, Will Scarlet, stay awhile,
And kindle a fire for me;"
And into the wood for half a mile
He has vanished instantly.

Robin Hood with his cheek on fire
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer with one leap higher
Lies motionless in the fern.

Robin, like a proper knight
As he should have been,
Carved a part of the shoulder right,
And bore off a portion clean.

"Oh what hast thou done, dear master mine!
What hast thou done for me?"
"Roast it, Will, for excepting wine
Thou shalt feast thee royally."

And Scarlet took and half-roasted it,
Blubbering with blinding tears,
And ere he had eaten a second bit,
A trampling came to their ears.

They heard the tramp of a horse's feet,
And they listened and kept still,
For Will was feeble and knelt by the meat;
And Robin he stood by Will.

"Seize him, seize him!" the abbot cried,
With his fat voice through the trees;
Robin a smooth arrow felt and eyed,
And Will jumped stout with his knees.

"Seize him, seize him!" and now they appear,
The abbot and foresters three.
"'Twas I," cried Will Scarlet, "that killed the deer."
Says Robin, "Now let not a man come near,
Or he's dead as dead can be."

But on they came, and with an embrace,
The first one the arrow met,
And he came pitching forward and fell on his face
Like a stumbler in the street.

The others turned to that abbot vain,
But "Seize him!" still he cried,
And as the second turned again,
An arrow was in *his* side.

"Seize him, seize him still, I say,"
Cried the abbot in furious chafe,
"Or these dogs will grow so bold some day,
Even priests will not be safe."

A fatal word! for as he sat
Urging the sword to cut,
An arrow stuck in his paunch so fat
As in a leathern butt,
As in a leathern butt of wine;
Or dough, a household lump;
Or a pumpkin, or a good beef chine,
Stuck that arrow with a dump.

"Truly," said Robin without fear,
Smiling there as he stood,
"Never was slain so fat a deer
In good old Gamelyn wood.

"Pardon, pardon, Sir Robin stout,"
Said he that stood apart,
"As soon as I knew thee, I wished thee out
Of the forest with all my heart.

"And I pray thee let me follow thee,
Anywhere under the sky,
For thou wilt never stay here without me,
Nor without thee can I."

Robin smiled, and suddenly fell
Into a little thought;
And then into a leafy dell
The three slain men they brought.

Ankle-deep in leaves so red,
Which autumn there had cast,
When going to her winter-bed
She had undrest her last.

And there in a hollow, side by side,
They buried them under the treen;
The abbot's belly, for all its pride,
Made not the grave be seen.

Robin Hood, and the forester,
And Scarlet the good Will,
Struck off among the green trees there
Up a pathless hill;

And Robin caught a sudden sight
Of merry sweet Locksley town,
Reddening in the sunset bright:
And the gentle tears came down.

Robin looked at the town and land
And the church-yard where it lay;
And poor Will Scarlet kissed his hand,
And turned his head away.

Then Robin turned him with a grasp of Will's,
And clapped him on the shoulder,
And said with one of his pleasant smiles,
"Now show us three men bolder."

And so they took their march away
As firm as if to fiddle,
To journey that night and all next day
With Robin Hood in the middle.

ROBIN HOOD, AN OUTLAW.

Robin Hood is an outlaw bold
Under the greenwood tree:
Bird, nor stag, nor morning air
Is more at large than he.

They sent against him twenty men,
Who joined him laughing-eyed;
They sent against him thirty more,
And they remained beside.

All the stoutest of the train,
That grew in Gamelyn wood,
Whether they came with these or not,
Are now with Robin Hood.

And not a soul in Locksley town
Would speak him an ill word;
The friars raged; but no man's tongue,
Nor even feature, stirred:

Except among a very few
Who dined in the Abbey halls;
And then with a sigh bold Robin knew
His true friends from his false.

There was Roger the monk, that used to make
All monkery his glee;
And Midge, on whom Robin had never turn'd
His face but tenderly:

With one or two, they say, besides,
Lord! that in this life's dream
Men should abandon one true thing
That would remain with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
Our cheeks continue round;
We cannot say to an aged back,
Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
Things as bright as ever;
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
That they'll forsake us never:

But we can say, I never will,
Friendship, fall off from thee;
And, oh, sound truth and old regard,
Nothing shall part us three.

HOW ROBIN AND HIS OUTLAWS LIVED IN THE WOODS.

Robin and his merry men
Lived just like the birds,
They had almost as many tracks as thoughts,
And whistles and songs as words.

Up they were with the earliest sign
Of the sun's up-looking eye;
But not an archer breakfasted
Till he twinkled from the sky.

All the morning they were wont
To fly their gray-goose quills
At butts, or wands, or trees, or twigs,
Till theirs was the skill of skills.

With swords too they played lustily,
And at quarter-staff;
Many a hit would have made some cry,
Which only made them laugh.

The horn was then their dinner-bell;
When like princes of the wood,
Under the glimmering summer trees,
Pure venison was their food.

Pure venison and a little wine,
Except when the skies were rough,
Or when they had a feasting day;
For their blood was wine enough.

And story then, and joke, and song,
And Harry's harp went round;
And sometimes they'd get up and dance,
For pleasure of the sound.

Tingle, tangle! said the harp,
As they footed in and out:
Good lord! it was a sight to see
Their feathers float about;—

A pleasant sight, especially
If Margery was there,
Or little Ciss, or laughing Bess,
Or Moll with the clumps of hair

Or any other merry lass
From the neighbouring villages,
Who came with milk and eggs, or fruit,
A-singing through the trees.

For all the country round about
Was fond of Robin Hood,
With whom they got a share of more
Than the acorns in the wood;

Nor ever would he suffer harm
To woman, above all;
No plunder, were she ne'er so great,
No fright to great or small;

No,—not a single kiss unliked,
Nor one look-saddening clip;
Accurst be he, said Robin Hood,
Makes pale a woman's lip.

Only on the haughty rich,
And on their unjust store,
He'd lay his fines of equity
For his merry men and the poor.

And special was his joy no doubt
(Which made the dish to curse)
To light upon a good fat friar,
And carve him of his purse.

A monk to him was a toad in the hole,
And an abbot a pig in grain,
But a bishop was a baron of beef
With cut and come again.

Never poor man came for help
And went away denied;
Never woman for redress,
And went away wet-eyed.

Says Robin to the poor who came
To ask of him relief,
You do but get your goods again
That were altered by the thief;

There, ploughman, is a sheaf of yours
Turned to yellow gold;
And, miller, there's your last year's rent,
'Twill wrap thee from the cold:

And you there, Wat of Lancashire,
Who such a way have come,
Get upon your land-tax, man,
And ride it merrily home.

THE HOUR IS COME.

The hour is come—too soon it came—
When you and I, fair girl, must sever;
But though as yet be strange thy name,
Thy memory will be loved for ever.
We met as pilgrims on the way,
Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,
Yet who is there can name the day
When we shall meet again together!

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,
At least we've had one day of gladness;
And oh! a glimpse of joy's more sweet
That it is seen through clouds of sadness.
Thus did the sun—half-hid to-day—
Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,
Than had we mark'd its fervid ray
Through one untired day of beaming.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

ETHICAL AND ARTISTIC NOTES.

[John Ruskin, LL.D., born in London, February, 1819. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1839. He was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in 1867, and Slade Professor of Art in the University of Oxford in 1869. In 1871 he gave to the latter university £5000, for the endowment of a mastership of drawing in the Taylor Galleries. As an art critic he has exercised an important influence upon modern art, although many of his opinions have been vigorously opposed. His chief work is *Modern Painters*, the first volume of which appeared in 1843, the fifth and last in 1860. The preface to the last volume explains the delay in the completion of the book, and contains the following characteristic sentences, which give the key-note of all the author's work:—"In the main aim and principle of the book there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the Work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to, that. And it differs from most books, and has a chance of being in some respects better for the difference, that it has not been written either for fame or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity." In the course of an active and earnest life, Mr. Ruskin has produced numerous works, of which we may note: *The Seven Lamps of Architecture; The Stones of Venice; Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds; Pre-Raphaelitism; The King of the Golden River, or the Black Brothers*, a Legend of Stiria, illustrated by Richard Doyle; *Lectures on Architecture and Painting; Giotto and his Works in Padua*; *The Two Paths*, being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture; &c. &c. An admirable selection from the writings of Mr. Ruskin has been published by Smith, Elder, & Co.]

THE SACREDNESS OF HOME.

I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this: and that having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved at the close of them to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and all of material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them: that all that they ever treasured

was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how and with what aspect of durability and of completeness the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement than their attainments at the termination of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honourable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements, of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground-floor with two stories above, three windows in the first and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth-century architecture in North Italy is a small house in a back street, behind the market-place of Vicenza. It bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il. n'est. rose. sans. épine;* it has also only a ground-floor and two stories,

with three windows in each, separated by rich flower-work, and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on cornucopiæ. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea that no picture can be historical except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely: as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner I will say under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument, and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place.—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

PASTORAL POETRY.

Exactly as hoops, and starch, and false hair, and all that in mind and heart these things typify and betray, as these, I say, gained upon men, there was a necessary reaction in favour of the *natural*. Men had never lived so utterly in defiance of the laws of nature before; but they could not do this without feeling a strange charm in that which they defied; and, accordingly, we find this reactionary sentiment expressing itself in a base school of what was called *pastoral* poetry; that is to say, poetry written in praise of the country, by men who lived in coffee-houses and on the Mall. The essence of pastoral poetry is the sense of strange delightfulness in grass which is occasionally felt by a man who has seldom set his foot on it; it is essentially the poetry of the cockney, and for the most part corresponds in its aim and rank, as compared with other literature, to the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses on a chimney-piece, as compared with great works of sculpture.

Of course, all good poetry descriptive of rural life is essentially pastoral, or has the effect of the pastoral on the minds of men living in cities; but the class of poetry which I mean, and which you probably understand, by the term pastoral, is that in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a "nymph," and a farmer's boy as a "swain," and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities. If you examine the literature of the 17th and 18th centuries, you will find that nearly all its expressions having reference to the country show something of this kind; either a foolish sentimentality or a morbid fear, both of course coupled with the most curious ignorance. You will find all its descriptive expressions at once vague and monotonous. Brooks are always "purling;" birds always "warbling;" mountains always "lift their horrid peaks above the clouds;" vales always "are lost in the shadow of gloomy woods;" a few more distinct ideas about hay-making and curds and cream, acquired in the neighbourhood of Richmond Bridge, serving to give an occasional appearance of freshness to the catalogue of the sublime and beautiful which descended from poet to poet; while a few true pieces of pastoral, like the *Vicar of Wakefield* and Walton's *Angler*, relieved the general waste of dulness. Even in these better productions nothing is more remarkable than the general conception of the country merely as a series of green fields, and the combined ignorance and dread of more sublime scenery, of which the mysteries and dangers were enhanced by the difficulties of travelling at the period. Thus in Walton's *Angler* you have a meeting of two friends, one a Derbyshire man, the other a lowland traveller, who is as much alarmed, and uses nearly as many expressions of astonishment, at having to go down a steep hill and ford a brook, as a traveller uses now at crossing the glacier of the Col de Géant. I am not sure whether the difficulties which, until late years, have lain in the way of peaceful and convenient travelling, ought not to have great weight assigned to them among the other causes of the temper of the century; but be that as it may, if you will examine the whole range of its literature—keeping this point in view—I am well persuaded that you will be struck most forcibly by the strange deadness to the higher sources of landscape sublimity which is mingled with the morbid pastoralism. The love of fresh air and green grass forced itself upon the animal natures of men; but that of the sublimer features of scenery had no

place in minds whose chief powers had been repressed by the formalisms of the age. And although in the second-rate writers continually, and in the first-rate ones occasionally, you find an affectation of interest in mountains, clouds, and forests, yet whenever they write from their heart you will find an utter absence of feeling respecting anything beyond gardens and grass. Examine, for instance, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, the comedies of Molière, and the writings of Johnson and Addison, and I do not think you will find a single expression of true delight in sublime nature in any one of them. Perhaps Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, in its total absence of sentiment on any subject but humanity, and its entire want of notice of anything at Geneva which might not as well have been seen at Coxwold, is the most striking instance I could give you; and if you compare with this negation of feeling on one side, the interludes of Molière, in which shepherds and shepherdesses are introduced in court-dress, you will have a very accurate conception of the general spirit of the age.

It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvas of the spirit of the time. Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition.—*Lectures on Architecture and Painting.*

ROMANCE.

The real and proper use of the word romantic is simply to characterize an improbable or unaccustomed degree of beauty, sublimity, or virtue. For instance, in matters of history, is not the Retreat of the Ten Thousand romantic? Is not the death of Leonidas? of the Horatii? On the other hand, you find nothing romantic, though much that is monstrous, in the excesses of Tiberius or Commodus. So again, the battle of Agincourt is romantic, and of Bannockburn, simply because there was an extraordinary display of human virtue in both those battles. But there is no romance in the battles of the last Italian campaign, in which mere feebleness and distrust were on one side, mere physical force on the other. And even in fiction, the opponents of virtue, in order to be romantic, must have sublimity mingled with their vice. It is not the knave, not the ruffian, that are romantic, but the giant and the dragon; and these, not because they are false, but because they are majestic. So again as to beauty. You feel that armour is romantic, because it is a beautiful dress, and you are not used to it. You do not feel there is anything romantic in the paint and shells of a Sandwich Islander, for these are not beautiful.

So, then, observe, this feeling which you are accustomed to despise—this secret and poetical enthusiasm in all your hearts, which, as practical men, you try to restrain—is indeed one of the holiest parts of your being, It is the instinctive delight in, and admiration for, sublimity, beauty, and virtue, unusually manifested. And so far from being a dangerous guide, it is the truest part of your being. It is even truer than your consciences. A man's conscience may be utterly perverted and led astray; but so long as the feelings of romance endure within us, they are unerring,—they are as true to what is right and lovely as the needle to the north; and all that you have to do is to add to the enthusiastic sentiment, the majestic judgment—to mingle prudence and foresight with imagination and admiration, and you have the perfect human soul. But the great evil of these days is that we try to destroy the romantic feeling, instead of bridling and directing it. Mark what Young says of the men of the world—

> "They, who think nought so strong of the romance,
> So rank knight-errant, as a real friend."

And they are right. True friendship is romantic, to the men of the world—true affection is romantic—true religion is romantic.—*Lectures on Architecture and Sculpture.*

THE LOVER'S IDEAL.

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard,
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her;
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Nor her peevishness annoy me.

BEN JONSON (1601).

SAPPHO.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it, like a wreath of fire;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,
That, more than fever, scorch'd the frame;
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved—she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope, the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentred strife of Love!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,—
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. MALAPROP.

BY R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. MALAPROP.

LYDIA LANGUISH, *her ward, a sentimental girl, too fond of romances.*

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, *his son, who, under the name of* BEVERLEY, *has won* LYDIA'S *affections.*

SCENE: *A Room in* MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings at Bath.* LYDIA, MRS. MALAPROP, *and* SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But

suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you.

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but, above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do: and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this;"—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people, as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

. . . . . .

SCENE AS BEFORE.

MRS. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss

Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated.—[*They sit.*] Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Abs. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness! [*Aside.*]—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Abs. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. Oh, the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Ay, here it is.

Abs. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

Abs. [Reads.] *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

Abs. [Reads.] *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival*——

Mrs. Mal. That's you, sir.

Abs. [Reads.] *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.*—Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Abs. [Reads.] *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you*—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, sir!—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—[Reads.] *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I detest the old cat's dragon's* [illegible] *told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand*——

Mrs. Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in the world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitapha.

Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered; let me see—[Reads.] *same ridiculous vanity*——

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am.—[Reads.] *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*—an impudent coxcomb!—*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.*—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter the doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Abs. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below; she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—[*Calling.*] He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival; suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Ma'am. [*Turns round.*

Lyd. O Heavens! Beverley!

Abs. Hush! hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached.

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abs. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him! [*Aside.*

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here—[*Embracing her.*] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. [*Aside.*

Re-enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life—will she? [*Aside.*

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word! [*Aside.*

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face! [*Aside.*

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [*Kneeling.*

Mrs. Mal. [*Aside.*] Ay, poor young man! —down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—[*Coming forward.*] Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Abs. Oh, confound her vigilance. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all's safe, I find.—[*Aloud.*] I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady——

Mrs. Mal. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heavens! what assurance! —Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley——

Mrs. Mal. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are too good, captain—too amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again, soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev——

Mrs. Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally;* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *kissing his hand to* LYDIA—MRS. MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*

. . . . . .

SCENE AS BEFORE.

MRS. MALAPROP *and* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him? Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. [*Aside.*] She little thinks whom she is praising!—[*Aloud.*] So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lyd. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has so much to say for himself:—in such good language too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—

"Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—
An eye, like March, to threaten at command!—
A station, like Harry Mercury, new—"

Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Show them up here.—[*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Shew your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution —I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter, but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss

Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] Now, Jack, speak to her.

Abs. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do!—[*Aside to* SIR ANTHONY.] You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't! I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[*Seems to expostulate with his father.*

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet!

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Turn round, Lydia: I blush for you!

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak!

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has.—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak?

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! madam—hem!—[*Attempts to speak, then returns to* SIR ANTHONY.] Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *makes signs to* MRS. MALAPROP *to leave them together.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—[*Aside to* LYDIA.] Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

Sir Anth. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—[*Aside to* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.] What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or——

Abs. [*Aside.*] Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.—[*Draws near* LYDIA, *and speaks in a low hoarse tone.*] Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not——

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and—my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[MRS. MALAPROP *seems to chide* LYDIA.

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all will out, I see!—[*Goes up to* LYDIA, *speaks softly.*] Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. [*Aside.*] Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too?—[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil!—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame! your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading.

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley——

Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Abs. [*Aside.*] Ye powers of impudence, befriend me!—[*Aloud.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son, and that I sincerely believe myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shown.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name and station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested

love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! captain, did you write the letters then?—What—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of *an old weather-beaten she-dragon*—hey!—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past!—so mind, young people—our retrospection will be all to the future.

From the Rivals, a Comedy.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when our welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school or college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven on earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[Thomas Gray, born in Cornhill, London, 26th December, 1716; died 30th July, 1771. Educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1757 he declined the office of poet-laureate, which had become vacant by the death of Cibber. He resided in Cambridge during the greater part of his life, and in 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history in the University there His most popular poems are the odes *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and *To Spring*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and *The Elegy*. Of the latter Beattie wrote:—"It is a poem which is universally understood and admired, not only for its poetical beauties, but also, and perhaps chiefly, for its expressing sentiments in which every man thinks himself interested, and which at certain times are familiar to all men." Byron said: "Gray's elegy pleased instantly and eternally." The MS. of this poem was sold in 1845 for £100.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BEGGAR'S MARRIAGE GIFT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. KIND.

Otto von D—, after an absence of several years, two of which he had spent in the luxurious capital of France, was recalled to his native Germany by the unexpected death of his father. He found the family estate involved in difficulties, chiefly occasioned by extravagance and mismanagement, which would have appeared inextricable to a mind possessing less energy than his own; but by at once adopting a system of curtailment and method he soon succeeded in bringing matters into such a train, as not only enabled him to discharge the accumulated arrears of interest, but also gradually to reduce the principal debt with which his property had been improvidently burdened.

It was not until his mind was relieved of this first care, and he could uninterruptedly form his plans for the future, that Otto thought of choosing a companion who might share with him the sweets of life, and assist him in combating its toils. He had left Adelaide, the youngest daughter of his neighbour Von Z—, an interesting girl of fourteen; on his return he found her blooming in all the charms of youthful innocence; and he was not slow in observing, as well in the hearty welcome of her parents, as in the tell-tale blush of the maiden herself, that his addresses would not be unacceptable. He therefore embraced an early opportunity to declare his sentiments; and, after the preliminaries usual on such occasions, the happy day was fixed, arrived, and was observed with all those ceremonies which the country people in some parts of Germany still religiously keep up, according to the good old custom of their forefathers.

First came the wedding guests, conducting the bride, modestly clad in white, with a veil covering her face, and who were met on the lawn by the peasantry, preceded by the village musicians. The married women brought their offering of a cradle and fine baby linen, spun by themselves; the lads presented a handsome plough and harness; the maidens a snow-white lamb; and the children doves and flowers. Adelaide gave her hand to all in silence; Otto spoke few, but impressive words, and on concluding, invited the whole party, in the name of the bride's father, to a collation and dance on the green, for which preparations had already been made.

The lamps were now lighted up, and fiddle and pipe were sounding merrily under the sweet-scented linden-trees, when a foreign livery-servant, whose coat was rather the worse for wear, made his appearance on the dancing place. His singular tones and strange gesticulations soon collected around him a troop of laughing villagers; but it was not without considerable difficulty gathered from the broken German of the orator (whose hands and feet were equally eloquent with his tongue), that his master's carriage had been overturned in the neighbourhood, and that a wheel was broken to pieces, which he was anxious to have put to rights, in order that he might prosecute his journey.

"Who talks of mending wheels, or going further to-day?" hiccupped the bride's father, whose satisfaction at his daughter's good fortune had displayed itself at table in copious libations. "To-day," added he, patting his ample sides, "let all wheels go in shivers; no man shall pass this house to-day; you may tell your master so; but stay, you may as well take me to him." So saying, and attended by a crowd of followers, he proceeded to the highway, where they soon perceived a small wax-cloth-covered carriage lying upset on the road, one of its hinder-wheels being as effectually demolished as if an axe had been used in the operation. A tall thin figure, dressed in a plain blue frock-coat, having his right arm in a sling, a patch over his left eye, and whose woebegone looks imparted to his general appearance no distant resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance, stood near the vehicle, holding a jaded rosinante by the bridle. No sooner did he perceive the party approaching than, hastening towards them, he addressed their leader in French, with much politeness of manner and fluency of utterance. Unfortunately, however, old Z—'s court language had lain too long rusty, and the state of his ideas was too muddled to enable him to brush it up at the moment, so that he was obliged to make the stranger understand, more by signs than words, that he must not think of continuing his journey that day at least, but must remain with them as a wedding guest.

The invitation was accepted with many thanks; and the stranger, having caused his Sancho to wipe the dust from his hat and boots, put his collar to rights, and opened his surtout, under which a sort of uniform modestly peeped out. Thus prepared, he set himself in motion, by the help of a stout crutch-stick; and it then further appeared that his left foot was also disabled, though there was something not ungraceful in its hobble. On reaching the Linden-

place he requested to be introduced to the young couple, and after wishing the bridegroom joy, he kissed the bride's hand, with the air of an old beau, and whispered many flattering things to her in his own language.

When this matter was settled, all hastened again to dance and play. Otto soon removed his bride to another quarter; and it seemed quite natural that the stiff and wearied old man should choose his seat on a bench apart from persons who neither understood him nor he them.

On supper being announced, the stranger accompanied the rest to the eating apartment, where he planted himself, with considerable adroitness, between two of the rosiest and plumpest lasses in the room, to the no small mortification of a young lieutenant, who had fixed on this place for himself. Hilarity and mirth now presided over the happy party: the good-humoured joke was bandied about, and the hearty laugh echoed round the room; when one of the servants entered with a packet, which a messenger had just delivered, with directions that it should be given into the bridegroom's own hands. The curiosity of all was excited, and Otto was induced by their solicitations to open the packet immediately; and, after removing almost innumerable covers, he at length produced a plain wooden drinking-cup, with a silver rim, on which was engraved, "*Present de noces du Gueux.*"

"Jaques!" cried Otto, kissing the cup with emotion. Adelaide cast an inquiring eye at her lover, and lifted up the cup to examine it more nearly; but she had scarcely raised it from the table when its unexpected weight occasioning her to replace it rather smartly, the bottom fell out, and discovered a rose-coloured case, containing a pair of bracelets, set in brilliants of the purest water and newest fashion: the words, "*a la belle epouse de mon ami,*" were embroidered on the satin.

The surprise and curiosity on all sides may be easily conceived. All the guests rose from their seats, except the stranger, who remained sitting with the most perfect indifference, and an expression of countenance that almost appeared to indicate contempt for what was going forward. Otto, whose growing dislike to the stranger was not lessened by this conduct, measured him with an eye of indignation, and allowed himself the more readily to be persuaded, by his bride and the other guests, to satisfy their inquiries.

"Yes!" he began, a fine glow suffusing his manly cheeks; "yes! I am not ashamed to own it: a beggar—Jaques is the worthy man's name—is my dearest friend; is, to express all to you in a few words, the preserver of my life and honour. However painful it may be to me, on an occasion like the present, to accuse myself of a youthful indiscretion, yet I shall not hesitate to do so, as I cannot otherwise, perhaps, do justice to the noble-minded Jaques, whose marriage present shall ever be dear to my heart, and the most valued ornament of my Adelaide."

"Then let me wear it to-day," said the lovely girl, with tremulous voice; and the bracelets were quickly transferred from their rose-coloured covering to the white satin of her arms. Otto resumed, after a short pause:

"During my residence in Paris I was almost daily in the habit of passing along the Pont Neuf. At one end of the bridge, and generally about the same spot, there sat a beggar, who, although he seemed scarcely more than fifty, had frequented the place upwards of thirty years, and was commonly known by the name of "old Jaques." Not out of any feeling of compassion, but merely because his general appearance rather interested me, I threw a sous into his hat as often as I chanced to pass near him. This became at length so habitual to me that whenever I approached his station I put my hand involuntarily into my pocket. He always wished me every possible good—chatted with me, when I was at leisure, about the news of the day—even warned me now and then against the dangers of the town; in short, in the course of half-a-year, we stood together on the footing of acquaintances, who, though of different rank, are yet mutually pleased with each other.

"My time in Paris was spent very agreeably, and I may flatter myself not altogether without advantage. I lived as decently as my means permitted, but never extravagantly, till, a short time before my departure, my evil stars brought me acquainted with some young men who were addicted to gambling, and who, by little and little, led me on to stake, first small, and then large sums at play. The consequence of this was as may be supposed: but it was not until I had lost all my own money, and had become deeply indebted to my *soi-disant* friends, that I began seriously to reflect on my situation.

"I immediately formed the resolution to pause ere it was too late, and quit the capital for ever, after discharging the debt which I had contracted. I therefore wrote to my father, requesting such a remittance as might be necessary for this purpose; but that letter, and several which I sent subsequently, remained unanswered. My bills meanwhile be-

came due. I was forced to have recourse to the assistance of usurers, and ruin stared me in the face.

"Disheartened, gloomy, and silent, I now passed Jaques without noticing him; his fixed and earnest gaze became intolerable, and I avoided the place where he stood. At length I received the long-looked-for letters from home; but instead of the remittances with which I had hoped to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, they brought me the intelligence of my father's death, after a short illness, and announced the impossibility of sending me more money than would barely suffice for my travelling expenses. Nursed in the lap of affluence, and unused to privation of any sort, it may easily be supposed that I was but little prepared for such news. The death of my good father filled me with sorrow. The involved situation of his affairs, which I now learned for the first time, deprived me of all hope for the future. The idea of having debts which I could not discharge, and the prospect of prison in a foreign land, threw me into despair. The longer I considered, the more did my situation appear utterly hopeless, till at length, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and with a determination which such a state only could inspire, I walked out after a sleepless night, and bent my course towards the river. I was already within a few paces of the Pont Neuf, when Jaques threw himself, with greater importunity than usual, in my way. I *would* not see him.

"'One word, sir,' said he, in a tone of entreaty, and taking hold of the skirt of my coat. 'Leave me, old man,' said I, with forced composure; 'to-day I have given *all* away.' He guessed my meaning better than I intended he should.

"'By all that's sacred, my dear young master!' said he solemnly, 'confide in me. What has happened?'

"'What is that to thee?' I replied; 'thou canst not help me.'

"'Who knows? only speak, sir! I cannot rest until I learn what has so changed you. Tell me the cause of your dejection.'

"'Why, only a paltry thousand louis!' said I, with a shrug.

"'And *is* that all? Good! I will lend them to you.'

"'You, Jaques! Good old man, you have been drinking too freely this morning.'

"'Well, only take the trouble of coming to me to-night; and till then, I conjure you, do nothing rashly.'

"The earnestness of his manner, the firmness with which he spoke, and the reflection that I could at any time carry my intention into effect, brought my thoughts into another channel, and induced me to yield to his request. Jaques gave me his address, in a remote suburb, and I pledged my word of honour to meet him there the same evening.

"Urged by curiosity more than by hope, I appeared at the appointed time and place, and found Jaques in a small but extremely clean apartment, plain but neatly furnished; he now wore a decent coat, and came forward to meet me with a friendly look.

"'Consider all that you see here as your own,' said he. 'I have neither child nor relation, and what I daily receive from the benevolent suffices for my own and my housekeeper's wants.'

"Little as I had calculated on the old man's assistance, yet this address appeared too ridiculous; and I was hesitating whether I should consider him a fool or a madman, when he at once put an end to my doubts; for, requesting me to partake of the refreshments which he had provided, he raised a part of the floor, and brought from underneath a heavy wooden vessel, which he placed with difficulty on the table. On removing the lid, you may figure my astonishment when I saw that it was filled to the brim with gold pieces.

"'Help yourself, sir,' said he, smiling, 'here are about twelve hundred louis. It is all I have by me in ready cash, but I soon can procure more.'

"'Do not mistake me,' continued my honest Jaques, 'I am no common beggar, who drive the trade from love of idleness, and cheat the needy of the charitable gift of the compassionate. I am of noble, though poor birth. Having lost my parents early, I entered the army in my sixteenth year, served under the great Saxe, and if worthy of such a leader, let this testify:' a cross of St. Louis lay on the heap of gold. 'In my twentieth year a cannon-shot carried away my right arm. I received my discharge, and was thrown on the world destitute and hopeless. Ignorant of any trade by which I could gain a livelihood, and rendered incapable of labour by the loss of my arm, I abandoned myself to a profound melancholy, which threw me into a long and severe illness. When I recovered, my disappointed prospects, and a sort of spite at the world, made me a beggar. My youth and infirmities gained me more compassion than I had expected; and I soon earned not only my daily subsistence, but became enabled to lay by a trifle daily, which by little and little amounted to a considerable

sum. Out of this I assisted such of my companions in misery as had been less fortunate than myself in this calling, and thereby acquired a sort of consideration amongst them, but no disinterested attachment. This vexed me. I adopted a foundling as my own child, and began to live even more sparingly than before, in order to make provision for him. I had him carefully brought up and educated till his sixteenth year, when a councillor was pleased with the lad, and took him into his service. This very boy—O François, François, how many tears have I shed on thy account!—soon began to consider it beneath him to be on terms of intimacy with a beggar; and on the same day that you first gave me an alms, he had the cruelty to pass as if he did not know me. He was ashamed of me—of *me*, who at that moment was begging to make him independent. 'He heeds me not,' said I, and his unnatural conduct drove all the blood to my heart. 'Thou all-powerful Being! give me then another son.' Scarcely had I uttered the prayer when you approached, and threw, with a compassionate look, a gift into my hat.'"

Otto was moved even to tears, and was forced to make a pause.

"'*You* will not be ashamed of me,' continued Jaques. 'You are now unfortunate: make the old beggar happy by accepting his assistance.'

"You may easily imagine how I felt at this moment. The wonderful intervention of Providence to prevent the commission of a crime at which I shudder; the noble, I may say the heavenly look of the good old man; but, above all, my own dreadful situation, crowded into my thoughts, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of his generous offer. My intention of disclosing to him the cause of my embarrassments was needless, for he had already informed himself of every particular.

"I allowed him to count out one thousand louis, and then requested pen and ink, in order to give him an acknowledgment for the amount; but my benefactor would not hear a word of this. 'Take,' said he, 'as much as you require: and if you die,' added he, 'you can pay me yonder! I want but little here. *You* are sent to me as a son, whether you will or no; and you, at least, cannot deprive me of the secret satisfaction of being your father.'

"'Yes, father! preserver and father,' cried I, falling on his bosom. 'Nature gave me one, and when I lost him Heaven replaced him in you.'

"I did not leave Jaques' cottage till a late hour, when I returned home with a lightened heart, and refreshing sleep once more visited my eyelids.

"Early on the following day I paid off every creditor, had another *tête-à-tête* with Jaques, and prepared immediately to quit France. My first care, on arriving here, would most certainly have been to discharge this, which I could truly call a debt of honour; but as he had expressly required me at parting not to think of this till after the end of a year, at soonest, to give him, as he said, a proof of confidence, I deferred doing so till very lately, when, on repaying him his loan, I had the satisfaction of acquainting him with my approaching union."

"And he shall be *my* father also," said Adelaide, pressing his hand: then rising, and filling the goblet with wine, "Let us drink to the health of my worthy fathers—John von Z—and Jaques the beggar."

Every one present pledged the toast with enthusiasm, except the old stranger, who, still evincing the most cutting indifference, pushed his chair back, and hastily rose up, with a countenance on which was written, in pretty legible characters, "What a fuss about a beggar!"

"Sir, you abuse the rights of hospitality!" cried Otto angrily, and going up to the Frenchman with the determination of making him quit the apartment.

"Mon ami, ah, mon fils!" replied the old man, with the tenderest expression, and removing at the same time the bandage from his left eye, "now indeed I am satisfied that my choice has not been misplaced. You have not been ashamed to acknowledge the old beggar; your lovely bride, too, has called me father. For this alone have I undertaken a long journey, and caused my carriage to be overturned at your gate." He was now in his turn overcome; all the guests crowded round him with praises and caresses, and the grateful Otto, kissing his Adelaide, called this the happiest day of his life.

"Only allow me to pass my few remaining years with you," added Jaques, as he drew from his bosom a packet with his left hand, it being now remarked by all that the right was skilfully formed of wax. "There, my son, are your papers back. I will never be a burden to you. I have twelve hundred livres yearly of rent, and all I request is a small apartment in your house, or wheresoever else an honest beggar may patiently await his end."

Otto tenderly embraced his adopted father, and the wooden cup was frequently replenished in the course of the evening.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTY.[1]

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon the Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin—
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

THE HOROLOGE.

Once, by the dusk light of an ancient hall,
I saw a Horologe. Its minutes fell
Upon the roused ear, with a drowsy knell,
That he who pass'd attended to the call.
I look'd: and lo! five Antics over all.
One moved, and four were motionless. The one
Was scyth'd and bald-head Time; and he mow'd on,
Sweep after sweep—and each a minute's fall.
—The four were kings. Sceptres they bore and globes
And ermined crowns. Before that old man dim
They stood, but not in joy. At sight of Time,
They had stiffen'd into statues in their robes;
Fear-petrified. Let no man envy him
Who smiles at that grave Homily sublime!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

[1] From *A Ballad upon a Wedding.*

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Daffydowndilly was so called, because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labour of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character: and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch-rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor

Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend," answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I likewise have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighbouring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering his school-room.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a labourer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little further when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes and saws, and planes and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clap-boards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand all in a fright,

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again."

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger, and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed

to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly: "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulettes on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch-rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road-side where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch-rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little further," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages: and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the corn-fields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlour; if they peeped into the kitchen he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had laid down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"O, take me back—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the school-house!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan-water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning now to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's nought now frae ruin my country can save
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The great now are gane a' who ventured to save—
The green grass is growing aboon their bloody grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my ee,—
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LEARNED WOMEN.

Once on a time, a nightingale
To changes prone;
Unconstant, fickle, whimsical
(A female one),
Who sung like others of her kind,
Hearing a well-taught linnet's airs,
Had other matters in her mind,
To imitate him she prepares.

Her fancy straight was on the wing:
"I fly," quoth she,
"As well as he;
I don't know why
I should not try
As well as he to sing."

From that day forth she changed her note,
She spoiled her voice, she strained her throat:
She did, as learnèd women do,
Till everything
That heard her sing,
Would run away from her—as I from you.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

MARIA, NUN OF SANTA CLARA.

Reader, if your whim or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go, for my sake, to the nunnery of Santa Clara. It is at the western end of Funchal, and you may buy there the prettiest flowers for your sweetheart's hair, and the most ingenious toys in wax that are in the world. The nuns sell them very cheap, and all they get from you goes in real charity to themselves or their pensioners. Perhaps, also, you may see poor Maria, if she is not dead; if she comes, speak to her very kindly, and give my love to her; but you do not know me, or poor Maria either.

Maria Clementina, the youngest child of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her parents had an unusually large family, and were labouring under some embarrassment, from the unfavourable termination of an important lawsuit. What unfortunate event coincided with her birth I know not, but Maria was disliked by her father and mother from the first years of her infancy. Her brothers neglected her, in obedience to their parents; and her sisters, who were very ugly, hated her for her beauty. Every one else in Funchal and the neighbourhood loved her, and she had many offers of marriage at thirteen years of age; which the little maiden laughed at, and forwarded to her elder sisters. The more she was petted abroad, the more was she persecuted at home. She was treated at length like Cinderella, with no chance of a fairy to help her. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of commissions for two of his sons, and for giving portions to two of his daughters, Pedro Agostinho determined to sacrifice his best and sweetest child Maria. At eighteen she was placed as a novice in this nunnery; at nineteen she took the veil, and renounced the world for ever. At this time she was the most beautiful girl in the island; and, what is remarkable in a Portuguese, of a fair complexion, with a brilliant colour, blue eyes, and very long and glossy brown hair.

A year after this the constitutional government was established in Portugal, and one of the first and wisest acts of the Cortes was to order the doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by friends and strangers, some to see the church and some to see the nuns. Amongst others, a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered in Funchal, saw and fell in love with Maria: he was a handsome youth, of a good family, and Maria returned his love with an earnestness which perhaps had as much a desire of liberty as female passion in it. A nun is emancipated from her parents, and the law declared the vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, her hair permitted to grow again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding-day fixed. Maria fell ill, and the physician enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The wedding was fatally postponed to another day, and before that day arrived, his faithful majesty had dissolved his parliament, and fearful lest Heaven should lose one more of its daughters, had revoked the law of the Cortes, and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria rose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary; her lengthening ringlets were again mercilessly shorn; the mob cap, the leathern corset, the serge gown, were laid before her; and some old Egyptians, who could not better themselves elsewhere, bade her return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of the world.

On the 5th January, a few hours before we sailed from Madeira, I walked with a handsome and very agreeable Englishwoman to visit Santa Clara. I was very anxious to see Maria, whose story I knew. After a little hesitation on the part of two or three venerable ladies, who first presented themselves at the great door of the house, Maria was summoned. She came to us with a smiling countenance, and kissed my companion repeatedly. Her colour was gone, but she was still beautifully fair, and the exquisite shape of her neck, and the nobleness of her forehead, were visible under the disadvantages of a dress as ungraceful as was ever invented for the purpose of mortifying female vanity. She spoke her language with that pretty lisp which, I believe, the critics of Lisbon pronounce to be a vicious peculiarity of the natives of Madeira, but also with a correctness and an energy that indicated a powerful and ingenuous mind. I took half of a large bunch of violets which I had in my hand, and gave them to my friend to present to her. Flowers are a dialect of the Portuguese which is soon learned. She took them, curtsied very low, opened the folds of a muslin neckerchief, and dropped them loose on her snowy bosom.

The vesper-bell sounded, the door was closed between the nun and the world, but she beckoned us to go into their church. We did so. it is one of the finest in the island, and very curiously lined with a sort of porcelain; attached to its western end is the chapel of the nuns, and a double iron grating to enable them

[illegible]
NUN OF SANTA DIANA

to hear and participate in the service of the mass. Maria came with some flowers in her hand, which she had been gathering in the garden. She took four of them from the rest, and gave them to me through the bars. "How old are you?" "Twenty-one." "And your name is—" "Maria." "And Clementina as well?" "Yes, in bygone days!" I leaned as close as I could, and spoke a few words in a low tone, which she did not seem to understand. "She does not understand," said I. "Yes, yes, I understand well; speak." "Are you happy, lady?" The abbess, who was engaged with my companion, turned her head, and Maria answered with an air of gaiety, "O yes, very happy." I shook my head as in doubt. A minute elapsed, and the abbess was occupied again. Maria put her hands through the grating, took one of mine, and made me feel a thin gold ring on her little finger, and then, pressing my hand closely, said, in an accent I still hear, "No, no; I have the heart-ache."

The service began; the old nuns croaked like frogs, and the young ones paced up and down, and round about, in strange and fanciful figures, chanting as sweetly as caged canary-birds. I gazed at them for a long time with feelings that cannot be told, and when it was time to go, I caught Maria's eye, and made her a slight but earnest bow. She dropped a curtsey, which seemed a genuflection to her neighbour, raised a violet behind her service-book to her mouth, held it, looked at it, and kissed it in token of an eternal farewell.

THE NUN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,
Half-dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it,
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The life of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

THE OPIUM-EATER.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.[1]

The late Duke of —— used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk;" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sang at the opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur, from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by-the-by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici*[2] of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct, out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them! Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c., of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music, no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my opera pleasures: but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus, in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This

[1] See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 33.

[2] I have not the book at this moment to consult, but I think the passage begins—"And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion, &c."

pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive: what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader: what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was, and is, that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathizing with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember: but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their reposes from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest to the poor: in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest: and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent: but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And, taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties; and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad: yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances: for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terræ incognitæ*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus, I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them.—I was, indeed, like

a person, who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L——, at about the same distance, that I have sat, from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

OPIUM DREAMS.

I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was com-

pelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

. . . . . .

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open the garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited, but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

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As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement),

had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed —and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated —everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content.

And more,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I love to pore over old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic paradises—studded with pretty temples, holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry drudges, of their wives. You may read the women's for-

tune in their tea-cups. In nine cases of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is pencilling the mortal arches and curving the crossbows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent; but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthen-ware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THE FAINT-HEARTED LOVER.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1638).

REVERSES.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current; and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "Judy O'Flannigan;"—the whistling of the wind and the pattering of the rain only served to enhance, in my estimation, the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate if they will, in good published sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless

he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him,—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish "my unhoused, free condition." Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by-the-by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-coloured ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—"There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blessed in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except perhaps his old uncle Simon, and his black mare."

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested—"And you too, my old Neptune, aren't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?"

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

"Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too."

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand and then to the left.

"And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?"

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

"That dog's a philosopher," I said. "He never says a word more than is necessary. Then, again, not only blessed in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded. By-the-by, though, I had forgot: I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's,—mighty honest people and all that: but faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in anybody's hands—and I'll write about it at once."

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling "past twelve o'clock," beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamed that it was daybreak on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who were white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity

of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000 and £500 of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minues after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposed.

"Oh, Mr. Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say? The house of Drax and Drayton! Such a long-established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir—sir—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business. My situation——"

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events; he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! Upon what?"

"On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's, Soho:—of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Nonsense! Don't stop me! I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed! So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts! A failure! a complete failure! Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure. And so now the attorney-man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculations in hops."

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a "professed Exclusive" ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible unless they contain a pun. Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. "It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron, to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home? No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way? No, sir, the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him? Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go? Why, in a postchay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking! Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master come home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square!—what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square! How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what happened; says he, 'My master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'"

"Merciful God! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything comfortable about them: but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein: but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone!—my friend has deserted me!—but Maria, thou, dearest, still remainst to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited; but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post-boy gone by?" "Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental;—but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonish-

ment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend—my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!" I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay was like tempting hell to tempt me; but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I at length found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place. On the water I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded in angry silence to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool!—idiot that I was to trust them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk, impoverished, despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master than

he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit Street.

On arriving at my apartments the first object that presented itself to my eye was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet before I was near enough to distinguish the handwriting. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read—

"Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's—which, by-the-by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a *happier* home than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

"MARIA."

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, Heavens! how much was I to blame! How severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly-approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses too, or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? Beat whom?"

"The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?"

"No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*."

"Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life."

"And—and—the money?"

"Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By-and-by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true, the friends all faithful, and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

Blackwood's Mag.

SONG.

FROM THE SLAVONIAN.

O, if mine own beloved one
Would visit me, his maid, at even,
'Twould be as bright as if the sun
And moon were both at once in heaven.

But not so sweet, and not so soon,
Comes joy to me; for tell me whether
You ever saw the sun and moon
Bright shining in the heavens together?

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

Thou and the earth, twin sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The summer hours away,
Curling thy lovely ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own—
Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee;
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise,
While the round vault above
In vast and silent love
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie
Deep blue, ere yet the sun
His day work hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over a hundred hills: quaint shadows flee
Across thy marbled mirror: brooding lie
Storm mists of infant cloud,
With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the gray blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast;
Whose stiff breath whistling shrill
Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar;
While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
Cloaked figures, dim and gray
Through the thick mist of spray,
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

—Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim;
He tells old tales again—
He wearies of long pain,—
Thou art as at the first—thou journey'dst not with him.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY A. B. PICKEN.

The parents of my grandfather were stout Hanoverians. Their professions of loyalty and Protestantism were not merely lip-deep matters. They were loyal and Protestant to the backbone—to the core of the heart—to—wherever else the recess is where integrity (or rather falsehood) is supposed to lurk. They drank the health of King George and the Protestant ascendency in endless bumpers of stern March beer; they propagated their principles among their friends; they whipped them into their children; they taught them to their servants. Little tottering urchins, a foot high, who were learning their "duty to their neighbour," learned, at the same time, to hate a Jacobite with all their heart and with all their strength. Their first lesson, when they got into three syllables, was to cry, "Destruction to the house of Stuart!" In other respects their education was not conducted on a strict plan. In regard to my grandfather, who was in his later years (I am so sorry to say) an occasional swearer—he always traced his infirmity to his having been encouraged at three years old to bawl forth, "Curse the Pretender!" He derived this small accomplishment from the stable-boy, and it was considered dangerous to attempt to extinguish it by reproof. "We may pull up the flower and the weed together," said his father;—so my grandfather remained a swearer.

In the year 1746 his parents dwelt, and had dwelt for some years, at the small town of Calne, in Wiltshire. At that day politics ran high, and in Calne they ran higher than in other places. The tailor, the butcher, the baker, were afflicted with the epidemic. The less people had to do with the matter, the more furious they became. A leash of tailors and a brace of bakers (stitched and kneaded up together, and called "The Club,") determined to settle the question in favour of the house of Hanover. A bunch of gardeners opposed them on the Stuart side. Each man was for "the right," and for that reason they all neglected their business, and in twelve months were supported at the expense of the parish. This they called suffering for their country. They suffered on *both* sides for their country, which was odd enough. Yet their country never knew it till this moment, when I (unwillingly) proclaim its ingratitude. However, there were some more efficient adherents to the houses of Stuart and Hanover, as will be supposed. Among these was a Mr. Campbell, a Scotsman by birth, a lawyer by education (he had retired from the bar on a small fortune), and as completely cased in Jacobitism as the King of Denmark was in steel, namely, "from top to toe."

It is a little singular that this gentleman should have become the intimate friend of a loyal Protestant, but so it was. Matters of opinion, to be sure, interfered occasionally with this intimacy, and political jars sometimes even threatened to shake the foundations of their friendship; but, on the whole, they went on pretty smoothly, and had a most sincere respect for each other.

As Mr. Stephen Bethel, the Hanoverian, had a son (my grandfather), who was heir of his acres; so Mr. Campbell, the Jacobite, had a daughter, as fair as Eve, and the sole stay and solace of his home. What was to be expected in such a case? My grandfather fell over head and ears in love. He was at the mature age of sixteen; so he declared himself, and was—refused! If the river Marden had been deep enough, the line of Bethel had perhaps been extinct. Fortunately, it is only a little rippling stream, and being (thereabouts) not more than four feet deep, was insufficient for the purposes of the most desperate of lovers. My grandfather probably felt this; for, after a week's deliberation, he postponed his intended suicide to an indefinite period, or, as the parliamentary reporters say, "*sine die*." In the interim he set seriously to study, and after two years of unflinching reading, he was sent abroad to travel, and remained in foreign countries two years more. Some time after his departure, Mr. Campbell was also called suddenly to Scotland upon some private business, relating, as he intimated, to a small patrimony which he possessed in that country.

It was about this time (viz. in 1745) that the Chevalier, Charles Edward, made his unsuccessful attempt upon the crown of England. I am not about to fatigue you with the particulars of this expedition; they are known to every one now, since the publication of the memoirs of Mr. Fergus Mac Ivor, and the celebrated Baron of Bradwardine. I must tell you, however, that among the adherents of the house of Hanover, there was not one so indignant at this invasion of the country as the father of Mr. Walter Bethel. He strapped his sword (a huge Toledo) round his loins; furbished up a horrible, wide-mouthed blunderbuss; stuck a brace of huge brass-mounted

pistols in his belt, and swore frightfully, both by St. George and the Dragon, that he would cut off the ears of the first rebel who dared to violate the sanctity of the county of Wilts. Had he lived farther northward, there must have been bloody noses between Mr. Stephen Bethel and the Jacobites. As it was, his anger exhausted itself in words; a fortunate event for the heroes in philibegs and tartans, and not altogether unlucky, perhaps, for my great-grandfather.

During the absence of Campbell his daughter lived in the house of Mr. Bethel. My grandfather being at that time absent on his travels, there was no objection to this arrangement on her part; and the young lady being a Protestant (the religion of her deceased mother), Mr. Bethel felt no apprehension that his sober family could be tainted by the scarlet principles of the woman of Babylon.

When Mary Campbell rejected the hand of my grandfather, he was, as I have said, some sixteen years of age, and she herself being as old within six months, looked down, naturally enough, upon the pretensions of so young a lover. Two years, however, spent in studying books at home (during which time he forbore to see her), and more than two years devoted to the study of man abroad, converted Mr. Walter Bethel into a promising cavalier, and made wonderful alterations in the opinions of the lady. At the time of my grandfather's return, Mary Campbell was a resident in his father's house; and when the old gentleman, after embracing his son, led him up to his fair guest, with "You remember my son Walter, my dear Miss Campbell?" Miss Campbell was ready to sink with confusion. A little time, however, sufficed for her recovery, and she received my grandfather's courtesies as gracefully as anybody could be expected to do who had "never seen the Louvre." Walter Bethel felt this. He saw a distinction—a shade, indeed, between his former favourite and the pretty Madame la Comtesse de Frontac and la belle Marquise de Vaudrecour; but, on the whole, he was well satisfied, and, it must be added, not a little surprised also. For time, which had been so busy in lavishing accomplishments on the head of Mr. Walter Bethel, having had a little time to spare from that agreeable occupation, had employed it very advantageously in improving the mind and person of Mary Campbell. Perhaps this might be for the purpose of once more entrapping her lover's heart. Perhaps—but it is not easy to speak as to this. The result of her improvement, however, was very speedily seen. My grandfather fell over head and ears again in love, and *this* time he was destined to be a conqueror.

He had not been four-and-twenty hours at home before his "Miss Campbell" expanded into "My dear Miss Campbell." This, in a week, dwindled into "Mary," which in its turn blossomed out into half-a-dozen little tender titles (such as are to be found in any page of Cupid's calendar), with very expressive epithets appended to them. I have heard him tell the story of his offering his hand and heart to my grandmother, while the good old lady sat with smiling, shining eyes at his side, listening to his rhapsodies, as pleased, I verily believe, as she could have been when the offer was actually made to her forty or fifty years before.

My grandfather had been returned about three months from his travels, and was absolutely basking in the sunshine of Mary's eyes, when Campbell, who had been long absent, returned suddenly and unexpectedly from Scotland. He had formerly been a tall, ruddy, athletic man; but he came back worn to the bone, pale, attenuated, and drooping. He had never given up the idea that one day or other the house of Stuart would be restored to what he called "its rights;" and when the invasion of the Pretender, which had excited such mad expectations, ended in the utter discomfiture of himself and his adherents, Campbell could scarcely bear up against his disappointment. It was asserted, and not contradicted, that his journey to Scotland had been a mere pretext; that he had been actually in the thick of the fights of Falkirk and Preston, and had been forced to flee for his life, and to hide in caves, and brakes, and desert places, from the insatiable fury of the English troopers.

He escaped at last, however, and arrived at Calne; not free from molestation, indeed, for within four-and-twenty hours of his return, news also arrived of the approach of a detachment, sent, as it was said, to scour the country of rebels, and charged with particular instructions to seize upon our unhappy Jacobite.

"Well, Walter, my boy," said Mr. Stephen Bethel, "what *is* to be done?"

"I think," replied Walter, "we had better send him off to my aunt's, at Hilmarton. If he were well covered with one of your wigs, sir——"

"Eh? what? zounds!" exclaimed the other, "do you think *I'll* be accessory—do you think that I, *a Bethel!* will help to conceal one of King George's rascally enemies? Do you think

——?" Mr. Stephen Bethel was lashing himself up with words as the lion does with his tail; and there was no knowing how long he would have gone on with his "do you thinks?" or, in fact, whether he ever would have stopped, had not my grandfather very naturally, and at the same time a little ingeniously, exclaimed, "Poor Mary! what will she not suffer?"

Mr. Stephen Bethel was calm in a moment. We have heard how a cannon-ball will suddenly put an end to the most violent discussion; how the ducking-stool will at once quell the else untamable tongue of the scold; but "Poor Mary!"—it was oil upon the ocean of his wrath. He was conquered and quiet in an instant.

"To be sure," said he, faltering, "poor Mary!—poor girl!" added he, "'tis a pity that such a creature should suffer for the errors of her father. As to *him*—a foolish, obstinate, headstrong Jacobite! But King George is at his heels—King George or King George's men; and *now* we shall hear whether he'll sing *The Cammels are coming;* or cry, *King James* and *Proud Preston* again!"

And so the old gentleman veered about from pity to wrath, from loyalty to friendship, and back again. Friendship, however, got the better at last, and he set about helping Campbell in good earnest. Walter was allowed to convey to Campbell an intimation of his danger: not that the father desired this in so many words, but as he did not absolutely prohibit it, his son interpreted his silence to his own purposes, and proceeded to the house of the unlucky Jacobite.

The first object that struck his sight on entering Campbell's house was Mary herself, evidently in deep distress. "My dearest Mary!" said he, putting his arm gently round her waist.

"Oh, Walter!" replied she, sobbing—"my father! my poor father! That unfortunate expedition of the prince——"

"Of the Pretender?" said Walter inquiringly.

"Do not carp at words," replied she; "what matter whether he be prince or pretender, now that the soldiers are coming for my dear father? Oh! he will be taken! he will be taken!" continued she, weeping and wringing her hands.

"I came to save him," said Walter. "Be comforted. Where is he? Is he within?"

"He is gone," answered she. "He received the news from a friend, and had just time to escape."

"Tell me where?" said my grandfather hastily.

"I cannot—I must not!" said she. "He charged me to keep his secret, and I must do so—even from you."

"He will be found," replied Walter in distress. "He will be hunted by these rascals, and found. Let him trust himself to me. I know a place where he may hide for a time, and our well-known principles will assure his final safety. If the storm be once blown over, my father and uncle shall exert their interest with the duke, and all will be well. So take heart, my dearest, and tell me, without more ado, where your father is. Tell me, as you value his life."

And she told; and she did well to tell: for, besides that Campbell's hiding-place was speedily searched, and that nothing short of the character of the Bethels would have been sufficient to ward off the strict inquiries that were elsewhere made, it was well that the honesty of love should not be rewarded with distrust. Mary Campbell confided in her lover—not only her heart, but her father's life; and well was the confidence repaid.

I must now give up the task of historian, and let my grandfather tell you the rest of the story himself. It was one of his thousand and one anecdotes, and it was in these words that he was accustomed to tell it:—

"The day," he used to begin, "on which the soldiers came on their man-hunt to Calne was memorable for many a year. Both men and the elements seemed quarrelling with each other. The scornful loyalist, the desperate Jacobite, stood front to front, in flaming open defiance. The thunder muttered, the wind went raving about, and the rains, which had been falling heavily all night and glittering in the lightning, now came tumbling down in cataracts and sheets of water. The little runnels had grown into brooks; the brooks were formidable rivers. The Marden itself, usually so unimportant, had swollen and panted long in its narrow bounds, till at last it burst over its banks, and went flooding the country round. Notwithstanding all this, the hunters prepared to pursue their prey.

"It is a fearful thing to chase even a beast that flies for its life, but to hunt the great animal, man, must surely thrill and strike an alarm into the heart of his pursuer. What!—he whom we have smiled upon, whose hand we have clutched, whose cheer we have enjoyed! Shall we—if he do a desperate deed which some law forbid—strip our hearts at once of all sympathy, and track him from spot to spot,

through woods, and lanes, and hollows, and lonely places, till he fall into the toil? and then go home and be content with the abstract principle of justice, and forget that we have lost a friend for ever!

"I had got the start of the red-coats by almost a quarter of an hour; but I found that I had to encounter impediments that I had not foreseen. I had set off with scarcely any determined idea but that of saving Campbell at all events. I took the ordinary road to the brake, where I knew that he lay concealed; striding onwards at my best pace, sometimes running, sometimes toiling up slippery ascents, sometimes plunging along the plashy meadows, till my breath grew short and painful from excess of exertion. I still kept on my course, however, and had contrived to attain a lofty ridge of land, not very distant from the place of refuge, when all at once my eyes fell upon a broad waste of water, a vast turbid stream running at random over the country, and above which nothing appeared but an occasional tree, and the long narrow slip of wood and copse which crowned the elevated land, and in which, as I concluded, my friend was hid.

"If ever I felt real despair it was at that moment. I stopped for an instant (a dreadful instant) to think—I could not be said strictly to deliberate. I thought quickly, intensely, with a pain piercing the very centre of my heart. In three or four seconds of time I had, with the rapidity which fear produced, considered half-a-dozen methods of passing the water. At last I recollected a sheep-path, traversing a narrow neck of high land, on the opposite of the inundation, which, although apparently quite covered by the floods, might nevertheless still enable me to reach the wood; but to arrive at this path it was necessary to retrace three parts of the space which I had already travelled. I turned my steps backward instantly, and with great efforts arrived at the bridge, on the skirts of the town, just in time to hear the roll of the drum hard by, which called the soldiers to duty. I fancied that I could almost hear the click of their firelocks as they examined them, previously to their setting out in pursuit of Campbell. 'Twas then I forgot everything. My legs were no longer cramped; my breath, pent up and labouring in my breast, seemed suddenly relieved, and I ran forwards with increased speed for almost a mile, when the footsteps of a person, about the size of Campbell, which had made deep impressions on a piece of soft soil, arrested my attention. I saw from the direction that this person must have left the highroad at that spot, and taken to the fields. I erased the marks as well as I could. Thrusting the spike of my leaping-pole into the gravel of the road, I cleared the hedge at a bound, without leaving a single trace of my course, and took my way across the fields in pursuit of Campbell.

"For some time no steps were discernible, for my route lay over grass on which the rain was still incessantly falling. At last indications of a footmark encouraged me, and I continued to track it, sometimes readily, sometimes with difficulty, for it frequently disappeared, until it led me to the very edge of the flood. The man, whoever he was, must have plunged right through the waters. Perhaps he had been carried away. But there was no time for guessing; so feeling my way with my pole, I took to the water myself. To my surprise it was shallow enough for awhile, scarcely reaching above my knees. I got on, therefore, readily enough till I had arrived within a few yards of the wood, the object of my labours, when the land suddenly dipped, and I found myself in upwards of four feet water. A few more steps would, I knew, place me on dry ground: so I strained onwards across the current, which now ran with considerable force, and after a struggle or two reached the skirts of the wood in safety.

"I had just caught hold of some long grass to secure my footing, when my attention was arrested by a noise at some distance. I threw myself on the bank for a single minute's rest, and heard distinctly the withered leaves and brambles crackling under a heavy tread, and the hoarse thick breathing of some creature apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. The horrid guttural sounds which it gave out in its pain (I heard them at the distance of a hundred yards) ring in my ears to this moment. I remembered to have heard that in Indian or African hunts the enormous beasts which they pursue will sometimes thus breathe out their distress before they stand at bay and die. But no such creature could be here—so I determined to follow. After a few steps I called out, 'Who goes?' All was still in an instant.

"My way now lay across the middle of the wood to the dingle, where I hoped to find my friend. In my course I had to pass by a deep hollow, which was usually filled with water, and which was the haunt of the water-rat, the lizard, and the frog, who kept their court among the flags and rushes there. I had reached this place, and was passing on, when a slight noise induced me to turn my head. The sound was like the cocking of a pistol; so

I made haste to proclaim myself. 'It is I—'tis Walter Bethel!' called I out lustily. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when uprose, from amidst the rushes and the green stagnant water, a phantom more hideous than Triton or Nereus in his most terrible mood. Covered to the chin with the green mantle of the pool, his clothes soaked and saturated with water, arose—with a cocked pistol in each hand, and a mouth wide open and gasping for breath—my father-in-law, Campbell! He stared like a man bewildered.

"'Well?' said he at last: 'twas all he could say.

"'I am come to save you,' replied I; 'the soldiers will be here in a few minutes. Come along with me.'

"'No,' replied the other; 'I'll go no farther. I *can* go no farther. I may as well die here.'

"'By Heaven!' said I, 'you shall *not* die. Rebel or not, you are Mary Campbell's father, and while I have a sinew left, you shall not be taken.'

"With that I took him upon my back (for I was a lusty fellow then), and carried him—I know not how, but by several efforts I believe—to the extreme side of the wood. I was just congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly I heard the measured tramp of soldiers coming along a lane which wound round the skirts of the copse. I had mistaken the way. I stopped immediately, and heard the word 'Halt!' uttered in a tone that struck to my heart.

"'They are upon us,' whispered Campbell, 'and the only thing is to die boldly! Go, therefore, my dear Walter; and may God bless you! Tell poor Mary—,' but here his voice faltered, and he could only sigh out deeply, 'God bless my dear child!'

"There was no time for talking, as you will imagine. I therefore motioned him to silence, and drew him, with the least possible noise, away from the point of danger. He was now able to walk slowly; and that was fortunately sufficient, for the soldiers had stopped to deliberate. We kept on at a steady quiet pace along a sharp angle of the wood, which terminated at a point near the Bath road. Behind us, the voices of the soldiers were occasionally heard; and once the report of a musket-shot a little disturbed our tranquillity. We succeeded, however, in attaining the extreme point of the wood, and were just about to emerge into the road, when a heavy plunge was heard near us, like that of a person jumping from an eminence, and the whistle of a pistol-bullet through the leaves, which quickly followed, reduced us to instant silence. Without uttering a syllable I pulled Campbell down beside me, amongst the fern and rank grass that grew all about, and there lay for two or three dreadful minutes, till our enemy had passed onwards. I had flung Campbell so completely prostrate that, he averred, he was obliged to make no inconsiderable meal of fern and dock leaves before he could breathe with comfort. However this was, we soon rose up, as soon as prudently we could do so—contrived to drop a fragment of Campbell's dress on the Chippenham road, and after seeing our pursuers take the bait and proceed southwards, we turned our backs upon danger and the detachment, and reached Hilmarton in safety."

To take up the conclusion of the tale, the latter part of which has been told in the words of Walter Bethel.

Campbell was saved. A little time sufficed, as my grandfather had predicted, to put an end to the hanging of the Jacobites. General Bethel, a firm and loyal friend of the existing government, was won over, after some entreaty, to petition for the pardon of Campbell; for he was one who had been excepted out of the list of those forgiven.

"He is a flaming, furious Jacobite," said General Bethel to his favourite, Walter, in reply to his request; "a troublesome fellow is he, Walter, and deserves to suffer."

"He is Mary's father, my dear uncle," said my grandfather, insinuatingly.

"You are a fool, Walter," replied the general tartly. "At *your* age you ought to be marching at the head of a file of grenadiers, instead of toying and making love, and—Pshaw! I am ashamed of you."

"But, my dear uncle—," Walter was proceeding in extenuation.

"Why don't you come up to town, sir?" inquired the general, with some sternness; "I have no doubt but that I can get you a commission in a couple of months, and a company—before you deserve one."

"My dear general," said his nephew once more, calmly, "I thank you for the interest that you take in me; but *my* ambition is for the toga—the gown! *I* am for civil, while you are for military fame. In the former, perhaps, I may become the first of my house; but in the latter I must for ever remain eclipsed by *your* greater reputation."

"You are a goose, Walter," replied his uncle, laughing, and pinched his ear;—and Walter laughed merrily too, for by that compliment Campbell obtained his pardon.

KILMENY.

[James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," born in Ettrick Forest, 25th January, 1772 (the date given in his autobiography); died at Altrive, on the Yarrow, 21st November, 1835. He was the son of a shepherd, and his early years were spent in farm-service. Some of his songs having attracted the attention of Scott and others, he was encouraged to study and to write. His first important publication was *The Mountain Bard*, and about the same time he issued *An Essay on Sheep*. The profits derived from the two works enabled him to rent a farm; but he did not thrive in it, and he resigned his lease. He now determined to support himself entirely by his pen, and he started a weekly journal called *The Spy*; but it did not succeed. Soon afterwards he published *The Queen's Wake*, a legendary poem, which made and maintains his fame as a poet. By the kindness of the Buccleugh family, he was granted a farm at a nominal rent; but he was again unfortunate in his agricultural speculations. His nature was too enthusiastic and too generous to be guided by prudence, and although favoured by many circumstances, and always working hard, he ended his days almost as poor in worldly wealth as when he began, but rich in the affection of all who knew him. Twenty years after his death, government granted a pension to his widow. Blackie & Son publish a complete edition of his works, of which—besides those mentioned above—the most notable are: *Pilgrims of the Sun; The Hunting of Badlewe; The Poetic Mirror*—imitations of the most popular bards then living; *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland*—many of the songs in this collection are original; *Miscellaneous Poems; The Brownie of Bodsbeck, and other Tales; The Three Perils of Man; The Three Perils of Woman; The Shepherd's Calendar; &c. &c.* Professor Wilson in the *Noctes*, with which Hogg is intimately identified as "The Shepherd," said: "The *Queen's Wake* is a garland of fair forest flowers, bound with a band of rushes from the moor. . . . Some of the ballads are very beautiful; one or two even splendid; most of them spirited. . . . 'Kilmeny' alone places our (*ay, our*) Shepherd among the Undying Ones." Lord Jeffrey felt justified by "Kilmeny" in assuring the author that he was "a poet in the highest acceptation of the name."]

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come hame!

When many lang day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung:
Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?—
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she kenn'd not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure and cloudless beam;
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kenn'd nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She woke on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I ranged the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.

Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
And sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye:
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kiss'd her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:—
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower, and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time maun come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air
The mind that kythes as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:—
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have fled away;
When the sinner has gaen to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
A moment seen, in a moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard;
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had lakes and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,

Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky, and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung:
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times, and a thousand again;
In winding lake, and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;—
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on:
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover-leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;—
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of anaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her ain countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keep afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung

In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their boughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the herm attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:—
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

FRANK KENNEDY.

[William Hamilton Maxwell, born in Ireland, 1794; died 1850. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; accompanied the army in the Peninsula, and afterwards became rector of Ballagh in Connaught. His chief works are: *Stories of Waterloo*—from which we quote the following sketch—*Wild Sports of the West; Captain Blake; The Dark Lady of Doona; The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War; Life of the Duke of Wellington; Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune; Hector O'Halloran; Bryan O'Lynn*, &c. A critic in the *Dublin University Magazine* says: "He it was who first suggested what may be called the military novel. His *Stories of Waterloo* opened that path which subsequently he treaded with such success, while a host of imitators have followed in his rear."]

My father left the carabineers some years before the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight. Like greater warriors, the crop of laurels he collected in that celebrated corps was but a short one. It is true he had seen service: his sword, like Butler's knight's, of "passing worth," had been unsheathed in executing "warrants and exigents;" and more than once he had stormed a private distillery, under the leading of a desperate gauger.

He was, however, a stout slashing-looking fellow, and found favour in my mother's sight. She had reached the wrong side of thirty; consequently she made but a short resistance, and bestowed her hand and fortune on the bold dragoon. My mother was an heiress, but the estate of Killnacoppal owed "a trifle of money:" now *a trifle* in Connaught is sometimes a sweeping sum; and you cannot safely calculate on rents in Connemara being paid exactly to the day.

I never exhibited precocity of intellect; but before I was sixteen I discovered that our establishment occasionally suffered from a scarcity of specie. At these times my father was sure to be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, and never left the house; and I suppose, for fear of disturbing him, the hall door was but seldom opened, and then only to a particular friend; while an ill-favoured tradesman or suspicious-looking stranger received their commands in the briefest manner from an upper window.

What was to be done with me had cruelly puzzled both my parents: and whether I should ornament the church, or benefit the revenue, was for a long time under consideration. The law, however, held out more promising prospects than either; and it was decided that I should be bound to an attorney.

Duncan Davidson of Dorset Street, Dublin, was married to my father's sister. He was of Scotch descent, and like that "thinking people" from whom he sprung, he held "a hard grip of the main chance." Duncan was wealthy and childless, and if he could be induced to bring me up at his feet, God knows what might be the consequence. My father accordingly made the application, and the gracious Duncan consented to receive me for a time *on trial*.

What a bustle there was in Killnacoppal when my uncle's letter arrived! due preparations were made for my departure; and as the term of my absence was computed at seven years, I had to take a formal and affectionate leave of my relatives to the fifteenth degree of consanguinity. My aunt Macan, whose cat's leg I had unfortunately dislocated, and who had not spoken to me since Candlemas, was induced to relent on the occasion, and favoured me with her blessing and a one-pound note, although she had often declared she never could banish the idea from her mind, but that I should travel at the public expense, if my career were not finished in a more summary manner.

I arrived safely in Dublin—and awful were my feelings when first ushered into the presence of my uncle Duncan. He was a short fat man,

in a brown coat and flax-coloured scratch-wig, perched upon a high office stool. Considering his dimensions, I used to marvel much how he managed to get there. Holding out his fore-finger, which I dutifully grasped, he told me to be steady and attentive, and that my aunt would be happy to see me upstairs. On leaving the room, I heard him softly remark to the head clerk, that he did not much like my appearance, for that I had "a wild eye in my head."

I was duly put to the desk, and the course of trial was not flattering to me, or satisfactory to my intended master. It was allowed on all hands that my writing was abominable; and my spelling, being untrammelled by rules, was found in many material points to differ from modern orthographers. Nor was I more successful in comparing deeds—my desk and stool were unluckily placed beside a window which looked into a narrow court, and a straw-bonnet maker occupied the opposite apartment. She was pretty, and I was naturally polite—and who with a rosy cheek before him would waste a look upon a tawny skin of parchment? I mentally consigned the *deed* to the devil, and let the copy loose upon the world "with all *its* imperfections on its head."

The first trial was nearly conclusive—for never before had such a lame and lamentable document issued from the office of the punctilious Duncan. I had there omitted setting forth "one hundred dove-cots," and, for ought I know, left out "one hundred castles," to keep them company. My uncle almost dropped from his perch at the discovery; and Counsellor Roundabout was heard to remark, that a man's life was not safe in the hands of such a delinquent. I was on the point of getting my *congé*, and free permission to return to the place from whence I came; but my aunt—good easy woman, interfered—and Duncan consented to give me a farther trial, and employ me to transport his bag to the courts and his briefs to the lawyer.

Any drudgery for me but the desk. With suitable instructions the bag was confided to me, and for three days it came back safely. On the fourth evening I was returning; the bag was unusually full, and so had been my uncle's admonitions for its security. I had got half-way down Capel Street, when, whom should I see on the other side of the way but Slasher Mac Tigue? The Slasher was five akin to my mother, and allowed to be the greatest buck at the last fair of Ballinasloe—and would he acknowledge me, loaded as I was like a Jew clothesman? What was to be done? I slipped the accursed bag to a ragged boy—promised him some halfpence for his trouble—prudently assured him that his cargo was invaluable—told him to wait for me at the corner, and next moment was across the street, with a fast hold of the Slasher's right hand.

The Slasher—peace to his ashes! for he was shot *stone dead* in the Phœnix Park—we never well understood the quarrel in Connemara, and it was said there that the poor man himself was not thoroughly informed on the subject—appeared determined to support his justly-acquired reputation at the late fair of Ballinasloe. Not an eye in Capel Street but was turned on him as he swaggered past. His jockey boots—I must begin below—were in the newest style; the top sprang from the ankle-bone, and was met midleg by short tights of tea-coloured leather; three smoothing-iron seals, and a chain that would manacle a deserter dangled from the fob; his vest was of amber kerseymere, gracefully sprinkled with stars and shamrocks; his coat sky-blue, with basket buttons, relieved judiciously with a purple neckcloth, and doeskin gloves; while a conical hat with a leaf full seven inches broad topped all. A feeble imitation of the latter article may still be seen by the curious, in a hatter's window, No. 71 in the Strand, with a label affixed thereto, denominating it "*Neck or Nothing.*"

Lord, how proud I felt when the Slasher tucked me under his arm! We had already taken two turns—the admiration of a crowded thoroughfare, when I looked round for my bag-holder; but he was not visible. I left my kinsman hastily, ran up and down the street, looked round the corners, peered into all the public-houses; but neither bag nor boy was there. I recollected my uncle's name and address were written on it, and the urchin might have mistaken his instructions and carried the bag home. Off I ran, tumbled an apple basket in Bolton Street, and spite of threats and curses, held on my desperate course, until I found myself, breathless, in my uncle's presence.

He sternly reproached me for being dilatory. "What had detained me? Here had been Counsellor Leatherhead's servant waiting this half-hour for his papers;—bring in the bag." I gaped at him, and stuttered that I supposed it had been already here; but it would certainly arrive shortly. Question and answer followed rapidly, and the fatal truth came out—*the bag was lost!*—for the cad, advertised of the value of his charge, had retreated the moment I turned my back; and although, on investigation he must have felt much dis-

appointed at the result of his industry, yet, to do him justice, he lost no time in transferring the papers to the tobacconist and pocketing the produce of the same.

For some moments Duncan's rage prevented him from speaking. At last he found utterance;—"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed; "was there ever such a villain? He was ruined:—all the Kilgobbin title-deeds—Lady Splashboard's draft of separation—papers of satisfaction for sixteen mortgages of Sir Phelim O'Boyl!—What was to be done?" I muttered that I supposed I should be obliged to give Sir Phelim satisfaction myself. "O! curse your satisfaction," said my uncle; "these are your Connaught notions, you desperate do-no-good. What an infernal business to let any one from that barbarous country into my house! Never had but two clients in my life on the other side of the Shannon. I divorced a wife for one; and he died insolvent the very day the decree was pronounced, and costs and money advanced went along with him to the devil. The other quarrelled with me for not taking a bad bill for my demand, and giving a large balance over my claim, in ready cash. I threatened law, and he threatened flagellation. I took courage and sent down a writ; and the sheriff returned a *non est inventus*, although he was hunting with him for a fortnight. I ran him to execution and got *nulla bona* on my return. As a last resource I sent a man specially from Dublin: they tossed him in a blanket, and forced him to eat *the original;* and he came back, half dead, with a civil intimation that if I ever crossed the bridge of Athlone, the defendant would drive as many slugs through my body as there were hoops on a wine-pipe!"

I could not help smiling at the simile: the client was a wag; for my uncle in his personal proportions bore a striking resemblance to a quarter-cask.

"But, run every soul of you," he continued, "and try to get some clue by which we may trace the papers." Away clerk and apprentice started; but their researches were unsuccessful; many a delicate cut of cheese was already encased in my Lady Splashboard's separation bill; and the Kilgobbin title-deeds had issued in subdivisions from the snuff shop, and were making a rapid circle of the metropolis.

My aunt's influence was not sufficient to obtain my pardon, and mollify the attorney; and I was despatched, per mail, to that *refugium peccatorum*, as Duncan styled Connemara.

The gentle auditor may anticipate that on my return no fatted calf was killed; nor was there "joy in Aztlan," as the poet-laureate has it. I re-entered Killnacoppal without beat of drum—and indeed my demeanour on this occasion was so modest, that I had been in undisturbed possession of the front attic for two whole days, before my worthy parents were advertised that I had retired from the study of the law, with no future intention to "stick to the woolsack."

To communicate the abrupt termination of my forensic pursuits to my aunt Macan was an affair of nice and delicate management. When acquainted with the unhappy incident which had drawn down the wrath of my uncle Duncan, she particularly inquired "if there had been any money in the lost bag," and requested to see the last "Hue and Cry."

God knows whether I should have been enabled to weather the gale of family displeasure, as my aunt had again resumed the mantle of prophecy, when, luckily for me, the representation of the county of Galway became vacant by the sudden decease of Sir Barnabas Bodkin: the honest gentleman being smothered in a hackney-coach returning *comfortable* from a corporation dinner at Morrison's.

On this distressing event being known, Mr. Denis Darcey of Carrig-a-howley Castle *declared himself*. He was strongly supported by Mr. Richard Martin, the other member; and his address, from the pen of the latter gentleman, was circulated without delay. In it he set forth his family and pretensions: pledged himself to support Catholic emancipation and the repeal of still fines;—humanely recommended his opponent to provide himself with a coffin previous to the opening of the poll;—professed strong attachment to the House of Brunswick and the church by law established; and promised to use his utmost exertions to purify the penal code, by making accidents in duelling amount to justifiable homicide: and abduction of heiresses and dogs, felony without benefit of clergy.

A person of Denis Darcey's constitutional principles was a man after my father's own heart: the Killnacoppal interest was accordingly given him, and I was despatched at the head of sixscore freeholders, "good men and true," untrammelled with tight shoes or tender consciences, to give our "most sweet voices," in the ancient town of Galway.

But I was not intrusted with this important command without receiving full instructions for my conduct on the occasion. My father, no doubt, would have led the Killnacoppal legion to the hustings in person, had it not happened that the sheriff was on the other side: and, therefore, his public appearance within

the bailiwick of that redoubted personage would have been a dangerous experiment. "Frank," said my father, "don't overdo the thing: poll your men *twice!* and more cannot be expected; but mind the *outwork*, for it's there the *tinints* will shine."

I obeyed him to the letter; and without personal vanity, I ascribe the happy return of my esteemed friend Denis Darcey to the unwearied exertions of the freeholders of Killnacoppal. What between pelting the military, smashing the booths, and scattering the tallies, we managed to keep up such confusion, that our adversaries could hardly bring forward a man. If dispersed by a charge of cavalry here, we were rallied in a few minutes in the next street, cracking heads and crashing windows: if routed by the riot act and a row of bayonets, before the sheriff was well round the corner we had a house pulled down to the tune of "Hurrah for Killnacoppal!" At last, all human means being found unavailable by our opponents to bring in a freeholder, the booths were closed, and Mr. Denis Darcey declared duly elected.

After such feats, how could it be wondered at that I was

> "courted and caressed,
> High placed in halls a welcome guest;"

seated within seven of the chairman at the election dinner, drank wine with the new member, toasted by the old one, I mean Dick Martin—and embraced by Blakes, Brownes, and Bodkins in endless variety?—Nor did the reward of "high desert" end here; for in the next gazette I was appointed to a lieutenancy in the South Mayo militia.

With very different feelings I now returned to my paternal mansion—*I*, who had left the little lawyer in Dorset Street in disgrace, and been happy to effect a sort of felonious re-entry of the premises at Killnacoppal—I now came home a conqueror; an hundred blackthorns rattled above my head; an hundred voices yelled "*Kinnidy* for ivir!"—a keg of poteen was broached before the door; a stack of turf was blazing in the village; and all was triumph and exultation. We had brought back, of course, the usual assortment of broken bones, left some half-score damaged skulls to be repaired at the expense of the county, and carried back one gentleman totally defunct, who had been suffocated by tumbling dead drunk into a bog-hole. My fame had travelled before me, and my aunt Macan had taken to her bed not from vanity, but "vexation of spirit."

My leave of absence expired, and I set out to join my regiment. My mother consulted the Army List, and discovered she had divers relatives in my corps; for there was scarcely a family from Loughrea to Belmullet with whom she was not in some way connected. Some of her relations in the South Mayo she mentioned as being rather remote; but there was Captain Rattigan: his father, Luke Rattigan of Rawnacreeva, married Peter Fogarty's third daughter; and Peter Fogarty and my aunt Macan were cousins-german. No doubt the gallant captain would know and acknowledge the relationship, and take that lively interest in my welfare which was natural; but, for fear of mistakes, she wrote a letter of introduction with me, having very fortunately danced fifteen years before with the said Mr. Rattigan, at a fair ball at Ballinasloe.

For the second time I left my father's house. The head-quarters of the regiment were in Naas, and there I arrived in safety; was recognized by Captain Rattigan; presented by him in due form to the colonel; introduced to the corps; paid plate and band-fund fees; dined at the mess; got drunk there as became a soldier of promise, and was carried home to my inn by a file of the guard, after having overheard the fat major remark to my kinsman—"Rat, that boy of yours will be a credit to the regiment; for as I'm a true Catholic, he has taken off three bottles of Page's port, and no doubt he'll improve."

A year passed over—I conducted myself creditably in all regimental matters, touching drill duty and drinking, when an order suddenly came for a detachment to march to Ballybunnion; in the neighbourhood of which town the pleasant part of the population were amusing themselves nightly in carding middlemen, and feathering tithe proctors. Captain Rattigan's company (in which I was an unworthy lieutenant) was selected for this important service.

The morning I left Naas for Ballybunnion will be a memorable day in the calendar of my life. My cousin Rattigan frequently boasted, after dinner, that "he was under fifty, and above five feet three;" but there were persons in the corps who alleged that he was above the former and under the latter:—but let that pass—he is now, honest man, quietly resting in Craughane churchyard, with half a ton weight of Connemara marble over him, on which his virtues and his years are recorded.

Now, without stopping to ascertain minutely the age and height of the departed, I shall describe him as a thick square-shouldered undersized man, having a short neck, and snub-nose—the latter organ fully attesting that Page's port was a sound and well-bodied liquor. The

captain, on his pied pony, rode gallantly on at the head of "his charge:" I modestly followed on foot—and late in the evening we marched in full array down the main street of Ballybunnion, our fife and drum playing to the best of their ability the captain's favourite quick step, "*I'm over young to marry yet.*"

My kinsman and I were peaceably settled over our wine, when the waiter announced that a gentleman had called upon us. He was shown up in proper form; and having managed by depressing his person, which was fully six feet four inches, to enter the apartment he announced himself as Mr. Christopher Clinch; and in a handsome speech, declared himself to be an ambassador from the stewards of the Ballybunnion coterie; which coterie being to be holden that evening, he was deputed to solicit the honour of our company on this occasion. Captain Rattigan returned our acknowledgments duly; and he and the ambassador having discussed a cooper of port within a marvellous short period, separated with many squeezes of the hand, and ardent hopes of a future acquaintance.

There was a subject my kinsman invariably dwelt upon whenever he had transgressed the third bottle—it was a bitter lamentation over the numerous opportunities he had suffered to escape of making himself comfortable for life, by matrimony. As we dressed together, for we were cantoned in a double-bedded room, Rat was unusually eloquent on the grand mistake of his earlier days, and declared his determination of even yet endeavouring to amend his youthful error, and retrieve lost time.

The commander's advice was not lost upon me. I took unusual pains in arraying myself for conquest, and in good time found myself in the ball-room, with thirty couples on the floor all dancing "for the bare life," that admired tune of "*Blue bonnets over the border.*"

The attention evinced in his visit to the inn by Mr. Christopher Clinch was not confined to a formal invitation; for he assured us on our arrival, that two ladies had been expressly kept disengaged for us. Captain Rattigan declined dancing, alleging that exercise flurried him, and he could not abide a red face, it looked so very like dissipation. I, whose countenance was fortunately not so inflammable as my kinsman's, was marshalled by Mr. Clinch to the head of the room. "He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss Jemima O'Brien—lady of first connections—large fortune when some persons at present in possession dropped off—fine woman—much followed—sprightly—off-handed—fond of military men. Miss O'Brien, Captain Kennedy." I bowed—she ducked—seized my offered hand, and in a few minutes we were going down the middle like two-year-olds for "the Kirwana." Nor had Captain Rattigan been neglected by the master of the ceremonies: he was snugly seated in a quiet corner at cribbage, a game the commander delighted in, with an elderly gentlewoman, whom my partner informed me was her aunt.

Miss O'Brien was what Rattigan called a *spanker*. She was dressed in a blue silk lutestring gown, with a plume of ostrich feathers, flesh-coloured stockings, and red satin shoes. She had the usual assortment of beads and curls, with an ivory fan, and a well-scented handkerchief.

She was evidently a fine-tempered girl; for, observing my eye rest on an immense stain upon her blue lutestring, she remarked with a smile, "that her aunt's footman had spilled some coffee on her dress, and to save him from a scolding, she had assured the dear old lady that the injury was trifling, and that it would be quite unnecessary to detain her while she should change her gown: it was quite clear she never could wear it again; but her maid and the milliner would be the gainers. Amiable creature!—the accident did not annoy her for a second.

The first dance had concluded, when the long gentleman whispered softly over my shoulder, how I liked "the heiress?" *The heiress!*—I felt a faint hope rising in my breast which made my cheek colour like a peony. Rattigan's remorse for neglected opportunities rushed to my mind. Had my lucky hour come? And had I actually an heiress by the hand for nine-and-twenty couples? We were again at the head of the room, and away we went—she cutting and I capering, until we danced to the very bottom, "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"

I had placed Miss O'Brien with great formality on a bench, when Rattigan took me aside:—"Frank, you're a fortunate fellow, or it's your own fault—found out all from the old one—lovely creature—great catch—who knows?—strike while the iron is hot," &c. &c. &c.

Fortune indeed appeared to smile upon me. By some propitious accident all the men had been provided with partners, and I had *the heiress* to myself. "She was, she confessed, romantic—she had quite a literary turn; spoke of Lady Morgan's *Wild Irish Girl;* she loved it—doted upon it;—and why should she not? for Lieutenant-colonel Cassidy had repeatedly sworn that Glorvina was written for herself;"—and she raised her fan

"The conscious blush to hide."

Walter Scott succeeded—I had read in the *Galway Advertiser* a quotation from that poet, which the newspaper had put in the mouth of a travelling priest, and alleged to have been spoken by him in a charity sermon, which I now fortunately recollected and repeated. Miss O'Brien responded directly with that inflammatory passage,—

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed."

"And could she love?"—I whispered with a look of tender inquietude. "She could; she had a heart, she feared, too warm for her happiness: she was a creature of imagination—all soul—all sympathy. She could wander with the man of her heart from

"Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost."

There was no standing this. I mustered all my resolution—poured out an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—life gratefully devoted—permission to fall at her feet—hand—heart—fortune!

She sighed deeply—kept her fan to her face for some moments—and, in a voice of peculiar softness, murmured something about "short acquaintance," with a gentle supplication to be allowed time for ten minutes to consult her heart. Rat again rushed to my mind; procrastination had ruined him; I was obdurate—pressed—raved—ranted—till she sighed, in a timid whisper, that she was mine for ever!

Heavens!—was I awake?—did my ears deceive me? The room turned topsy-turvy—the candles danced a reel—my brain grew giddy—*it was true—absolutely true; Jemima O'Brien* had consented to become *Mrs. Kennedy!*

Up came Captain Rattigan, as my partner left me for an instant to speak to her aunt. Rat was thunderstruck—cursed his fate, and complimented mine. "But, zounds! Frank, you must stick to her. Would she run away with you?. These d—— lawyers will be tying up the property, so that you cannot touch a guinea but the half-year's rent—may be inquiring about settlements, and ripping up the cursed mortgages of Killnacoppal. At her, man—they are all on the move. I'll manage the old one:—mighty lucky, by-the-by, at cribbage. Try and get the heiress to be off—to-morrow, if possible—early hour. Oh! murder—how I lost my time!"

All was done as the commander directed. Rat kept the aunt in play while I pressed the heiress hard—and so desperately did I portray my misery, that, to save my life, she humanely consented to elope with me at twelve o'clock next day.

Rattigan was enraptured. What a chance for a poor lieutenant—as he shrewdly observed, from the very unpretending appearance of Mrs. Cogan's mansion, that "my aunt's" purse must be a long one. We settled ourselves joyfully at the inn fire—ordered two bottles of mulled port—arranged all for the elopement—clubbed purses—sum total not burdensome—and went to bed drunk and happy.

Next morning—the morning of that day which was to bless me with fortune and a wife, Captain Rattigan and I were sitting at an early breakfast, when, who should unexpectedly arrive but Cornet Bircham, who was in command of a small party of dragoons in Ballybunnion, and an old acquaintance of my kinsman. "How lucky!" whispered Rat; "he has been quartered here for three months, and we shall hear the particulars of the O'Briens from him."

While he spoke the trooper entered. "Ah! Ratty, old boy, how wags the world?—Just heard you had been sent here to exterminate carders—cursed scoundrels!—obliged me to leave a delightful party at Lord Tara's; but, Rat, we'll make them smoke for it."

"Mr. Bircham, my cousin Kennedy. Come, cornet, off with the scimitar and attack the congo. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing but a flying report that you had determined on sobriety and forsworn a drop beyond the third bottle;—but that shake in your claw gives a lie direct to the tale. And you were dancing, Rat, last night. How did the carnival or coterie go off? Any wigs lost or gowns tattered? Any catastrophe?"

"Why, no—pleasant thing enough—some fine women there."

"Were there, faith? Why, Rat, you're a discoverer; for such a crew as figured at the last one, mortal eye never looked upon."

"I only particularly noticed one—by Jove, a fine woman!—a Miss O'Brien."

"Miss *Jemmy* O'Brien, as the men call her. Why, Rat, what iniquity of yours has delivered you into the hands of the most detestable harpy that ever infested country quarters?"

"Detestable harpy!"—Rat and I looked cursedly foolish. "Bircham—hem!—are you sure you know the lady?"

"Know the lady! to be sure I do. Why, she did me out of an ivory fan one unlucky wet day that the devil tempted me to enter Mrs. Cogan's den. Phoo! I'll give you what the beadle calls 'marks and tokens.' Let me see.—Yes—I have it—blue dress, cursedly splashed with beer—she says coffee; soiled feathers, and tricked out like a travelling actress."

I groaned audibly—it was Jemima to a T:—Captain Rattigan looked queer.

"My dear Bircham—hem!—you know among military men—hem!—honourable confidence may be reposed—hem! My young friend here danced with her—represented as an heiress to him——"

"By a cursed hag who cheats at cribbage, and carries off negus by the quart."

"True bill, by ——!" ejaculated the Captain. "Complained eternally of thirst and the heat of the room, and did me regularly out of thirty shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha!—Rat, Rat, and wert thou so soft, my old one?"

"But, Birchy," said the Captain, "the devil of it is, my young friend—little too much wine—thought himself in honourable hands, and promised her ——"

"A new silk gown—ah, my young friend, little didst thou know the Jezebel. But it was a promise obtained under false pretences—she told you a cock-and-bull story about Lady Morgan—sported Scott—dealt out Tom Moore by the yard—all false pretences. See her damned before I would buy her a yard of riband. What a pirate the woman is!"

Rat jumped off his chair, drew his breath in, and gulped out—"A gown! Zounds, man, he promised to marry her!"

Up jumped Bircham.—"To marry her! Are you mad, or are you hoaxing?"

"Serious, by St. Patrick," said Rat.

"Why then it's no longer a joke. You are in a nice scrape. I beg to tell you that Jemmy O'Brien is as notorious as Captain Rock. She has laid several fools under contribution, and has just returned from Dublin, after taking an action against a little drunken one-eyed Welsh major, whom her aunt got, when intoxicated, to sign some paper or promise of marriage. The major, like a true gentleman, retrieved his error by suspending himself in his lodgings the day before the trial; and it is likely that *Jem* and her aunt will be in jail for the law expenses."

Rat and I were overwhelmed, and looked for some minutes in silence at each other. At last I told Bircham the whole affair. The dragoon was convulsed with laughter—"So," said he, "at twelve o'clock the gentle *Jemmy* is to be spirited away. But come, there's no time to lose—sit down, Rat, get a pen in thy fist, and I'll dictate and thou inscribe."

"MADAM,—Having unfortunately, at the request of his afflicted family, undertaken the case of Lieutenant Kennedy of the South Mayo regiment, I beg to apprise you that the unhappy gentleman is subject to occasional fits of insanity. Fearing from his mental malady, that he may have misconducted himself to your amiable niece last night at the coterie, I beg on the part of my poor friend (who is tolerably collected this morning), to say that he is heartily sorry for what has occurred, and requests the lady will consider anything he might have said only as the wanderings of a confirmed lunatic"—"I am, Madam, &c., your obedient Servant, TERENCE RATTIGAN, Capt. S— M— Militia.

"To Mrs. Cogan, &c."

How very flattering this apology was to me I submit to the indulgent auditor. I was indubitably proven to have been an ass overnight, and I must pass as a lunatic in the morning. We had barely time to speculate on the success of Bircham's curious epistle, when my aunt Cogan's answer arrived with due promptitude. The cornet separated the wet wafer with a "Faugh!" and holding the billet at arm's-length, as if it exhibited a plague-spot, he favoured us with the contents, which were literally as follows:—

"CAPTIN RATIGIN,

"SIR,—I have red your paltrey appollogey for your nephew's breech of promis. I beg to tell you, that a lady of the family of Clinch will not submit to be ensulted with impunitey. My neece is packed and reddy; and if your friend does not apear acording to apointment, he will shortly here as will not plase him, from yours to command,

"HONOR COGAN, otherwise CLINCH.

"Hawthorn Cotage, Friday morning."

Twelve o'clock passed—and we waited the result of Mrs. Cogan's threats, when the waiter showed up a visitor, and Mr. Christopher Clinch, the prime cause of all our misfortunes, presented himself. He persisted in standing, or more properly stooping—for the ceiling was not quite six feet from the floor—coughed—hoped his interference might adjust the mistake, as he presumed it must be on the part of Lieutenant Kennedy, and begged to inform him that Miss Jemima O'Brien was ready to accompany the said Mr. Kennedy, as last night arranged. Captain Rattigan took the liberty to remark, that he, the captain, had been very explicit with Mrs. Cogan, and requested to refer to his letter, in which Mr. Kennedy's sentiments were fully conveyed, and, on his part, to decline the very flattering proposal of Miss Jemima O'Brien. Mr. Clinch stated that an immediate change of sentiment on the part of Mr. Kennedy was imperative, or that Mr. K. would be expected to favour him, Mr. C., with an interview in the Priest's Meadow.

Captain Rattigan acknowledged the request of Mr. Clinch to be a very reasonable alternative, and covenanted that Mr. Kennedy should appear at the time and place mentioned; and Mr. Clinch was then very ceremoniously conducted down stairs by the polite commander.

Through motives of delicacy, I had at the commencement of the interview retired to the next apartment; and as the rooms were only separated by a boarded partition, I overheard through a convenient chink with desperate alarm, Captain Rattigan giving every facility to my being shot at in half-an-hour in the Priest's Meadow. No wonder then Rat found me pale as a spectre, when bursting into the room he seized me by the hand, and told me he had brought this unlucky business to a happy termination. He, the captain, dreaded that Jemima would have been looking for legal redress; but, thank God, it would only end in a duel.

I hinted at the chance of my being shot.

"Shot!" exclaimed my comforter, "why, what the deuce does that signify? If indeed you had been under the necessity of hanging yourself, like the one-eyed major, it would have been a hardship. No funeral honours—no decent wake—but smuggled into the earth like a half-bale of contraband tobacco;—but, in your case, certain of respectable treatment—reversed arms—dead march—and Christian burial:—vow to God, quite a comfort to be shot under such flattering circumstances! Frank, you have all the luck of the Rattigans about you!"—and, opening the door, he hallooed—"Myke—Mykle Boyle, bring down *the pace-makers* to the parlour."

In a few seconds I heard the captain and his man busily at work, and by a number of villanous clicks, which jarred through my system like electricity, I found these worthies were arranging the commander's *pace-makers* for my use in the Priest's Meadow.

At the appointed hour I reached the ground, which was but a short distance from the inn. Rattigan and Bircham accompanied me, and Myke Boyle followed with *the tools*. Mr. Christopher Clinch and his friends were waiting for us; and a cadaverous-looking being was peeping through the hedge, whom I afterwards discovered to be the village apothecary, allured thither by the hope of an accident, as birds of prey are said to be collected by a chance of carrion.

The customary bows were formally interchanged between the respective belligerents—the ground correctly measured—pistols squibbed, loaded, and delivered to the principals. I felt very queer on finding myself opposite a truculent fellow of enormous height, with a pair of projecting whiskers upon which a man might hang his hat, and a pistol two feet long clutched in his bony grasp. Rattigan, as he adjusted my weapon, whispered—"Frank, jewel, remember the hip-bone; or, as the fellow's a —— of a length, you may level a trifle higher;" and, stepping aside, his coadjutor pronounced in an audible voice—One!—two!!—*three!!!*

Off went the pistols. I felt Mr. Clinch's bullet whistle past my ear, and saw Captain Rattigan next moment run up to my antagonist, and inquire "if he was much hurt." Heaven's!—how delightful! I had brought the engagement to a glorious issue by neatly removing Mr. Clinch's trigger-finger, and thereby spoiling his shooting for life.

With a few parting bows we retired from the Priest's Meadow, leaving Christopher Clinch a job for the vampire apothecary, and a fit subject for the assiduities of Mrs. Cogan and the gentle Jemima.

If Captain Rattigan had registered a rash vow against port wine, it is to be lamented; for never were three gentlemen of the sword more completely done up at an early hour of the evening than we.

Next day we were informed that Clinch was tolerably well, and that their attorney had been closeted with the ladies of Hawthorn Cottage. We held a council of war, and while debating on the expediency of my retiring on leave to Connemara, where I might set *Jemmy* and her lawyer at defiance, the post brought us intelligence that "a turn-out for the line was wanted;" and if I could muster the necessary number, I should be exchanged into a regular regiment. Off Rat and I started for Naas, and with little difficulty succeeded in making up the quota; and the first intimation the prototype of Glorvina received of our movements was being seduced to the window by the drums, as I marched past Hawthorn Cottage, with as choice a sample of "food for gunpowder" as ever left Ballybunnion. I saluted the once-intended Mrs. Kennedy with great respect; the fifers struck up "*Fare you well, Killeavey;*" and Captain Rattigan, who accompanied me the first day's march, ejaculated, as he looked askance at this second Ariadne, "May the devil smother you, Jemima O'Brien!"

And now, my dear friends, having brought my autobiography to that interesting period when I left the militia for the line, I shall pause in the narrative to direct your attention to the moral of the tale. It is quite evident

that a young attorney should never compare deeds within duelling distance of an accomplished bonnet-maker, nor an elderly one divorce a sickly gentleman's wife without securing his costs before he announces his instructions to proceed. No bilious bailiff should cross the Shannon, for it is not every stomach which will digest a stripe of parchment; and exercise, a good thing enough in its own way, may, if taken on a tense blanket, be very inconvenient to persons of sedentary habits.

I have a mighty affection for the army, and, therefore, I supplicate young soldiers never to propose for a lady in a public ball-room the first night they arrive in country quarters, and to shun, as they would the *chorea viti*, that seductive tune, called "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"—and, finally, to give no credence whatever to any apology offered for a soiled silk unless they have perpetrated the offence in person, or have seen it committed in their own actual presence.

FAIR HELEN.

PART FIRST.[1]

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
  Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
  Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
  Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
  Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
  Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
  And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
  And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
  For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
  Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
  Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

[1] Lord Macaulay regarded this as the finest piece of ballad poetry extant. The legend upon which it is founded is briefly this:—Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell in Dumfriesshire, celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen. The favoured lover was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; the other is supposed to have been a Bell of Blacket House. The latter's suit was favoured by the friends of the lady; consequently, the lovers were obliged to meet in secret, and by night in the Kirconnell churchyard, a picturesque spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these meetings the despised suitor suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream and fired a carabine at his rival. But Helen, throwing herself before her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms. Fleming fought the murderer and cut him to pieces. Other accounts state that Fleming pursued his foe to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid. The first part of the ballad—suspected to be modern—consists of an address to the lady, either by Fleming or his rival; the second part—by far the more beautiful—forms the lament of Fleming over Helen's grave. Several paraphrases of this ballad have been published; amongst them one by John Mayne, author of *The Siller Gun*, &c.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Old Ballad.

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

The comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, although rarely now performed on the stage, was regarded by Warton as "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers;" and Johnson said: "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play." The ludicrous misfortunes of Falstaff, into which he is betrayed by the "merry wives," Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, form the principal action of the comedy; of the underplot, "Sweet Anne Page," a bright, merry-eyed lass, is the centre. Her mother has decided that she shall marry the wealthy French Doctor Caius, who is in favour at court; her father has decided that she shall marry Slender, the cousin of Justice Shallow; whilst Anne herself has decided that she shall marry Fenton, a gallant cavalier, who finds favour with neither father nor mother. Slender "hath but a little wee face; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head." He is urged to the match by pompous Justice Shallow, but he is most awkward in his wooing. He means to show his affection by his indifference to dinner, and remains outside Page's house when all his friends are seated at table. Anne is sent to desire him to join the party:—

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir: I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

The contrast between Fenton's wooing and Slender's floundering attempts is comically revealed in the following scene. Fenton and Anne are together:—

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither!

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal. and Slen.*

Fenton's appeal to the mother is equally unsuccessful; but the lovers triumph at length. To frighten and torment Falstaff for his attentions to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, it is arranged to beguile the knight to the oak of Herne the Hunter in the forest, where all the conspirators will appear in the disguise of fairies and goblins, and play such pranks upon him as will make him glad to escape alive. On the occasion of this frolic Mistress Page has arranged that Anne is to be dressed in green, and to elope with Dr. Caius; Page has arranged that Anne is to be dressed in white, and is to escape with Slender to Eton, where they are to be married. Caius and Slender respectively carry out their parts of the programme, but when in the church each discovers that the companion of his flight is a great lubberly boy. Slender cries:—

I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a postmaster's boy!

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that! I think so, when I took a boy for a girl.

Dr. Caius is quite as wrathful; and the truth is soon revealed by the appearance of Fenton and Anne as man and wife. Whilst Slender and Caius had been away on their fool's errand, the lovers had been quietly married. Whereupon mother and father philosophically submit to the superior wit of the young folk, and are satisfied that

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate."

H. Richter

Graf Holla

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—St. Matthew vi. 28.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paus'd and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."

—*The Christian Year.*

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drap of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.
O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
My love's bonny, and fair to see;
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.
O my love's bonny, &c.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.
O my love's bonny, &c.[1]

—*Old Song.*

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[1] The following is another version of the first stanzas:—

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
In my love's bosom fair to fa'.

O, my love's bonny, bonny, bonny,
O, my love's bonny and fair to see:
Sweet is the bud and sweet the blossom,—
Bonny's the blink o' my love's ee.

O, I would mourn gin it were torn
By Autumn wild or Winter rude;
But I would sing, on wanton wing,
When lovely Spring its bloom renew'd.

CUPID GREYBEARD.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

[Tom Hood, born at Lake House, Wanstead, Essex, 19th January, 1835; son of the humourist, Thomas Hood. He was educated at University College School, and at Pembroke College, Oxford. His first work, *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, was published in 1854, and was followed by *Quips and Cranks; The Daughters of King Duker, and other Poems; The Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep; Vere Vereeler's Vengeance—a Sensation; Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks; Rules of Rhyme, a Guide to Versification*, &c. His most popular novels are: *A Disputed Inheritance; Captain Master's Children; A Golden Heart; The Lost Link; Love and Valour;* and *Money's Worth*. In 1865 he became editor of *Fun*, and still (1873) retains that post. He has also for several years edited *Hood's Annual*, which is one of the best of the Christmas publications. Whilst honoured by the inheritance of a name prominent in modern literature, he has successfully overcome the difficulties which such an inheritance involved, and earned reputation by his own merits as a poet,[1] novelist, and humourist.]

Upon a gray peak, overlooking the town of Verzenach, on the Rhine, stands a lonely tower, known to the traveller as The Young Tower. It owes its name to the luxuriant growth of the ivy, which clothes it completely from base to battlements with never-fading verdure. Viewed from the river it appears fully to merit its title, standing like a living green monument among the barren gray rocks, whose loftiest crags rise behind it against the sky, cold, unpeopled, inaccessible.

But upon a nearer approach it is easy to see, in spite of the bright green ivy which vails it, that the tower is a very ancient and a very ruinous structure. Roof and floors are gone, and the stone stairs have fallen, and lie, a confused heap of masonry, in the basement. The windows are blank as the eye-sockets of a skull, and the doorways yawn over their moss-grown untrodden thresholds with a terrible suggestion of desolation. The very ivy, which gives it such a delusive appearance of youth, can no longer deceive the eye. Its gnarled and twisted branches cling about the ruin with a strange resemblance to the withered and shrunken arms of old age.

Bats and owls are the only tenants of the tower, and their occupation is left undisputed, for the good folk of Verzenach are superstitious, and such strange legends are told about the ruin that it is seldom visited by day, and never approached after nightfall.

I first made the acquaintance of The Young Tower while on a sketching tour in the beautiful autumn of 184—. I was a stranger to Verzenach, and had therefore heard nothing of the reputation which the tower possessed of being haunted. Had I heard it, it is very improbable that I should have paid any attention to the traditions of the superstitious. It was towards sunset when I saw it, and the glory of the declining day lent its aid to the fresh greenery of the ivy, and made the tower look young indeed, in spite of the signs of age which were visible from the point of view I had taken. The rosy light of the sinking sun, reflected from the glossy leaves of the ivy, bathed the tower with a strange warm glow, but could not give life and colour to the dull gray barrier of mountain behind it, which threw out the building in strong relief. Sunset effects are so fleeting that an experienced artist loses no time in noting down their salient points. In less time than it takes to write this I had pitched my camp-stool, opened colour-box and sketch-book, and set about making a hasty memorandum of the scene.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the page on which I was working. I looked up, and saw a grave elderly gentleman, leaning on a crutch-handled stick, and watching my operations with eager and all-absorbing attention. He made a hurried movement with his hand, as if to urge me not to lose time, which impressed me with the notion that he himself was a painter and knew the necessity for speed.

I obeyed his gesture. But there is a certain awkwardness in such a silence as ensued, and I was compelled to speak.

"Can you tell me the name of the ruin?" I asked him, without looking up.

He drew a long breath like a sigh of extreme relief, and answered me in a feeble and hollow voice,

"It has ever been called The Young Tower. Young!"—here he gave a dreary ghost of a laugh—"Young! Such a youth as that deceives no eyes! It is old—old—centuries old!"

"It has all the picturesqueness of age," I said.

"How can age be picturesque? Decay is never beautiful, truly. How can the young admire age? There is no charm in death, and age is but living death."

I thought it would be kind to divert his reflections from a channel so melancholy as this. With that intention I inquired if there were, as usual, a number of legends connected with the ruin.

[1] See *Casquet*, vol. i. p. 298.

He gave another long sigh of relief, and immediately, and without invitation, commenced the following narrative, which I regret much I cannot give in his exact words, for they were quaint, forcible, and vivid.

The latest occupant of The Young Tower was Eberhardt Mulhaus, a studious and retiring man, considerably past middle age. His life was so simple, and his wants were so few, that he lived there quite alone, unattended, and uncompanioned, save by his books. Of books he had an enormous number, and was accounted a great scholar by the townsfolk. He was indeed an indefatigable student, and had read everything—except the human heart. How little had he learned, therefore, in all his long years of study and research!

The years had passed him by almost unnoticed. He seemed to be aware that his hair had grown whiter and whiter, and that the hand that turned the page trembled more and more, and wasted away. His eyes grew dim, but that is the fate of the student.

While he had been tracing figures in the and the tide of his life had crept slowly up to the full of manhood's prime, and was sinking slowly to the extreme ebb of old age.

He was solitary, for he made no acquaintances among the people of Verzenach. They used to see his lamp in his window burning all night long as he pored over his books, and they felt a secret awe of him, and never dreamed of breaking in upon his solitude.

There was one bright spot in the past, not so bright in itself as it was by contrast with the dark monotony of all other memories, which had never quite died out of his mind, though it had grown faint as a star towards daybreak. He recalled it sometimes with a dreamy sort of wonder, and whenever he did so his sympathies for his fellow-creatures seemed to be stirred, and he looked down from his lone watch-tower upon the sleeping town that lay beneath with an unusual interest.

This was the story of the bright remembrance.

He had been a feeble and delicate child, and had therefore few, if any, playfellows among the boys of the town. His one constant companion was a little girl, Gretchen by name, a gentle, kind-hearted little soul.

Between these two quiet thoughtful children there sprang up an attachment which was in truth love, but seemed to their innocent youth only friendship. One day, as they stood hand in hand on the little footbridge over a tiny brook that brawled down to the Rhine from the mountains behind the town, they beheld themselves reflected in the water. They were exactly of the same height.

"You will never grow taller than me, will you, Eberhardt?" asked little Gretchen. "I should not like you to be up there above me, so that I should have to look up, you would seem farther away."

He did not answer, but he clasped her hand closely.

"We shall always walk side by side, hand in hand, for ever, and ever, and ever, shall we not?" continued little Gretchen.

"For ever, and ever, and ever!" said he, and then he turned and put his arms round her neck and kissed her. At this moment a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Father Gerome. Father Gerome was his pastor, confessor, and teacher, for Eberhardt was intended for the priesthood. The father was a stern man, ascetic, severe, unrelenting.

"My son," he said, sternly, "the servants of Heaven have nought to do with folly such as this. The rebellious spirit must be chastised. Come with me."

Eberhardt never saw Gretchen again. Father Gerome set him a heavy penance, and took him away at once to the seminary, where he remained many years—until, indeed, it was seen that he was not fitted for holy orders, and was too fond of earthly wisdom and secular philosophy. But the seclusion of the seminary had wrought upon him; and when he left its quiet walls he could not face the stir of life, and was fain to retire to his tower and dwell in solitude and seclusion.

The recollection of Gretchen was the faint gleam that lit up the past of that lonely student as he sat among his learned books, and grew more gray and feeble, and bowed his head lower and lower as Time laid his heavy hand upon him.

It was one night at the end of the year, as he sat by his lofty window gazing out at the cold white stars, and thinking over all that the astronomers and wise men of old times had said about them, when he heard a clear, sweet, childish voice singing under his window.

He flung open the lattice to listen, for there was a something strangely touching in the sound, so unusual as it was too. He leaned his head out in order to hear the words. It was a hymn that the child was singing—such a hymn as the gray-headed student had sung as a child standing beside his mother after he had risen from his knees before her at bedtime. It was a simple hymn enough, prais-

ing in child-like language the love of the Saviour, and its surpassing power and beauty.

"What can the poor little thing be doing up here at such an hour on a wintry night?" asked the student of himself. He could think of no solution, and it vexed him, so he closed the lattice, and turned to his books again.

But the sweet silvery voice was not to be shut out. It soared to the window, and beat its wings against the pane, asking for admittance. It stirred the long quiescent sympathies in the old student's breast, and filled his eyes with the dimness of unshed tears. The words of the tome he endeavoured to read in order to distract his attention seemed to adapt themselves to the melody.

The night was cold, with a keen breeze from the mountains blowing steadily. Those mountains were white with the first snows of the year. Every morning earth was clad in the white shroud of rime, and seemed like a fair maiden dead on her bier, until the sun rose to show that the shroud was really a diamond-besprinkled vail.

Still the sweet beseeching voice fluttered at the window, as it fluttered at the student's heart too, craving for admittance.

He lit a lamp, and descended the winding stair, and opened the tower-door. There stood a tiny child, with a mass of golden curls that looked like a glory, and with soft confiding blue eyes. The poor little face was white and thin, and the poor little feet were bare. Scant and worn were the garments of the child-singer, who still warbled on the simple hymn.

The old man's heart yearned towards the child, and grew so tender, that the small bright speck in memory's dark waste seemed to burn brighter, fed with unaccustomed warmth. Or was there something in the song that touched some vibrating chord of recollection?

"Come hither, little one," said the student, with a tremulous voice.

The child came forward with an innocent confidence, and placed her tiny cold hand in his as he held it forth to her. He drew her inside the tower, and closed the door. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her up the winding stair to his chamber.

The fire had burned low, so he hastened to replenish it with logs, and then drawing an easy chair to the fireside, he placed the child in it, and wrapped her in his furred gown.

"How came you out at such an hour on such a night, pretty one?" he asked at last, after he had made the little thing comfortable, and sat chafing its cold hands between his withered palms. "How came your parents to let this little bird wander so far from the nest? Where dwell your father and mother?"

Her soft blue eyes filled in a moment with big tears as the child pointed upwards. Her heart was too full to speak, but the gesture was eloquent.

"An orphan, my poor babe? Where is your home?"

"I have none now," answered the child.

"Tell me how that is," said the student.

"When they came to bury my mother this morning I followed them at a distance, and sat by her grave all day. When the evening came I went back to the room in which we used to live, but strangers had come to live there."

The old man looked at the child's thin face, and read the story of her young life.

"Your mother was poor, I fear, child."

"Yes, she was very poor. She used to sit at her needlework all day—and long, long into the night, for when sometimes I woke from the cold I could see her still at work. And a few mornings ago she did not come to dress me as she always used to do; and then I felt lonely and frightened, and at last I stole out of bed into the next room, and she was sitting by the table with her work in her lap, and her head bent down on her arm, and the candle had burned into the socket. I would not wake her, for she must have been terribly weary. But by-and-by the landlord came for his rent, and he spoke to her loudly; but she did not wake, and he shook her angrily, and then he found she would never wake again."

"Have you no friends, my poor darling?" asked the old man, passing his thin hand caressingly over her curls.

"Only you," was the guileless answer; "except our Father and the beautiful angels in heaven."

"I will be your friend, poor babe. But how came you to wander up here?"

"Because you were the only friend I had."

The student gazed wonderingly at the girl at these words. There was a simple good faith in the way she spoke that made it impossible to doubt her. But what could she mean by speaking of him as her only friend?

"Tell me," he said at last, "what made you think I was your friend?"

"Oh! I forgot I hadn't told you that; I thought you would know it. When first my dear mother taught me to pray I used to kneel down beside her, and she would tell me all about the good God, and the Saviour's love, and all the beautiful things of heaven, and she used to point up to it through the window. And as you looked up from our window you

could see this tower, with the light always shining in the casement. And it was long ago, when I was a wee, wee thing—and somehow I came to fancy that mother meant that this was heaven when she pointed up, it seemed so very high above us, and the light was so steady and so bright, and never grew dark. I thought this for a long time, till I got a big girl, and then my mother found out what I thought. And then she said to me, 'Ah, darling, you think what your mother thought once: that seemed to be heaven to me, long—long ago!' And then she burst into tears; and afterwards she explained where heaven really was. But I always thought, in my heart of hearts, that this tower was heaven."

"It shall be your home henceforth, little one. But tell me one thing," said the old man, in an eager voice—"what is your name?"

"Gretchen," said the child.

"They called you after your mother?" he gasped out.

"Yes, when I was a little baby."

The gray-headed student fell on his knees beside the child, and kissed her tenderly. And the sealed fountain of tears was opened in his heart, and he wept and was comforted.

And from that day the child dwelt with him in his lonely tower.

He thought little of his books now; his only study was how to make the child happy in his gloomy home. He watched over her with infinite affection and patience, and would scarcely suffer her out of his sight for a moment.

. . . . . .

Years rolled on, and the child grew to be a comely maiden, and the student had grown more gray, and was more than ever bent with the burden of his age.

But his heart was young. It seemed as though it had been torpid until the love for the child warmed it into life, and that now it was fifty years younger than he. It was a young man's heart in an old man's body. The embers of love that had smouldered in his breast for so long had been fanned into flame.

How fair was the girl now! Fair and straight as a young poplar, graceful as a fawn, with a voice like the first songs of the birds in spring. She was the very embodiment of life and sunshine. Her presence filled the old tower with warmth and sweetness.

The old man loved her—loved her passionately. The fatherly affection which he bestowed on her as a child ripened into the ardent devotion of a lover as he beheld her maturing into a beautiful woman. He had hoarded the passions of youth in his heart, and, though the casket was old and worn, the passions, like true gold, were immortal, and possessed eternal youth.

It was not long ere the old man discovered what was the real nature of his regard for Gretchen. It was revealed to him by jealousy.

It was impossible, closely as she kept to the old tower, and few as were her acquaintances, —still it was impossible for a girl of her beauty to fail to have lovers and admirers. All the youths of Verzenach were enamoured of her beauty and her goodness.

Among them was one on whom Gretchen looked with secret favour. He was the son of the chancellor of Verzenach, a handsome and gallant youth. When two people love each other, it is impossible that they can be long before they discover the sweet secret. It was so with Gretchen and Max. Gretchen, like a discreet maiden, at once told her "adopted" father, as she called the old student, to his bitter vexation and inward grief.

Then, for the first time, the old man's eyes were opened to the real nature of his love for her—to the hopelessness of his passion—its folly, its anguish. At the thought of her becoming another's his cup of misery overflowed, and his grief was so intense, that the lovely Gretchen, who did not suspect the real cause, was so touched by his sorrow that she determined never to leave him while he lived. She told him so; and he groaned inwardly to think that it was gratitude, not such love as he thirsted for, which prompted her. But he accepted the sacrifice. His devouring passion made him selfish, and it was a consolation to think, that if she could not be his, she would never be another's.

Ah, the bitterness of the parting between Gretchen and Max! It is not to be described. Mad with despair, the poor young man rushed away to the wars, and perished gloriously as the leader of a forlorn hope—the victim of a hope yet more forlorn. Half of Gretchen's life perished with him. A premature old age fell upon her, and people wondered to see how she was changed. Hers was a beauty, they said—and especially the women—that fades rapidly. They did not know that a broken heart ages beauty. But the old man saw no change in her.

His life was a long torture. "Oh, my youth, my lost youth!" he sighed all day long. And all the night he pored over books of dark lore and forbidden arts, in the hope of discovering the secret whereby age can repurchase the vanished years, and renew its youth.

He essayed over and over again, to summon

the Evil One, who had endowed Faust with a second springtime of life, but in vain.

At length one night he was aware of the presence of a stranger in his chamber, although doors and windows were bolted and barred. Terror mingled with joy as he watched a tall figure coming towards him from the darkness of the farther end of the room.

His mysterious visitant was clad in the dress of a notary. Obedient to the old man's gesture, he sat himself beside the fire, the warmth of which he seemed to enjoy excessively. Stooping over it, and rubbing his hands together, he glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the student.

It seemed to the old man that neither of them spoke aloud, but that their conversation was carried on by unuttered thoughts.

"You would be young again?" was the mysterious stranger's first communication.

The old man bowed his head.

"You need not trouble to do that," came from the stranger's brain to his, "I can read your thoughts. The thing you require is no light matter. The cost is great."

The old man shuddered.

"There be cheaper means," the stranger conveyed to him. "We can work your purpose by a charm. For that charm I shall require the head of a woman—of a woman who loves you. Oh! I see you will not have that mode of procedure. Well, I will bestow renewed youth on you at the price specified in this document," here he laid a parchment before the old man. "In three months from this time your youth shall be renewed if you sign that. You object to the delay? I cannot manage the affair in less time. You agree! Then in three months be it!"

. . . . . .

How slowly those three months stole on! How feverish and anxious did the student become! How pale and weary grew the maiden, who was dying of the wound that killed her lover!

"Gretchen," the old man would say, "do you not think I grow younger? Does there not seem to be much less difference between our ages than there used to be?"

And Gretchen, who was sadly conscious that she was growing a year older every day, sighed and said, "Yes, it was so. He spoke truth!"

As the end of the three months drew near he could not rise from his couch. But he persuaded himself that he was but passing like a butterfly through a torpid stage before coming out in all the freshness of renewed youth.

He had counted the days carefully. At length the dawn of the last day of the three months came. He called Gretchen to him, that she might be a witness of the glorious transformation.

"Sit beside me, heart's delight!" he said to her in a faint whisper.

She looked into his face and, behold, there was a change there. She started!

"Ha! you see it then? Oh joy, joy!"

She clasped his hand, and said softly "I see it!" and wept.

"It comes at last, then! Oh, youth! regretted, wasted, longed-for youth, do you return to me at last? Welcome, welcome, long-absent! Yes, it is here—it is here! This, *this* is renewed youth!"

With those words he sprang from the pillow, flung up his arms in ecstacy, and fell back—dead!

The change which Gretchen had seen and recognized was the change that comes before death!

What was there for her to live for now! She flung herself on the student's body, and with one long sob breathed her last.

While the old man was telling me this strange legend, I had not attempted to begin my sketch, for I was too much interested.

The sun was still sinking slowly, flinging lengthening shadows toward the east. The shadow of my companion fell, as I told you, upon my note-book—with the decline of the sun it had lengthened, until it stretched along the sward before me towards the ruined tower.

All at once the shadow vanished. I looked round to see what the old man was doing. There was not cover enough within a hundred yards to conceal a rabbit. But he had vanished!

I have never made a sketch of The Young Tower.

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on:
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leasing:

Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing:
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1602).

GONDOLIEDS.

I.

YESTERDAY.

Dear Yesterday, glide not so fast;
Oh, let me cling
To thy white garments floating past:
Even to shadows which they cast
I cling, I cling.
Show me thy face
Just once, once more. A single night
Cannot have brought a loss or blight
Upon its grace.

Nor are they dead whom thou dost bear,
Robed for the grave;
See what a smile their red lips wear:
To lay them living wilt thou dare
Into a grave?
I know, I know,
I left thee first. Now I repent;
I listen now; I never meant
To have thee go.

Just once, once more, tell me that word
Thou hadst for me.
Alas! although my heart was stirred,
I never fully knew or heard
It was for me.
O Yesterday,
My Yesterday, thy sorest pain
Were joy, couldst thou but come again,
Sweet Yesterday.

II.

TO-MORROW.

All red with joy the waiting west;
O little swallow,
Canst thou tell me which road is best?
Cleaving high air, with thy soft breast
For keel, O swallow,
Thou must o'erlook
My seas, and know if I mistake:
I would not the same harbour make
Which Yesterday forsook.

I hear the swift blades dip and plash
Of unseen rowers;
On unknown lands the waters dash:
Who knows how it be wise or rash
To meet the rowers?
"*Premi! Premi!*"[1]
Venetia's boatmen lean and cry;
With voiceless lips, I drift and lie
Upon the twilight sea.

The swallow sleeps. Her last low call
Had sound of warning.
Sweet little one, whate'er befall,
Thou wilt not know that it was all
In vain, thy warning.
I may not borrow
A hope, a help. I close my eyes;
Cold wind blows from the Bridge of Sighs;
Kneeling, I wait To-morrow.

H. H.

VENICE, May 30, 1869.

[1] The cry of the gondoliers in Venice whenever they approach a corner of the canals.

THE BOROUGH.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.[2]

"They ate and slept, good folks—what then?
Why then they ate and slept again." PRIOR.

In one of those small towns, situated no matter where, which, by some fortunate circumstance in past times, have been elevated from the rank of village to that of Royal Borough, I passed some of my early years.

The place might be about a mile in length, and consisted of one street, which meandered away through some low grounds, until its progress was somewhat abruptly stopped by the sea.

The houses, which were low, were built with their gables facing the street, and exhibited many other infallible symptoms of antiquity, both without and within; but some venerable old ruins, like chronicles of departed grandeur, gave an interest and an air of solemnity to the Borough.

The streets, which were extremely narrow, sloped down at each side in such wise as to render it expedient for the pedestrian to keep the "croun of the causey." They had no regular pavements, and lucky it was that they had not, for the few flags which here and there lay along the dwellings of the aristocracy seldom failed to resent the insult of being trodden upon, by squirting up a quantity of black venomous-looking matter into the face of the unwary intruder.

This sort of salutation they seemed to have a particular pleasure in bestowing upon such ladies and gentlemen as were proceeding in full decoration to the scenes of "feast and song;" and many a poor wight to whom fortune, in her capricious dealings, had assigned

[2] He gained some reputation as a poet by the publication of *The Buccaneer, Scenes of War*, and other poems. His *Tales of Field and Flood, with Sketches of Life at Home*—from which we quote—were received with much favour.

only one dress-suit, and that often none of the best, have they sent back, even from the very threshold of the ball-room, affording a striking proof "that man is born to trouble as the *sparks* fly upwards."

In walking along the streets the olfactory nerves were continually regaled with the most pungent odours, calling up, by the power of association, images of the most varied kinds. In illustration of this effect, I need only remind my poetical readers of the many sweet recollections of gardens and summer-glories, lapped up, as it were, in the perfume of a rose; and, in like manner, the effluvia arising from the heads of stale fish (the predominant smell in the streets of the Borough), presented to the susceptible imagination a vision of its dinner-tables and civic feasts, at which, by the way, fish were never relished until they were in the above-mentioned state.

It must doubtless have been highly gratifying to the stranger who visited the Borough, to find himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, the object of universal interest; and while progressing along the streets, to see doors and windows flying open at his approach, and heads popping out,—some with their hair in papers, others with no hair at all,—some covered with Welsh wigs, and still more with Kilmarnock nightcaps.

Such marks of attention, however, were only preparatory to others of a more substantial nature; for the inhabitants of the Borough were remarkable for their hospitality to strangers; respecting whom their conjectures were often but too favourable, since it frequently happened that the unknown persons, whom it was their pleasure to entertain and honour with all the attentions due to gentlemen of family and fortune, turned out after all to be mere *canaille*.

Their liability to deceptions of this kind was the more surprising, as they professed to have an intimate acquaintance with high life, and it was a common saying among them, that no person could reside for any length of time in the Borough, even though he were a native of the west end of London, without acquiring a greater elegance of manner and a more polished address.

Family pride, as it exists in society, seems to involve an absurdity, inasmuch as the honour of being descended from a great man increases exactly as the degree of consanguinity to him diminishes; for his immediate descendants are as mere upstarts compared to such of his remote posterity as can trace their origin to their great progenitor, back through a period of five hundred years; so that the honour increases with the distance from the fountain thereof. But the pride of ancestry with which the inhabitants of the borough were infected was more than usually absurd, having no foundation whatever whereon to rest, and, like the world, "hanging upon nothing;" the fathers being of a lower grade in society than the sons, and the grandfathers lower still, until an obscurity, deep as that which involves the origin of nations, in mercy spread out an impenetrable pall.

The magistrates (Heaven bless them if still alive, and rest their souls if dead!) bore a strong family likeness to their brethren in other royal boroughs; having the same corpulence as a corporation, the same sleek solemnity, and the same pomposity arising from "pride of place."

Methinks, even now, I see the venerable guardians of the city marching in heavy procession to church, heralded by their guard of honour—the town-officers, arrayed in long light-blue broad-bottomed coats, faced with yellow, and having triangular cocked hats perched upon one side of the head, which gave additional effect to the martial frown with which, in all the "insolence of office," they strutted along the church-aisle, and finally took post behind the great easy-chairs where the civic body reposed during divine service, in all the dozing dignity of lethargy and fat, immediately opposite to the pulpit.

The pulpit was a fine specimen of the antique, illustrative of the taste of the times in which it was made. Carved on its wooden canopy, over the head of the preacher, like so many cupids with outspread wings, hovered a whole flock of angels, to whose infantine and chubby faces a chastening solemnity was imparted by the overshadowing dignity of large full-bottomed wigs, such as decorate the Lords of Session while on the bench.

The clergyman was a judicious and benevolent person; but, not dealing in that terrific sort of eloquence and violent gesticulation which, with certain classes, have ever been considered the tests of orthodoxy, was rather undervalued by some of his flock, one of whom, a member of the kirk-session, gave him the definition of a good preacher, in the following panegyric on his predecessor:—

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed the elder, in the tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was the poorfu' preacher, for i' the short time he delivered the Word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the guts out o' five Bibles!"

The magistrates, however, were well enough

satisfied with their pastor, the quiet tenor of whose discourses did not disturb their Sabbath slumbers. They were, indeed, a wise and philosophic body of men, who showed by their practice, if they did not avow it in words, their belief that eating, drinking, and sleeping comprehended the whole duty of man, and the great business of life, of which they were at once the means and the end,—an opinion, the blessed effects of which were visible in the florid cheek, and the full, fixed, and satisfied eye, which have ever distinguished the philosophers of this persuasion.

The only public amusements of the Borough were its assemblies, where youth indulged in the folly of dancing, and old age in that of cards; and where the *great men* of the place would occasionally honour the company, and create a delightful surprise, by popping in about the eleventh hour in top-boots and scarlet vests, and lead to the head of the country-dance the blushing modesty of seventeen, almost overpowered by the honour conferred.

But it most frequently happened that the dance was opened by some lady of *ton*, who had lately returned from Edinburgh, and whose very soul sickened at the old hackneyed figures, and delighted and luxuriated in those of whose complicated evolutions she had acquired a knowledge in the metropolis.

But, alas! we are not all equally gifted—"great heights are hazardous for the weak head"—errors generally ensued among the uninitiated in the newly-imported mystery, one blunder produced another, till the performers, reeling about, and jostling against each other, were making what billiard-players denominate "the cannon," and it seemed as "Chaos had come again."

Hitherto the good people of the Borough had never been molested by a foreign foe, their only wars being *civil* ones; but at length their latent energies were called into action by a most alarming and unexpected event.

During a severe snow-storm a French frigate, having on board a considerable number of troops, was wrecked upon the coast at no great distance from the Borough; and there being no military force of any description in the county, the citizens made a general turn-out; and a stirring sight it was to see them mustering upon the "Broad Street," in order to be drilled by an old gentleman, who, in his hot youth, had served his country at *home*, in a corps of Fencibles, which had marched in triumph from one end of the kingdom to the other, most gallantly scaling the hills, deploying into the valleys, taking possession of the best quarters in the towns, and carrying female hearts by storm.

Upon this alarming occasion patriotism seemed to have inspired every heart, and all distinctions of rank and wealth were for the time forgotten:

"Groom stood by noble, squire by knight;"

the highest with the humblest. The young hopeful, the heir-apparent of heather and seaweed, forsook the sport of the hill and the shore, and left the grouse and the wild duck for nobler game; the doctor threw his "physic to the dogs," and resigned the lancet for the lance; the lawyer gave up the cause of his clients for that of his country; for that, too, the shoemaker resigned his *awl;* and even the tailor, fancying himself a man, instead of a mere fraction thereof, left his *goose* and *cabbage*, and joined the glorious band who had assembled for the defence of their country.

Yet, notwithstanding all this promptitude of purpose, and chivalrous feeling, the appearance of the recruits would, I fear, have been far more appalling to a drill-sergeant than to an enemy. Drew up in line—

"A *horrid* front they form."

"Shoulder arms!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder; but the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous, and one man, it was observed, was still "standing at ease." Upon being challenged by the captain, and asked why he had not "shouldered" along with the rest, "What the deil's a' the haste," quoth he, "canna ye wait till a body tak' a snuff?"

This single circumstance will enable the reader to form a tolerably correct estimate of the attainment of the citizens in the art of war.

Fortunately for themselves and their country their services were not required, in consequence of the arrival of a detachment of Volunteers from a neighbouring county, which had been sent for on the first alarm, to whom the poor Frenchmen, already half-dead with cold and hunger, surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion; and thus the cloud passed away, and the borough was restored to its usual state of tranquillity.

At the time of which I speak there existed, and, for aught I know to the contrary, there may still exist, a more than usual proportion of elderly unmarried ladies. The cause of this melancholy fact I cannot pretend to explain, for many of them I have heard were great beauties in their youth. Taken as a body they were as free from the peculiarities incident to single blessedness as any other class of society;

yet true it is, that a few of the sisterhood took such a warm interest in the characters and concerns of their fellow-citizens as had on several occasions well nigh set the town on fire; and such was their unquenchable hatred of scandal, that they would not for one moment allow it to sleep, or even to die in peace.

At the head of this Suppression-of-vice Society was Miss Tabitha Primrose, a lady of a *certain* age, which, according to Byron, is of all ages the most *un*certain. She had long made a dead halt at that of thirty, beyond which stage in the journey of life nothing could induce her to budge a single step.

One of the slowest movements in nature is the approximation of the nose and chin, these neighbours requiring the greater part of a century to effect a meeting, by travelling over the short space which divides them in youth; and in Tabby's case they had gone over fully half the distance, pointing like the index of a clock to a pretty late hour—but all in vain. Suns and seasons might roll away—moons wax and wane—sands might run and shadows sail, till dials grew green and tresses gray—but amidst this moving scene Tabby remained immovable, in protracted youth, with a bloom of that blessed kind which never fades, and a *wig* that bade defiance to the "snows of time."

Tabitha had been a great beauty in her youth, the evidence of which (as few people could speak of that period from their own recollection) rested on the best of all authority —her own, but having, it seems, had a tendency to corpulency, she had indulged rather too freely in the use of vinegar, to which ought probably to be ascribed a certain expression of sourness about the corners of her mouth, which she still retained. In common with all other fair ladies, she had been "beseeched and besieged" by a host of admirers; but, being remarkably fastidious, and perhaps not finding among her swains a perfect Sir Charles Grandison, and, moreover, the age of chivalry being past and gone, when men sighed seven years for a lady's smile, it somehow or other happened that Tabitha was left to

"Waste her sweetness on the desert air."

We have all heard of those wise ancients who wept when a child was born; but Tabby went a step beyond them, and, with a more prophetic philosophy of feeling, actually shed tears whenever she heard of a marriage; and, in the midst of her sorrow and pity for the unhappy bride, thanked Heaven for having preserved herself from such a fate.

She was such a determined enemy to every kind of youthful levity, that the very frisking of lambs seemed to displease her. Pure as new-fallen snow—severe as justice—and unerring as mathematical sequences—she stood alone—a woman without a weakness, and a very personification of *prim* propriety.

"But who can stand envy?" or when did ever such superhuman excellence escape the breath of calumny?—against that even Tabitha's virtue was no protection; and there were not wanting ill-disposed persons who called her severe reprobation of derelictions from virtue downright scandal, and by whom the tears which she shed for young brides were shrewdly suspected to flow from the regret she felt at not being one herself. But to return.

The evening entertainments were of that kind denominated "Tea and Turn-out,"—a mode of treating one's friends, having the show of hospitality, but denying the power thereof. Tea and Turn-out!—gentle readers only think of such a hoax—my blood yet runs cold at the thought—Tea and Turn-out!

Early in the forenoon a maid-servant, all smiles and roses, would enter and present a gilt paper card, whereon the eye caught the words, "Compliments—company at tea—spend the evening," &c.—the last words seeming to insinuate a delicate hint of supper: but thus it is that our feelings are cruelly sported with, and hopes are excited which are never intended to be realized. In consequence of such *promissory notes*, how often have I risen from a comfortable fireside at home, have adjourned to a cold room above stairs, and dressed for supper, when, alas! supper was not dressed for me!

The festivities of the evening commenced about six or seven o'clock, according to the rank of our entertainers; and as it seldom happened that any waiters were in attendance to hand about the tea, an excellent opportunity was afforded to our Lotharios of showing their attention to the ladies in that way; but in doing the thing with an air the consequence frequently was, that the fair ones received into their laps instead of their hands the elegant china vases, together with their scalding contents. Next were presented various kinds of rich sweet-bread, pleasant indeed to the eye, but, upon a nearer acquaintance, betraying an air of antiquity not altogether agreeable.

As soon as the refreshments of the evening were over, the conversation became general, and occasionally *particular*: our absent friends were not forgotten, nor were their most private and delicate concerns overlooked.

About nine o'clock a general *rising* took place, which, not being resisted on the part

of our entertainers, we read our fate in each other's eyes, and made a simultaneous movement towards the door; whence, with ill-suppressed chagrin, we descended into the street and made the best of our way home.

Such was the nature of our evening pastime in the Borough at the time I first resided there; but returning after an absence of long years,

"I looked and saw the face of things quite changed;"

many old friends and old fashions had died, and among the rest "Tea and Turn-out" had given up the ghost, and better things, of which it was only the type and shadow, reigned in its place. Instead of that meagre mockery, the supper table, plethoric even to apoplexy, exhibited in beatific vision such varieties as the following:—A large round of boiled beef smothered among cabbage, through whose silvery canopy of mist appeared a smoked goose, a large mutton ham, a roast of pork, a dish of dogfish, and of welsh-rabbits melted in their own fat. The light meal was diluted by copious draughts of strong home-brewed ale, and the whole etherealized by several large bowls of rum-punch; after which the happy guests retired to rest, to enjoy those pleasant dreams which are the never-failing reward of such good living.

In this way they managed matters at the time of my last visit to the Borough; but, alas! there is nothing permanent on earth except change; for I have lately been informed that "Supper and Turn-in" hath gone the way of "Tea and Turn-out." A great and goodly conversion hath taken place at their evening parties, where controversial divinity is the standing dish. Mutton hams, smoked geese, and welsh-rabbits, are superseded by knotty points of faith, still harder of digestion, and punch has given place to prayers.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW (1635).

THE

ADVENTURES OF PARSON SCHMOLKE

AND THE

SCHOOLMASTER BAKEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUSTUS F. LANGBEIN.

"Where are we now? See nought appears
But cattle on the hill;
I told you oft to shun the left,
But you would have your will.
You've brought us here;—now save us both
From rock, and pit, and rill."

"'*Hic hæret aqua*,' honoured sir,
Trust now no more to me;
But mark! I tremble not although
We thieves and wolves may see.
Says Horace,—'*Purus sceleris*
Non eyet Mauri jaculis.'"

"Oh that you and your Latin were
In Styx, and I—in bed.
Is this a time to laugh and jest
With my distress and dread?
But see! low in the valley gleams
A light; O let us seek its beams!"

"'*Cur non, mi Domine*,' for there
A *mortal* must abide;
In such a place the cloven feet
And tail would ne'er reside.
On, quickly on! for now I think
How sweet their potent ale will drink."

Then, reeling, for the light they steer,
These heroes of my strain;
But whence they came, I, with your leave,
In one word may explain—
They staggered from a bridal feast
With all they could contain.

The hut is reach'd; a man appears
All clad in sullied brown,
Who eyes our two benighted friends
With dark suspicious frown.
They begg'd for beds, till rising day
Should dawn to light them on their way.

"Indeed, to tell your honours true,
Of beds I've none to spare,
But solace such as straw may yield
You're welcome here to share.
If that can please you, soon you'll find
A truss and chamber to your mind."

Most piteously upon his paunch
The parson cast his eye;
"How now, thou fat rotundity,
On straw couch wilt thou lie?"—
"'*Sub sole nil perfectum est*,'"
Said Bakel—"here I'll take my rest."

He said, and soon was fast asleep.
The parson look'd around
For peg to hang his wig upon,
But no one could be found:
Himself upon the straw he cast,
His wig upon the ground.

Between the guests and host alone
A thin partition stood;
They heard him sing an evening hymn,
Then pray for faith and food;
And now the godly service done,
Unto his spouse he thus began—

"My dear, as soon as morning dawns,
The *black ones* I shall slay,
They will be, when I think again,
Much fatter than I say.
Oh how that bullet-round one will—
He makes my very chops distil!"

"Ah, Bakel! do you sleep? or hear
These cannibals declare,
That, when the morning sun ascends,
On us they mean to fare?
Oh from this horrid murderous den
Were I but out alive again!"

'*Proh dolor*,' sir; but still there's hope,
We're not in Charon's barge;
Still may some good *Conviria*
Your little paunch enlarge.
Nay ope your eyes,—look here and see
A window; from it leap with me."

"Yes! such a goose-quill thing as you
May leap, and dread no harm;
But, were I such a leap to take,
I'd die with pure alarm;
This ponderous body would but drop
Into Death's open arm."

Now Bakel used his eloquence
To urge his friend to fly;
He painted dangers great and dread
If they should longer lie;
Till he took courage from despair,
The unknown dreadful leap to dare.

But still there was a point to fix,
Which first the leap should try;
Each urged the other, and again
Replied, "Oh no, not I."
At last our friend the pedagogue
Down like a bird did fly.

He lighted, *salva venia*,
Upon a hill of dung,
And bounding from the dirt unhurt
Like dunghill cock he sprung:
But like a cliff from mountain cast,
Fell the fat parson, and stuck fast!

He sunk up to the waist, nor could
Move on a single hair;
While Bakel cursed and scampered round,
In impotent despair:
Meantime the roof poured torrents down
On the poor parson's naked crown.

Now Bakel found all efforts vain
To ope the dunghill's side;
And though his friend there still had lain,
No help could he provide.
At last a powerful lever's found;
With it he heaves him from the ground.

But ah, how adverse still their fate!
For now they found a court,
Whose towering walls and barred gate
Cut further egress short.
Thus fruitless all these dangers run
The dreadful cannibals to shun!

Now they prepare their hearts to sing
A "*valet*" ere they die,
And only seek a sheltering roof,
Till then to keep them dry.
Experience tells we best may claim
Success, if *humble* be our aim.

So found the candidates for death
A shelter in their need;
It was a hovel near a shade
Where cattle used to feed.
It chanced that in that hole, his swine
Our host, while feeding, did confine.

But *they* had burst their little door,
And so had stole away,
And in the garden with their snouts
Did hold their merry play;
While in their place our pious friends
Most fervently did pray.

"Oh think, dear Bakel, that the grave
Is but the gate of life;
There beggars equal mighty kings;
There ends all mortal strife;
The injured slave feels not the thong,
Nor drags his weary chain along."

"Ah yes, how truly says the bard,
Si hora mortis ruit
Is fit Irus subito
Qui modo Crœsus fuit."
Thus spent they all the hours of night
Till dawn the little court did light.

Now hideously the door did creak,
From which came out the man,
Whose eye beam'd murder; and he straight
To whet his knife began;
And mutter'd as he rubb'd away,
"Ye *black ones*, ye shall die to-day!"

The host a *Flesher* was by trade,
And spoke still of his swine.
While all these dreadful thoughts beset
The teacher and divine;
Who fell into the odd mistake,
That he their lives design'd to take.

So forth he stretch'd his hand to draw
The swine from out their hole:—
The first thing that he seized upon
Was Bakel's thickened sole:
He cried in terror and affright,
"The Devil! oh ye powers of light!"

Now was their foolish blunder clear;
They show'd themselves in day;
And soon the *Flesher's* deadly fears
And dread were chased away.
A hearty breakfast crown'd the board
And laughter loudly at it roar'd.

At parting all swore solemnly
The blunder to conceal,
But lately when I made a feast
Of venison and veal,
The parson in a merry mood
The whole truth did reveal.

Edinburgh Mag.

THE EVENING OF A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

While our shrub walks darken,
And the stars get bright aloft,
Sit we still and hearken
To the music low and soft.
By the old oak yonder
Where we watched the setting sun,
Listening to the far-off thunder
Of the multitude as one.

Sit, my best beloved,
In the waning light;
Yield thy spirit to the teaching
Of each sound and sight,
While those sounds are flowing
To their silent rest;
While the parting wake of sunlight
Broods along the west:

Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear a part;
Better to look on happiness
Than carry a light heart.
Sweeter to walk on cloudy hills
With a sunny plain below,
Than to weary of the brightness
Where the floods of sunshine flow.

Souls that love each other,
Join both joys in one;
Blest by others' happiness,
And nourished by their own.
So with quick reflection,
Each its opposite
Still gives back, and multiplies
To infinite delight.

S.W. AND BY W. ¾ W.

[**Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N., C.B.**, born in London, 10th July, 1792; died in Norfolk, 2d August, 1848. As a naval officer, "he was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties," was the verdict of the late Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane). As the inventor of the code of signals for the merchant vessels of all nations Captain Marryat has earned the gratitude of all seafarers; but it is as a novelist that he is most distinguished. He was thirty seven when his first work appeared—*Frank Mildmay*, and twenty-four others followed in rapid succession. It will suffice to mention *The King's Own; Newton Forster; Midshipman Easy; Jacob Faithful; Percival Keene; Snarly Yow; The Phantom Ship; Joseph Rustbrook, or the Poacher; Valerie; Diary in America; The Settlers in Canada; The Pacha of Many Tales, &c.* "His stories of the sea are unquestionably the first in their peculiar line."—*Dublin University Magazine.* Christopher North said "he would have stood in the first class of sea-scribes had he written nothing but *Peter Simple*." Various editions of his works are issued by Routledge and Sons, by whose permission the following tale is quoted from *Olla Podrida*. The biography of Captain Marryat, edited by his daughter Florence Marryat—herself a novelist—was published in 1872.]

Jack Littlebrain was, physically considered, as fine grown, and moreover as handsome a boy as ever was seen, but it must be acknowledged that he was not very clever. Nature is, in most instances, very impartial; she has given plumage to the peacock, but, as every ones knows, not the slightest ear for music. Throughout the feathered race it is almost invariably the same; the homeliest clad are the finest songsters. Among animals the elephant is certainly the most intelligent, but, at the same time, he cannot be considered as a beauty. Acting upon this well-ascertained principle, nature imagined that she had done quite enough for Jack when she endowed him with such personal perfection; and did not consider it was at all necessary that he should be very clever; indeed, it must be admitted, not only that he was not very clever, but (as the truth must be told) remarkably dull and stupid. However, the Littlebrains have been for a long while a well-known, numerous, and influential

family, so that, if it were possible that Jack could have been taught anything, the means were forthcoming: he was sent to every school in the country; but it was in vain. At every following vacation he was handed over from the one pedagogue to the other, of those whose names were renowned for the Busbian system of teaching by stimulating both ends: he was horsed every day and still remained an ass, and at the end of six months, if he did not run away before that period was over, he was invariably sent back to his parents as incorrigible and unteachable. What was to be done with him? The Littlebrains had always got on in the world, somehow or another, by their interest and connections; but here was one who might be said to have no brains at all. After many pros and cons, and after a variety of consulting letters had passed between the various members of his family, it was decided, that as his maternal uncle, Sir Theophilus Blazers, G.C.B., was at that time second in command in the Mediterranean, he should be sent to sea under his command; the admiral having, in reply to a letter on the subject, answered that it was hard indeed if he did not lick him into some shape or another; and that, at all events, he'd warrant that Jack should be able to box the compass before he had been three months nibbling the ship's biscuit; further, that it was very easy to get over the examination necessary to qualify him for lieutenant, as a turkey and a dozen of brown-stout sent in the boat with him on the passing day, as a present to each of the passing captains, would pass him, even if he were as incompetent as a camel (or, as they say at sea, a cable) to pass through the eye of a needle; that having once passed, he would soon have him in command of a fine frigate, with a good nursing first lieutenant; and that if he did not behave himself properly, he would make his signal to come on board of the flag-ship, take him into the cabin, and give him a sound horse-whipping, as other admirals have been known to inflict upon their own sons under similar circumstances. The reader must be aware that, from the tenor of Sir Theophilus' letter, the circumstances which we are narrating must have occurred some fifty years ago.

When Jack was informed that he was to be a midshipman, he looked up in the most innocent way in the world (and innocent he was, sure enough), turned on his heels, and whistled as he went for want of thought. For the last three months he had been at home, and his chief employment was kissing and romping with the maids, who declared him to be the handsomest Littlebrain that the country had ever produced. Our hero viewed the preparations made for his departure with perfect indifference, and wished everybody good-by with the utmost composure. He was a happy, good-tempered fellow, who never calculated, because he could not; never decided, for he had not wit enough to choose; never foresaw, although he could look straight before him: and never remembered, because he had no memory. The line, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," was certainly made especially for Jack; nevertheless he was not totally deficient: he knew what was good to eat or drink, for his taste was perfect, his eyes were very sharp, and he could discover in a moment if a peach was ripe on the wall; his hearing was quick, for he was the first in the school to detect the footsteps of his pedagogue; and he could smell anything savoury nearly a mile off, if the wind lay the right way. Moreover, he knew that if he put his fingers in the fire that he would burn himself; that knives cut severely; that birch tickled, and several other little axioms of this sort which are generally ascertained by children at an early age, but which Jack's capacity had not received until at a much later date. Such as he was, our hero went to sea; his stock in his sea-chest being very abundant, while his stock of ideas was proportionably small.

We will pass over all the trans-shipments of Jack until he was eventually shipped on board the *Mendacious*, then lying at Malta, with the flag of Sir Theophilus Blazers at the fore—a splendid ship, carrying 120 guns, and nearly 120 midshipmen of different calibres. (I pass over captain, lieutenant, and ship's company, having made mention of her most valuable qualifications.) Jack was received with a hearty welcome by his uncle, for he came in pudding-time, and was invited to dinner: and the admiral made the important discovery, that if his nephew was a fool in other points, he was certainly no fool at his knife and fork. In a short time his messmates found out that he was no fool at his fists, and his knock-down arguments ended much disputation. Indeed, as the French would say, Jack was perfection in the *physique*, although so very deficient in the *morale*.

But if Pandora's box proved a plague to the whole world, Jack had his individual portion of it, when he was summoned to *box* the compass by his worthy uncle Sir Theophilus Blazers: who, in the course of six months, discovered that he could not make his nephew box it in the three, which he had warranted in his letter:

every day our hero's ears were boxed, but the compass never. It required all the cardinal virtues to teach him the cardinal points during the forenoon, and he made a point of forgetting them before the sun went down. Whenever they attempted it (and various were the teachers employed to drive the compass into Jack's head), his head drove round the compass; and try all he could, Jack never could compass it. It appeared, as some people are said only to have one idea, as if Jack could only have one *point* in his head at a time, and to that point he would stand like a well-broken pointer. With him the wind never changed till the next day. His uncle pronounced him to be a fool, but that did not hurt his nephew's feelings; he had been told so too often already.

I have said that Jack had a great respect for good eating and drinking, and, moreover, was blessed with a good appetite: every person has his peculiar fancies, and if there was anything which more titillated the palate and olfactory nerves of our hero, it was a roast goose with sage and onions. Now it so happened, that having been about seven months on board of the *Mendacious*, Jack had one day received a summons to dine with the admiral, for the steward had ordered a roast goose for dinner, and knew not only that Jack was partial to it, but also that Jack was the admiral's nephew, which always goes for something on board of a flag-ship. Just before they were sitting down to table, the admiral wishing to know how the wind was, and having been not a little vexed with the slow progress of his nephew's nautical acquirements, said, "Now, Mr. Littlebrain, go up and bring me down word how the wind is; and mark me, as, when you are sent, nine times out of ten you make a mistake, I shall now bet you five guineas against your dinner, that you make a mistake this time: so now be off and we will soon ascertain whether you lose your dinner or I lose my money. Sit down, gentlemen, we will not wait for Mr. Littlebrain."

Jack did not much admire this bet on the part of his uncle, but still less did he like the want of good manners in not waiting for him. He had just time to see the covers removed, to scent a whiff of the goose, and was off.

"The admiral wants to know how the wind is, sir," said Jack to the officer of the watch.

The officer of the watch went to the binnacle, and setting the wind as nearly as he could, replied, "Tell Sir Theophilus that it is *S. W. and by W. ¾ W.*"

"That's one of those confounded long points that I never can remember," cried Jack, in despair.

"Then you'll 'get goose,' as the saying is," observed one of the midshipmen.

"No; I'm afraid that I sha'n't get any," replied Jack, despondingly. "What did he say, S.W. and by N. ¾ E.?"

"Not exactly," replied his messmate, who was a good-natured lad, and laughed heartily at Jack's version. "S.W. and by W. ¾ W."

"I never can remember it," cried Jack. "I'm to have five guineas if I do, and no dinner if I don't; and if I stay here much longer, I shall get no dinner at all events, for they are all terribly peckish, and there will be none left."

"Well, if you'll give me one of the guineas, I'll show you how to manage it," said the midshipman.

"I'll give you two, if you'll only be quick and the goose a'n't all gone," replied Jack.

The midshipman wrote down the point from which the wind blew, at full length, upon a bit of paper, and pinned it to the rim of Jack's hat. "Now," said he, "when you go into the cabin, you can hold your hat so as to read it without their perceiving you."

"Well, so I can; I never should have thought of that," said Jack.

"You hav'n't wit enough," replied the midshipman.

"Well, I see no wit in the compass," replied Jack.

"Nevertheless, it's full of point," replied the midshipman: "now be quick."

Our hero's eyes served him well if his memory was treacherous; and as he entered the cabin door he bowed over his hat very politely, and said, as he read it off, "S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," and then he added, without reading at all, "if you please, Sir Theophilus."

"Steward," said the admiral, "tell the officer of the watch to step down."

"How's the wind, Mr. Growler?"

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," replied the officer.

"Then, Mr. Littlebrain, you have won your five guineas, and may now sit down and enjoy your dinner."

Our hero was not slow in obeying the order, and ventured, upon the strength of his success, to send his plate twice for goose. Having eaten their dinner, drunk their wine, and taken their coffee, the officers, at the same time, took the hint which invariably accompanies the latter beverage, made their bows and retreated. As Jack was following his seniors out of the cabin, the admiral put the sum which he had staked into his hands, observing, that "it was an ill wind that blew nobody good."

So thought Jack, who, having faithfully paid the midshipman the two guineas for his assistance, was now on the poop keeping his watch, as midshipmen usually do; that is, stretched out on the signal lockers and composing himself to sleep after the most approved fashion, answering the winks of the stars by blinks of his eyes, until at last he shut them to keep them warm. But, before he had quite composed himself, he thought of the goose and the five guineas. The wind was from the same quarter, blowing soft and mild; Jack lay in a sort of reverie, as it fanned his cheek, for the weather was close and sultry.

"Well," muttered Jack to himself, "I do love that point of the compass, at all events, and I think that I never shall forget S.W. and by W. ½ W. No I never—never liked one before, though ——"

"Is that true?" whispered a gentle voice in his ear; "do you love 'S.W. and by W. ½ W.,' and will you, as you say, never forget her?"

"Why, what's that?" said Jack, opening his eyes and turning half round on his side.

"It's me — 'S.W. and by W. ½ W.,' that you say you love."

Littlebrain raised himself and looked round; —there was no one on the poop except himself and two or three of the after-guard, who were lying down between the guns.

"Why, who was it that spoke?" said Jack, much astonished.

"It was the wind you love and who has long loved you," replied the same voice; "do you wish to see me?"

"See you—see the wind?—I've been already sent on that message by the midshipmen," thought Jack.

"Do you love me as you say, and as I love you?" continued the voice.

"Well, I like you better than any other point of the compass, and I'm sure I never thought I should like one of them," replied Jack.

"That will not do for me; will you love only me?"

"I'm not likely to love the others," replied Jack, shutting his eyes again; "I *hate* them all."

"And love me?"

"Well, I do love you, that's a fact," replied Jack, as he thought of the goose and the five guineas.

"Then look round and you shall see me," said the soft voice.

Jack, who hardly knew whether he was asleep or awake, did at this summons once more take the trouble to open his eyes, and beheld a fairy female figure, pellucid as water, yet apparently possessing substance; her features were beautifully soft and mild, and her outline trembled and shifted as it were, waving gently to and fro. It smiled sweetly, hung over him, played with his chestnut curls, softly touched his lips with her own, passed her trembling fingers over his cheeks, and its warm breath appeared as if it melted into his. Then it grew more bold,—embraced his person, searched into his neck and collar, as if curious to examine him.

Jack felt a pleasure and gratification which he could not well comprehend: once more the charmer's lips trembled upon his own, now remaining for a moment, now withdrawing, again returning to kiss and kiss again, and once more did the soft voice put the question,—

"Do you love me?"

"Better than goose," replied Jack.

"I don't know who goose may be," replied the fairy form, as she tossed about Jack's waving locks; "you must love only me, promise me that before I am relieved."

"What, have you got the first watch, as well as me?" replied Jack.

"I am on duty just now, but I shall not be so long. We southerly winds are never kept long in one place; some of my sisters will probably be sent here soon."

"I don't understand what you talk about," replied Jack. "Suppose you tell me who you are, and what you are, and I'll do all I can to keep awake; I don't know how it is, but I've felt more inclined to go to sleep since you have been fanning me about, than I did before."

"Then I will remain by your side while you listen to me. I am, as I told you, a wind ——"

"That's puzzling," said Jack, interrupting her.

"My name is 'S.W. and by W. ½ W.'"

"Yes, and a very long name it is. If you wish me to remember you, you should have had a shorter one."

This ruffled the wind a little, and she blew rather sharp into the corner of Jack's eye.—however she proceeded,—

"You are a sailor, and of course you know all the winds on the compass by name."

"I wish I did; but I don't," replied Littlebrain; "I can recollect you, and not one other."

Again the wind trembled with delight on his lips, and she proceeded:—"You know that there are thirty-two points on the compass, and these points are divided into quarters; so that there are, in fact, 128 different winds."

"There are more than I could ever remember; I know that," said Jack.

"Well, we are in all 128. All the winds which have northerly in them are coarse and ugly; all the southern winds are pretty."

"You don't say so?" replied our hero.

"We are summoned to blow, as required, but the hardest duty generally falls to the northerly winds, as it should do, for they are the strongest; although we southerly winds can blow hard enough when we choose. Our characters are somewhat different. The most unhappy in disposition, and I may say the most malevolent, are the north and easterly winds; the N.W. winds are powerful, but not unkind; the S.E. winds vary, but, at all events, we of the S.W. are considered the mildest and most beneficent. Do you understand me?"

"Not altogether. You're going right round the compass, and I never could make it out, that's a fact. I hear what you say, but I cannot promise to recollect it; I can only recollect S.W. and by W. ¾ W."

"I care only for your recollecting me; if you do that, you may forget all the rest. Now you see we South Wests are summer winds, and are seldom required but in this season; I have often blown over your ship these last three months, and I always have lingered near you, for I loved you."

"Thank you—now go on, for seven bells have struck some time, and I shall be going to turn in. Is your watch out?"

"No, I shall blow for some hours longer. Why will you leave me—why wo'n't you stay on deck with me?"

"What, stay on deck after my watch is out? No, if I do, blow me! We midshipmen never do that—but I say, why can't you come down with me, and turn in my hammock; it's close to the hatchway, and you can easily do it."

"Well, I will, upon one promise. You say that you love me, now I'm very jealous, for we winds are always supplanting one another. Promise me that you will never mention any other wind in the compass but me, for if you do, they may come to you, and if I hear of it I'll blow the masts out of your ship, that I will."

"You don't say so?" replied Jack, surveying her fragile, trembling form.

"Yes, I will, and on a lee-shore too; so that the ship shall go to pieces on the rocks, and the admiral and every soul on board her be drowned."

"No, you wouldn't, would you?" said our hero, astonished.

"Not if you promise me. Then I'll come to you and pour down your windsails, and dry your washed clothes as they hang on the rigging, and just ripple the waves as you glide along, and hang upon the lips of my dear love, and press him in my arms. Promise me, then, on no account ever to recollect or mention any other wind but me."

"Well, I think I may promise that," replied Jack, "I'm very clever at forgetting; and then you'll come to my hammock, won't you, and sleep with me? You'll be a nice cool bedfellow these warm nights."

"I can't sleep on my watch as midshipmen do; but I'll watch you while you sleep, and I'll fan your cheeks, and keep you cool and comfortable, till I'm relieved.

"And when you go, when will you come again?"

"That I cannot tell—when I'm summoned; and I shall wait with impatience, that you may be sure of."

"There's eight bells," said Jack, starting up; "I must go down and call the officer of the middle watch; but I'll soon turn in, for my relief is not so big as myself, and I can thrash him."

Littlebrain was as good as his word; he cut down his relief, and then thrashed him for venturing to expostulate. The consequence was, that in ten minutes he was in his hammock, and "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." came gently down the hatchway and rested in his arms. Jack soon fell fast asleep, and when he was wakened up the next morning by the quarter-master, his bedfellow was no longer there. A mate inquiring how the wind was, was answered by the quarter-master that they had a fresh breeze from the N.N.W., by which Jack understood that his sweetheart was no longer on duty.

Our hero had passed such a happy night with his soft and kind companion, that he could think of nothing else; he longed for her to come again, and, to the surprise of everybody, was now perpetually making inquiries as to the wind which blew. He thought of her continually; and in fact was as much in love with "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." as he possibly could be. She came again—once more did he enjoy her delightful company; again she slept with him in his hammock, and then, after a short stay, she was relieved by another.

We do not intend to accuse the wind of inconstancy, as that was not her fault; nor of treachery, for she loved dearly; nor of violence, for she was all softness and mildness; but we do say, that "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." was the occasion of Jack being very often in a scrape, for our hero kept his word; he forgot all other winds, and with him there was no other ex-

cept his dear "S.W. and by W. ½ W." It must be admitted of Jack, that, at all events, he showed great perseverance, for he stuck to his point.

Our hero would argue with his messmates, for it is not those who are most capable of arguing who are most fond of it; and, like all arguers not very brilliant, he would flounder and diverge away right and left, just as the flaws of ideas came into his head.

"What nonsense it is your talking that way," would his opponent say; "why don't you come to the point?"

"And so I do," cried Jack.

"Well, then, what is your point?"

"S.W. and by W. ½ W.," replied our hero.

Who could reply to this? But in every instance, and through every difficulty, our hero kept his promise, until his uncle, Sir Theophilus, was very undecided whether he should send him home to be locked up in a lunatic asylum, or bring him on in the service to the rank of post-captain. Upon mature consideration, however, as a man in Bedlam is a very useless member of society, and a teetotal nonproductive, whereas a captain in the navy is a responsible agent, the admiral came to the conclusion that Littlebrain must follow up his destiny.

At last Jack was set down as the greatest fool in the ship, and was pointed out as such. The ladies observed that such might possibly be the case, but at all events he was the handsomest young man in the Mediterranean fleet. We believe that both parties were correct in their assertions.

Time flies—even a midshipman's time, which does not fly quite so fast as his money—and the time came for Mr. Littlebrain's examination. Sir Theophilus, who now commanded the whole fleet, was almost in despair. How was it possible that a man could navigate a ship with only one quarter point of the compass in his head?

Sir Theophilus scratched his wig; and the disposition of the Mediterranean fleet, so important to the country, was altered according to the dispositions of the captains who commanded the ships. In those days there were martinets in the service; officers who never overlooked an offence, or permitted the least deviation from strict duty; who were generally hated, but at the same time were most valuable to the service. As for his nephew passing his examination before any of those of the first or second, or even of the third degree, the admiral knew that it was impossible. The consequence was, that one was sent away on a mission to Genoa about nothing; another to watch for vessels never expected, off Sardinia; two more to cruize after a French frigate which had never been built: and thus, by degrees, did the admiral arrange, so as to obtain a set of officers sufficiently pliant to allow his nephew to creep under the gate which barred his promotion, and which he never could have vaulted over. So the signal was made—our hero went on board—his uncle had not forgotten the propriety of a little *douceur* on the occasion; and, as the turkeys were all gone, three couple of geese were sent in the same boat, as a present to each of the three passing captains. Littlebrain's heart failed him as he pulled to the ship; even the geese hissed at him, as much as to say, "If you were not such a stupid ass, we might have been left alive in our coops." There was a great deal of truth in that remark, if they did say so.

Nothing could have been made more easy for Littlebrain than his examination. The questions had all been arranged beforehand; and some kind friend had given him all the answers written down. The passing captains apparently suffered from the heat of the weather, and each had his hand on his brow, looking down on the table at the time that Littlebrain gave his answers, so that of course they did not observe that he was reading them off. As soon as Littlebrain had given his answer, and had had sufficient time to drop his paper under the table, the captains felt better and looked up again.

There were but eight questions for our hero to answer. Seven had been satisfactorily got through; then came the eighth, a very simple one:—"What is your course and distance from Ushant to the Start?" This question having been duly put, the captains were again in deep meditation, shrouding their eyes with the palms of their hands.

Littlebrain had his answer—he looked at the paper. What could be more simple than to reply?—and then the captains would have all risen up, shaken him by the hand, complimented him upon the talent he had displayed, sent their compliments to the commander-in-chief, and their thanks for the geese. Jack was just answering, "North ——"

"Recollect your promise!" cried a soft voice, which Jack well recollected.

Jack stammered—the captains were mute—and waited patiently.

"I must say it," muttered Jack.

"You shan't," replied the little Wind.

"Indeed I must," said Jack, "or I shall be turned back."

The captains, surprised at this delay and the muttering of Jack, looked up, and one of them gently inquired if Mr. Littlebrain had not dropped his handkerchief or something under the table? And then they again fixed their eyes upon the green cloth.

"If you dare, I'll never see you again," cried "S.W. and by W. ½ W."—"never come to your hammock—but I'll blow the ship on shore, every soul shall be lost, admiral and all; recollect your promise!"

"Then I shall never pass," replied Jack.

"Do you think that any other point in the compass shall pass you except me?—never! I am too jealous for that. Come now, dearest!" and the Wind again deliciously trembled upon the lips of our hero, who could no longer resist.

"S.W. and by W. ½ W.," exclaimed Jack firmly.

"You have made a slight mistake, Mr. Littlebrain," said one of the captains. "*Look* again—I meant to say, *think* again."

"S.W. and by W. ½ W.," again repeated Jack.

"Dearest, how I love you!" whispered the soft Wind.

"Why, Mr. Littlebrain," said one of the captains—for Jack had actually laid the paper down on the table—"what's in the wind now?"

"She's obstinate," replied Jack.

"You appear to be so, at all events," replied the captain. "Pray, try once more."

"I have it!" thought Jack, who tore off the last answer from his paper. "I gained five guineas by that plan once before." He then handed the bit of paper to the passing captain: "I believe that's right, sir," said our hero.

"Yes, that is right; but could you not have said it instead of writing it, Mr. Littlebrain?"

Jack made no reply; his little sweetheart pouted a little, but said nothing; it was an evasion which she did not like. A few seconds of consultation then took place, as a matter of form. Each captain asked of the other if he was perfectly satisfied as to Mr. Littlebrain's capabilities, and the reply was in the affirmative; and they were perfectly satisfied that he was either a fool or a madman. However, as we have had both in the service by way of precedent, Jack was added to the list, and the next day was appointed lieutenant.

Our hero did his duty as lieutenant of the forecastle; and as all the duty of that officer is, when hailed from the quarter-deck, to answer, "*Ay, ay, sir,*" he got on without making many mistakes. And now he was very happy; no one dared to call him a fool except his uncle; he had his own cabin, and many was the time that his dear little "S.W. and by W. ½ W." would come in by the scuttle and nestle by his side.

"You won't see so much of me soon, dearest," said she, one morning, gravely,

"Why not, my soft one?" replied Jack.

"Don't you recollect that the winter months are coming on?"

"So they are," replied Jack. "Well, I shall long for you back."

And Jack did long, and long very much, for he loved his dear wind and the fine weather which accompanied her. Winter came on, and heavy gales and rain, and thunder and lightning; nothing but double-reefed top-sails and wearing in succession; and our hero walked the forecastle and thought of his favourite wind. The N.E. winds came down furiously, and the weather was bitter cold. The officers shook the rain and spray off their garments when their watch was over, and called for grog.

"Steward, a glass of grog," cried one; "and let it be strong."

"The same for me," said Jack; "only, I'll mix it myself."

Jack poured out the rum till the tumbler was half full.

"Why, Littlebrain," said his messmate, "that is a dose; that's what we call a regular *Nor-wester.*"

"Is it?" replied Jack. "Well, then, Norwesters suit me exactly, and I shall stick to them like cobblers' wax."

And during the whole of the winter months our hero showed a great predilection for Norwesters.

It was in the latter end of February that there was a heavy gale; it had blown furiously from the northward for three days, and then it paused and panted as if out of breath—no wonder! And then the wind shifted and shifted again, with squalls and heavy rain, until it blew from every quarter of the compass.

Our hero's watch was over, and he came down and called for a "Nor-wester" as usual.

"How is the wind now?" asked the first lieutenant of the master, who came down dripping wet.

"S.S.W., but drawing now fast to the westward," said old Spunyarn.

And so it was; and it veered round until "S.W. and by W. ½ W.," with an angry gust, came down the skylight, and blowing strongly into our hero's ear, cried—

"Oh, you false one!"

"False!" exclaimed Jack. "What! you here, and so angry too? What's the matter?"

"What's the matter!—do you think I don't know? What have you been doing ever since I was away, comforting yourself during my absence with *Nor-westers?*"

"Why, you an't jealous of a Nor-wester, are you?" replied Littlebrain. "I confess I'm rather partial to them."

"What!—this to my face!—I'll never come again, without you promise me that you will have nothing to do with them, and never call for one again. Be quick—I cannot stay more than two minutes; for it is hard work now, and we relieve quick—say the word."

"Well, then," replied Littlebrain, "you've no objection to *half-and-half?*"

"None in the world; that's quite another thing, and has nothing to do with the wind."

"It has though," thought Jack, "for it gets a man in the wind; but I won't tell her so; and," continued he, "you don't mind a raw nip, do you?"

"No—I care for nothing except a Nor-wester."

"I'll never call for one again," replied Jack; "it is but making my grog a little stronger; in future it shall be *half-and-half.*"

"That's a dear! Now I'm off—don't forget me;" and away went the wind in a great hurry.

It was about three months after this short visit, the fleet being off Corsica, that our hero was walking the deck, thinking that he soon should see the object of his affections, when a privateer brig was discovered at anchor a few miles from Bastia. The signal was made for the boats of the fleet to cut her out; and the admiral, wishing that his nephew should distinguish himself somehow, gave him the command of one of the finest boats. Now Jack was as brave as brave could be; he did not know what danger was; he hadn't wit enough to perceive it, and there was no doubt but he would distinguish himself. The boats went on the service. Jack was the very first on board, cheering his men as he darted into the closed ranks of his opponents. Whether it was that he did not think that his head was worth defending, or that he was too busy in breaking the heads of others to look after his own, this is certain, that a tomahawk descended upon it with such force as to bury itself in his skull (and his was a thick skull too). The privateer's men were overpowered by numbers, and then our hero was discovered, under a pile of bodies, still breathing heavily. He was hoisted on board and taken into his uncle's cabin: the surgeon shook his head when he had examined that of our hero.

"It must have been a most tremendous blow," said he to the admiral, "to have penetrated——"

"It must have been, indeed," replied the admiral, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; for he loved his nephew.

The surgeon having done all that his art would enable him to do, left the cabin to attend to the others who were hurt; the admiral also went on the quarter-deck, walking to and fro for an hour in a melancholy mood. He returned to the cabin and bent over his nephew; Jack opened his eyes.

"My dear fellow," said the admiral, "how's your head now?"

"*S. W. and by W. ¾ W.*," faintly exclaimed our hero, constant in death, as he turned a little on one side and expired.

It was three days afterwards, as the fleet were on a wind making for Malta, that the bell of the ship tolled, and a body, sewed up in a hammock and covered with the Union Jack, was carried to the gangway by the admiral's bargemen. It had been a dull, cloudy day, with little wind; the hands were turned up, the officers and men stood uncovered: the admiral in advance with his arms folded, as the chaplain read the funeral service over the body of our hero,—and as the service proceeded, the sails flapped, for the wind had shifted a little; a motion was made, by the hand of the officer of the watch, to the man at the helm to let the ship go off the wind, that the service might not be disturbed, and a mizzling soft rain descended. The wind had shifted to our hero's much-loved *point*, his fond mistress had come to mourn over the loss of her dearest, and the rain that descended were the tears which she shed at the death of her handsome but not over-gifted lover.

PROVERBS.

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn,
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
"In love there is no lack," thus I begin;
"Fair words make fools," replieth he again;
"Who spares to speak doth spare to speed," quoth I:
"As well," saith he, "too forward as too slow;"
"Fortune assists the boldest," I reply:
"A hasty man," quoth he, "ne'er wanted woe;"
"Labour is light where love," quoth I, "doth pay."
Saith he, "Light burden's heavy, if far borne;"
Quoth I, "The main lost, cast the by away;"
"Y'have spun a fair thread," he replies in scorn.
And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

POOR JACK.

[Charles Dibdin, born in Southampton, 1745; died July, 1814. His name is still famous and popular as that of the writer of our most effective sea-songs. He was educated at Winchester, and intended for the church; but he adopted the stage as his profession. He became known as an actor, dramatist, and theatrical manager; but his reputation was made by his songs, of which he wrote nearly 1200. He also wrote forty-seven dramatic pieces and other works. An edition of the songs, illustrated by George Cruikshanks, was published in 1850.]

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And 'taint to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a d——'d fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why you will ne'er hear of me more;
What then, all's a hazard; come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's;
And as for my life 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S WOOING.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.[1]

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to

[1] From the *Spectator*, which was supposed to be produced by a "Society of Gentlemen;" and it is notable that Sir Roger de Coverley, who was the most popular of its creations, is the first mentioned in the number devoted to the portraits of the members of the club. Addison has obtained more credit for his share in the creation of this admirable specimen of a good old English gentleman than has been allowed to Steele; but it is worth remembering that it is Steele who introduces the knight; and Steele writes entirely of the man, whilst Addison writes much about his surroundings.

wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, had been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. . . . He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the *Quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act. . . .

I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried like a captivated calf as I was,

"'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.'

"This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage.

"You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further conse-

quences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her.

"As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual, even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jest.

"As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave.

"Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature, she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which

represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:—

> Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
> Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk;
> Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
> Still he must speak of *Nævia*, or be mute.
> He writ to his father, ending with this line,
> I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.

THE LONG-AGO.

[**Baron Houghton, Richard Monckton Milnes, F.S.A., D.C.L.**, born 19th June, 1809. Poet, politician, and miscellaneous writer. Graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; elected M.P. for Pontefract, 1837, and raised to the peerage 1863. Whilst giving earnest attention to politics and to many social questions, Lord Houghton has earned wide fame as a poet and biographer His chief works are, *Poems of Many Years; Poems Legendary and Historical; Palm Leaves; Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats*, &c. One of his critics says: "Delicate fancy, warm sympathy with human suffering, and keen observation of the human heart characterise his poetical works."]

Eyes which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear:
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy:
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wand'ring to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it bereaves;
But the light that fills the past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

—*From The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

CHANET.

[J. W. De Forest, a contributor to the principal American magazines, chiefly in prose, but occasionally in verse. He has written numerous short tales and sketches of adventure and travel. Amongst his more important works are, *History of the Indians of Connecticut from the earliest known Period to* 1850; *Oriental Acquaintance*, a series of letters from Asia Minor; *European Acquaintance*, sketches of people in Europe, &c.]

"What a singular odour!" soliloquized Miss Holcum, snuffing the air with a slight tremor of disgust about her nostrils.

She said *odour* instead of *smell*, because she was a teacher of several years' standing in one of the common schools of New York, and had learned in the exercise of her profession to express herself with an elegance of the Johnsonian species. She was accustomed to remark to her scholars, "Before you speak, always consider not only your thoughts, but also the language in which you propose to give them utterance."

She was at this moment ascending the third staircase of the cheap, plain, and even seedy lodging-house in which she had her parlour—bedroom—kitchen—or, in other words, her one room in which she studied, slept, and did such small cooking as was needed for her tea and breakfast. In this simple fashion she had lived for years, not merely because her earnings were small, and not at all because she was stingy, but mainly because she was a noble, unselfish woman, who had it at heart to educate a youthful orphan cousin.

"It is burning charcoal," she added, after an instant. "Can it be that some poor mortal is seeking his death?"

School-teaching alone had not given her the wisdom to reach this suspicion. She was a reader of novels; she had an imagination, and a native longing after the unusual; she was capable of conceiving a suicide, and of conceiving herself as saving him. Where a practical, common-sense man would merely have smelt fire, this fanciful, impulsive woman scented a tragedy of the heart. We shall see which of these two characters best suited the exigency that was now agonizing in this bare and musty old lodging-house. The wildest imagination is sometimes the truest common-sense.

"It may be that young foreigner," thought Janet Holcum. She ran up another flight of stairs, hurried along a musty, dusty passage, and stopped before a door marked by dirty fingers. Timorous and modest, she looked at it with hesitation as well as anxiety; but the charcoal fumes were stronger here, and began to make her sick and faint; she felt that she could not hesitate long. After rapping and receiving no answer, she put her mouth to the keyhole and called, also without effect.

"Oh dear! what shall I do?" she groaned, confident now that a tragedy was passing within, and looking about her vainly for help. She had already learned that this fifth story was unoccupied except by the pale, slovenly, haggard young foreigner, whose step she had frequently heard pacing to and fro for hours over her head. As she remembered that he was a man, and that she had never been introduced to him, she thought of running downstairs and summoning some other man to save him. But the poisonous air demanded instant action; she tried the lock unavailingly, and then flung herself desperately against the door; the miserable bolt-catch gave way, and she was within. Unable to breathe in the mephitic atmosphere of the room, she rushed across it, opened a window, and thrust her head out. Looking back from this position she saw something which made her shudder.

There was a painter's easel; on the easel was a picture with its face turned from her; behind the easel, on the floor of one corner of the room, was a wretched bed, and on this, the chest and head concealed by the picture, lay the motionless form of a man. The moment Janet had drawn one long breath of the out-of-door air she hastened to this terrible corner. No time to look at the man—no leisure to query whether he were alive or dead—she lifted him by the shoulders, dragged him to the window, and seated him by it in a chair. Her only distinct consciousness as to his condition was that the temple which dropped against her cheek was not entirely cold.

But the appearance of the suicide, as she held him up in the chair, was alarming. His face ash-coloured, his lips blue and contracted, his head drooping helplessly on one shoulder, he seemed to be already in another world. She scarcely noticed that he did not look to be more than twenty-five years of age; that his long, curling, yellow hair, although neglected, was beautiful; that his wasted and ghastly features were classic in outline. Two or three times she called loudly for assistance—"Help! Murder!" But outside there was only a wilderness of roofs; inside, the musty old lodging-house seemed another desert. She was left alone with her awful question of *death or life*.

Presently her enigma responded. The response was only a sigh, but it came from this side of the tomb: it was the triumph of nature over

supernature, the hail of a soul returning from the shades. The man was already breathing, and it was not long before he opened his eyes. Into these eyes Janet sent her sweetest and most pitiful smile, seeking thereby to encourage the sick and sorrowful spirit within. Not a word was uttered, for the one was as yet too ill to speak, and the other felt that here was a misery too profound to be questioned. After a while, seeing that her patient could hold up his head, Janet hastened to the pan of charcoal, which was still burning, and deluging it with water from a pitcher, extinguished its poisonous embers. When she returned to the window the invalid looked in her face with so much intelligence that she ventured to address him.

"You will be better soon," she said. "The air of the room is becoming purified. It was that charcoal which made you ill."

"Yes, it was te sharcoal," replied the young man, with a marked German accent.

"I hope that you will be more careful about it in future," she continued, believing that she was talking to a would-be suicide, but not quite certain of it.

"I subbose so," was the weak-voiced, indifferent, non-committal answer.

She looked anxiously into the fine face which was now beginning to reassume somewhat of its natural colour and beauty.

"If you are suffering under any trouble," she said, "I trust and desire that you will tell me of it. Perhaps I can aid you."

"I haf but one drubble," he replied. "It is life."

Wicked as the sentiment seemed to her, the man who uttered it did not seem wicked, but only pitiable. In the quivering droop of his lip, and in the fixed but unseeing stare of his blue eyes, there was a profound anguish and a calm desperation which made her think of the unsounded, motionless waters of the Dead Sea covering ruined cities. She had never before seen such sorrow; at least she had never before seen sorrow expressed with such frankness; and the spectacle impressed her the more terribly because of its novelty.

The youth now rose, steadied himself with difficulty, rubbed his forehead and his eyes, struck his hand repeatedly on the back of his neck, obviously confused, dizzy, and in pain. Janet felt that feminine delicacy ordered her to leave him; but she did not dare, lest he should rekindle his charcoal. Turning away in order to gain time for reflection, she found herself near the easel, and she examined the picture. It was a landscape representing a scene on the North River which she had visited and which she instantly recognized. Although unfinished, she was so little a judge of painting that she did not perceive that, and she thought it beautifully done. Of a sudden it occurred to her womanly wit and sensibility that here was something whereby she might gain a hold upon this victim of despair and draw him back to a willingness to live.

"Did you do this?" she asked. "Are you a painter?"

His face brightened the merest trifle as he caught her look of interest.

"Yes, I am a bainter," he answered. "Let me turn it to the light for you," he added, with a courtesy of manner strangely at variance with his coarse and even dirty clothing. "You see it is not vinished yet," he went on, looking kindly at her, as if he detected her ignorance of art and pitied her for it.

"I know the place," she said, forcing a smile of encouragement. "I have had the pleasure of visiting it. How well you have represented it."

"So you haf peen there?" he replied, with just the faintest possible smile of gratification. "It is a pewtiful spot."

"Why don't you sell it?"

"What! sell it *so?* It is not vinished."

"Then why don't you finish it?" she added, trembling with anxiety to make him promise to do so.

"I haf not time," he said, his gloom returning.

"Oh, but you *have* time," she urged eagerly. "You *shall* have time."

He eyed her meditatively, earnestly, and solemnly, as if querying whether he should tell her his miserable story. While he hesitated this excellent Janet Holcum was praying in her heart that Heaven would guide him toward goodness and safety.

"See here," he said at last, "I will dell you someting. You haf saved my life. I will dell you why I wanted to die. I had no money. I could not get food. I could not bay for my room. I had had drubbles pevore—over in Chermany. Und now I had not a cent in my bocket. So at last I tires out, und I gives it up. I lights my sharcoal, und I lies down to sleep it out. That is my shtory."

In spite of his strong German accent he was sublime, and terrible, and pitiable. The tears rushed into Janet's eyes, and stepping suddenly forward she caught both his hands, as if she would prevent him by force from again attempting his life.

"I t'ank you," was the simple response of a man whose sensibility and quickness enabled

him to understand sympathy which had not been uttered.

"You must not do this again," she urged as soon as she could speak. "I will see that you have friends. You shall have time to finish your picture. I will help you sell it. Have you eaten to-day?"

"I haf no abbedide."

She understood that he had not eaten, and the tears shone in her eyes again.

"Come down to my room," she said. "You must. You can take some tea, at any rate. Come down and sit with me, at least, while I eat."

"I am opliged," he answered as he followed her. "But you must excuse my abbearance," he added, glancing at his ragged clothing, stained with grease and daubed with paint. "I am not fit for the gombany of a lady."

"I am only a poor schoolmistress," she smiled. "And in you I can respect the artist."

He bowed with a courteous grace, which gave him the air of a gentleman, in spite of his wretched raiment.

Arrived in her little parlour-bedroom with this strange companion, Janet Holcum's heart fluttered. It was the first time that a man had been with her there alone. If visitors should arrive what would they think? Of course it would be impossible to explain that here was a gentleman whom she had caught trying to commit suicide, and whom she had undertaken to cure of his self-destroying propensities by means of tea and sympathy. Moreover, what would this man himself think of her! She was squeamish about situations because—(and here we come to a fact which I have not hitherto dared to mention)—well, she was squeamish because she was an old maid.

It is curious, but it is none the less true, that a woman of thirty-eight is usually more fastidious about appearances, and even about realities, than a girl of eighteen. Enlightening meditations, perhaps some dangers avoided, perhaps some scandals innocently incurred, a habit of life which has become a governing motive, are the explanations of this singular phenomenon. Well, Janet Holcum, being thirty-eight years of age, blushed and was troubled at the thought of being alone with this handsome man of twenty-five, although he might be looked upon as little more than a ghost returned from beyond the grave. Presently her natural good sense, strengthened by a perfect uprightness of heart, came to her support.

"Pshaw!" she thought, "I am old enough to be his aunt; besides, I am saving him from death. Let who will blame me, I am doing my duty."

Having had lunch that day, she had proposed to go without dinner, and consequently she had slight provision for a meal. She might have run out to make purchases, but she was afraid to leave her Tartar to himself for the present, and, moreover, haste seemed to be more important than plenty. She lighted her gas stove, got her tea ready, and set out a store of graham crackers, butter, and cheese. Then followed a moderate repast and a conversation which lasted well into the evening.

Drawn out by sympathy, the guest told his whole story. His name, he stated, was Ernst Rodolf Hartmann, and he was the youngest son of an official in the civil service of Prussia. Carried away by the liberal ideas so common among European students, he had attached himself, after leaving the university of Berlin, to a secret club of republicans, whose object was to substitute democracy for the Hohenzollerns. The club had been ferreted out by the police; Ernst and two or three other members had been condemned to a brief imprisonment: moreover, he had been disinherited and disowned by his father, a furious loyalist. Worst of all, a beautiful girl to whom he was betrothed had, during his confinement, been driven or coaxed into a marriage with some old baron. This last sorrow, which he related with childlike candour and simplicity, made Janet Holcum blush to her ears even while her heart throbbed with pity.

When he rose to return to his room he seemed to be at least temporarily reconciled to the struggle of life.

"I will dry it a leetle longer if you will gif me a hand," he said. "I will go to bainting again."

"Oh! how can you talk of it so coolly!" she exclaimed with heartfelt solemnity and even with horror. "Don't you know that what you have done to-day is very wicked? Forgive me," she added instantly, remembering how miserable he had been, and looking with pity at his wasted face. By the way, she talked very little of her Johnsonese to this man; for, in the first place, she supposed that he, being a foreigner, might not understand it; and secondly, she had to be so earnest with him that only the simplest words seemed suitable.

"What could I do?" he asked. "A gentleman may not pe a peggar. Pesides, I was not a bainter at home. Mein faders were to make of me a panker. Bainting was merely my fancy.

I had no hope of success in it. What could I do?"

"Will you promise to come to take breakfast with me?"

"I bromise—upon my honour."

"Remember now—upon your honour. Good night."

He took her hand, and before she could guess what he meant to do he kissed it. Notwithstanding the perfect simplicity of his manner, notwithstanding that the action was obviously a mere expression of civility and gratitude, Janet Holcum, who had never before had her hand kissed, blushed again until it seemed to her that her hair was turning scarlet. Without noticing her confusion, this ragged gentleman said sweetly "Goot night," and bowed himself out of the room.

From this good-night forward Janet was burdened and blessed with another labour of love. She had a suicide to reform—a soul without hope to fill with hope—a man without work to provide with work—a lover of lager to satisfy with black tea—a brand to snatch from all sorts of burnings. It was not only a heavy load to carry, but a delicate one to handle. Her orphan, as she soon began to call him, must not eat in her room for fear of Mrs. Grundy. She must content herself with letting him go to cheap restaurants for his dinner, and with occasionally carrying him a cup of tea to wash down the dry bread which she knew was his only supper. As for converse, she firmly invited him to see her every Sunday evening; she sometimes dropped into his den to look at his work and cheer him on with it; oftener still, she took a walk with him in the hall or an evening promenade in the streets.

She was proud of herself, and yet ashamed of herself. It struck her as almost indelicate that she should support a man, especially a young and handsome one. Moreover, her labour of love was a fearful expense compared with her small income. She was soon obliged to draw on her savings'-bank deposit, and that had always been kept in a consumptive state by the needs of her girl cousin. At first she thought of getting up a subscription for her painter, or of interesting some rich school committeeman in his behalf; but very shortly she took such a fancy to him that she did not want any one else to earn a claim to his gratitude; and so she went on paying out her savings for his necessities. When winter arrived and fuel must be had, she bought it for him, although he tried to do without. Next came an overcoat, and a pair of mittens, and some heavy underclothing, because she could not bear to see him walking the streets with a red nose and fingers. It was in vain for him to refuse; she absolutely forced him to take.

Meantime small profits from his brush. The picture which she had thought perfect really had but five or six days' work upon it, and needed a month more. And when it was done it brought only twenty-five dollars. It was of no use for her to scold the picture-dealer for his sharpness, and to endeavour to move his pity by telling him the tale of the German's poverty. The man of art replied that it was not a known name; that paintings sold in the American market mainly by force of reputation; that he had his own living to make, and that she might take the money or leave it.

"If he can do a figure-picture, and do it first-rate," said this rational monster, "I can be more liberal with him. There are so many landscapes. Every American artist can make landscapes."

On this hint Ernst commenced a figure picture. It was his forte; he had simply tried a landscape because he had judged that to be the favourite genre in America; he had known that he could not hope to excel in it. A beautiful group was soon sketched, representing a scene from King Philip's war, the interior of a cabin lighted by its own flames, a beautiful girl in the grasp of Wampanoag warriors, a father and brother struggling manfully against her captors, and in the near back-ground, faintly seen through the shattered door, a coming relief of Puritan riders. Janet Holcum, the patriotic New Englander, was delighted with what she thought already a perfect success, and wanted to sell the group as it was.

"No," judged Ernst. "I cannot avvord to waste virst impressions. This is the most divvicult bart of the bainting, though the quickest. But it will need a long time to make it goot enough. It will need all winter," he concluded, with a piteously apologetical glance at Janet.

"Go on," she said, flushing with the noble heart-beat of self-sacrifice as she caught sight of this mute appeal. "This time I know you will triumph. We can live till it is done."

"Heaven bless you!" he replied, taking her hand and kissing it by force. "You are the noblest woman upon the earth."

The kiss and the praise brought a deeper blush than one often sees on such a pale, sallow face as that of Janet. For we must come now to a weighty secret; we must make an avowal which is almost tragic. Not content with dowering this poor stranger with her worldly wealth, Janet had already begun to give him

the treasures which she had received direct from Heaven. All the love which lies hidden in the heart of a good and pure old maid, all the vast abyss of sensibility which exists in a feminine nature that has found no natural outlet, had in her case been stirred to the profoundest depths by the penniless, friendless, handsome, clever youth whom she had saved from death. Useless to struggle against the infatuation; it had commenced too insidiously, as mere humanity; then it had crept on too slyly, in the guise of mere charity. Oh, how cunning it had been! All at once there was a flaming transformation, and she found herself the victim of a first passion, as much in love as if she were a young girl.

Resist? She tried in vain to do so. Run away? She could not give up her position, lest she should thereby fail to complete her cousin's education, and leave *him* to starve. Once more, self-sacrifice: though all her life had been self-sacrifice, she must go on with it; she must love and suffer and be silent. And so the mischief proceeded at a terrible rate, for every day added to its magnitude. What made things worse was that Ernst was nobly conscious of his obligations, and profuse in thanks, in praises, in the most delicate and charming attentions. If he met her on the street he took his hat entirely off his comely head, and saluted her as schoolma'ams are not always saluted. If he walked with her, he had the air of escorting a duchess. He would leave his beautiful labour at any moment to greet her return to the house with a smile, or to run on her errands. His whole deportment toward her was a continual burning of incense.

She had never before known such a finished gentleman: more than that, she had never met a sweeter and finer nature. She comprehended at last that even his attempted suicide was a proof of his high self-respect and sense of honour, inasmuch as it was an effort to escape from the degradation of living by incurring debts which he could not discharge. That stoical declaration, "If I could haf baid my room rent, I would haf gone on another month," seemed to her now something like a patent of nobility. Unaware of her own grandeur of character, she worshipped his grandeur of character. Finally, she worshipped his genius, which had begun to show her the universe of glory that there is in art, and which was able to seize ideas scarcely perceptible to her unpractised esthetic vision, and place them before her in the resurrection robes of drawing and colour.

Ah well! she was desperately in love with him, and she could not help admitting it to her accusing conscience, and could not put aside the scornful finger of her sense of womanly shame. But did he know it? As yet she was sufficiently herself to hope that he did not. Although she could not meet him without feeling a blush run through her whole face, although his praises and the touch of his hand made her tremble from head to foot, she trusted that she was keeping her fiery secret. And so she was: a young man does not easily suspect that a woman thirteen years his senior has a passion for him; and if Ernst noticed her tremors and changes of colour, he imputed them to womanly delicacy and Puritan shyness. While Janet, locked in her own room, was looking in the glass at her pale face, high cheek-bones, square jaws, straight mouth, and incipient wrinkles, while she was wishing with both tears and shame that all that supportable plainness were beauty and youth, he, steadily at work, did not think of her at all, or only thought of her as his "goot vriend." His handsome countenance, now pink and white in colour as well as classic in outline, was not shadowed by the slightest cloud from the fires of love, unless indeed he remembered now and then his lost jungfrau in Faderland.

About the time that "The Rescue" (as Janet christened the scene from Philip's war) reached its finishing point, Ernst encountered an American artist named Stanley. Stanley was a portrait-painter in high fashion, who made six thousand dollars a year, and spent it all on himself and some poor relations. Too generous and soft-hearted to save money, he wanted to study in the galleries of Europe without ever having the first spare dollar for the voyage, and talked of launching into genre pictures or "high art" without ever being able to give up his pot-boiling labour in kit-kats. The result of this existence, acting upon this kindly spirit, was that while Stanley envied the chances of more famous artists, he honestly admired their productions.

Meeting Ernst at the Academy, he fell into chance conversation with him, liked his naïve and badly pronounced but judicious criticisms, went with him to his lodgings, and fell in love with "The Rescue." His florid face flushed crimson with enthusiasm as he exclaimed, "By Jove! you are on the road to fame. You needn't have apologized for your room. This picture furnishes it like a palace. I wish I was a poor devil. I wish I could live in this style and try to do something good. But I can't. I must dress in a certain way, and go to certain parties, and live in a certain quarter.

If I didn't, I should lose my run among certain people. And then," he added, as he thought of his mother and aunt, "then there would be trouble."

Thenceforward Stanley came often to Ernst's room to watch the progress of "The Rescue," and to tell him that it was sure of success. It was not long either before he gave the young German another startling piece of information.

"That old girl downstairs is in love with you," he said, through a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"What old curl?" asked Ernst, staring with the calm innocence of a child.

"Miss Holcum."

"I hope you are misdaken," replied the German gravely and almost solemnly, as if he already perceived an awful duty before him.

"I should think you might see it," grinned Stanley. "I saw it the first evening we called on her. It was plain enough to-day when she travelled up here to look at the picture. She can't come near you without colouring and shaking."

Ernst became still more solemn, and was evidently in profound thought.

"You must be careful and not trifle with her young affections," Stanley continued, with a rather hard-hearted smile, such as we accord to the heart-troubles of old maids.

"I shall not dryvle with them," replied Ernst, with a seriousness which silenced the American.

During Stanley's next visit Ernst said to him, "I have peen seeing for myself, und I pelieve you are right."

"Right? Oh, about the shadow."

"No. Apout Miss Chanet Holcum. I pelieve she is in lofe with me."

"Well, what are you going to do?" laughed Stanley.

"I haf but one thing to do. If she wishes to marry me, I must marry her. I owe her my life. I owe her this picture, which you say is goot. I haf lived on her money. As a man of honour, I must sacrifice myself to her; that is, if she wishes it. What else can I do?"

"Good Lord! don't be a fool," remonstrated Stanley. "You don't love her, of course?"

"I haf the very highest resbect for her. She is an atmirable woman."

"Yes, I know. I suppose so. But this is carrying respect and gratitude a little too far. She is twelve or fifteen years older than you. You could not be happy with her. Come now! don't be hasty."

"I will not be hasty. It all debends on whether she lofes me a great teal. We will see."

When Ernst, convinced that Janet "lofed him a great teal," felt himself bound to declare an affection for her, and ask her to be his wife, the poor, lonely, hitherto unloved girl was fairly broken down by the revelation. She burst into tears, threw herself on her old, hard sofa, buried her face in the threadbare cushion, and sobbed out a spasm of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh! can this be true?" she finally burst forth, when she became conscious of his hand in hers. "Is it true?" she demanded, sitting up and looking eagerly at him. "If it isn't, take it back. Don't tell it me any more. It would kill me—to find out that it isn't true—oh, it would kill me."

"It is endirely drue, my tear Chanet," was the adorable falsehood of the chivalrous German. "I owe all to you. My life will not bay the debt. But I do not insist upon marriage excebt when you wish it. You must chudge for yourself when it will be brudent."

At this moment Janet caught a view of herself in her mirror. Flushed with joy and love she looked almost handsome, and it seemed to her for a moment that she was young and desirable. The illusion helped her to believe what she could not help longing to believe. Drawn by Ernst's pitying embrace, she believed that it was the embrace of affection, and she let her head fall upon his shoulder, with the words, "Oh, my darling!"

Henceforward they were engaged, though when they would be married neither of them could say, not even the old and wise (only half wise) Janet. With her, life was a delicious dream, forgetful altogether of the hard past and careless often of the doubtful future. With him life was a point of honour and of duty, an obedience to self-respect and a rendering of obligations. His ways were naturally so caressing, and he was so conscientiously assiduous in his attentions to her, that he thoroughly deceived even the suspiciousness of her humble and shy nature. In the main she believed entirely in his affection, amazing as the acquisition seemed to her, and much as she doubted her worthiness of it. It is quite possible that there was not at that time in New York a happier woman than this almost penniless old maid, betrothed to a young artist who was encumbered with debts, and who did not love her. Such are the joys of this world: half of them, at least, delusions; the other half transitory.

At last "The Rescue" was sold. Stanley went with Ernst to the picture-dealer's; demanded, with much pomp of manner, a private

audience; exposed the canvas in the best light, and asked five hundred dollars for it.

"It is worth it," confessed Mr. Moineau. "Only there is no name. If you would put your name to it, Mr. Stanley?"

"Mine! I am only a portrait-painter."

"Yes, but you are known. It would sell the picture."

"Gif him the name," interposed Ernst, with the eagerness of a beggar grasping at alms.

"It's a downright swindle," said the generous American. "I couldn't do such a group to save my life. I won't take the credit of it."

"Both names?" suggested the dealer in genius.

It was agreed to; the picture went on the market as the joint production of Stanley and Hartmann. The latter, perfectly satisfied, and indeed overjoyed, pocketed the five hundred dollars; the former, in spite of his private disclaimers, pocketed something considerable in the way of glory.

At Ernst's request Janet Holcum had kept a strict account of her expenses in his behalf; and although he had used sharp economy, the balance against him amounted to four hundred and thirty dollars. On reaching home he went to her room, gave her a smile of child-like joy in response to her smile of anxiety, and tossed the sum of his earnings into her lap. Instead of hailing his good fortune with gladness, she seemed to shrink from the money, laid it coldly on a table, rose to her feet with a pale face, and said in a strange voice, "Well—you are free."

"No, my tear Chanet," he replied, "I am your slave."

"That is not what I want," she stammered, trembling visibly. "I cannot submit to any such understanding. Mr. Hartmann, it is my duty to tender you your liberty."

"My tarling Chanet, what does this mean?" asked Ernst, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to him.

"My self-respect impels me to it," she said, beginning to cry. "I fear that you proposed to me out of a sense of obligation. The obligation is now cancelled. It was weak in me to accept you. I must make amends for it. Indeed, indeed, I must—you are free."

The gentlest caresses, the sweetest protestations answered her and overwhelmed her fainting resolution. After a minute, and a very little minute it was too, she could not help letting her head go on his shoulder and sobbing out, "Oh! can I believe you? You make me so perfectly happy that I must believe you. Oh, you are my life, my all. I worship you."

For a week or more this sunshine of confidence and joy shone through an unclouded heart. She loved her man—her first man, remember—gathered late in her maying—with a sort of double affection—the love of a betrothed and of a mother. And because he returned it, or rather because she believed that he did, she felt that she owed him a life of gratitude, adoration, obedience, every sweet sentiment and every good work. She was amazingly influenced by him; one might almost say, revolutionized. A teetotaller, believing that the wine recommended by Paul to Timothy was not intoxicating, and that all drinkers of ale and cider deserved the names of tipplers and guzzlers, she found nothing hateful now in the smell of lager. A hater of tobacco, she filled Ernst's pipe. An admirer of Johnsonian diction, she talked to him like a little child. There is no knowing whither this youth might not have carried this mature woman. She was infatuated. From one point of view, it was laughable; from another, it was beautiful and pathetic.

It is not in the nature of things that a woman of thirty-eight, who is engaged to a handsome man of twenty-five, should remain always calmly sure of her conquest. An event was approaching which was destined to cast upon this happy heart a shadow of uneasiness. As Janet sat, one holiday afternoon, beside her Ernst, watching the growth of meaning and beauty under his pencil, she said to him abruptly, "My little cousin will be here soon."

"So?" replied the painter without stopping his work. "I must get her a bresent; shall it pe a toll?"

"A doll! She wouldn't thank you. She is nineteen years old."

"So!" exclaimed Ernst, looking up in surprise. "Then she cannot pe fery little."

"I have got her a situation in my school. She has finished her education, and must begin to earn her living."

"That is goot," smiled the artist. "We will make one family."

"My darling, I wanted to tell you—" hesitated Janet. "We must say nothing about our engagement for the present. That is, I would rather you would not, if it makes no difference to you."

"Why?" asked the painter, stopping his work and staring at her in surprise.

"Because," stammered and blushed this engaged old maid—"because I am ashamed. Not of *you!* Oh no, dearest. But *she* will

think it so queer. And then it may never come to anything—we are so poor. At least it may be a long time first. Well, until our way is a little more clear before us, I would rather the engagement should be kept a secret. You are not annoyed, are you, Ernst?"

"No," replied Ernst calmly, not understanding too well, and not caring quite enough.

"Well," continued the shy and fastidious Janet, "then it shall be so. We will be just good friends in the eyes of Nellie until—until it shall seem best to let her know——"

On the morrow arrived Nellie Fisher, a plump, lively, laughing little blonde, with eyes of a deep turquoise blue, hair of the lightest and flossiest flaxen, a face somewhat broad and nose somewhat short, beautiful in the German peasant style, but undeniably beautiful. Ernst, who was present at the meeting of the two cousins, glanced at the visitor so frequently and with an expression so full of mysterious meaning, that Janet's interest was aroused. At the first chance for an aside she said to him, "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She looks like the one in Chermany," he replied, lost in meditation, his eyes both tender and sombre, his soul in other years and lands.

Janet turned pale.

Does the reader divine what she foresaw?

Well, it happened.

Ernst's heart was empty. Janet did not inhabit it; had not even entered into it. The unnamed girl whom he had loved in Prussia had by heroic efforts been so far expelled from it, that he did not desire ever again to see her. But her former residence there had so moulded the abode, that any one who resembled her could seize upon it, occupy it, and fill it. What now happened to the young man was apparently love at first sight, but was really no more than the transferring of an old love to a new object. A week after he first met Nellie Fisher the thought of her could fill him with delicious reveries, while the thought of his troth-plight to Janet Holcum was sufficient to make him meditate once more upon suicide.

And the girl? He and she met every day, and two or three times a day. In spite of his conscientious efforts to control himself, there was in his manner toward her a tenderness, which, reinforced by his beauty, his graceful address, and the glamour of his artistic ability, could not but move the heart of a child of nineteen who had never hoped for so fine an admirer. In a little while Nellie began to flutter at sight of him, and to pet him in spite of her flutterings.

"Isn't he charming?" she said to her cousin.

"Do you think so?" replied Janet, half gratified and half anxious.

"I really like his accent now. I thought it ridiculous at first."

"So did I."

"What does she mean?" queried Nellie, marvelling at this dryness and brevity. "Oh, I suppose I know. He is poor, and I am poor, and we mustn't—flirt. Well—I suppose we—mustn't."

She went to the glass, looked at her lily skin, wished her nose were longer, arranged her flaxen hair, and wondered whether he liked her.

"Do you know how you could flatter me!" she said before long to Ernst.

"How?" he asked coolly, for she tempted him in a distressing manner, and he felt that he must allow himself no expansion.

"Oh! you don't want to do it," she replied, with a little sunny pout which she had, and which was irresistible.

"I am sure I wish to blease you," he said, unable to bear her pout. "How can I flatter you?"

"You could put me into one of your pictures."

"I should be charmed to do it," admitted the over-tempted artist.

The next day the two women beheld Nellie's bewitching face, drawn and coloured with all the fervour of an art which loves, smiling from Ernst's canvas. The younger blushed and bridled with joy to see herself there and so beautiful; the elder wore a fixed, mechanical smile, and said repeatedly, "What an excellent likeness!"

He had never put Janet's face into his creations. She did not blame him for that: she believed that he could do nothing agreeable with it; she surveyed herself in the glass and sighed, "I am so ugly!" But to see Nellie on that easel, painted by his hand, and painted so well, it was driving a dagger into her beating heart.

That very day Ernst, in a fit of noble remorse and self-sacrifice, said to Janet in private. "I wish you would let me inform Nellie of our troth-plight. I think it would pe petter."

She grew so faint under the terrible revelation which he had unintentionally made, that for a moment she could not answer him; and even when she spoke it was only to ask for delay.

"Stop!" she said, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "Let me think. I must consider this."

He offered to slide his arm around her waist in his usual caressing style; but she gently

stopped him, looked earnestly in his face, smiled with an unspeakable piteousness, and gently glided away; her whole manner saying, "Ah, my darling! you don't wish to do it, and why do you do it?"

"Is it possible that she gomprehends me?" thought Ernst, folding his arms and shaking his head with the air of a man who is trying to stand firm against himself. He appreciated fully the self-abnegation and heroism of Janet's character; he knew that if he once confessed to her that he did not love her she would instantly free him from his engagement; and there was the image of Nellie pleading with him for his sake, if not for hers also, to make the confession. He shook his head and set his teeth until he had faced down the temptation, and had decided that, whether Janet permitted it or not, he would inform her cousin of the betrothal.

But during the day, while superintending her classes with her usual conscientious thoroughness, Miss Holcum also came to a decision. On reaching home in the afternoon she sent Nellie out on some distant errand, and then walked slowly up to Ernst's room.

"My tear Chanet! I am so glad to see you!" he said, coming towards her with extended hands and his sweetest smile. "My poor child, you look tired," he added, glancing pityingly at her unusually pale face. "There, sit down, and take some rebose. Do you see my bicture? I have made some changes."

Raising her patient eyes to the canvas, Janet perceived that the portrait of Nellie had been so altered as to be no longer recognizable. Throbbing with admiration for this man, who could divine her heart so perfectly, and who could do what must have been hateful to him at the mere bidding of his sensitive conscience, she rose up with suddenly flushed cheeks, seized both his hands, printed one hot kiss on his smooth, white forehead, and then drew back, holding him at arm's-length, in order to worship him.

"Ernst, I know what you have done," she said, firmly. "I thank you for your noble intentions. But sacrifice for sacrifice. It is my turn now. Ernst, my own darling, we must separate. I was born for you, but you were not born for me. We must end this engagement. I must end it, or despise myself. I do end it. I break it. You are free. There."

She tore herself away from him and attempted to rush out of the room.

"Chanet! Chanet!" he called, springing after her and seizing her in his arms. "It must not pe so. You are the noplest woman on earth. I worship you. I cannot lose you."

"Oh! don't!" implored Janet, looking up at him in despair, for he was taxing her almost beyond her strength. After a moment, rallying all the power of her soul, she added, "See here, Ernst! let us speak the truth. Do you love me better than you love any one else?"

How could he have the seeming cruelty to answer her "No?" He did what most gentle-hearted men would have done—he told her a pitying, self-sacrificing falsehood. He said, "I do."

She was too clear-sighted to be deceived, and too high-souled to accept an unwilling heart.

"Look at this Bible, Ernst," she continued, drawing from her pocket a little Testament that never quitted her. "Put your hand upon it;" and here, seizing his fingers, she clasped them around the book. "Now tell mé whether you love me better than any other."

"You trife me into a gorner," replied the artist, piteously. "Well, I swear. I swear that I resbect und atmire you more than any other human peing. Is it not enough?"

"Do you love Nellie?"

"She is so like ——," he stammered.

"Well, she will soon be in love with you," said Janet, with a last supreme effort. "Take her. Make her happy."

She had been leaning away from him. She now turned, with the revulsion of a billow, threw her arms around his neck, covered his face with kisses and tears, and then once more leaned back from him to look at him.

"That is the end of all between us," she said, in a hoarse, deep voice, totally unlike her usual utterance. "Henceforward I shall do my duty, and you must help me do it. One thing—never tell Nellie of this; it would darken her happiness. And now—good-bye."

She dragged herself away from him, ran downstairs, and locked herself in her room.

"Mein Gott!" murmured Ernst, left to himself. "I shall lose a heart worth den tousand of mine. But it is petter. She is wiser. I could not lofe her. I should end by making her unhabby as now—und more so. She is wise for us poth."

The next day, to the astonishment and annoyance of Nellie Fisher, but by the positive dictation of Janet Holcum, the two women removed from their lodgings to a cheap boarding-house. There was, however, one good thing about the change: the boarding-house had a parlour where Mr. Hartmann could be received with a sense of spotless propriety; and what was delightful, he always had to be re-

ceived by Miss Fisher, the elder cousin excusing herself on pretence of business, illness, &c. One can easily see that all this had to end in a second troth-plight, and that the parties to it could not be other than Ernst and Nellie. It was "petter;" youth must have youth; love must have love. In these bargains mere respect and gratitude are not a fair exchange for the unreasoning, instinctive, potent impulse of the heart.

Almost the first use that Nellie made of her betrothal was to run down to Ernst's studio, entirely, as she declared, to look at the new picture, but mainly, no doubt, to look at the artist. She too, like Janet before her, observed a change in the personages of the little drama. She had never known that her likeness had been obliterated, and she did not discover it now, for it had been restored in all its beauty. But in the face of one of the principal female figures—a face which, though not absolutely handsome, was sublime with an expression of noble and tender resignation—in this face, which looked up to heaven as if it had descended from thither, Nellie recognized the countenance of Janet Holcum.

"Why! you have got in Cousin Jennie too," exclaimed the delighted girl. "Oh, you creature! you have made her finer than me."

"I wanted to tignify the bainting," said Ernst simply, "with the bortrait of the pest woman in the world."

"Isn't she!" replied Nellie, pressing her face gratefully against his shoulder. "I am so glad you do her justice. I owe everything to her. Oh! I wouldn't cause her a grief for the world."

The picture having been sold to Moineau for the large sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, it was decided that Ernst's prospects of success were good enough to justify marriage, and Janet ruled that Nellie must go home for that purpose to the residence of an old aunt in Connecticut.

The girl having departed, Janet felt able to have one interview with Hartmann, not with the object of indulging in any weak reproaches or bemoanings, but to bid him a last farewell. She was going to Ceylon, she informed him, as English teacher in one of the schools of the "American Board of Foreign Missions."

"Oh! it is too far!" implored the young man. "If you must go away, let it pe still in this gountry. There is the Freedmen's Bureau schools in the South."

"People return from the South," she replied. "I must go whence I shall never return."

It was the only complaint, the only cry of despair that was uttered by this martyr, at least in human ears.

When Stanley heard of Miss Holcum's proposed departure, he said to Ernst, in surprise, "I thought she was to be *your* missionary. What! have you taken the mitten! Oh, you clever dog! You know the difference between an old maid and a new one."

"See here," said the German, with solemnity. "I do not want you, one of my pest vriends, to desbise me; und I want you to resbect Miss Holcum as she ought to be resbected. I will dell you everything, und you must dell no one."

Before he had half finished his story of the broken engagement, Stanley rose from his seat, dropped his cigar, and walked up and down the room, rubbing his eyes with his hands, just like an affected boy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the narrator had ceased. "If she wasn't in love with you, I'd be tempted to marry her myself. She's not a chicken, and she's not a beauty, but she's pure gold."

"She's a berfect lady und a grand gentleman in one," said Ernst.

The urgencies of the Board sent Janet off to Ceylon before the marriage. Hartmann and Stanley accompanied her as far as the Narrows, and then, from the deck of the tug, watched her as she leaned over the taffrail, waving farewell to friends and native land.

As the lonely figure of this loving, self-sacrificing, heroic, sublime martyr faded from their sight, the American said, "God bless her!" And the German added, with his eyes full of tears, "*Sancta Chanet, ora pro nobis.*"

PAN'S SONG OF SYRINX.

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed;
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan:
Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day:
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
His minstrelsy, O base! This quill,
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

JOHN LYLY.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Philippians iii. 21.

[**Rev. John Keble**, born 25th April, 1792; died 29th March, 1866. Educated at Oxford, and from 1831 until 1841 he occupied the chair of poetry in that university. He was vicar of Hursley, Hampshire; and the author of various works which have had considerable influence upon modern religious thought. He wrote one of the famous Oxford *Tracts for the Times;* but his most popular works are: *The Christian Year:* thoughts in verse for the Sundays and holidays throughout the year; *The Child's Christian Year; Lyra Innocentium:* being thoughts in verse on children, their ways and their privileges; *Sermons, Academical and Occasional;* &c. *The Christian Year* first appeared in 1827, and has passed through more than seven hundred editions. The *Quarterly Review* said of it: "In this volume Old Herbert would have recognised a kindred spirit, and Walton would have gone on a pilgrimage to make acquaintance with the author."]

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblam'd his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Tho' brighten'd oft by dear affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigur'd Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be pass'd
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

MY FARE.

[**George Manville Fenn**, born in Pimlico, London, 3d January, 1831. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. His principal novels are: *Bent, not Broken; Webs in the Way; Mad; By Birth a Lady; Sapphire Cross; A Little World.* He has also produced four volumes of *Original Penny Readings*, and has contributed to our chief magazines. He is now (1873) editor of *Cassell's Magazine.* Of his short tales one critic says: "The characters are real personages, and their narratives display a hundred touches of almost microscopic truth; while the power with which Mr. Fenn reproduces the surroundings, the characteristics, the very atmosphere of his stories, is photographic in its minuteness, and beyond all praise."]

Don't you make a mistake now, and think I'm not a working-man, because I am. Don't you run away with the idea that because I go of a morning and find my horse and cab waiting ready cleaned for me, and I jumps up and drives off, as I don't work as hard as any mechanic, because I do; and I used to work harder, for it used to be Sunday and week-days, till the missus and me laid our heads together, and said if we couldn't live on six days' work a week at cabbing, we'd try something else; so now I am only a six days' man—Hansom cab, V.R., licensed to carry two persons.

None o' your poor, broken-kneed knackers for me. I takes my money in to the governor regular, and told him flat that if I couldn't have a decent horse I wouldn't drive; and I spoke a bit sharp, having worked for him ten years.

"Take your chice, Steve Wilkins," he says; and I took it, and drove Kangaroo, the wall-eyed horse with a rat tail.

I had a call one day off the stand by the Foundling, and has to go into New Ormond Street, close by; and I takes up an old widow lady and her daughter—as beautiful a girl of seventeen or eighteen as ever I set eyes on, but so weak that I had to go and help her down to the cab, when she thanked me so sweetly that I couldn't help looking again and again, for it was a thing I wasn't used to.

"Drive out towards the country, cabman, the nearest way," says the old lady; "and when we want to turn back, I'll speak."

"Poor gal!" I says, "she's an invalid. She's just such a one as my Fan would have been if she'd lived;" and I says this to myself as I gets on to my box, feeling quite soft; for though I knew my gal wouldn't have been handsome, what did that matter? I didn't like to lose her.

"Let's see," I says again, "she wants fresh air. We'll go up the hill, and through Hampstead;" and I touches Kangaroo on the flank, and away we goes, and I picks out all the nicest bits I could, and when I comes across a pretty bit of view I pulls up, and pretends as there's a strap wanted tightening, or a hoof picking, or a fresh knot at the end of the whip, and so on. Then I goes pretty quickly along the streety bits, and walks very slowly along the green lanes; and so we goes on for a good hour, when the old lady pushes the lid open with her parasol, and tells me to turn back.

"All right, mum," I says; and takes 'em back another way, allers following the same plan; and at last pulls up at the house where I supposed they was lodgers, for that's a rare place for lodgings about there.

I has the young lady leaning on my arm when she gets out, and when she was at the door she says, "Thank you" again, so sweetly and sadly that it almost upset me. But the old lady directly after asked me the fare, and I tells her, and she gives me sixpence too much, and though I wanted to pocket it, I wouldn't, but hands it back.

"Thank you, cabman," she says; "that's for being so kind and attentive to my poor child."

"God bless her, mum," I says, "I don't want paying for that."

Then she smiles quite pleasant, and asks me if it would be worth my while to call again the next afternoon if it was fine, and I says it would; and next day, just in the same way, I goes right off past Primrose Hill, and seeing as what they wanted was the fresh air, I makes the best o' my way right out, and then, when we was amongst the green trees, Kangaroo and me takes it easy, and just saunters along. Going up hill I walks by his head, and picks at the hedges, while them two, seeing as I took no notice of 'em, took no notice o' me. I mean, you know, treated me as if we was old friends, and asked me questions about the different places we passed, and so on.

Bimeby I drives 'em back, and the old lady again wanted to give me something extra for what she called my kind consideration; but "No, Stevey," I says to myself; "if you can't do a bit o' kindness without being paid for it, you'd better put up the shutters, and take to some other trade." So I wouldn't have it, and the old lady thought I was offended; but I laughed, and told her as the young lady had paid me; and so she had with one of her sad smiles, and I said I'd be there again next day if it was fine.

And so I was; and so we went on day after day, and week after week; and I could see that, though the sight of the country and the fresh air brightened the poor girl up a bit, yet she was getting weaker and weaker, so that at last I half carried her to the cab, and back again after the ride. One day while I was waiting, the servant tells me that they wouldn't stay in town, only on account of a great doctor, as they went to see at first, but who came to them now; and last of all, when I went to the house I used always to be in a fidget for fear the poor gal should be too ill to come out. But month after month she kep' on; and when I helped her, used to smile so sweetly and talk so about the trouble she gave me, that one day, feeling a bit low, I turned quite silly: and happening to look at her poor mother a standing there with the tears in her eyes, I had to hurry her in, and get up on to my seat as quick as I could, to keep from breaking down myself.

Poor gal! always so loving and kind to all about her—always thanking one so sweetly, and looking all the while so much like what one would think an angel would look—it did seem so pitiful to feel her get lighter and lighter week by week—so feeble, that at last I used to go upstairs to fetch her, and always carried her down like a child.

Then she used to laugh, and say, "Don't

let me fall, Stephen"—for they got to call me by my name, and to know the missus, by her coming in to help a bit; for the old lady asked me to recommend 'em an honest woman, and I knowed none honester than my wife. And so it was with everybody—it didn't matter who it was—they all loved the poor gal; and I've had the wife come home and sit and talk about her, and about our Fanny as died, till she's been that upset she's cried terribly.

Autumn came in werry wet and cold, and there was an end to my jobs there. Winter was werry severe, but I kep' on hearing from the missus how the poor gal was—sometimes better, sometimes worse: and the missus allus shook her head werry sadly when she talked about her.

Jennywerry and Feberwerry went by terribly cold, and then March came in quite warm and fine, so that things got so forrard, you could buy radishes wonderful cheap in April; and one night the wife comes home and tells me that if it was as fine nex' day as it had been, I was to call and take the old lady and her daughter out.

Nex' day was splendid. It was as fine a spring day as ever I did see, and I sticks a daffydowndilly in on each side of Kangaroo's head, and then spends twopence in a couple o' bunches o' wilets, and pins 'em in on the side where the poor gal used to sit, puts clean straw in the boot, and then drives to the place with the top lid open, so as to sweeten the inside, because swells had been smoking there that morning.

"Jest run yer sponge and leather over the apron a bit, Buddy," I says to our waterman, afore I left the stand.

"Got a wedding on?" he says, seeing how pertickler I was.

"There, look alive!" I says, quite snappish, for I didn't feel in a humour to joke; and then when I'd got all as I thought right, I drives up, keeping the lid open, as I said afore.

When I draws up I puts the nose-bag on the old horse, for him to amuse himself with, and so as I could leave him, for he wouldn't stir an inch with that bag on to please all the peacemen in London. Then I rings, and waits, and at last gets my orders to go and help the young lady down.

I takes off my hat, wipes my shoes well, and goes up, and there she was waiting, and smiled so pleasantly again, and held out her hand to me, as though I'd been a friend, instead of a rough, weather-battered street cabman. And do you know what I did, as I went in there, with my eyes all dim at seeing her so, so changed? Why, I felt as if I ought to do it, and I knelt down and took her beautiful white hand in mine, and kissed it, and left a big tear on it; for something seemed to say so plainly that she'd soon be where I hoped my own poor gal was, whom I always say we lost, but my wife says, "No, not lost, for she is ours still."

She was so light now that I carried her down in a minute; and when she was in the cab and saw the wilets, she took 'em down, and held 'em in her hand, and nodded and smiled again at me, as though she thanked me for them.

"Go the same way as you went first time, Stephen," she says.

And I pushed over all the quieter bits, and took her out beyond Hampstead; and there, in the greenest and prettiest spot I could find, I pulls up, and sits there listening to the soft whispers of her voice, and feeling somehow that it was for the last time.

After a bit I goes gently on again, more and more towards the country, where the hedges were turning beautiful and green, and all looked so bright and gay.

Bimeby I stops again, for there was a pretty view, and you could see miles away. Of course I didn't look at them if I could help it, for the real secret of people enjoying a ride is being with a driver who seems no more to 'em than the horse—a man, you see, who knows his place. But I couldn't help just stealing one or two looks at the inside where that poor gal lay back in the corner, looking out at the bright spring-time, and holding them two bunches o' wilets close to her face. I was walking backwards and forwards then, patting the horse and straightening his harness, when I just catches the old lady's eye, and saw she looked rather frightened, and she leans over to her daughter and calls her by name quickly; but the poor girl did not move, only stared straight out at the blue sky, and smiled so softly and sweetly.

I didn't want no telling what to do, for I was in my seat and the old horse flying amost before you could have counted ten; and away we went, full pace, till I come up to a doctor's, dragged at the bell, and had him up to the cab in no time; and then he rode on the footboard of the cab, in front of the apron, with the shutters let down; and he whispered to me to drive back softly, and I did.

. . . . . .

The old lady has lodged with us ever since, for I took a better place on purpose, and my missus always attends on her. She's werry fond o' talking with my wife about their two gals who have gone before; but though I often

take her for a drive over the old spots, she never says a word to me about such things; while soon after the funeral she told Sarah to tell me as the wilets were not taken from the poor gal's hand, same time sending me a fi-pun note to buy a suit o' mourning.

Of course I couldn't wear that every day, but there was a bit o' rusty crape on my old shiny hat not such a werry long time ago; and I never buy wilets now, for as they lie in the baskets in spring-time, sprinkled with the drops o' bright water, they seem to me to have tears upon 'em, and make me feel sad and upset, for they start me off thinking about "My Fare."

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

PAINTING AND PAINTERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Let us endeavour briefly to mark the real relations of three vast ranks of men, whom I shall call, for convenience in speaking of them, Purists, Naturalists, and Sensualists; not that these terms express their real characters, but I know no word, and cannot coin a convenient one, which would accurately express the opposite of Purist; and I keep the terms Purist and Naturalist in order to comply, as far as possible, with the established usage of language on the Continent. Now observe; in saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses; but that with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protective of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The three classes may, therefore, be likened to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one and their couch of the other.

For instance. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a

harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction! But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the house of feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

And far more is this true when the subject of contemplation is humanity itself. The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race; the indignation which is to arm it against injustice, or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear[1] which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honourable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious Purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the serenity of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast, or pale from the torture, than strengthened by exertion or flushed by emotion. But the great naturalist takes the human being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathizing with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature: there is nothing which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted.

How far beneath these two ranks of men shall we place in the scale of being those whose pleasure is only in sin or in suffering; who habitually contemplate humanity in poverty or decrepitude, fury or sensuality; whose works are either temptations to its weakness, or triumphs over its ruin, and recognize no other subjects for thought or admiration than the subtlety of the robber, the rage of the soldier, or the joy of the Sybarite. It seems strange, when thus definitely stated, that such a school should exist. Yet consider a little what gaps and blanks would disfigure our gallery and chamber walls, in places that we have long approached with reverence, if every picture, every statue, were removed from them, of which the subject was either the vice or the misery of mankind, portrayed without any moral purpose: consider the innumerable groups having reference merely to various forms of passion, low or high; drunken revels and brawls among peasants, gambling or fighting scenes among soldiers, amours and intrigues among every class, brutal battle-pieces, banditti subjects, gluts of torture and death in famine, wreck, or slaughter, for the sake merely of the excitement—that quickening and suppling of the dull spirit that cannot be gained for it but by bathing it in blood, afterwards to wither back into stained and stiffened apathy; and then that whole vast false heaven of sensual passion, full of nymphs, satyrs, graces, goddesses, and I know not what, from its high seventh circle in Correggio's Antiope, down to the Grecized ballet-dancers and smirking Cupids of the Parisian upholsterer. Sweep away all this remorselessly, and see how much art we should have left.—*The Stones of Venice.*

[1] Not selfish fear, caused by want of trust in God, or of resolution in the soul.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE MUSE.

BY GEORGE WITHERS.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Wall'd about with disrespect.
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

A JOCULAR BARONET.

BY T. SMOLLETT.[1]

I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be ever so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sang and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed: "*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pergolesi and your Corelli?" At the same time he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet: he was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour which were occasionally tried on strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy: sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had

[1] From Smollett's last novel, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which was written at Monte Novo, near Leghorn, in 1770-71. Scott characterised this work as "the last, and, like music, 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions."

studied Burn[1] with uncommon application; but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success in the course of this evening: but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw between a young hound and an old hedgehog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroken.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked on the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of boiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which in some constitutions had a poisonous effect. Mr Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner? He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank of immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shown to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was awaked with a dismal cry of "Fire!" and, starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people, half dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the courtyard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran downstairs, and, on inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him that the house had been robbed; that, without doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the staircase was in flames. In this dilemma the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted nightcap, fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and haunches exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time:

"Lord have mercy on us!—save the gentleman's life—mind your footing, dear captain!—softly!—stand fast!—clasp the ladder with both hands there!—well done, my dear boy!—O, bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room—give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound, with all my heart."

Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorato, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under their arms, and a female conducted him to the green-room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy-chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh—

[1] Burn's *Justice of Peace.*

"Mat," cried he, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha! Such a *camisicata, scagliata, beffata! O che roba!* O what a subject! O what a *caricatura!* O for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken! Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted —what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows! what lights and shadows! what a group below! what expression above! what an aspect! Did you mind the aspect? Ha, ha, ha! and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror! ha, ha, ha! Then the blanket! O what *costume!* St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barsabas! ha, ha, ha!"

"After all, then," cried Mr Bramble, very gravely, "this was no more than a false alarm? We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake!"

"Ay, and such a joke!" cried our landlord —"such a farce! such a *dénouement!* such a *catastrophe!*"

"Have a little patience," replied our squire; "we are not yet come to the *catastrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience."

"'Sdeath!" cried the knight, "I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father; and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century."

Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying that he must be a Goth and a barbarian if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture on his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer on the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green-room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat-pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said:

"Here is a small mistake."

"No mistake at all," cried the baronet; "a fair exchange is no robbery. Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial."

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "the mull is much at your service, but this machine I can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought on the stage again: I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand."

So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet, hearing Frogmore mentioned—

"Odso!" cried he, "I had forgotten the justice. Prithee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would shew the captain that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the further end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain.

In a few minutes Mr. Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way.

"Why! neighbour Frogmore," exclaimed the baronet, "what is the matter? you look as if you was not a man for this world. Set him down softly on the couch—poor gentleman! Lord, have mercy on us! What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?"

"Oh, Sir Thomas!" cried the justice, "I

doubt it is all over with me: those mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business—ah! oh! hey!"

"Now, the Lord forbid!" said the other: "what, man! have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel? ha!"

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night-gown discovered that his waistcoat would not meet on his belly by five good inches at least.

"Heaven protect us all!" cried Sir Thomas, "what a melancholy spectacle! Never did I see a man so suddenly swelled but when he was either just dead or just dying. Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?"

"I don't think the case is quite desperate," said the surgeon, "but I would advise Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition; the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught."

The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency: "Lord, have mercy on us!" Then he begged the surgeon to despatch. "As for my worldly affairs," said he, "they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs; but my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul!—miserable sinner that I am!"

"Nay, prithee, my dear boy, compose thyself," resumed the knight; "consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil's in't."

"Name not the devil," exclaimed the terrified Frogmore; "I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of. Ah, friend, I have been sly—sly—d.....d sly! Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity."

He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added: "Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and Heaven forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table."

He was no sooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering that, while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon, and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken overnight, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. On inquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course. A clyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas' nurse, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul. The knight and I, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore . . . crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered in a solemn, snuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put to bed again. He declared that much of the *virus* was discharged; and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with tears of joy in his eyes, protesting that, if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted on our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark. In the meantime Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond, just finished, which Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when, the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming: "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window-sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only

bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl: "Lord, have mercy on us! pray take care of the gentleman! —mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room!"

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return, and his good-humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression of countenance, but fixed his eye in particular on Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff; and when he took it in silence—

"Sir Thomas Bulford," said he, "I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin."

"Give me thy hand," cried the baronet; "thou hast indeed paid me 'scot and lot;' and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable."

So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense; but Lady Bulford looked very grave, and in all probability thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary; but, according to the proverb, "he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers."

VALUE OF AFFLICTION.

It is not for our good in ease to rest;
Man, like to cassia, when bruised is best.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD (1651).

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

The Captivity (GOLDSMITH).

THE DYING HUSBAND'S FAREWELL.

My dearest consort, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now: with thee all earthly joying:
Heaven knows with thee I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
  Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
  Thy constant loves, next Heaven I did refer them;
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heaven I should
  prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
  In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving;
  Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless!) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
  And in their face some part of me surveying,
  In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him who loved thee ever dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them;
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them:
  And when green age permits, to goodness bend them;
  A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
  Point thou to heaven, and say, "He there remaineth:"
  And if they live in grace, grow, and persevere,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me
  never.

My God, oh! in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection;
Thou gavest them first, now back to thee I give;
Direct them now, and help her weak direction;
  That re-united by thy strong election,
  Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

Farewell, farewell! I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
  So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing:
  Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heaven I live.

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1633).

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

I have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass, than is usual in the works of foreign authors: For, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conception as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all, by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind-instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that give them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for despatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator,* &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in the words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd,* for *drowned, walked, arrived,* which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed,* I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth,* by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives,* and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth.* This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our language which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* and *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't, can't, sha'n't, won't,* and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not,* &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words

make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras' doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable. *Nick* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot;* and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they* at their mercy whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages, shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere; and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a greater part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language; and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.—*Spectator.*

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

BY JOHN GAY.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows.
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropped with azure, jet, and gold.
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue,
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar, dressed;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

PEACE.

Lovely lasting Peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky;
Lovely lasting Peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

[George Walter Thornbury, born 1828. He was educated for the church, but at the age of seventeen he began his literary career as a contributor to the *Bristol Journal*. In 1851 he became connected with the *Athenæum*; and since that date he has been a constant contributor to the principal London magazines, and has produced numerous works in prose and verse, of which we may note:—Poetry: *Lays and Legends of the New World; Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads* (from which we quote, and of which one critic said, "Those who love picture, life, and costume in song will here find what they love"); *Two Centuries of Song*, being lyrics, sonnets, madrigals, &c., edited by Mr. Thornbury, with numerous valuable notes. Novels: *Every Man his own Trumpeter; True as Steel; Wildfire; Tales for the Marines; Great Heart*, &c. Miscellaneous: *Shakspeare's England; Life in Spain, Past and Present; Turkish Life and Character; British Artists from Hogarth to Turner; The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; Old Stories Re-told;*[1] *Old and New London*, &c. One of his critics says: "He has all the enthusiasm of an antiquary combined with poetical insight and great literary ability, enabling him to put forward whatever he undertakes in the most picturesque and inviting form."]

The Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair,
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,
And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,
But still the Jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love:
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove;
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well;
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the bell.

"Let no man haloo he is safe till he is through the wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight;
O he who once has won a name may lie a-bed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed;
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave—
To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.
Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray;
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk;
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark."
Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can:
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—
And why? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made!

[1] See *Casquet*, vol. ii. p. 25.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

[**William Hepworth Dixon**, born in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 30th June, 1821. He has earned distinction and popularity as a biographer, historian, traveller, and critic. He became a member of the Inner Temple in 1846; was one of the most active of the deputy-commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851; was editor of the *Athenæum* from 1853 till 1869; in the latter year was appointed one of the magistrates of Middlesex; and in 1870 was elected to the London School Board. His principal works are: *John Howard and the Prison-world of Europe; Life of William Penn*, the founder of Pennsylvania; *Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea; Life of Lord Bacon; The Holy Land; New America; Free Russia; The Switzers;* and *Her Majesty's Tower*, from which we take the following extract. Of Mr. Dixon as a writer the *Edinburgh Review* says: "His style is good and easy. There is life in his narrative and vigour in his descriptions."]

Half-a-mile below London Bridge, on ground which was once a bluff, commanding the Thames from St. Saviour's Creek to St. Olave's Wharf, stands the group of buildings known in our common speech as the Tower of London, in official phrase as Her Majesty's Tower; a mass of ramparts, walls, and gates; the most ancient and most poetic pile in Europe.

Seen from the hill outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes, that edifice speaks at once to the eye and to the soul. Gray keep, green tree, black gate, and frowning battlement, stand out, apart from all objects far and near them, menacing, picturesque, enchaining; working on the senses like a spell; and calling us away from our daily mood into a world of romance, like that which we find painted in light and shadow on Shakspeare's page.

Looking at the Tower as either a prison, a palace, or a court,—picture, poetry, and drama crowd upon the mind; and if the fancy dwells most frequently on the state prison, this is because the soul is more readily kindled by a human interest than fired by an archaic and official fact. For one man who would care to see the room in which a council met or a court was held, a hundred men would like to see the chamber in which Lady Jane Grey was lodged; the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, the tower from which Sir John Oldcastle escaped. Who would not like to stand for a moment by those steps on which Ann Boleyn knelt; pause by that slit in the wall through which Arthur De la Pole gazed; and linger, if he could, in that room in which Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley searched the New Testament together?

The Tower has an attraction for us akin to that of the house in which we were born, the school in which we were trained. Go where we may, that grim old edifice on the Pool goes with us; a part of all we know, and of all we are. Put seas between us and the Thames, this Tower will cling to us like a thing of life. It colours Shakspeare's page. It casts a momentary gloom over Bacon's story. Many of our books were written in its vaults; the Duke of Orleans' *Poesies*, Raleigh's *Historie of the World*, Eliot's *Monarchy of Man*, and Penn's *No Cross, no Crown*.

Even as to length of days, the Tower has no rival among palaces and prisons; its origin, like that of the *Iliad*, that of the Sphinx, that of the Newton stone, being lost in the nebulous ages, long before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakspeare and the poets, in favour of which the name of Cæsar's Tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The Tower is mentioned in the *Saxon Chronicle*, and a Saxon stronghold may have stood upon the spot. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were commenced by William the Conqueror; and the series of apartments in Cæsar's Tower,—hall, gallery, council-chamber, chapel,—were built in the early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by all our Norman kings. What can Europe show to compare against such a tale?

Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry the Third. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed the Second. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry the Eighth; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war Versailles was yet a swamp. The Escorial belongs to the seventeenth century; Sans Souci to the eighteenth. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Tehran, are all of modern date.

Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama—with the one

THE TOWER OF LONDON

BLACKIE & SON LONDON, GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

exception of St. Angelo in Rome—compare against the Tower. The Bastile is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Piombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spilberg, Magdeburg, are all modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the first crusade.

Standing on Tower Hill, looking down on the dark lines of wall—picking out keep and turret, bastion and ballium, chapel and belfry—the jewel-house, the armoury, the mounts, the casemates, the open leads—the Bye-ward Gate, the Belfry, the Bloody Tower—the whole edifice seems alive with story; the story of a nation's highest splendour, its deepest misery, and its darkest shame. The soil beneath your feet is richer in blood than many a great battle-field; for out upon this sod has been poured, from generation to generation, a stream of the noblest life in our land. Should you have come to this spot alone, in the early day, when the Tower is noisy with martial doings, you may haply catch, in the hum which rises from the ditch and issues from the wall below you—broken by roll of drum, by blast of bugle, by tramp of soldiers—some echoes, as it were, of a far-off time; some hints of a May-day revel; of a state execution; of a royal entry. You may catch some sound which recalls the thrum of a queen's virginal, the cry of a victim on the rack, the laughter of a bridal feast. For all these sights and sounds—the dance of love and the dance of death—are part of that gay and tragic memory which clings around the Tower.

From the reign of Stephen down to that of Henry of Richmond, Cæsar's Tower (the great Norman keep, now called the White Tower) was a main part of the royal palace; and for that large interval of time the story of the White Tower is in some sort that of our English society as well as of our English kings. Here were kept the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels, and hither come with their goodly wares, the tiremen, the goldsmiths, the chasers and embroiderers, from Flanders, Italy, and Almaigne. Close by were the Mint, the lions' dens, the old archery-grounds, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the queen's gardens, the royal banqueting hall; so that art and trade, science and manners, literature and law, sport and politics, find themselves equally at home.

Two great architects designed the main parts of the Tower: Gundulf the Weeper and Henry the Builder: one a poor Norman monk, the other a great English king.

Gundulf, a Benedictine friar, had, for that age, seen a great deal of the world; for he had not only lived in Rouen and Caen, but had travelled in the East. Familiar with the glories of Saracenic art, no less than with the Norman simplicities of Bec, St. Ouen, and St. Etienne; a pupil of Lanfranc, a friend of Anselm; he had been employed in the monastery of Bec to marshal, with the eye of an artist, all the pictorial ceremonies of his church. But he was chiefly known in that convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept; nay, he could weep with those who sported; for his tears welled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source.

As the price of his exile from Bec, Gundulf received the crozier of Rochester, in which city he rebuilt the cathedral, and perhaps designed the castle, since the great keep on the Medway has a sister's likeness to the great keep on the Thames. His works in London were—the White Tower, the first St. Peter's Church; and the old barbican, afterwards known as the Hall Tower, and now used as the jewel-house.

The cost of these works was great; the discontent caused by them was sore. Ralph, Bishop of Durham, the able and rapacious minister who had to raise the money, was hated and reviled by the Commons with peculiar bitterness of heart and phrase. He was called Flambard, or Firebrand. He was represented as a devouring lion. Still the great edifice grew up; and Gundulf, who lived to the age of fourscore, saw his great keep completed from basement to battlement.

Henry the Third, a prince of epical fancies, as Corffe, Conway, Beaumaris, and many other fine poems in stone attest, not only spent much of his time in the Tower, but much of his money in adding to its strength and beauty. Adam de Lamburn was his master mason; but Henry was his own chief clerk of the works. The Water Gate, the embanked wharf, the Cradle Tower, the Lantern, which he made his bedroom and private closet, the Galleyman Tower, and the first wall, appear to have been his gifts. But the prince who did so much for Westminster Abbey, not content with giving stone and piles to the home in which he dwelt, enriched the chambers with frescoes and sculpture, the chapels with carving and glass; making St. John's Chapel in the White Tower splendid with saints, St. Peter's Church on the Tower Green musical with bells. In the Hall Tower, from which a passage led through the great hall into the king's bedroom in the Lantern, he built a tiny chapel for his private use—a

chapel which served for the devotion of his successors until Henry the Sixth was stabbed to death before the cross. Sparing neither skill nor gold to make the great fortress worthy of his art, he sent to Purbeck for marble, and to Caen for stone. The dabs of lime, the spawls of flint, the layers of brick, which deface the walls and towers in too many places, are of either earlier or later times. The marble shafts, the noble groins, the delicate traceries, are Henry's work. Traitor's Gate, one of the noblest arches in the world, was built by him; in short, nearly all that is purest in art is traceable to his reign.

Edward the First may be added, at a distance, to the list of builders. In his reign the original church of St. Peter fell into ruin; the wrecks were carted away, and the present edifice was built. The bill of costs for clearing the ground is still extant in Fetter Lane. Twelve men, who were paid twopence a day wages, were employed on the work for twenty days. The cost of pulling down the old chapel was forty-six shillings and eightpence; that of digging foundations for the new chapel forty shillings. That chapel has suffered from wardens and lieutenants; yet the shell is of very fine Norman work.

From the days of Henry the Builder down to those of Henry of Richmond, the Tower, as the strongest place in the south of England, was by turns the magnificent home and the miserable jail of all our princes. Here Richard the Second held his court, and gave up his crown. Here Henry the Sixth was murdered. Here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in wine. Here King Edward and the Duke of York were slain by command of Richard. Here Margaret of Salisbury was hacked into pieces on the block.

Henry of Richmond kept his royal state in the Tower, receiving his ambassadors, counting his angels, making presents to his bride, Elizabeth of York. Among other gifts to that lady on her nuptial day was a royal book of verse, composed by a prisoner in the keep. . . .

Turning through a sally-port in the Bye-ward Gate, you cross the south arm of the ditch, and come out on the wharf,—a strip of strand in front of the fortress won from the river, and kept in its place by masonry and piles. This wharf, the work of Henry the Builder, is one of the wonders of his reign; for the whole strip of earth had to be seized from the Thames, and covered from the daily ravage of its tides. At this bend of the river the scour is hard, the roll enormous. Piles had to be driven into the mud and silt; rubble had to be thrown in between these piles; and then the whole mass united with fronts and bars of stone. All Adam de Lamburn's skill was taxed to resist the weight of water, yet keep the sluices open by which he fed the ditch. Most of all was this the case when the king began to build a new barbican athwart the sluice. This work, of which the proper name was for many ages the Water Gate, commands the only outlet from the Tower into the Thames; spanning the ditch and sweeping the wharf, both to the left and right. So soon as the wharf was taken from the river-bed, this work became essential to the defensive line.

London folk felt none of the king's pride in the construction of this great wharf and barbican. In fact, these works were in the last degree unpopular, and on news of any mishap occurring to them the Commons went almost mad with joy. Once they sent to the king a formal complaint against these works. Henry assured his people that the wharf and Water Gate would not harm their city. Still the citizens felt sore. Then, on St. George's night, 1240, while the people were at prayer, the Water Gate and wall fell down, no man knew why. No doubt the tides were high that spring, and the soft silt of the river gave way beneath the wash. Anyhow they fell.

Henry, too great a builder to despair, began again; this time with a better plan; yet on the self-same night of the ensuing year his barbican crashed down into the river, one mass of stones. A monk of St. Albans, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, "Why build ye these?" As he spoke, he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk, and asked him the archbishop's name. "St. Thomas the Martyr," said the shade. The priest, growing bolder, asked him why the Martyr had done this deed? "St. Thomas," said the spirit, "by birth a citizen, mislikes these works, because they are raised in scorn and against the public right. For this cause he has thrown them down beyond the tyrant's power to restore them."

But the shade was not strong enough to scare the king. Twelve thousand marks had been spent on that heap of ruins; yet the barbican being necessary to his wharf, the Builder,

on the morrow of his second mishap, was again at work, clearing away the rubbish, driving in the piles, and laying in a deeper bed the foundation-stones. This time his work was done so well that the walls of his gateway have never shrunk, and are as firm to-day as the earth on which they stand.

The ghost informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. "Had they been built," said the shade, "for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away."

The names of these popular saints still cling to the Water Gate. One of the rooms, fitted up as an oratory, and having a piscina still perfect, is called the Confessor's Chapel; and the barbican itself, instead of bearing its official name of Water Gate, is only known as St. Thomas's Tower.

The whole wharf, twelve hundred feet in length, lay open to the Thames, except a patch of ground at the lower end, near the Iron Gate, leading towards the hospital of St. Catharine the Virgin, where a few sheds and magazines were built at an early date. Except these sheds, the wharf was clear. When cannon came into use, they were laid along the ground, as well as trained on the walls and the mural towers.

Three ascents marked, as it were, the river front—the Queen's Stair, the Water Way, and the Galleyman Stair. The Queen's Stair, the landing-place of royal princes, and of such great persons as came to the Tower on state affairs, lay beneath the Bye-ward Gate and the Belfry, having a passage into the fortress by a bridge and postern, through the Bye-ward Tower into Water Lane. The Water Way was that cutting through the bank which passed under St. Thomas's Tower to the flight of steps in Water Lane; the entrance popularly known as Traitor's Gate. The Galleyman Stair lay under the Cradle Tower, by which there was a private entrance into the royal quarter. This stair was not much used, except when the services of Traitor's Gate were out of order. Then prisoners who could not enter by the approach of honour were landed at the Galleyman Stair.

Lying open to the river and to the streets, the wharf was a promenade, a place of traffic and of recreation, to which folk resorted on high days and fair days. Men who loved sights were pretty sure to find something worth seeing at either the Queen's Stair or Traitor's Gate. All personages coming to the Tower in honour were landed at the Queen's Stair; all personages coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitor's Gate. Now a royal barge, with a queen on board, was going forth in her bravery of gold and pennons; now a lieutenant's boat, returning with a culprit in the stern, a headsman standing at his side, holding in his hand the fatal axe.

Standing on the bank, now busy with a new life, these pictures of an old time start into being like a mystic writing on the wall. Two of these scenes come back with warm rich colouring to the inner eye.

Now:—it is London in the reign of that Henry the Builder, who loved to adorn the fortress in which he dwelt. Whose barge is moored at yon stair, with the royal arms? What men are those with tabard and clarion? Who is that proud and beautiful woman, her fair face fired with rage, who steps into her galley, but whose foot appears to scorn the plank on which it treads? She is the queen; wife of the great builder; Elinor of Provence, called by her minstrels Elinor la Belle. A poetess, a friend of singers, a lover of music, she is said to have brought song and art into the English court from her native land. The first of our laureates came in her train. She has flushed the palace with jest and joust, with tinkle of citherns, with clang of horns. But the queen has faults, for which her gracious talent and her peerless beauty fail to atone. Her greed is high, her anger ruthless. Her court is filled with an outcry of merchants who have been mulcted of queen-geld, a wrangle of friars who have been robbed by her kith and kin, a roar of tiremen and jewellers clamorous for their debts, a murmur of knights and barons protesting against her loans, a clatter of poor Jews objecting to be spoiled. Despite her gifts of birth and wit, Elinor la Belle is the most unpopular princess in the world. She has been living at the Tower, which her husband loves; but she feels that her palace is a kind of jail; she wishes to get away, and she has sent for her barge and watermen, hoping to escape from her people and to breathe the free air of her Windsor home.

Will the Commons let her go? Proudly her barge puts off. The tabards bend and the clarions blare. But the Commons, who wait her coming on London Bridge, dispute her passage, and drive her back with curses, crying, "Drown the witch! Drown the witch!" Unable to pass the bridge, Elinor has to turn her

keel, and, with passionate rage in her heart, to find her way back.

Her son, the young and fiery Edward, never forgets this insult to his mother; by-and-by he will seek revenge for it on Lewes field; and by mad pursuit of his revenge he will lose the great fight and imperil his father's crown.

Again:—it is London in the reign of bluff King Hal—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats; the air is white with smoke; the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the king, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's Stair, stands a burly figure, tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a hanger by his side, a George upon his breast. It is the king, surrounded by dukes and earls, awaiting the arrival of a barge, in the midst of blaring trumpets and exploding sakers. A procession sweeps along; stealing up from Greenwich, with plashing oars and merry strains, fifty great boats, with a host of wherries on their flanks; a vessel firing guns in front, and a long arrear of craft behind.

From the first barge lands the lord-mayor; from the second trips the bride; from the rest stream out the picturesque city companies. Cannons roar, and bells fling out a welome to the queen; for this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman; but a great day in the story of English life. Now is the morning time of a new era; for on this bright May—

"The gospel light first shines from Boleyn's eyes,"

and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.

The king catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in through the Bye-ward Tower.

The picture fades from view, and presently reappears. Is it the same? The queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the picture is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair; no guns disturb the sky; no blast of trumpets greets the royal barge; no train of aldermen and masters waits upon the queen. The lovely face looks older by a dozen years; yet scarcely three have passed since that fair form was clasped in the king's arms, kissed, and carried by the bridge. This time she is a prisoner, charged with having done such things as pen cannot write; things which would be treason, not to her lord only, but to her womanhood, and to the King of kings.

When she alights on the Queen's Stair, she turns to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, and asks, "Must I go into a dungeon?" "No, madam," says the constable: "you will lie in the same room which you occupied before." She falls on her knees. "It is too good for me," she cries; and then weeps for a long time, lying on the cold stones, with all the people standing by in tears. She begs to have the sacrament in her own room, that she may pray with a pure heart; saying, she is free from sin, and that she is, and has always been, the king's true wedded wife.

"Shall I die without justice?" she inquires. "Madam," says Kingston, "the poorest subject would have justice." The lady only laughs a feeble laugh.

Other, and not less tragic, scenes drew crowds to the Water Way from the Thames.

Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest peers, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest poets—Buckingham and Strafford; Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth; William Wallace, David Bruce; Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the splendour, poetry, and sentiment of our national story are embalmed. Most of them left it high in rank and rich in life, to return, by the samé dark passage, in a few brief hours poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of their fellows, already *dead*.

From this gateway went the barge of that Duke of Buckingham, the rival of Wolsey, the last permanent High-constable of England. Buckingham had not dreamed that an offence so slight as his could bring into the dust so proud a head; for his offence was nothing. some silly words which he had bandied lightly in the Rose, a city tavern, about the young king's journey into France. He could not see that his head was struck because it moved so high; nay, his proud boast that if his enemies sent him to the Tower, ten thousand friends would storm the walls to set him free, was perhaps the occasion of his fall. When sentence of death was given, he marched back to his barge, where Sir Thomas Lovel, then constable, stood ready to hand him to the seat of honour. "Nay," said the duke to Lovel, "not so now. When I came to Westminster I was Lord High-constable and Duke of Buckingham; now I am but poor Edward Stafford."

Landed at the Temple Stair, he was marched along Fleet Street, through St. Paul's Church-

yard, and by way of Cheap to the Tower; the axe borne before him all the way; Sir William Sandys holding him by the right arm, Sir Nicholas Vaux by the left. A band of Augustine friars stood praying round the block; and when his head had fallen into the dust they bore his remains to St. Austin's Church.

On these steps, too, beneath this Water Gate, Elizabeth, then a fair young girl, with gentle feminine face and golden hair, was landed by her jealous sister's servants. The day was Sunday—Palm Sunday—with a cold March rain coming down, and splashing the stones with mud. She could not land without soiling her feet and clothes, and for a moment she refused to leave her barge. Sir John Gage, the constable, and his guards, stood by to receive her. "Are all these harnessed men for me?" she asked. "No, madam," said Sir John. "Yea," she replied, "I know it is so." Then she stood up in her boat and leaped on shore. As she set foot on the stone steps, she exclaimed, in a spirit prouder than her looks —for in her youth she had none of that leonine beauty of her later years—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it." Perhaps she was thinking of her mother, who had landed on the neighbouring wharf. Anne had fallen on her knees on these cold stones, and here had called on God to help her, as she was not guilty of the things of which she stood accused. In those two attitudes of appeal one reads the nature of these two proud and gentle women, each calling Heaven to witness her innocence of crime—Elizabeth defiant, erect; Anne suppliant, on her knees.

THE WEAVER AND HIS SHADOW.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Beside a dying woman,
A pale man plied the loom,
The buzz of the wheel and treddle
Filled all the squalid room.
It drowned the groans of the children,—
That loom, with its robe of state;—
Its threads of pink and silver
Shine bright as a coffin-plate,
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Gay as a coffin-plate.

Deep, in the thickening twilight,
Another weaver sits;
A grizzly thing of nothing but bones,
Weaving and singing by fits.
His woof is black as a dead man's pall,
And spotted with poor man's tears;
He sings a dirge with the sob of a child,
A tale of passion and fears;
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
A tale of passion and fears.

His thin hands move with a madman's speed,
Though weak for lack of bread;
He chokes to hear the dying groan
Of his wife, who's all but dead.
But the costly robe of the duchess,
The robe of pomp and state,
Must be done this very evening,
Not a moment after eight.
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Not a moment after eight.

A thousand swift feet dancing,
Jewels, and silk, and flowers,
Bright smiles of love and greeting,
None there to count the hours;
And, in the midst, the duchess
Moves like a sceptred queen,
With never a thought of coffin or shroud,
Or the strips of the turf so green,
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Or the strips of the turf so green.

"I REMEMBER."

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light:
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
—My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know, I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!

THOMAS HOOD.

UNCLE HARTLEBURY'S ROMANCE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY TOLD BY THE SEA.

[Joseph Hatton, born at Andover, 3d February, 1837. Novelist, journalist, and miscellaneous writer. At an early age he commenced his career as a journalist, and when only twenty-one was appointed editor of the *Bristol Mirror*. He subsequently conducted the *Durham County Advertiser*, and was for several years editor and proprietor of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*. Meanwhile he was a frequent contributor to the principal magazines. In 1868 he became editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which under his direction rose from a small circulation to one of importance and profit. He started the *Illustrated Midland News*, and is editor of the (London) *School Board Chronicle*. His chief novels are: *Bitter Sweets; The Tallants of Barton; Life and Adventures of Christopher Kenrick; The Valley of Poppies;* and *In the Lap of Fortune*. Of his miscellaneous works the best are: *Pippins and Cheese* (from which the following tale is extracted); and *With a Show in the North*. He is also the joint translator and adapter of Dr. Fricke's remarkable work—*Ethics for Undenominational Schools*. One of his critics says he "writes like a scholar, and yet like a man who has watched life, and found out the highest and noblest teaching of sorrow." Another: "Mr. Hatton does not describe; he does not relate; he impersonates. We see 'Summerdale-in-the-Water,' its peaceful valley, its mossy fountains, its quiet, simple people; we hear its three bells, now jubilant, now mournful, now chiming gentle, tender music to the soul."]

Yes, sir, we *have* met before; and I am delighted to see you again. No, you have made no mistake. I am the Recorder of Miningtown, and the portly lady whom you see yonder in the midst of that assembly of romping children, about to bathe after the fashion of this Boulogne, are my wife and family. Yes, sir, that is Mrs. Hartlebury. Speak louder, *mon ami*, I am slightly deaf. Yes, I do bathe; but the exertion of dressing and undressing in this hot weather is too much for one who, like Falstaff, grows fat and hath gray hairs. Have a cigar? That's right. I know nothing more agreeable than to sit here and watch the sea come rolling in upon those bathers yonder, and especially when you can observe the gambols of your own children, and at the same time let your mind wander out to that wide reach of sea, with sails in the distance.

You are a writer, an author. Yes, I saw your last book at the railway-station, and bought it. Ah, I knew you would like me all the more for that. Why don't you reply that you had read my lucid and learned judgment in that remarkable forgery case? Never mind, sir; I am past that sort of thing. I suppose you are on the look-out for some bits of fresh character and wayside incidents of travel? No; you are only here for change and rest? You have been up to the cathedral, stood once more on the doorstep of Le Sage's house, and refreshed your old memories of the place? *Ah, oui!*

Old memories! You would hardly credit me, I suppose, with being afflicted by some strange old memories of personal adventure in this place, or any other, for that matter. You would not take an old gentleman with gray hairs, sitting on the beach at Boulogne whilst his wife and family are bathing, as a fitting subject for the hero of a romance. There are peculiar anomalies in life, you say? That is evasion, sir. I know what you are thinking well enough. I can only tell you this, my friend, that the story of my first appearance here twenty years ago is far more romantic than half the tales told in your magazines, and thought worthy of wonderful illustrations. I am too old to be vain, and I know something of the lights and shadows of life, something of its untold romances, something of its terrible tragedies.

Ah, my friend, twenty years ago I was as slim and dapper and lady-killing as yourself. You do not aspire to the character of a lady-killer? Don't tell me, sir; all young fellows like to make a favourable impression on the other sex. Why are you so carefully shaved to-day? Why is that bit of showy neckerchief so daintily tied? Why those well-fitting gray trowsers, and that smart little cane? Simply because you are accustomed to dress well, and aspire to be regarded as a gentleman. Very good; and you are anxious to bid at the same time for those feminine glances which are so flattering to youth. There, don't think I imagine you are a fop; and for Heaven's sake don't be annoyed. My criticism is only the result of my own feelings, my own ambition, when I was a young fellow like you. Tell you my story? Yes, if you think it may interest you. It may do for a Christmas paper? Ah, ah! on the look-out for copy, eh?—gathering honey all the day from every opening flower. Well, I feel something of the Ancient Mariner's sensations this morning; it will be a relief to tell the story of that extraordinary creature

whose face has haunted me ever since I came here two days ago. You will readily consent to play the wedding-guest to my mariner? Very well, sir; light another cigar and listen: if I bore you stop me, and we will in to the *Établissement* and read the papers.

It is all bound up in this bit of faded ribbon, my story: this little scrap, you see, which is set in that *petit* rim of gold appended to my watch-seals. I have never worn the trifle since my marriage until this week. My wife has some pardonable womanly notion that I ought not to wear it, and I have humoured her; for, though I say it, she is one of the best women in the world. Above all others, you think, it is I who should say so? You say well, you say well, my young friend. When we were leaving London last week, it seemed to me that I could not come even here without this little souvenir of that romance twenty years ago. Twenty years ago! How the time flies!

This is the story. I was engaged to Mrs. Hartlebury; she was a Miss Longford. We had been in the habit of seeing each other from the earliest days of our childhood. I ought to have appreciated her kindly loving disposition all the more on this account; but I did not. It had always been understood that we should be married, and in due course this family understanding bore fruit. We were engaged, Julia Longford and I, but on this understanding, that if either one or the other saw any other person whom he or she, the said contracting parties, preferred to the before-mentioned parties to this agreement, then either he or she, the said Thomas Hartlebury and Julia Longford, might terminate the previously recited engagement at one day's notice given by post or orally in the presence of witnesses. Yes, I am getting a little involved, I fear, in this semi-legal phraseology? But you understand the character of that agreement? Yes, and you think it a very convenient engagement? And I thought so too, sir, in a very short time after it was made.

That very summer twenty years ago, with the consent and indeed by the advice of my dear old father, I started on a continental tour, which was to be inaugurated by a visit to Paris *vid* Boulogne, and which terminated somewhat suddenly in the French capital. I was quite as much a buck in those days as you are now, not quite so slim as Falstaff boasted himself to be. I was something more than an eagle's talon in the waist, and I could not creep through an alderman's thumb-ring, for I was a strong, well-built young fellow, and not ill-looking—no, sir, not ill-looking. You can readily understand that? Even though I might play the fat knight with as little padding as Mark Lemon! It is true, sir, quite true. I can see myself now, airing my swell clothes and London manners on the beach here; but there is a sad face rises up beside me, and a figure floating out with the tide yonder which sobers the picture, and makes a shadow upon that sunny water.

Bathing *en famille* was a notion that rather tickled me in those days. You think there is nothing improper in it? Neither do I, sir, or Mrs. Hartlebury and her daughters would not be enjoying themselves as you see them yonder. The "girl of the period" at ball and opera is much more undressed than the ladies in their pretty bathing costumes? I quite agree with you; but my very proper English notions were a little excited at the prospect of a company of lovely mermaidens in a sea-bath. I little thought when I went into the water that I was destined to come out with a pretty girl in my arms. Ah, now I see you are interested. What a subject for a modern magazine picture! That is what you are thinking, I know. Don't keep you in suspense? Is that what you said? I told you I was slightly deaf. Did I come out of the water with a young lady in my arms really?

Yes, it was in this way. I was swimming about, and watching the movements of a most graceful person, floating half-sideways, half on her back, with her arms extended, and her head resting on the water; she was drifting out in the sunshine, the water quite placid but swelling like her own bosom beneath a thin blue robe; she was drifting, I say, in the sunshine, like a blessed martyr going out to some better land. I see her now, poor pretty tender-hearted thing, with the sea rocking her in its great arms, and yet trying all the while to steal away her life. I watched her at a respectful distance and swam quietly after her; for somehow it occurred to me that she was not quite conscious of the power of that insidious but certain current, which I could feel setting in towards the pier. I had judged aright; by-and-by she turned over, evidently with the intention of swimming home, but she could not accomplish her purpose. She struggled on for a little time, and then to all appearance lost her presence of mind, or was attacked with cramp. She disappeared at all events, and I rapidly quickened my pace towards her, putting my head well to the water and dashing on with that sharp side-stroke, which is so effective in the matter of speed. She

rose for the second time as I reached the spot. In a moment I had seized her by the shoulder, and supporting her with my left arm, I commenced to swim slowly in the direction of the shore. The young lady's difficulty had been noticed from the beach, and a boat had put off when I dashed after her. It came up by the time I was within easy distance of the shore with my beautiful, half-drowned burden, and I helped to place her in the boat amidst a loud cheer. I got in after her, and was delighted to see signs of rapid recovery in the dear creature. Satisfied with this, and not caring to present myself in my Blondin-like costume to a fashionable and excited throng, I dashed into the water and swam to my machine.

If Mrs. Hartlebury and those girls would do the same it would be just as well. They have been in the water too long already. You don't think so? Mrs. Hartlebury is the best judge of that? I had better proceed with my story; you are getting interested? You want to know what the young lady was like? Like, sir, like no young lady in Boulogne at the present day, or anywhere else that I have seen, for beauty. She was like a poet's dream, sir, or an artist's fancy. Was she a blonde? Not exactly, no; she had brown wavy hair, and such eyes, such a figure! Arms as round and fair as the arms of those women by Rubens in the Louvre—a neck and shoulders in which all the lines of beauty were described. I saw her on that next day after her narrow escape; she found me out, and came to the Hôtel des Bains to thank me. "I must excuse her," she said, "for calling unattended, she had no friends in Boulogne." "One at least," I said, taking her hand, and faltering in my speech. She looked up inquiringly at me for a moment with her big dark eyes, and I felt myself gradually becoming powerless in her presence, anxious to say all sorts of gracious things, but unable to do so. "Good-bye, and believe me I shall never forget your brave action." She spoke with a pretty musical French accent. "May I not see you again?" I asked, and then bolder grown I answered my own question: "I must, indeed I must." "I am going to Paris in the morning. I have been to London, and am on my way to Paris. I fear I must say good-bye now, monsieur." "Oh no," I said, feeling as if I were about to lose everything dear to me in the world. "I love you, mademoiselle; I love you; I will make you my wife." "Oh, monsieur, that can never be," she replied. "Why not?" I exclaimed, becoming desperate. "Do not ask," she said, sadly. "You could not love me," I said, sitting down and covering my face with my hands. "There was a time, monsieur, when what you have just said would have awakened a passion of pleasure and gratitude in my heart; but oh, sir, that time is past; adieu, *mon très cher ami;* you will always live in my dearest memory."

She left me, and this only made me more fiercely in love with her. I did not seem to be master of my actions, and I was selfish enough to think that I had a special claim upon her. I rescued her from death, and that ought to make her mine. If she would have had me, I would have married her, sir, right off, and should have felt myself blessed. How long would that sentiment have lasted? Heaven knows. I followed her, found out her hotel, returned her call, and made her promise to see me in Paris. My next action was to discover by what train she travelled, and on the following day I was on the platform, and constituted myself the lady's *compagnon de voyage*. At first she seemed a little disconcerted at this, but as we journeyed onwards she brightened up, and became chatty and sparkling and lively. Every now and then all this was darkened, like a summer landscape with passing thunder-clouds. Once when the other stupid passengers were asleep I pressed her hand. She returned me a gentle pressure, and with the tears in her eyes she whispered in heartfelt accents that almost brought the tears to mine, "Oh, my dear, dear friend!" It seemed like a cry of despair from a breaking heart, and I felt as if a terrible grief was seizing upon me.

You really would not have given me credit for so much romance? Of course not, it seems ridiculous to you now, looking at the portly recorder and his romping responsibilities yonder. Ah, I am glad the girls are coming out of the water. It does not matter so much about Frank, and Tom, and Harry, they are strong fellows, and will have *café noir* and cigars afterwards to keep up the circulation. You object to these interruptions? These changes from romance to reality, eh?—from the sublime to the ridiculous. On our arrival at the Northern Station at Paris, Louise and I you know, her name was Louise, I think I said before; on our arrival, a placid, mysterious, light-moustached old German came up to us. He kissed the young lady on the cheek, and then looked scowlingly at me. Louise began therefore to talk German to him with many gesticulations, explaining the small service I had rendered her. He smiled, I thought, a

little sarcastically, and looked incredulously at me; but mademoiselle stamped her foot angrily at Mein Herr Diable, and he condescended to look civilly upon me. "We must part here," she said hurriedly to me. "What is your hotel?" "The Imperial," I said. "Place Vendome." "You must not call on me. I will call upon you to-night. For Heaven's sake be satisfied with this."

I got to my hotel in a dreamy sort of fashion, ordered private rooms, and said I expected a lady to call in the evening; I should not go out until she came, and they must show her up. It seemed ages that I waited for her; I waited until they relieved guard at the Napoleon Column and marched by the Rue St. Honoré with their drums and trumpets. I waited until my heart was sick with fears and doubts; and at last I received a short note, in which the writer said I might see her on the next night at the Arc de l'Etoile, at ten o'clock; but if I really loved her, and wished to cherish the memory of her as something sweet and dear, I ought to see her no more. She offered no apology for keeping me waiting. I kissed her note, and yet smote the table with passion, and stamped about the room with rage. That silent, disgusting German was the cause of all this! Who was he? What was he? I asked myself, but I was never enabled to answer the question. He was a strange unfathomable mystery.

On the following night I was at the Arch of Triumph an hour before the trysting-time, with a longing heart and a brain half-dazed with the glare and glitter of the long rows of gas-lamps and the wandering carriage-lights. The scene was to me then one of such unaccustomed splendour, that it seemed as if I had been dropped here by Fate to play a part in some Arabian Night's story. She came at last, my charmer, muffled up half in disguise, running, I thought, from one who claims her love to one who prays for it as the greatest blessing Heaven or earth can give. We walked to the shadow of an adjacent tree, and sat down; she suffered me to clasp her in my arms. Again I offered her my hand; talked to her of arrangements for the future; indicated the sort of letter I would write to my father by the very next post. A mad thing to do? I must have been off my head? Ah, so would you have been in presence of that matchless beauty. I never saw so much loveliness in mortal being; and even after all these years have elapsed, I cannot condemn my judgment in that respect. We wandered about those walks in the Bois de Boulogne, and sat beneath the trees, and talked of a hundred happy things that only lovers' lips can say. At last she confessed that she loved me with all her heart. "I have never known what love is until now," she said, "my dear, dear friend; and I understand its sweetness, its purity, when it is too late, too late, my dear monsieur." "Why too late, Louise?" I asked; and then, prepared to learn the worst, I said, "You are not married already?" "Oh, no," she said. "Nor betrothed?" I asked, hurrying question upon question. "Cease, cease, I pray you," she exclaimed, in a passion of despair. "Seek to know no more: I can never be yours: I love you too much." "You are mine, Louise; I snatched you from the grave. It was Fate that brought me to your side: Death came between us, and I struck him down. You are mine by all laws human and divine." She sobbed at this, laid her head on my shoulder, and in a wail of despair said, "Oh, would I were! Would it might be possible! Oh, sir, do not tempt me: do not; pray, do not. Your love would end in hate." "My dear Louise, I am prepared to brave all things." "I am not prepared to brave your scorn," she said. "Death were bliss to that. Let me go, sir. Farewell!" "No, no," I said, detaining her. "I will raise an alarm," she cried. "Cruel, cruel," I replied. "O, mon Dieu, monsieur!" she exclaimed, and then kissing me on the forehead she said, "You see yon distant lights on the right, and that great cluster in the Champs Elysée?" "Yes." "It is Monsieur Victor's Café Chantant. I will see you once again. Let it be there, to-morrow night, at ten." "You will not deceive me?" I said, letting her hand go very reluctantly. "That is what I will not do for all the world," she replied solemnly, and raising her eyes to heaven. "I will *not* deceive you." "My dear Louise!" I said. She looked so beautiful in the starlight. "Better say adieu, now and for ever!" was her response. "But if it must be, au revoir! Be it so!" "Au revoir!" broke from my lips. She slipped away from me, and disappeared.

The long rows of lights, the distant sounds of music, mocked my despair. I look back now, and know what a mad fellow I was; but I do not blame myself, and I learned how heroic woman can be, the most abandoned, when the divine chord of love is really touched by the master hand. Poor lost Louise, she was a martyr for my sake! I can see now, out yonder where the sun is making a long track over the waters, I can see a half-clad figure drifting, drifting, floating away into the darker shade,

—drifting out into the mist where sea and sky unite and are lost in each other. What creatures of circumstances we are! Ah, there's my wife yonder beckoning to Frank and Harry. The girls are nearly dressed by this time, and yonder are the boys plunging about as if they had only just gone in. There they are, sir, within fifty yards of the spot where I rescued Louise from drowning twenty years ago! All right, my friend; don't be unhappy. My romance will soon be at an end. You think I tell the story well? I am quite eloquent, you say? Ah, it is the eloquence that earnestness gives, I suppose. It does me good to tell you this romance of mine: it has been in my mind at odd times, as if it demanded utterance, for years.

You may be sure I went to that *café* the next night. There was a clear sky and a full moon. The effect of the contending lights of the *café* and the moon among the foliage of the Champs Elysée was weird and magical. It seemed to carry my mind back to a wonderful representation I had seen at a London theatre of *Faust and Marguerite*. Then the woodland scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* broke into that memory. I was not myself, I often think, all through this piece. I know that it shocked me a little when I found myself among a crowd of men and women who were drinking and smoking in this beautiful spot, and applauding an indecent dance; and it shocked me all the more to think that it was here that Louise had selected to meet me, her lover. Then I thought what a prude I was, and remembered how different were French ideas of these things to ours in England. I would soon coax Louise out of all this semi-barbarous indifference to the proprieties when I had her in England and made her my wife. While I was thinking in this wise, a terrific burst of applause brought my wandering eyes back to the stage. A lady was smiling and bowing her acknowledgments. My heart beat wildly at sight of her. The applause rose again higher and higher. "Who is this?" I said excitedly to a gentleman who was crowded close up against me. "Do you not know?" he said in French. "Mademoiselle Victor, it is her first appearance this season; she has just returned from England." Oh, my friend, I thought I should have lost my breath altogether. There was nothing improper in her bathing dress: she might have walked down Bond Street in it; but the costume in which she now appeared was the wildest kind of ballet dress I had ever seen. She sung with intense vigour in a rich ringing voice, and to the chorus she danced in a voluptuous siren-like fashion that seemed to belong rather to a figure out of one of Etty's pictures than to anything earthly. From this movement she changed her gambols into a mad sort of Mabille dance, in the midst of which she uttered a piercing scream and threw herself upon the floor in the glare and glitter of the footlights. I thought I should go mad. I pushed my way with desperation to the stage to assure myself that I was not the victim of some horrible delusion. They had lifted her up and carried her into the retiring-room. I forced my way in; but I should have been violently ejected, had not that old German caught sight of me and snatched me out of the grasp of several yelling rascals who had nearly overpowered me. This mysterious person was evidently in great authority there. Louise opened her eyes, and seeing me said, "Oh my God," and covered her face with her hands. That sneaking German frowned at me, but happily allowed me to remain. In a few minutes mademoiselle had recovered sufficiently for the manager to go out and tell the audience she would reappear shortly. In the midst of the shout of applause which greeted this declaration Louise rose to her feet and called for champagne. She drank the wine greedily, and then turning to me said, "There, monsieur, I told you it could not be: I said I would not deceive you. Adieu! God guard you!" She took the manager's arm, and he led her once more upon the stage. The old German stood there looking at me like Mephistopheles in the play. I staggered to the door, slipped like a drunkard out into the night, threw myself upon the grass just beyond the inclosure of that painted hell, and wept like a child.

Bravo Frank! That was a splendid dive: but I'm glad it is the last; you have certainly had enough of the water for this morning. That's right, my dear boy. Better finish my story before they all come and interrupt us! Is that what you said? *Très bien*, but one requires a little interval now and then to keep down the full rush of the old feeling; mind you, I am enacting all this story over again while I am narrating it to you. And story-telling is warm work in the hottest days of August. You mean to tell it when the weather is cold? Eh? in a Christmas annual? Well, I have no objection, only keep my name out of the story, and don't let me be pointed at as the hero. You believe Mrs. Hartlebury is coming? Well, light another cigar, and we will come to the "Finis."

I passed a miserable night. I lay there on

the grass I know not how long, and then I wandered home. I drank a pint of brandy and threw myself upon the bed undressed. I don't think I slept a wink. Early in the morning that pale, pig's-eyed looking German called upon me, and in a few authoritative words in broken English bade me accompany him on a little visit. He led the way across the Pont St. Michel to the centre of the Marché Neuf, where we entered a small square building. It was the Morgue! The old Morgue, a much more wretched place than the present edifice. On our left hand there were large windows guarded by a rail, and beyond was the chamber of death. It nearly made me sick to see several dead bodies lying there. I shuddered and clung to my companion. He looked coldly on and pointed to a pink dress and some lace that was hanging in the furthest corner; and then, oh mercy! I saw *her* body, cold and white and still. There it lay in awful companionship! I think I must have fainted at sight of the poor lost woman, with her brown hair all damp and clinging to her white round shoulders. I remembered nothing until I found myself on a sofa in a well-furnished room. My senses were no sooner restored to me than that horrible German with the light moustache and the cold greenish eye came in and deliberately seizing me by the throat, began to shake and curse me. I felt like a child in his hands, I was so weak and faint, and all the sensations of approaching death came over me. I must have cried out and struggled, I suppose, for a woman rushed into the room and dragged my assailant from me; he left me with an oath; and the woman, a strong, wilful-looking creature led me into an adjoining room. I could hardly stand, but I was nevertheless strong enough and sensible enough to take the woman's advice and get out of that house. I stumbled down two pairs of stairs and found my way into the street, where I obtained a cab and went to my hotel. I found a letter, which had been delivered by the post: it was written in French. The words were, "I loved you truly. I was unworthy of you: that is why you will never see your poor Louise again; here is a souvenir of her who blesses you with her last breath."

That souvenir was a small locket fastened to a piece of blue ribbon. I need not tell you how deeply it affected me. During the night which followed these hours of mystery and terror and grief I slept the sleep of one who is at last exhausted in mind and body. I was awakened after midnight by the proprietor of the house, who entered with a candle, and in some little excitement asked me if there was not something wrong. I was out of bed in an instant. "What is wrong, sir?" I asked. "I think your bedroom has been robbed, if I have not disturbed the thief," he replied. "I saw a fellow prowling about before I went to bed, and as soon as I was awakened by the grating of a lock I got up and rang my bell. This was silly; I ought to have gone out and caught the thief. In another minute I heard a door shut; a stealthy step passed my room, and before I could follow my light was out, his cloak over my head, and Jacques here has come to say that they are after a fellow who leaped from a second-floor window, and made off along the Rue St. Honoré." This was the host's story so far as I could make out. We examined the room. My valise had been cut open, sure enough, and there lay beside it a great clasp-knife which had done the business. Louise's little note was gone, her locket had been torn away from the ribbon, and a packet of letters from England had been carried off. I shall always believe that German was the thief. And it seemed to me at the time that if he had not been disturbed he would have murdered me. He had evidently some mysterious power, or wished to have, over Louise. I stood in his way; how, I cannot understand; but it was so. Her liking for me was to him a terrible grievance: he had searched for letters and other tokens of our acquaintanceship. I told the hotel-keeper I had had a narrow escape: that knife was intended for something more desperate than cutting open a valise. Fancy, if he had murdered me, you would have seen no fat, sentimental recorder on the beach at Boulogne; and that happy-looking regiment of children coming from the machines yonder would not have been in existence. You are very much obliged to that German devil for not cutting my throat? And I thank my host of the Imperial for disturbing him before he had time to carry out his fell scheme.

Well, sir, to conclude, as the parson says, I put that bit of ribbon, which the thief had left behind him, into my pocket, took the next train to Calais, the next to Dover, returned to my father's house, and married Miss Longford. We are a thoroughly happy pair, as you have already had judgment enough to note. My children are good, contented, and numerous, as you see; and if that will make a story for Christmas, my friend, you are quite welcome to it, and you can call it Uncle Hartlebury's Romance.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[**Lady Anne Barnard**, daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarras, born at Balcarras, Fife, 27th November, 1750; died in Berkeley Square, London, 6th May, 1825. She married Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick, and colonial secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. She accompanied her husband to the Cape, and wrote an interesting description of an expedition across the country, in letters, part of which have been published in the *Songstresses of Scotland*, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson. The popularity of *Auld Robin Gray*, and the well-kept mystery regarding its authorship, are referred to in Lady Anne Barnard's letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated July, 1823.[1] In the year of her death, Scott edited for the Bannatyne Club a tract containing a corrected version of the ballad, and a continuation by the authoress. The second part was written to gratify her ladyship's mother; but it never became popular; and the poetess was quite sensible that it did not deserve to become so; for although it contains several fine lines, it destroys the nobility of the character which gave force and grandeur to the original ballad. We quote the second part as a curiosity.]

PART I.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye come hame,
When a' the weary world to rest is gane,
The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unken'd by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will you no marry me?"

[1] "*Robin Gray*, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London: I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, *Auld Robin Gray* was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. . . . . Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. *Robin Gray* was either a very ancient ballad composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballat of Auld Robin Gray's Courtahip,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity." The air to which the ballad is now sung was written by the Rev. William Leeves, of Wrington.

The novel *Robin Gray*, by Charles Gibbon, is founded on the ballad.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back!
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

———

PART II.

The spring had pass'd over, 'twas summer nae mair,
And, trembling, were scatter'd the leaves in the air;
"Oh, winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent:
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
And she droop'd like a snow-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad, and her mother was wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was Auld Robin Gray;
He wander'd his lane, and his face was as lean
As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
And often he said, "It is best for her sake!"
While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
The tears trickled down upon Auld Robin Gray.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie!" said he, wi' a groan;
"I'm nae worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;
Send round for your neighbours—my hour it draws near
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wranged her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late;
I've wrang'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet o' her vow;—
In mercy forgi'e me, 'twas I stole the cow!

"I cared not for crummie, I thought but o' thee;
I thought it was crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh! did you not say,
You never would marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth, soon or late, comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back,—and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee!

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie he saw!
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin' for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seem'd hopefu' of being accepted by grace:
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, by love, to win thee?"

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa';
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was so light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh! now she has a' that her heart can desire!

LETTERS.

Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's power were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.

—Aaron Hill (1685-1750).

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto counsel call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.—Samuel Daniel (1563-1619).

DEERSLAYER.

[James Fenimore Cooper, born in Burlington, New Jersey, 15th September, 1789; died in Cooperstown, New York, 14th September, 1851. He is sometimes called "the Scott of America." After studying in the Yale College, he served six years in the United States navy, travelled in Europe for several years, and ultimately settled in his native country. His first novel, *Precaution*, appeared in 1821, and was followed by *The Spy: The Pioneers; The Pilot*, &c. He wrote thirty-four novels, various sketches of travel, a *History of the United States Navy*, and other works. His tales of Indian and backwoods life, and of the sea, maintain their place as amongst the very best of their kind. Daniel Webster said of him: "The enduring monuments of Fenimore Cooper are his works. While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people."

Our extract is from the famous *Leatherstocking* series of tales. Natty Bumpo passes through many adventures under the names of *Deerslayer*, *Hawkeye*, *Pathfinder*, and, in his old age, *Leatherstocking*. His chief comrade is Chingachgook, or the "Big Serpent," who is a chief of the Mohicans or Delaware Indians. The latter's betrothed, Wah-ta-Wah, or in English, Hist-oh-Hist! has been captured by the Iroquois or Mingos. Deerslayer assists his friend in rescuing the girl from their enemies, but he is himself made prisoner.]

The day succeeding his capture Deerslayer was conducted before the assembled band. It was an imposing scene into which he was brought. All the older warriors were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, waiting his approach with grave decorum. On the right stood the young men, armed, while the left was occupied by the women and children. In the centre was an open space of considerable extent, always canopied by leaves, but from which the underbrush, dead wood, and other obstacles had been carefully removed. The more open area had probably been much used by former parties, for this was the place where the appearance of a sward was the most decided. The arches of the woods, even at high noon, cast their sombre shadows on the spot, which the brilliant rays of the sun, that struggled through the leaves, contributed to mellow, and, if such an expression can be used, to illuminate. It was probably from a similar scene that the mind of man first got its idea of the effects of Gothic tracery and churchly hues; this temple of nature producing some such effect, so far as light and shadows were concerned, as the well-known offspring of human invention.

As was not unusual among the tribes and wandering bands of the aborigines, two chiefs shared, in nearly equal degrees, the principal and primitive authority that was wielded over these children of the forest. There were several who might claim the distinction of being chief men, but the two in question were so much superior to all the rest in influence, that, when they agreed, no one disputed their mandates; and when they were divided, the band hesitated like men who had lost their governing principle of action. It was also in conformity with practice—perhaps we might add in conformity with nature—that one of the chiefs was indebted to his mind for his influence, whereas the other owed his distinction altogether to qualities that were physical. One was a senior, well known for eloquence in debate, wisdom in council, and prudence in measures; while his great competitor, if not his rival, was a brave, distinguished in war, notorious for ferocity, and remarkable, in the way of intellect, for nothing but the cunning and expedients of the war-path. The first was Rivenoak, while the last was called le Panthere, in the language of the Canadas; or the Panther, to resort to the vernacular of the English colonies. The appellation of the fighting chief was supposed to indicate the qualities of the warrior, agreeably to a practice of the red-man's nomenclature; ferocity, cunning, and treachery being perhaps the distinctive features of his character.

Rivenoak and the Panther sat side by side, awaiting the approach of their prisoner, as Deerslayer put his moccasined foot on the strand; nor did either move, or utter a syllable, until the young man had advanced into the centre of the area, and proclaimed his presence with his voice. This was done firmly, though in the simple manner that marked the character of the individual.

"Here I am, Mingos," he said, in the dialect of the Delawares, a language that most present understood; "here I am; do with me what you please. My business with man and 'arth is settled; nothing remains now but to meet the white man's God, accordin' to a white man's duties and gifts."

A murmur of approbation escaped even the women at this address, and, for an instant, there was a strong and pretty general desire to adopt into the tribe one who owned so brave a spirit. Still there were dissenters from this wish, among the principal of whom might be classed the Panther, and his sister, le Sumach, so called from the number of her children, who was the widow of le Loup Cervier, now known to have fallen by the hand of the captive.

[After much deliberation, Deerslayer was

offered his life on condition that he should join the tribe and become the husband of le Sumach. Deerslayer firmly refused to accept these terms. The whole tribe was offended, but the Panther was furious at this insult to his sister, and hurled his tomahawk at the captive. The latter with singular skill caught the weapon and hurled it back at his assailant killing him on the spot.]

A common rush to his relief, left the captive, for a single instant, quite without the crowd; and, willing to make one desperate effort for life he bounded off, with the activity of a deer. There was but a breathless instant, when the whole band, old and young, women and children, abandoning the lifeless body of the Panther where it lay, raised the yell of alarm, and followed in pursuit.

Sudden as had been the event which induced Deerslayer to make this desperate trial of speed, his mind was not wholly unprepared for the fearful emergency. In the course of the past hour he had pondered well on the chances of such an experiment, and had shrewdly calculated all the details of success and failure. At the first leap, therefore, his body was completely under the direction of an intelligence that turned all its efforts to the best account, and prevented every thing like hesitation or indecision, at the important instant of the start. To this alone was he indebted for the first great advantage, that of getting through the line of sentinels unharmed. The manner in which this was done, though sufficiently simple, merits a description.

Although the shores of the point were not fringed with bushes, as was the case with most of the others on the lake, it was owing altogether to the circumstance that the spot had been so much used by hunters and fishermen. This fringe commenced on what might be termed the main land, and was as dense as usual, extending in long lines both north and south. In the latter direction, then, Deerslayer held his way; and as the sentinels were a little without the commencement of this thicket, before the alarm was clearly communicated to them, the fugitive had gained its cover. To run amongst the bushes, however, was out of the question, and Deerslayer held his way for some forty or fifty yards, in the water, which was barely knee-deep, offering as great an obstacle to the speed of his pursuers as it did to his own. As soon as a favourable spot presented, he darted through the line of bushes, and issued into the open woods.

Several rifles were discharged at Deerslayer while in the water, and more followed as he came out into the comparative exposure of the clear forest. But the direction of his line of flight, which partially crossed that of the fire, the haste with which the weapons had been aimed, and the general confusion that prevailed in the camp, prevented any harm from being done. Bullets whistled past him, and many cut twigs from the branches at his side, but not one touched even his dress. The delay caused by these fruitless attempts was of great service to the fugitive, who had gained more than a hundred yards on even the leading men of the Hurons, ere something like concert and order had entered into the chase. To think of following with rifle in hand was out of the question; and after emptying their pieces in vague hopes of wounding their captive, the best runners of the Indians threw them aside, calling out to the women and boys to recover and load them again as soon as possible.

Deerslayer knew too well the desperate nature of the struggle in which he was engaged, to lose one of the precious moments. He also knew that his only hope was to run in a straight line, for as soon as he began to turn, or double, the greater number of his pursuers would put escape out of the question. He held his way, therefore, in a diagonal direction up the acclivity, which was neither very high nor very steep in this part of the mountain, but which was sufficiently toilsome for one contending for life to render it painfully oppressive. There, however he slackened his speed, to recover breath, proceeding even at a quick walk, or a slow trot, along the more difficult parts of the way. The Hurons were whooping and leaping behind him; but this he disregarded, well knowing they must overcome the difficulties he had surmounted, ere they could reach the elevation to which he had attained. The summit of the first hill was now quite near him, and he saw, by the formation of the land, that a deep glen intervened, before the base of a second hill could be reached. Walking deliberately to the summit, he glanced eagerly about him, in every direction, in quest of a cover. None offered in the ground; but a fallen tree lay near him, and desperate circumstances require desperate remedies. This tree lay in a line parallel to the glen, at the brow of the hill; to leap on it, and then to force his person as close as possible under its lower side, took but a moment. Previously to disappearing from his pursuers, however Deerslayer stood on the height, and gave a cry of triumph, as if exulting at the sight of the descent that lay before him. In the next instant he was stretched beneath the tree.

No sooner was this expedient adopted, than the young man ascertained how desperate had been his own efforts, by the violence of the pulsations in his frame. The footsteps of those who toiled up the opposite side of the acclivity were now audible, and presently voices and treads announced the arrival of the pursuers. The foremost shouted as they reached the height; then, fearful that their enemy would escape under favour of the descent, each leaped upon the fallen tree, and plunged into the ravine, trusting to get a sight of the pursued ere he reached the bottom. In this manner Huron followed Huron, until Natty began to hope the whole had passed. Others succeeded, however, until quite forty had leaped over the tree; and then he counted them, as the surest mode of ascertaining how many could be behind. Presently all were in the bottom of the glen, quite a hundred feet below him, and some had even ascended part of the opposite hill, when it became evident an inquiry was making as to the direction he had taken. This was the critical moment; and one of nerves less steady, or of a training that had been neglected, would have seized it to rise and flee. Not so with Deerslayer. He still lay quiet, watching with jealous vigilance every movement below, and fast regaining his breath.

The Hurons now resembled a pack of hounds at fault. Little was said, but each man ran about, examining the dead leaves as the hound hunts for the lost scent. The great number of moccasins that had passed made the examination difficult, though the intoe of an Indian was easily to be distinguished from the freer and wider step of a white man. Believing that no more pursuers remained behind, and hoping to steal away unseen, Deerslayer suddenly threw himself over the tree, and fell on the upper side. This achievement appeared to be effected successfully, and hope beat high in the bosom of the fugitive. Rising to his hands and feet, after a moment lost in listening to the sounds in the glen in order to ascertain if he had been seen, the young man next scrambled to the top of the hill, a distance of only ten yards, in the expectation of getting its brow between him and his pursuers, and himself so far under cover. Even this was effected, and he rose to his feet, walking swiftly but steadily along the summit, in a direction opposite to that in which he had first fled. The nature of the calls in the glen, however, soon made him uneasy, and he sprang upon the summit again, in order to reconnoitre. No sooner did he reach the height than he was seen and the chase renewed. As it was better footing on the level ground, Deerslayer now avoided the sidehill, holding his flight along the ridge; while the Hurons, judging from the general formation of the land, saw that the ridge would soon melt into the hollow, and kept to the latter, as the easiest mode of heading the fugitive. A few, at the same time, turned south, with a view to prevent his escaping in that direction, while some crossed his trail toward the water, in order to prevent his retreat by the lake, running southerly.

The situation of Deerslayer was now more critical than it ever had been. He was virtually surrounded on three sides, having the lake on the fourth. But he had pondered well on all the chances, and took his measures with coolness, even while at the top of his speed. As is generally the case with the vigorous border-men, he could outrun any single Indian among his pursuers, who were principally formidable to him on account of their numbers, and the advantages they possessed in position; and he would not have hesitated to break off in a strait line at any spot, could he have got the whole band again fairly behind him. But no such chance did, or indeed could now offer; and when he found that he was descending toward the glen, by the melting away of the ridge, he turned short, at right angles to his previous course, and went down the declivity with tremendous velocity, holding his way toward the shore. Some of his pursuers came panting up the hill, in direct chase, while most still kept on in the ravine, intending to head him at its termination.

Deerslayer had now a different, though a desperate, project in view. Abandoning all thoughts of escape by the woods, he made the best of his way toward the canoe. He knew where it lay: could it be reached, he had only to run the gauntlet of a few rifles, and success would be certain. None of the warriors had kept their weapons, which would have retarded their speed, and the risk would come either from the uncertain hands of the women, or from those of some well-grown boy; though most of the latter were already out in hot pursuit. Everything seemed propitious to the execution of this plan, and the course being a continued descent, the young man went over the ground at a rate that promised a speedy termination to his toil.

As Deerslayer approached the point, several women and children were passed, but, though the former endeavoured to cast dried branches between his legs, the terror inspired by his bold retaliation on the redoubted Panther was

so great, that none dared come near enough seriously to molest him. He went by all triumphantly, and reached the fringe of bushes. Plunging through these, our hero found himself once more in the lake, and within fifty feet of the canoe. Here he ceased to run, for he well understood that his breath was now all-important to him. He even stooped, as he advanced, and cooled his parched mouth by scooping up water in his hand to drink. Still the moments pressed, and he soon stood at the side of the canoe. The first glance told him that the paddles had been removed! This was a sore disappointment, after all his efforts, and for a single moment he thought of turning, and of facing his foes by walking with dignity into the centre of the camp again. But an infernal yell, such as the American savage alone can raise, proclaimed the quick approach of the nearest of his pursuers, and the instinct of life triumphed. Preparing himself duly, and giving a right direction to its bows, he ran off into the water bearing the canoe before him, threw all his strength and skill into a last effort, and cast himself forward so as to fall into the bottom of the light craft without materially impeding its way. Here he remained on his back, both to regain his breath and to cover his person from the deadly rifle. The lightness which was such an advantage in paddling the canoe, now operated unfavourably. The material was so like a feather, that the boat had no momentum; else would the impulse in that smooth and placid sheet have impelled it to a distance from the shore that would have rendered paddling with the hands safe. Could such a point once be reached, Deerslayer thought he might get far enough out to attract the attention of Chingachgook and Judith, who would not fail to come to his relief with other canoes, a circumstance that promised everything. As the young man lay in the bottom of the canoe, he watched its movements by studying the tops of the trees on the mountain-side, and judged of his distance by the time and the motion. Voices on the shore were now numerous, and he heard something said about manning the raft, which, fortunately for the fugitive, lay at a considerable distance on the other side of the point.

Perhaps the situation of Deerslayer had not been more critical that day than it was at this moment. It certainly had not been one-half as tantalizing. He lay perfectly quiet for two or three minutes, trusting to the single sense of hearing, confident that the noise in the lake would reach his ears did any one venture to approach by swimming. Once or twice he fancied that the element was stirred by the cautious movement of an arm, and then he perceived it was the wash of the water on the pebbles of the strand; for, in mimicry of the ocean, it is seldom that those little lakes are so totally tranquil as not to possess a slight heaving and setting on their shores. Suddenly all the voices ceased, and a death-like stillness pervaded the spot; a quietness as profound as if all lay in the repose of inanimate life. By this time the canoe had drifted so far as to render nothing visible to Deerslayer, as he lay on his back, except the blue void of space, and a few of those brighter rays that proceed from the effulgence of the sun, marking his proximity. It was not possible to endure this uncertainty long. The young man well knew that the profound stillness foreboded evil, the savages never being so silent as when about to strike a blow—resembling the stealthy foot of the panther ere he takes his leap. He took out a knife, and was about to cut a hole through the bark, in order to get a view of the shore, when he paused from a dread of being seen in the operation, which would direct the enemy where to aim their bullets. At this instant a rifle *was* fired, and the ball pierced both sides of the canoe within eighteen inches of the spot where his head lay. This was close work, but our hero had too lately gone through that which was closer to be appalled. He lay still half a minute longer, and then he saw the summit of an oak coming slowly within his narrow horizon.

Unable to account for this change, Deerslayer could restrain his impatience no longer. Hitching his body along with the utmost caution, he got his eye at the bullet-hole, and fortunately commanded a very tolerable view of the point. The canoe, by one of those imperceptible impulses that so often decide the fate of men as well as the course of things, had inclined southerly, and was slowly drifting down the lake. It was lucky that Deerslayer had given it a shove sufficiently vigorous to send it past the end of the point ere it took this inclination, or it must have gone ashore again. As it was, it drifted so near it as to bring the tops of two or three trees within the range of the young man's view, as has been mentioned, and indeed to come in quite as close proximity with the extremity of the point as was at all safe. The distance could not much have exceeded a hundred feet, though fortunately a light current of air from the south-west began to set it slowly off shore.

Deerslayer now felt the urgent necessity of resorting to some expedient to get farther from

his foes, and, if possible, to apprise his friends of his situation. The distance rendered the last difficult, while the proximity to the point rendered the first indispensable. As was usual in such craft, a large, round, smooth stone was in each end of the canoe, for the double purposes of seats and ballast; one of these was within reach of his feet. This stone he contrived to get so far between his legs as to reach it with his hands, and then he managed to roll it to the side of its fellow in the bows, where the two served to keep the trim of the light boat, while he worked his own body as far aft as possible. Before quitting the shore, and as soon as he perceived that the paddles were gone, Deerslayer had thrown a bit of dead branch into the canoe, and this was within reach of his arm. Removing the cap he wore, he put it on the end of this stick, and just let it appear over the edge of the canoe, as far as possible from his own person. This *ruse* was scarcely adopted before the young man had a proof how much he had underrated the intelligence of his enemies. In contempt of an artifice so shallow and common-place, a bullet was fired directly through another part of the canoe, which actually grazed his skin. He dropped the cap, and instantly raised it immediately over his head, as a safeguard. It would seem that this second artifice was unseen, or what was more probable, the Hurons, feeling certain of recovering their captive, wished to take him alive.

Deerslayer lay passive a few minutes longer, his eye at the bullet-hole, however, and much did he rejoice at seeing that he was drifting gradually farther and farther from the shore. When he looked upward, the tree-tops had disappeared, but he soon found that the canoe was slowly turning, so as to prevent his getting a view of anything at his peephole but of the two extremities of the lake. He now bethought him of the stick, which was crooked, and offered some facilities for rowing, without the necessity of rising. The experiment succeeded, on trial, better even than he had hoped, though his great embarrassment was to keep the canoe straight. That his present manœuvre was seen soon became apparent by the clamour on the shore, and a bullet entering the stern of the canoe, traversed its length, whistling between the arms of our hero, and passed out at the head. This satisfied the fugitive that he was getting away with tolerable speed, and induced him to increase his efforts. He was making a stronger push than common, when another messenger from the point broke the stick out-board, and at once deprived him of his oar. As the sound of voices seemed to grow more and more distant, however, Deerslayer determined to leave all to the drift until he believed himself beyond the reach of bullets. This was nervous work, but it was the wisest of all the expedients that offered; and the young man was encouraged to persevere in it by the circumstance that he felt his face fanned by the air, a proof that there was a little more wind.

By this time Deerslayer had been twenty minutes in the canoe, and he began to grow a little impatient for some signs of relief from his friends. The position of the boat still prevented his seeing in any direction, unless it were up or down the lake; and though he knew that his line of sight must pass within a hundred yards of the castle, it in fact passed that distance to the westward of the buildings. The profound stillness troubled him also, for he knew not whether to ascribe it to the increasing space between him and the Indians, or to some new artifice. At length, wearied with fruitless watchfulness, the young man turned himself on his back, closed his eyes, and awaited the result in determined acquiescence. If the savages could so completely control their thirst for revenge, he was resolved to be as calm as themselves, and to trust his fate to the interposition of the currents and air.

Some additional ten minutes may have passed in this quiescent manner on both sides, when Deerslayer thought he heard a slight noise, like a low rubbing against the bottom of his canoe. He opened his eyes of course in expectation of seeing the face or arm of an Indian rising from the water, and found that a canopy of leaves was impending directly over his head. Starting to his feet the first object that met his eye was Rivenoak, who had so far aided the slow progress of the boat as to draw it on the point, the grating on the strand being the sound that had first given our hero the alarm. The change in the drift of the canoe had been altogether owing to the baffling nature of the light currents of air, aided by some eddies in the water.

"Come," said the Huron, with a quiet gesture of authority to order his prisoner to land; "my young friend has sailed about till he is tired; he will forget how to run again, unless he uses his legs."

"You've the best of it, Huron," returned Deerslayer, stepping steadily from the canoe, and passively following his leader to the open area of the point; "Providence has helped you in an onexpected manner. I'm your prisoner ag'in."

"My young friend is a moose!" exclaimed the Huron. "His legs are very long; they have given my young men trouble. But he is not a fish; he cannot find his way in the lake. We did not shoot him; fish are taken in nets, and not killed by bullets. When he turns moose again, he will be treated like a moose."

"Ay, have your talk, Rivenoak; make the most of your advantage. 'Tis your right, I suppose, and I know it is your gift. On that p'int there'll be no words atween us; for all men must and ought to follow their gifts." . . .

"My hour is come, I do suppose;" continued Deerslayer, "and what must be, must. If you are bent on the tortur', I'll do my indivors to bear up ag'in it, though no man can say how far his natur will stand pain until he's been tried."

Rivenoak now directed the proper persons to bind the captive. This expedient was adopted, not from any apprehensions that he would escape, or from any necessity, that was yet apparent, of his being unable to endure the torture with his limbs free, but from an ingenious design of making him feel his helplessness, and of gradually sapping his resolution by undermining it, as it might be, little by little. Deerslayer offered no resistance. He submitted his arms and his legs, freely if not cheerfully, to the ligaments of bark. As soon as the body of Deerslayer was withed in bark sufficiently to create a lively sense of helplessness, he was literally carried to a young tree, and bound against it, in a way that effectually prevented him from moving, as well as from falling. The hands were laid flat against the legs, and thongs were passed over all, in a way nearly to incorporate the prisoner with the tree. His cap was then removed, and he was left half-standing, half-sustained by his bonds, to face the coming scene in the best manner he could.

The refusal of Deerslayer to accept Sumach as a wife, was deemed an insult to the whole tribe. It became a point of honour to punish the pale-face who disdained a Huron woman, and more particularly one who coolly preferred death to relieving the tribe from the support of a widow and her children. The young men showed an impatience to begin to torture that Rivenoak understood, and, as his elder associates manifested no disposition to permit any longer delay, he was compelled to give the signal for the infernal work to proceed.

It was one of the common expedients of the savages, in their tortures, to put the nerves of their victims to the severest proofs. On the other hand, it was a matter of Indian pride to betray no yielding to terror or pain; but for the prisoner to provoke his enemies to such acts of violence as would soonest produce death. Many a warrior had been known to bring his own sufferings to a more speedy termination by taunting reproaches and reviling language, when he found that his physical system was giving way under his agony of sufferings. This happy expedient, of taking refuge from the ferocity of his foes in their passions, was denied Deerslayer, however, by his peculiar notions of the duty of a white man; and he had stoutly made up his mind to endure everything in preference to disgracing his colour.

No sooner did the young men understand that they were at liberty to commence, than some of the boldest and most forward among them sprang into the arena, tomahawk in hand. Here they prepared to throw that dangerous weapon, the object being to strike the tree, as near as possible to the victim's head, without absolutely hitting him. This was so hazardous an experiment, that none but those who were known to be exceedingly expert with the weapon were allowed to enter the lists at all, lest an early death might interfere with the expected entertainment. In the truest hands, it was seldom that the captive escaped injury in these trials; and it often happened that death followed, even when the blow was not premeditated.

The first youth who presented himself for the trial was called the Raven, having as yet had no opportunity of obtaining a more warlike *sobriquet*. He was remarkable for high pretension, rather than for skill or exploits; and those who knew his character thought the captive in imminent danger, when he took his stand and poised the tomahawk. Nevertheless, the young man was good-natured, and no thought was uppermost in his mind, other than the desire to make a better cast than any of his fellows. After a suitable number of flourishes and gesticulations, that promised much more than he could perform, the Raven let the tomahawk quit his hand. The weapon whirled through the air with the usual evolutions, cut a chip from the sapling to which the prisoner was bound, within a few inches of his cheek, and stuck in a large oak that grew several yards behind him. This was decidedly a bad effort, and a common sneer proclaimed as much, to the great mortification of the young man. On the other hand, there was a general but suppressed murmur of admiration at the steadiness with which the captive stood the trial. The head was the only part he could

move, and this had been purposely left free, that the tormentors might have the amusement, and the tormented endure the shame, of dodging and otherwise attempting to avoid the blows. Deerslayer disappointed these hopes, by a command of nerve that rendered his whole body as immovable as the tree to which it was bound. Nor did he even adopt the natural and usual expedient of shutting his eyes; the firmest and oldest warrior of the red-man never having more disdainfully denied himself this advantage, under similar circumstances.

The Raven had no sooner made his unsuccessful and puerile effort, than he was succeeded by le Daim-Mose, or the Moose, a middle-aged warrior, who was particularly skilful in the use of the tomahawk, and from whose attempt the spectators confidently looked for gratification. This man had none of the good-nature of the Raven, but he would gladly have sacrificed the captive to his hatred of the pale-faces generally, were it not for the greater interest he felt in his own success as one particularly skilful in the use of this weapon. He took his stand quietly, but with an air of confidence, poised his little axe but a single instant, advanced a foot with a quick motion, and threw. Deerslayer saw the keen instrument whirling towards him, and believed all was over; still he was not touched. The tomahawk had actually bound the head of the captive to the tree, by carrying before it some of his hair; having buried itself deep beneath the soft bark. A general yell expressed the delight of the spectators, and the Moose felt his heart soften a little towards the prisoner, whose steadiness of nerve alone enabled him to give this evidence of his consummate skill.

Le Daim-Mose was succeeded by the Bounding Boy, or *le Garçon qui Bondit*, who came leaping into the circle like a hound, or a goat at play. This was one of those elastic youths whose muscles seemed always in motion, and who either affected, or who from habit was actually unable to move in any other manner than by showing the antics just mentioned. Nevertheless, he was both brave and skilful, and had gained the respect of his people by deeds in war as well as success in the hunt. The Bounding Boy skipped about in front of the captive, menacing him with his tomahawk, now on one side, and now on another, and then again in front, in the vain hope of being able to extort some sign of fear by this parade of danger. At length Deerslayer's patience became exhausted by all this mummery, and he spoke for the first time since the trial had actually commenced.

"Throw away, Huron!" he cried, "or your tomahawk will forget its ar'n'd. Why do you keep loping about like a fa'a'n that's showing its dam how well it can skip, when you're a warrior grown yourself, and a warrior grown defies you and all your silly antics? Throw, or the Huron gals will laugh in your face."

Although not intended to produce such an effect, the last words aroused the "Bounding" warrior to fury. The same nervous excitability which rendered him so active in his person, made it difficult to repress his feelings, and the words were scarcely past the lips of the speaker, than the tomahawk left the hand of the Indian. Nor was it cast without goodwill, and a fierce determination to slay. Had the intention been less deadly, the danger might have been greater. The aim was uncertain, and the weapon glanced near the cheek of the captive, slightly cutting the shoulder in its evolutions. This was the first instance in which any other object than that of terrifying the prisoner and of displaying skill had been manifested; and the Bounding Boy was immediately led from the arena, and was warmly rebuked for his intemperate haste, which had come so near defeating all the hopes of the band.

To this irritable person succeeded several other young warriors, who not only hurled the tomahawk, but who cast the knife, a far more dangerous experiment, with reckless indifference; yet they always manifested a skill that prevented any injury to the captive. Several times Deerslayer was grazed, but in no instance did he receive what might be termed a wound. The unflinching firmness with which he faced his assailants, more especially in the sort of rally with which this trial terminated, excited a profound respect in the spectators; and when the chiefs announced that the prisoner had well withstood the trials of the knife and the tomahawk, there was not a single individual in the band who really felt any hostility toward him, with the exception of Sumach and the Bounding Boy.

Rivenoak now told his people that the pale-face had proved himself to be a man. He might live with the Delawares, but he had not been made woman with that tribe. He wished to know whether it was the desire of the Hurons to proceed any further. Even the gentlest of the females, however, had received too much satisfaction in the late trials to forego their expectations of a gratifying exhibition; and there was but one voice in the request to proceed. The politic chief, who had some such desire to receive so celebrated a hunter

into his tribe, as a European minister has to devise a new and available means of taxation, sought every plausible means of arresting the trial in season; for he well knew, if permitted to go far enough to arouse the more ferocious passions of the tormentors, it would be as easy to dam the waters of the great lakes of his own region, as to attempt to arrest them in their bloody career. He therefore called four or five of the best marksmen to him, and bid them put the captive to the proof of the rifle, while, at the same time, he cautioned them touching the necessity of their maintaining their own credit, by the closest attention to the manner of exhibiting their skill.

When Deerslayer saw the chosen warriors step into the circle, with their arms prepared for service, he felt some such relief as the miserable sufferer who has long endured the agonies of disease feels at the certain approach of death. Any trifling variance in the aim of this formidable weapon would prove fatal; since, the head being the target, or rather the point it was desired to graze without injury, an inch or two of difference in the line of projection must at once determine the question of life or death.

The distance was short, and, in one sense, safe. But in diminishing the distance taken by the tormentors, the trial to the nerves of the captive was essentially increased. The face of Deerslayer, indeed, was just removed sufficiently from the ends of the guns to escape the effects of the flash, and his steady eye was enabled to look directly into their muzzles, as it might be, in anticipation of the fatal messenger that was to issue from each. The cunning Hurons well knew this fact; and scarce one levelled his piece without first causing it to point as near as possible at the forehead of the prisoner, in the hope that his fortitude would fail him, and that the band would enjoy the triumph of seeing a victim quail under their ingenious cruelty. Nevertheless, each of the competitors was still careful not to injure; the disgrace of striking prematurely being second only to that of failing altogether in attaining the object. Shot after shot was made; all the bullets coming in close proximity to the Deerslayer's head, without touching it. Still no one could detect even the twitching of a muscle on the part of the captive, or the slightest winking of an eye. This indomitable resolution, which so much exceeded everything of its kind that any present had before witnessed, might be referred to three distinct causes. The first was resignation to his fate, blended with natural steadiness of deportment, for our hero had calmly made up his mind that he must die; the second was his great familiarity with this particular weapon, which deprived it of all the terror that is usually connected with the mere form of the danger; and the third was this familiarity carried out in practice, to a degree so nice as to enable the intended victim to tell, within an inch, the precise spot where each bullet must strike, for he calculated its range by looking in at the bore of the piece. So exact was Deerslayer's estimation of the line of fire that his pride of feeling finally got the better of his resignation, and when five or six had discharged their bullets into the tree, he could not refrain from expressing his contempt at their want of hand and eye.

"You may call this shooting, Mingos," he exclaimed, "but we've squaws among the Delawares, and I've known Dutch gals on the Mohawk, that could outdo your greatest indivors. Ondo these arms of mine, put a rifle into my hands, and I'll pin the thinnest warlock in your party to any tree you can show me—and this at a hundred yards; ay, or at two hundred, if the object can be seen, nineteen shots in twenty; or for that matter, twenty in twenty, if the piece is creditable and trusty!"

A low menacing murmur followed this cool taunt; the ire of the warriors kindled at listening to such a reproach from one who so far disdained their efforts as to refuse even to wink when a rifle was discharged as near his face as could be done without burning it. The desire to break down his spirit grew in them precisely as they saw proofs of the difficulty there would be in subduing it. The honour of the band was now involved in the issue; and even the sex lost all its sympathy with suffering, in the desire to save the reputation of the tribe. The voices of the girls, soft and melodious as nature had made them, were heard mingling with the menaces of the men; and the wrongs of Sumach suddenly assumed the character of injuries inflicted on every Huron female. Yielding to this rising tumult, the men drew back a little, signifying to the females that they left the captive for a time in their hands; it being a common practice, on such occasions, for the women to endeavour to throw the victim into a rage by their taunts and revilings, and then to turn him suddenly over to the men in a state of mind that was little favourable to resisting the agony of bodily suffering. Nor was this party without the proper instruments for effecting such a purpose. It is unnecessary to repeat all that ferocity and ignorance could invent for such a purpose; the only difference

between this outbreaking of feminine anger and a similar scene among ourselves, consisting in the figures of speech and the epithets; the Huron woman calling their prisoner by the names of the lower and least respected animals that were known to themselves.

But Deerslayer's mind was too much occupied to permit him to be disturbed by the abuse of excited hags; and their rage necessarily increasing with his indifference, as his indifference increased with their rage, the furies soon rendered themselves impotent by their own excesses. Perceiving that the attempt was a complete failure, the warriors interfered to put a stop to this scene; and this so much the more because preparations were now seriously making for the commencement of the real tortures, or that which would put the fortitude of the sufferer to the test of severe bodily pain.

Rivenoak now abandoned all hope, and even the wish of saving him, and no longer was disposed to retard the progress of the torture. Fragments of dried wood were rapidly collected around the tree, and the splinters which it was intended to thrust into the flesh of the victim previously to lighting, were also gathered. All this, so eagerly did every one act, was done in profound silence, while Deerslayer stood watching the proceedings as seemingly unmoved as one of the pines of the hills. The fire was immediately applied to the pile, and the end of all was anxiously expected.

It was not the intention of the Hurons absolutely to destroy the life of their victim by means of fire. They designed merely to put his physical fortitude to the severest proofs it could endure, short of that extremity. In the end, they fully intended to carry his scalp with them into their village, but it was their wish first to break down his resolution, and reduce him to the level of a complaining sufferer. With this view, the pile of brush and branches had been placed at a proper distance, or one at which it was thought the heat would soon become intolerable, though it might not be immediately dangerous. As often happened, however, on these occasions, this distance had been miscalculated, and the flames began to wave their forked tongues in a proximity to the face of the victim that would have proved fatal in another instant had not an Indian female pushed through the circle, advanced to the heap, and with her foot dashed aside the lighted twigs. A yell followed this disappointment; but when the offender turned toward the circle, and presented the countenance of Hist, it was succeeded by a common exclamation of pleasure and surprise. For a minute all thought of pursuing the business in hand was forgotten, and young and old crowded around the girl in haste to demand an explanation of her sudden and unlooked for return. But their conference was cut short by another and a still more extraordinary interruption. A young Indian came bounding through the Huron ranks, leaping into the very centre of the circle in a way to denote the utmost confidence, or a temerity bordering on foolhardiness. Five or six sentinels were still watching the lake, at different and distant points; and it was the first impression of Rivenoak, that one of these had come in with tidings of import. Still, the movements of the stranger were so rapid, and his war-dress, which scarcely left him more drapery than an antique statue, had so little distinguishing about it, that, at the first moment, it was impossible to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. Three leaps carried this warrior to the side of Deerslayer, whose withes were cut in the twinkling of an eye, with a quickness and precision that left the prisoner perfect master of his limbs. Not till this was effected did the stranger bestow a glance on any other object; then he turned, and showed the astonished Hurons the noble brow, fine person, and eagle eye of a young warrior, in the paint and panoply of a Delaware. He held a rifle in each hand, the butts of both resting on the earth, while from one dangled its proper pouch and horn. This was Killdeer, which even as he looked boldly and in defiance on the crowd around him, he suffered to fall back in the hands of its proper owner. The presence of two armed men, though it was in their midst, startled the Hurons. Their rifles were scattered about against the different trees, and their only weapons were their knives and tomahawks. Still, they had too much self-possession to betray fear. It was little likely that so small a force would assail so strong a band; and each man expected some extraordinary proposition to succeed so decisive a step. The stranger did not seem disposed to disappoint them; he prepared to speak:

"Hurons," he said, "this earth is very big. The great lakes are big too; there is room beyond them for the Iroquois; there is room for the Delawares on this side. I am Chingachgook, the son of Uncas, the kinsman of Tamenund. This is my betrothed; that pale-face is my friend. My heart was heavy when I missed him; I followed him to your camp, to see that no harm happened to him. All the Delaware girls are waiting for Wah; they

wonder that she stays away so long. Come, let us say farewell, and go on our path."

"Hurons, this is your mortal enemy, the Great Serpent of them you hate," cried Briarthorn. "If he escape, blood will be in your moccasin prints, from this spot to the Canadas. *I* am *all* Huron!"

As the last words were uttered, he cast his knife at the naked breast of the Delaware. A quick movement of the arm on the part of Hist, who stood near, turned aside the blow, the dangerous weapon burying its point in a pine. At the next instant a similar weapon glanced from the hand of the Serpent, and quivered in the Huron's heart. A minute had scarcely elapsed from the moment in which Chingachgook bounded into the circle, and that in which Briarthorn fell, like a log, dead in his tracks. The rapidity of events had prevented the Hurons from acting: but this catastrophe permitted no farther delay. A common exclamation followed, and the whole party was in motion. At this instant a sound unusual to the woods was heard, and every Huron, male and female, paused to listen, with ears erect and faces filled with expectation. The sound was regular and heavy, as if the earth was struck with beetles. Objects became visible among the trees of the back-ground, and a body of troops was seen advancing with measured tread. They came upon the charge, the scarlet of the king's livery shining among the bright green foliage of the forest.

The scene that followed is not easily described. It was one in which wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts were so blended as to destroy the unity and distinctness of the action. A general yell burst from the inclosed Hurons; it was succeeded by the hearty cheers of England. Still not a musket or rifle was fired, though that steady, measured tramp continued, and the bayonet was seen gleaming in advance of a line that counted nearly sixty men. The Hurons were taken at a fearful disadvantage. On three sides was the water, while their formidable and trained foes cut them off from flight on the fourth. Each warrior rushed for his arms, and then all on the point, man, woman, and child, eagerly sought the covers. In this scene of confusion and dismay, however, nothing could surpass the discretion and coolness of Deerslayer. He threw himself on a flank of the retiring Hurons, who were inclining off toward the southern margin of the point, in the hope of escaping through the water. Deerslayer watched his opportunity, and finding two of his recent tormentors in a range, his rifle first broke the silence of the terrific scene. The bullet brought both down at one discharge. This drew a general fire from the Hurons, and the rifle and war-cry of the Serpent were heard in the clamour. Still the trained men returned no answering volley, nothing being heard on their side, if we except the short, prompt word of authority, and that heavy, measured, and menacing tread. Presently, however, the shrieks, groans, and denunciations that usually accompany the bayonet followed. That terrible and deadly weapon was glutted in vengeance. Much the greater portion of the warriors suffered on the spot. A few escaped, and others were taken prisoners, among whom was Rivenoak. This timely arrival of troops had been effected by Deerslayer's friends, who, during his captivity, had been actively occupied planning his rescue.

MY LADY.

[Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born 1516, died 1547. Poet and soldier. He distinguished himself in the wars against France; but by the machinations of his enemies at home he was charged with high-treason, and executed on Tower Hill in his thirty-first year.]

Give place, ye lovers here before,
That spent your boasts and braggs in vain,
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.
And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fair,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were.
And virtues hath she many mo'e
Than I with pen have skill to show.
I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint
When she had lost the perfect mould
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I,
I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain—
She could not make the like again.
Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought.
Than to compare (as you have done)
To match the candle with the sun.

THE WEARYFUL WOMAN.

[John Galt, born at Irvine, Ayrshire, 2d May, 1779; died at Greenock, 11th April, 1839. A novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. In faithful delineation of Scottish character and scenery, his tales are admitted to be second only to those of Scott. His fame, however, was somewhat dimmed by the lustre of the great master's genius, which absorbed public attention most at the time when Galt's works appeared. *The Entail*, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, *Annals of the Parish*, *The Provost*, and *Sir Andrew Wylie* are a few of the titles of his best-known tales. He wrote about twenty-four novels. He was also the author of numerous books of travel and biography—so numerous that when writing a list of his works he omitted *The Battle of Largs*, a poem issued about 1804. He laughed at the omission, and used to say that he would be remembered as "the man who had written an epic and forgotten it." He was at intervals busily occupied with commercial affairs, and several of his projections realized fortunes for others, although he did not profit by them. He was sometime acting-manager for the Canada Company for selling the crown-lands of Upper Canada and establishing emigrants. Whilst he held this office he founded the town of Guelph, and another town near it bears his name. D. M. Moir, in his memoir of Galt, wrote: "His is among the bright names of his country, and will stand out to after-times as one of the landmarks of the age in which he lived."]

Mr. M'Waft, when in his good health, as all his acquaintance well know, has a wonderful facetious talent at a story; and he was so much lightened with my narrations, that, after taking two glasses of the red port, he began to tell an adventure he once met with in going to London on some matter of his muslin business, when one of the great cotton speculators, in the 1809, fell to the pigs and whistles.

It happened, said he, that there were in the smack many passengers, and among others a talkative gentlewoman of no great capacity, sadly troubled with a weakness of parts about her intellectuals. She was, indeed, a real weak woman; I think I never met with her like for weakness—just as weak as water. Oh, but she was a weak creature as ever the hand of the Lord put the breath of life in! and from morning to night, even between the bockings of the sea-sickness, she was aye speaking; nay, for that matter, it's a God's truth, that at the dead hour of midnight, when I happened to be wakened by a noise on the decks, I heard her speaking to herself for want of other companions; and yet for all that, she was vastly entertaining, and in her day had seen many a thing that was curious, so that it was no wonder she spoke a great deal, having seen so much; but she had no command of her judgment, so that her mind was always going round and round, and pointing to nothing, like a weathercock in a squally day.

"Mrs M'Adam," quoth I to her one day, "I am greatly surprised at your ability in the way of speaking." But I was well afflicted for the hypocritical compliment, for she then fastened upon me; and whether it was at mealtime or on the deck, she would come and sit beside me, and talk as if she was trying how many words her tongue could utter without a single grain of sense. I was for a time as civil to her as I could be; but the more civility I showed, the more she talked, and the weather being calm, the vessel made but little way. Such a prospect in a long voyage as I had before me!

Seeing that my civility had produced such a vexatious effect, I endeavoured to shun the woman, but she singled me out; and even when I pretended to be overwhelmed with the sickness, she would sit beside me, and never cease from talking. If I went below to my bed, she would come down and sit in the cabin, and tell a thousand stories about remedies for the sea-sickness; for her husband had been a doctor, and had a great repute for skill. "He was a worthy man," quoth she, "and had a world of practice, so that he was seldom at home, and I was obligated to sit by myself for hours in the day, without a living creature to speak to, and obliged to make the iron tongs my companions, by which silence and solitude I fell into low spirits. In the end, however, I broke out of them, and from that day to this I have enjoyed what the doctor called a cheerful fecundity of words; but when he, in the winter following, was laid up with the gout, he fashed at my spirits, and worked himself into such a state of irritation against my endeavours to entertain him, that the gout took his head, and he went out of the world like a pluff of powther, leaving me a very disconsolate widow; in which condition, it is not every woman who can demean herself with the discretion that I have done. Thanks be, and praise, however, I have not been tempted beyond my strength; for when Mr Pawkie, the Seceder minister, came, shortly after the interment, to catch me with the tear in my ee, I saw through his exhortations, and I told him upon the spot that he might refrain; for it was my intent to spend the remainder of my days in sorrow and lamentation for my dear deceased husband. Don't you think, sir, it was a very proper rebuke to the first putting forth of his cloven foot? But I had soon occasion to fear

that I might stand in need of a male protector; for what could I, a simple woman, do with the doctor's bottles and pots, pills, and other doses, to say nothing of his brazen pestle and mortar, which of itself was a thing of value, and might be coined, as I was told, into a firlot of farthings? not, however, that farthings are now much in circulation, the pennies and new bawbies have quite supplanted them, greatly, as I think, to the advantage of the poor folk, who now get the one or the other, where, in former days, they would have been thankful for a farthing; and yet, for all that, there is a visible increase in the number of beggars—a thing which I cannot understand—and far less thankfulness on their part than of old, when alms were given with a scantier hand; but this, no doubt, comes of the spreading wickedness of the times. Don't you think so, sir? It's a mystery that I cannot fathom; for there was never a more evident passion for church-building than at present; but I doubt there is great truth in the old saying, 'The nearer the kirk the farther from grace,' which was well exemplified in the case of Provost Pedigree of our town, a decent man in his externals, and he keepit a hardware shop; he was indeed a merchant of 'a' things,' from a needle and a thimble down to a rake and a spade. Poor man! he ran at last a ram-race, and was taken before the session; but I had always a jealousy of him, for he used to say very comical things to me in the doctor's life-time, not that I gave him any encouragement farther than in the way of an innocent joke, for he was a jocose and jocular man; but he never got the better of that exploit with the session, and, dwining away, died the year following of a decay, a disease for which my dear deceased husband used to say no satisfactory remedy exists in nature, except gentle laxatives, before it has taken root. But although I have been the wife of a doctor, and spent the best part of my life in the smell of drugs, I cannot say that I approve of them, except in a case of necessity, where, to be sure, they must be taken, if we intend the doctor's skill to take effect upon us; but many a word he and my dear deceased husband had about my taking of his pills, after my long affliction with the hypochondriacal affection, for I could never swallow them, but always gave them a check between the teeth, and their taste was so odious that I could not help spitting them out. It is indeed a great pity that the Faculty cannot make their nostrums more palatable; and I used to tell the doctor, when he was making up doses for his patients, that I wondered how he could expect sick folk, unable to swallow savoury food, would ever take his nauseous medicines, which he never could abide to hear, for he had great confidence in many of his prescriptions, especially a bolus of flower of brimstone and treacle for the cold, one of the few of his compounds I could ever take with any pleasure."

In this way, said Mr. M'Waft, did that endless woman rain her words into my ear, till I began to fear that something like a gout would also take my head. At last I fell on a device, and, lying in bed, began to snore with great vehemence, as if I had been sound asleep, by which, for a time, I got rid of her; but being afraid to go on deck lest she should attack me again, I continued in bed, and soon after fell asleep in earnest. How long I had slept I know not, but when I awoke, there she was chattering to the steward, whom she instantly left the moment she saw my eyes open, and was at me again. Never was there such a plague invented as that woman; she absolutely worked me into a state of despair, and I fled from her presence as from a serpent, but she would pursue me up and down, back and fore, till everybody aboard was like to die with laughing at us, and all the time she was as serious and polite as any gentlewoman could well be.

When we got to London, I was terrified she would fasten herself on me there, and therefore, the moment we reached the wharf, I leaped on shore, and ran as fast as I could for shelter to a public-house, till the steward had despatched her in a hackney. Then I breathed at liberty—never was I so sensible of the blessing before, and I made all my acquaintance laugh very heartily at the story. But my trouble was not ended. Two nights after I went to see a tragedy, and was seated in an excellent place, when I heard her tongue going among a number of ladies and gentlemen that were coming in. I was seized with a horror, and would have fled, but a friend that was with me held me fast; in that same moment she recognized me, and before I could draw my breath, she was at my side, and her tongue rattling in my lug. This was more than I could withstand, so I got up and left the playhouse. Shortly after I was invited to dinner, and, among other guests, in came that afflicting woman, for she was a friend of the family. O Lord! such an afternoon I suffered—but the worst was yet to happen.

I went to St. James's to see the drawing room on the birth-day, and among the crowd I fell in with her again, when, to make the mat-

complete, I found she had been separated from her friends. I am sure they had left her to shift for herself. She took hold of my arm as an old acquaintance, and humanity would not allow me to cast her off: but although I stayed till the end of the ceremonies, I saw nothing; I only heard the continual murmur of her words like the sound of a running river.

When I got home to my lodging, I was just like a demented man; my head was bizzing like a bees' skep, and I could hear of nothing but the birr of that wearyful woman's tongue. It was terrible; and I took so ill that night, and felt such a loss o' appetite and lack of spirit the next day, that I was advised by a friend to take advice; and accordingly, in the London fashion, I went to a doctor's door to do so; but just as I put up my hand to the knocker, there within was the wearyful woman in the passage, talking away to the servant-man. The moment I saw her I was seized with a terror, and ran off like one that has been bitten by a wud dog at the sight and sound of running water. It is, indeed, not to be described what I suffered from that woman; and I met her so often, that I began to think she had been ordained to torment me; and the dread of her in consequence so worked upon me, that I grew frightened to leave my lodgings, and I walked the streets only from necessity, and then I was as a man hunted by an evil spirit.

But the worst of all was to come. I went out to dine with a friend that lives at a town they call Richmond, some six or eight miles from London, and there being a pleasant company, and me no in any terror of the wearyful woman, I sat wi' them as easy as you please, till the stage-coach was ready to take me back to London. When the stage-coach came to the door, it was empty, and I got in; it was a wet night, and the wind blew strong, but, tozy wi' what I had gotten, I laid mysel' up in a corner, and soon fell fast asleep. I know not how long I had slumbered, but I was awakened by the coach stopping, and presently I heard the din of a tongue coming towards the coach. It was the wearyful woman; and before I had time to come to mysel', the door was opened, and she was in, chatting away at my side, the coach driving off.

As it was dark, I resolved to say nothing, but to sleep on, and never heed her. But we hadna travelled half a mile, when a gentleman's carriage going by with lamps, one of them gleamed on my face, and the wearyful woman, with a great shout of gladness, discovered her victim.

For a time, I verily thought that my soul would have leapt out at the crown of my head like a vapour; and when we got to a turn of the road where was a public-house, I cried to the coachman for Heaven's sake to let me out, and out I jumped. But O waes me! That deevil thought I was taken ill, and as I was a stranger, the moment I was out and in the house, out came she likewise, and came talking into the kitchen, into which I had ran, perspiring with vexation.

At the sight, I ran back to the door, determined to prefer the wet and wind on the outside of the coach to the clatter within. But the coach was off, and far beyond call. I could have had the heart, I verily believe, to have quenched the breath of life in that wearyful woman; for when she found the coach was off without us, her alarm was a perfect frenzy, and she fastened on me worse than ever—I thought my heart would have broken.

By-and-by came another coach, and we got into it. Fortunately two young London lads, clerks or siclike, were within. They endured her tongue for a time, but at last they whispered each other, and one of them giving me a nodge or sign, taught me to expect they would try to silence her. Accordingly the other broke suddenly out into an immoderate daft-like laugh that was really awful. The mistress paused for a minute, wondering what it could be at; anon, however, her tongue got under way, and off she went; presently again the younker gave another gaffaw, still more dreadful than the first. His companion, seeing the effect it produced on madam, said, "Don't be apprehensive, he has only been for some time in a sort of deranged state; he is quite harmless, I can assure you." This had the desired effect, and from that moment till I got her safe off in a hackney-coach from where the stage stoppit, there was nae word out of her head; she was as quiet as pussy, and cowered in to me in terrification o' the madman breaking out. I thought it a soople trick o' the Londoners. In short, said Mr. M'Waft, though my adventures with the wearyful woman is a story now to laugh at, it was in its time nothing short of a calamity.—*The Steamboat.*

EPIGRAM.

Because I'm silent, for a fool
Beau Clincher doth me take:
I know he's one by surer rule,
For—I heard Clincher speak!

DR. WALSH.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

[James Russell Lowell, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 22d February, 1819. Poet and essayist. He was admitted to the bar, but renounced law for letters. He was, at different periods, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* and of the *North American Review*. In 1855 he succeeded the poet Longfellow as professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College. His most important works are: *A Year's Life; A Legend of Brittany; Prometheus; The Vision of Sir Launyal; A Fable for Critics*—a humorous review in verse of the most prominent American writers; *The Biglow Papers*, a series of political satires; *Fireside Travels; Among my Books; My Study Windows;*[1] and *Under the Willows*. H. T. Tuckerman, one of the best of American critics, says of Professor Lowell: "He has written clever satires, good sonnets, and some long poems with fine descriptive passages. He reminds us often of Tennyson in the sentiment and construction of his verse. Imagination and philanthropy are the dominant elements in his writings."]

I.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the king to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?'

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"O bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the singing leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no singing leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"O, if you have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of sea far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"O, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the singing leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the princess shall get the singing leaves
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropped upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"'Twill be my dog," he thought, and said
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne.
The singing leaves are therein."

III.

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried,
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the singing leaves," quoth he.
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

[1] See *Casquet*, vol i. p. 393.

And the first leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third leaf sang: "Be mine! be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine."

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

WITS AND POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasure to its natural sources in the minds of men, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour: but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism had rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, *an imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated anything: they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit; but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception, that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it, wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors;* a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds: they never inquired what, on any occasion, they

should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted, however, of the sublime they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplifications had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost; if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

Critical remarks are not easily understood without examples; and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets (for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers) was eminently distinguished.

As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus, Cowley on Knowledge:

"The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;
The phœnix truth did on it rest,
And built his perfumed nest,
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic show
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And the apples were demonstrative;
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine."

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age:

"Love was with thy life entwined
Close as heat with fire is join'd;

A powerful brand prescribed the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More inflam'd thy amorous rage."

In the following verses we have an allusion to a rabbinical opinion concerning manna:

"Variety I ask not: give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The person Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

Thus Donne shows his medicinal knowledge in some encomiastic verses:

"In everything there naturally grows
A balsamum to keep it fresh and new,
If 'twere not injured by extrinsic blows:
Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.
But you, of learning and religion,
And virtue and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said."

Though the following lines of Donne, on the last night of the year, have something in them too scholastic, they are not inelegant:

"This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose what and where in disputation is,
If I should call me anything, should miss.
I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new.
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes; and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times show'd me you."

Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's reflection upon man as a microcosm:

"If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion;
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul, is."

Of thoughts so far-fetched as to be not only unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are full.

To a lady who wrote posies for rings:

"They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' equator Heaven does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the posey there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Then the sun pass through't twice a year,
The sun, which is esteem'd the god of wit."
—(COWLEY.)

The difficulties which have been raised about identity in philosophy are by Cowley, with still more perplexity, applied to love:

"Five years ago (says story) I loved you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man;
For I am not the same that I was then:
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is changed yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t' another move;
My members then the father members were,
From whence these take their birth which now are here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest, which by nature is forbid."

The love of different women is, in geographical poetry, compared to travels through different countries:

"Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The land where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possest,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy could'st take, or what repose,
In countries so uncivilized as those?
Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilst Pride, the rugged northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great.
And where these are temperate known,
The soil's all barren sand or rocky stone."
—(COWLEY.)

A lover, burned up by his affection, is compared to Egypt:

"The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too-much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below."—(COWLEY.)

The lover supposes his lady acquainted with the ancient laws of augury and rites of sacrifice:

"And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear:
When, sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath."

That the chaos was harmonized, has been recited of old; but whence the different sounds arose remained for a modern to discover:

"Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew;
An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fixed rules were brought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base; the treble flame arose."
—(COWLEY.)

The tears of lovers are always of great poetical account; but Donne has extended them into worlds. If the lines are not easily understood, they may be read again:

"On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven dissolved so."

On reading the following lines the reader may perhaps cry out, "Confusion worse confounded:"

"Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here,
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe."—(DONNE.)

Who but Donne would have thought that a good man is a telescope?

" Though God be our true glass through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion fit, by perspective
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near."

Who would imagine it possible that in a very few lines so many remote ideas could be brought together?

" Since 'tis my doom, love's undershrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my she advowson fly
Incumbency?
To sell thyself dost thou intend
By candles end.
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails,
Your sex lives faster than the males;
And if to measure age's span,
The sober Julian were th' account of man,
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian."
—(CLEVELAND.)

Of enormous and disgusting hyberboles, these may be examples:

" By every wind that comes this way,
Send me at least a sigh or two,
Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make winds to get to you."

" In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed:
So lust of old the deluge punished."

" All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,
(A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.
The sun himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright."
—(COWLEY.)

An universal consternation:

" His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."
—(COWLEY.)

Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his mistress bathing:

" The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers show,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the sun himself set there."
—(COWLEY.)

The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass:

" My name engraved herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass:
Which, ever since that charm, hath been
As hard as that which graved it was."—(DONNE.)

Their conceits were sometimes slight and trifling.

On an inconstant woman:

" He enjoys the calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.
—(COWLEY.)

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon, and read by the fire:

" Nothing yet in thee is seen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an L, and there a B
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows."
—(COWLEY.)

As they sought only for novelty, they did not much inquire whether their allusions were to things high or low, elegant or gross; whether they compared the little to the great, or the great to the little.

Physic and chirurgery for a lover:

" Gently, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourself have made:
That pain must needs be very much
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak of purgings grow."—(COWLEY.)

The world and a clock:

" Mahol th' inferior world's fantastic face
Through all the turns of matter's maze did trace:
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took;
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion, and with equal art
Made up the whole again of every part."
—(COWLEY.)

A coal-pit has not often found its poet: but that it may not want its due honour, Cleveland has paralleled it with the sun:

" Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few embers, for a deity.
Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer
Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoner.
For wants he heat or light? or would have store
Of both? 'tis here: and what can suns give more?
Nay, what's the sun but, in a different name,
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame?
Then let this truth reciprocally run,
The sun's heaven's coalery, and coals our sun."

Death, a voyage:

" No family
E'er rigg'd a soul for Heaven's discovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their stakes with him in joy to share."
—(DONNE.)

Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes grossly absurd, and such as no figures or license can reconcile to the understanding.

A lover neither dead nor alive:

" Then down I laid my head
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled;

Ah, sottish soul, said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
Fool to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemned and destined is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in me?"—(COWLEY.)

A lover's heart a hand grenado:

"Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room,
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado shot into a magazine.
Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make;
From hers th' alloy, from mine the metal take."
—(COWLEY.)

The poetical propagation of light:

"The prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombs of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance a constellation flies,
And sowes the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament:
First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise;
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire."
—(DONNE.)

They were in very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.

That a mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in reality is by Cowley thus expressed:

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than woman can be placed by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee."

That prayer and labour should co-operate are thus taught by Donne:

"In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one-half, that's none."

By the same author, a common topic, the danger of procrastination, is thus illustrated:

"That which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tired, must then ride post."

All that man has to do is to live and die; the sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines:

"Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie;
After enabled but to suck and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee;
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty;
Think, that a rusty piece discharged is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now."

These poets were sometimes indelicate and disgusting. They were not always strictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illustrations were true; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks that some falsehoods are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions.

"It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
In vain it something would have spoke;
The love within too strong for't was,
Like poison put into a Venice-glass."—(COWLEY.)

In forming descriptions, they looked out not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known; Donne's is as follows:

"Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest:
Time's dead-low water; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business; when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps: when the condemned man,
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death, although sad watch he keep;
Doth practise dying by a little sleep:
Thou at this midnight seest me."

It must be, however, confessed of these writers, that if they are upon common subjects, often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle; yet, where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention:

"Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!"

To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim:

"Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet

A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.
And, though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun."—(DONNE.)

In all these examples it is apparent that whatever is improper or vicious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange; and that the writers fail to give delight by their desire of exciting admiration.

Essay on Cowley.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Athens, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number: he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love.—But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or pretor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master; and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to flee. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice: and in the evening, when he was going up to the pretor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and, falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that "no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

The Bee, 1759.

BARREN FAITH.

O, friend, we nurse in vain a scholar-faith,
  Though one that with its husky logic feeds
  And satisfies our intellectual needs;
How should this move to good or guard from scaith?
Begot of schoolmen's subtleties alone
  It carries with it no awakening force,
  Life is not quickened by it in its course;
The head is ever cool; the heart a stone.
Such dead-seed faith is with no saving rife,
  It does not, cannot blossom into aught
  Of active goodness, is mere barren thought
That never can become a law of life.
Something the soul demands on which to thrive;
If it is saved, it must be saved "alive."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

HOME.

[John Crawford Wilson, born at Mallow, Cork, Ireland. Poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer. His chief poetical works are: *The Village Pearl; Elsie; Flights to Fairyland;* and *Lost and Found*, a pastoral. *Jonathan Oldaker*, or *Leaves from the Diary of a Commercial Traveller*, is a series of sketches and tales which has passed through several editions. His most important dramas are *Gitanilla* and a stage version of his poem *Lost and Found*. He has on several occasions appeared with much success as a public reader of selections from his own works and those of other authors. "Mr. Wilson's style is animated and rapid: we have seldom read verses which breathe more earnestly the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. To the moral qualities which distinguish poets, Mr. Wilson may lay an undoubted claim. Genuine feeling is so infectious, that such a writer can hardly tell a plain and pathetic story to unsympathizing hearers."—*Athenæum.*]

"I must go Home to-day!"
A golden beam
Of dazzling sunlight streamed from heaven to earth;
Through clouds that seemed like polished silver domes
Of temples angel-built, or fairy towers
Spotless and white, with sparkling minarets,
Drifting like icebergs in a calm blue sea,
The fiery shaft ran down—down to a bed
On which lay prone a little wasted form
Of faded earth, from which the struggling soul
Yet panted to be free.
It was a girl—
A little sickly girl lay on that bed—
To whom God's sunbeam came. She saw the beam—
But to her eye of faith 'twas not a beam—
'Twas a bright golden stair with myriad steps,
All small—all suited to her tiny feet—
And leading straight to Heaven.
"I must go Home—
Not a short holiday, my mother dear,
Like those I've had from school—from school to Home,
And then from Home to school; the Home so short,
And, oh, the school so long! but always Home;
And it will be to-day—must be to-day."

"My darling is at Home!" the mother sobbed.
As with a moistened feather she essayed
To damp the parched lips, round which the dews
Shook from the wings of death thronged cold and clear.
But in the eyes through which that spirit looked
A soft denial shone; and the small voice
Pleaded in whispers to that mother's heart,—
"Oh! do not keep me here—let me go Home;
I'm very tired of earth—I long for Home;
I'm weak and ill, and only fit for Home—
And such a Home, sweet mother!—there—'tis there!"

She smiled within the sunbeam, and her hand,
Like it, transparent seemed, as it was raised
Pointing to Heaven. A Heaven not far away—
But near; so near—that e'en her dying smile
Seemed not to herald night, but the bright dawn
Of an unclouded and eternal day.

The mother felt, as kneeling by that bed
She tended every want, and on her breast
Pillowed the sufferer's head—that the frail shell,
The young worn mould encircled by her arms,
Was crumbling fast to dust—and that the wings
Of a freed angel would be heavenward spread
When earth's last gyves fell off, and the last sigh
Followed the sunbeam, sent to light her Home.

They called her "Lily"—Lilian was her name—
But from her birth she seemed so waxen white—
So fairy slight—so gentle and so pure,
That to her father's mind she ever brought
The image of that pale and fragile flower:
And so he called her "Lily." 'Twas a term
In which endearment, tenderness, and hope
Were all wreathed up; the hope too often crossed
By jealous fears, when some untoward breath
Too roughly bent to earth the sickly flower,
Leaving it drooping on its yielding stem.

And there she lay at last,—almost in Heaven—
Of Time and of Eternity a part—
A dying, living link, uniting those
Who live to die—and die to ever live!

Her eyes were closed. Her mother thought she slept
The sleep that wakes no more: but 'twas not so.
A step was on the stair—the fading eyes
Opened again on earth—the wasted cheeks—
Dimpled once more, as round the lips a smile
Played like the shadow of a silver cloud
Upon a sunlit stream. "Mother! 'tis he—
'Tis father's footstep—and so very kind—
So thoughtful of his Lily, he has left
His heavy boots below; he pauses now—
Clings to the rail, and sobs. I hear it all!
He fears I am gone Home. Go, mother dear!
Tell him I could not go till he returned.
I want to feel his kiss upon my lips;
And take it up to Heaven."
Another sob,
And then a choking whisper from without.
"May I come in? If she is gone, say 'No.'
If not, say 'Yes.' I'll tread so very light—
I shall not wake her, wife. May I come in?"

A faltering voice said, "Come!" 'Twas Lily's voice.
So he went in—a stalwart lusty man—
A giant, with a tiny infant's heart,

Weeping big tears that would not be controlled.
Oh! how he loved that child—how she loved him!
Yet both so opposite; her little soul
Clinging round his—a tendril round an oak—
A lily cleaving to a rugged rock.

He sat beside her bed, and in his hands
Buried his streaming eyes. His soul rebelled:
"She had no right to die—to rive his heart;
Rob him and it, of all life's tenderest ties."
He felt as he could say, "Lily, lie there
For ever dying; but, oh! never die
'Til I die too." He thought not of his wife—
She was his other self. She was himself;
But Lily was their cherished life of life—
Of each and both a part—so grafted on,
That, if removed, they must become once more
Two bodies with two souls—no longer one,
Their living link destroyed—not loving less,
But singly loving—'twixt their hearts a gulf
Unbridged by Lily's love;—a love so pure
That not a taint of selfishness was near;
All this he felt, and on the future looked
As on a desolation.

Lily spoke—
Or whispered rather—but a thunder peal
Would less affect him than her sinking tones:
"Raise me, dear father; take me to your breast—
Your broad kind breast, so full of love for me—
'Twill rest me on my road—'tis half-way Home!

And then he rose, and round her wasted form
His brawny arms——before whose mighty strength
The massive anvil quivered, as his hands
Swung high the ponderous sledge—or in whose gripe
The fiery steed stood conquered and subdued——
Closed, as the breath of heaven, or God's own love,
So lightly, softly, gently, hemmed they in
The little dying child. Then there he sat,
Her face upon his breast, and on his knee
Her tearless mother's head; for all her tears
Were inly wept, dropping like molten lead
Upon her breaking heart.

Far in the west
Long waves of crimson clouds stretched o'er the hills;
And through those clouds, as in a sea of blood,
The sun sank slowly down. Ere his last ray
Glanced upwards from the earth, the father felt
His Lily lift her head—celestial light
Beamed from her eyes, as for the last embrace,
She to her mother turned, and then to him:
"They beckon me," she said; "I come! I come!"
Around his neck she twined her faded arms,
Rising obedient to her heavenly call;
Again he pressed her lips, but in the kiss
Her soul, enfranchised, bounded from its thrall;
Its crumbling fetters drooped upon his heart—
The angel was at Home!

THE ELECTION.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

A few years back, a gentleman of the name of Danby came to reside in a small decayed borough town—whether in Wiltshire or Cornwall matters not to our story, although in one of those counties the aforesaid town was probably situate, being what is called a close borough, the joint property of two noble families. Mr. Danby was evidently a man of large fortune, and that fortune as evidently acquired in trade,—indeed he made no more secret of the latter circumstance than the former. He built himself a large, square, red house, equally ugly and commodious, just without the town; walled in a couple of acres of ground for a kitchen-garden; kept a heavy one-horse chaise, a stout pony, and a brace of grayhounds; and having furnished his house solidly and handsomely, and arranged his domestic affairs to his heart's content, began to look about amongst his neighbours; scraped acquaintance with the lawyer, the apothecary, and the principal tradesmen; subscribed to the reading-room and the billiard-room; became a member of the bowling-green and the cricket-club, and took as lively an interest in the affairs of his new residence as if he had been born and bred in the borough.

Now this interest, however agreeable to himself, was by no means equally conducive to the quiet and comfort of the place. Mr. Danby was a little, square, dark man, with a cocked-up nose, a good-humoured, but very knowing smile, a pair of keen black eyes, a loud voluble speech, and a prodigious activity both of mind and body. His very look betokened his character,—and that character was one not uncommon among the middle ranks of Englishmen. In short, besides being, as he often boasted, a downright John Bull, the gentleman was a reformer, zealous and uncompromising as ever attended a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, or made a harangue in Palace Yard. He read Cobbett; had his own scheme for the redemption of tithes; and a plan, which, not understanding, I am sorry I cannot undertake to explain, for clearing off the national debt without loss or injury to anybody.

Besides these great matters, which may rather be termed the theorique than the practique of reform, and which are at least perfectly inoffensive, Mr. Danby condescended to smaller and more worrying observances, and was, in-

purity of the corporation, and the incorruptibility of the vestry, that an alderman could not wag a finger, or a churchwarden stir a foot, without being called to account by this vigilant defender of the rights, liberties, and purses of the people. He was beyond a doubt the most troublesome man in the parish, and that is a wide word. In the matter of reports and inquiries Mr. Hume was but a type of him. He would mingle economy with a parish dinner, and talk of retrenchment at the mayor's feast; brought an action under the turnpike act against the clerk and treasurer of the commissioners of the road; commenced a suit in Chancery with the trustees of the charity school; and, finally, threatened to open the borough —that is to say, to support any candidate who should offer to oppose the nominees of the two great families, the one Whig, and the other Tory, who now possessed the two seats in parliament as quietly as their own hereditary estates;—an experiment which recent instances of successful opposition in other places rendered not a little formidable to the noble owners.

What added considerably to the troublesome nature of Mr. Danby's inquisitions was, the general cleverness, ability, and information of the individual. He was not a man of classical education, and knew little of books; but with things he was especially conversant. Although very certain that Mr. Danby had been in business, nobody could guess what that business had been. None came amiss to him. He handled the rule and the yard with equal dexterity; astonished the butcher by his insight into the mysteries of fattening and dealing; and the grocer by his familiarity with the sugar and coffee markets; disentangled the perplexities of the confused mass of figures in the parish books with the dexterity of a sworn accountant; and was so great upon points of law, so ready and accurate in quoting reports, cases, and precedents, that he would certainly have passed for a retired attorney, but for the zeal and alertness with which, at his own expense, he was apt to rush into lawsuits.

With so remarkable a genius for turmoil, it is not to be doubted that Mr. Danby, in spite of many excellent and sterling qualities, succeeded in drawing upon himself no small degree of odium. The whole corporation were officially his enemies; but his principal opponent, or rather the person whom he considered as his principal opponent, was Mr. Cardonnel, the rector of the parish, who, besides several disputes pending between them (one especially

organ, the placing of which harmonious instrument kept the whole town in discord for a twelvemonth), was married to the Lady Elizabeth, sister of the Earl of B., one of the patrons of the borough; and being, as well as his wife, a very popular and amiable character, was justly regarded by Mr. Danby as one of the chief obstacles to his projected reform. Whilst, however, our reformer was, from the most patriotic motives, doing his best or his worst to dislike Mr. Cardonnel, events of a very different nature were gradually operating to bring them together.

Mr. Danby's family consisted of a wife—a quiet lady-like woman, with very ill health, who did little else than walk from her bed to her sofa, eat water-gruel and drink soda-water, —and of an only daughter, who was, in a word, the very apple of her father's eye.

Rose Danby was indeed a daughter of whom any father might have been proud. Of middle height and exquisite symmetry, with a rich, dark, glowing complexion, a profusion of glossy, curling, raven hair, large affectionate black eyes, and a countenance at once so sweet and so spirited, that its constant expression was like that which a smile gives to other faces. Her temper and understanding were in exact keeping with such a countenance—playful, gentle, clever, and kind; and her accomplishments and acquirements of the very highest order. When her father entered on his new residence she had just completed her fifteenth year; and he, unable longer to dispense with the pleasure of her society, took her from the excellent school near London, at which she had hitherto been placed, and determined that her education should be finished by masters at home.

It so happened, that this little town contained one celebrated artist, a professor of dancing, who kept a weekly academy for young ladies, which was attended by half the families of gentility in the county. M. Le Grand (for the dancing master was a little lively Frenchman) was delighted with Rose. He declared that she was his best pupil, his very best, the best that ever he had in his life. "Mais voyez, donc, Monsieur?" said he one day to her father, who would have scorned to know the French for "how d'ye do;"—"Voyez, comme elle met de l'aplomb, de la force, de la nettete, dans ses entrechats! Qu'elle est leste, et legere, et petrie de graces, la petite!" And Mr. Danby, comprehending only that the artist was praising his darling, swore that Monsieur was a good fellow, and returned the compliment

after the English fashion, by sending him a haunch of venison the next day.

But M. Le Grand was not the only admirer whom Rose met with at the dancing-school. It chanced that Mr. Cardonnel also had an only daughter, a young person about the same age, bringing up under the eye of her mother, and a constant attendant at the professor's academy. The two girls, nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed together as partners; and being almost equally prepossessing in person and manner (for Mary Cardonnel was a sweet, delicate, fair creature, whose mild blue eyes seemed appealing to the kindness of every one they looked upon), took an immediate and lasting fancy to each other; shook hands at meeting and parting, smiled whenever their glances chanced to encounter; and soon began to exchange a few kind and hurried words in the pauses of the dance, and to hold more continuous chat at the conclusion. And Lady Elizabeth, almost as much charmed with Rose as her daughter, seeing in the lovely little girl everything to like, and nothing to disapprove, encouraged and joined in the acquaintance; attended with a motherly care to her cloaking and shawling; took her home in her own carriage when it rained; and finally waylaid Mr. Danby, who always came himself to fetch his darling, and with her bland and gracious smile requested the pleasure of Miss Danby's company to a party of young people, which she was about to give on the occasion of her daughter's birth-day. I am afraid that our sturdy reformer was going to say, No! But Rose's "Oh papa!" was irresistible; and to the party she went.

After this the young people became every day more intimate. Lady Elizabeth waited on Mrs. Danby, and Mrs. Danby returned the call; but her state of health precluded visiting, and her husband, who piqued himself on firmness and consistency, contrived, though with some violence to his natural kindness of temper, to evade the friendly advances and invitations of the rector.

The two girls, however, saw one another almost every day. It was a friendship like that of Rosalind and Celia, whom, by the way, they severally resembled in temper and character—Rose having much of the brilliant gaiety of the one fair cousin, and Mary the softer and gentler charm of the other. They rode, walked, and sung together; were never happy asunder; played the same music; read the same books; dressed alike; worked for each other; and interchanged their own little property of trinkets and flowers, with a generosity that seemed only emulous which should give most.

At first, Mr. Danby was a little jealous of Rose's partiality to the rectory; but she was so fond of him, so attentive to his pleasures, that he could not find in his heart to check hers; and when, after a long and dangerous illness, with which the always delicate Mary was affected, Mr. Cardonnel went to him, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, told him he believed that, under Providence, he owed his daughter's life to Rose's unwearying care, the father's heart was fairly vanquished; he wrung the good rector's hand, and never grumbled at her long visits again. Lady Elizabeth, also, had her share in producing this change of feeling, by presenting him in return for innumerable baskets of peaches and melons and hot-house grapes (in the culture of which he was curious), with a portrait of Rose, drawn by herself—a strong and beautiful likeness, with his own favourite greyhound at her feet; a picture which he would not have exchanged for the "Transfiguration."

Perhaps too, consistent as he thought himself, he was not without an unconscious respect for the birth and station which he affected to despise, and was, at least, as proud of the admiration which his daughter excited in those privileged circles, as of the sturdy independence which he exhibited by keeping aloof from them in his own person. Certain it is, that his spirit of reformation insensibly relaxed, particularly towards the rector; and that he not only ceded the contested point of the organ, but presented a splendid set of pulpit-hangings to the church itself.

Time wore on; Rose had refused half the offers of gentility in the town and neighbourhood; her heart appeared to be invulnerable. Her less affluent and less brilliant friend was generally understood (and as Rose, on hearing the report, did not contradict it, the rumour passed for certainty) to be engaged to a nephew of her mother's, Sir William Frampton, a young gentleman of splendid fortune, who had lately passed much time at his fair place in the neighbourhood.

Time wore on; and Rose was now nineteen, when an event occurred, which threatened a grievous interruption to her happiness. The Earl of B.'s member died; his nephew, Sir William Frampton, supported by his uncle's powerful interest, offered himself for the borough; an independent candidate started at the same time; and Mr. Danby felt himself compelled, by his vaunted consistency, to insist on his daughter's renouncing her visits to

the rectory, at least until after the termination of the election. Rose wept and pleaded, pleaded and wept, in vain. Her father was obdurate; and she, after writing a most affectionate note to Mary Cardonnel, retired to her own bedroom in very bad spirits, and, perhaps, for the first time in her life, in very bad humour.

About half an hour afterwards, Sir William Frampton and Mr Cardonnel called at the red house. "We are come, Mr Danby," said the rector, "to solicit your interest"—"Nay, nay, my good friend," returned the reformer, "you know that my interest is promised, and that I cannot with any consistency,—"To solicit your interest with Rose"—resumed his reverence. "With Rose!" interrupted Mr Danby. "Ay—for the gift of her heart and hand,—that being, I believe, the suffrage which my good nephew here is most anxious to secure," rejoined Mr Cardonnel. "With Rose," again ejaculated Mr Danby: "why, I thought that your daughter"—"The gipsy has not told you, then!" replied the rector. "Why, William and she have been playing the parts of Romeo and Juliet for these six months past." "My Rose!" again exclaimed Mr Danby. "Why, Rose! Rose! I say!" and the astonished father rushed out of the room, and returned the next minute, holding the blushing girl by the arm. "Rose, do you love this young man?" "O, papa!" said Rose. "Will you marry him?" "O, papa!" "Do you wish me to tell him that you will not marry him?" To this question Rose returned no answer; she only blushed the deeper, and looked down with a half smile. "Take her, then," resumed Mr Danby; "I see the girl loves you. I can't vote for you, though, for I've promised, and, you know, my good sir, that an honest man's word"—"I don't want your vote, my dear sir," interrupted Sir William Frampton; "I don't ask for your vote, although the loss of it may cost me my seat, and my uncle his borough. This is the election that I care about, the only election worth caring about. Is it not, my own sweet Rose?—the election, of which the object lasts for life, and the result is happiness. That's the election worth caring about—Is it not, mine own Rose!" And Rose blushed an affirmative; and Mr Danby shook his intended son-in-law's hand, until he almost wrung it off, repeating at every moment—"I can't vote for you, for a man must be consistent, but you're the best fellow in the world, and you shall have my Rose. And Rose will be a great lady," continued the delighted father:—"my little Rose will be a great lady after all!"

THE ACTRESS.

BY P. J. DE BERANGER.

Beneath these rags through which the blast blows shrill,
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she.
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a day!
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;
That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
Her voice, enraptured Paris ran:
In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bowed the knee?—
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;
Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:
How duly did the muse her banquets gild,
Faithful to her prosperity:
In every palace will the swallow build!—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold.
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustained may be,
Lest even her faith in Heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity!

THE APE.

BY MATTEO BANDELLO.

In the time of Lodovico Sforza, the unfortunate Duke of Milan, there was kept, among other living curiosities in the ducal palace, a large and beautiful ape, whose amusing yet harmless manners, full of practical jests and witticisms, had long obtained for him the liberty of going at large. Such indeed was his reputation for prudence and good conduct, that he was not merely permitted the range of the whole palace, but frequently visited the outskirts, in the vicinity of Maine, of Cusano, and San Giovanni, and was not unfrequently seen conversing with some friend upon the walls. In fact most people were eager to show their respect for him by presenting him with fruits and other dainties, no less from regard to his ducal patron than to his own intrinsic merits. The singular pleasure he afforded to all classes of society, by his happy talents of various kinds, was always a sufficient passport from place to place. But his favourite resort, among many others, was the house of an ancient gentlewoman, situated in the parish of San Giovanni, upon the walls; where he cultivated the society of her two sons, one of whom in particular, though at the head of a family, invariably received his monkey guest in the most amiable manner, making him as much at home as if he had been the lady's favourite lap-dog.

These young men, perceiving their aged mother amused with the animal's unequalled exhibitions of his art, vied with each other in paying the most gratifying attentions to his monkeyship; and would certainly, had he not happened to have been ducal property, either have purchased or stolen him, merely out of regard to their mother. The whole household, likewise, received orders to treat him with the same invariable kindness and respect, studying what appeared most agreeable to his taste, so as to give him an affection for the old lady's house. This last motive weighed so greatly with his apeship that he almost deserted his other neighbours, in order to enjoy more of the society of these very agreeable friends, although he was careful to return to his own ducal residence at the castle in the evening.

During this time the aged lady becoming very infirm, was confined to her chamber, where she was affectionately attended by her whole family, who supplied her with every alleviation in the power of medical advice to bestow. Thither, occasionally, our facetious hero was also introduced for the purpose of awakening a smile on the wan features of the patient, by his strange and amusing manners, receiving some delicate morsels in return from the poor lady's own hand. As he possessed a natural taste, in common with most of his race, for every kind of sweets, he was in the habit of besieging the old lady's room with great perseverance and assiduity, feasting upon the best confectionary with far higher zest than the poor patient herself. Worn out at length by long infirmities and age, she soon after departed this world, having first with becoming piety confessed herself, and received the holy sacraments of our church, with the communion and extreme unction at the final close.

While the funeral ceremonies were preparing, and the last offices rendered to the deceased, the monkey appeared to pay remarkable attention to all that was going forward. The corpse being dressed, and placed on the funeral bier, the holy sisterhood then attended with the usual ceremonies, offering up hymns and aves to the Virgin for the soul of the deceased. The body was afterwards borne to the parish church not far distant, not unobserved by the monkey, who watched the procession depart. But he soon turned his attention to the state of things around him; and after feasting on the cake and wine, being a little elevated, he began to empty the boxes and drawers, and examine the contents. Having observed the deceased in her last habiliments, and the form of her head-dress when she was laid out, the facetious ape immediately began to array himself in the cast-off garments, exactly in the manner he had witnessed; and so perfect was the resemblance, that when he had covered himself up in bed, the physician himself would have been puzzled to detect the cheat. Here the false patient lay, when the domestics entered the chamber; and suddenly perceiving the monkey thus dexterously laid out, they ran back in the utmost terror and surprise, believing that they had really seen either the corpse or the spirit of the deceased.

After recovering sufficient presence of mind to speak, they declared, as they hoped to be saved, that they had seen their mistress reposing upon her sick couch as usual. On the return of the two brothers with their friends and relatives from church, they directly resolved to ascend in a body into the sick chamber; and, night already approaching, they all felt, in spite of their affected indifference, an unpleasant sensation on entering the room. Drawing near the bed-side, they not only fancied they saw and heard a person breathe, but

observing the coverings move, as if the patient were about to spring from the couch, they retreated with the utmost precipitation and alarm.

When they had recovered their spirits a little, the guests requested that a priest might be sent for, to whom, on his arrival, they proceeded to explain the case. On hearing the nature of it, the good friar, being of a truly prudent and pious turn, despatched a person back for his clerk, with orders to bring him the large ivory crucifix, and the illuminated psalter. These, with the help of holy water, the wafer, and the priest's stole, were judged a sufficient match for the devices of the Evil One; and thus armed, repeating the seven psalms, with due ejaculations to the Virgin, they once more ascended the stairs, the clerk, in obedience to the friar, bearing the huge ivory crucifix at their head. He had previously exhorted the brothers to have no fears for the final salvation of their parent, as the number and excellence of her confessions were an effectual preservative against the most diabolical efforts of the adversary. He maintained that there was not the least cause for alarm, for what the servants had beheld were merely satanic illusions, which he had frequently been in the habit of dispelling with singular success; and that having made use of his exorcisms, he would then bless the house, and, with the Lord's help, lay such a curse upon the bad spirits as would deprive them of the least inclination to return.

When they arrived at the chamber-door, all the guests, in spite of these encouraging exhortations and the sprinkling of holy water, drew back, while the bold friar ordered his clerk to advance in the name of the Lord, which he did, followed only by his superior. Approaching the sick bed, they perceived Monno Bertuccia, our facetious ape, laid out, as we have said, in perfect personification of the deceased. After mumbling some prayers, and flourishing the cross in vain, for some time, they began to entertain doubts of their success, though at the same time they felt ashamed to retreat. So sprinkling the holy water with a more liberal hand, crying, "*Asperges me, Domine; asperges me,*" they complimented the ape with a portion of it in his face. Expecting upon this to be next saluted with a blow of the huge cross, he suddenly began to grin and chatter in so horrible a manner that the sacred vessel fell from the priest's hands, and the clerk at the same time dropping the crucifix, they both fled together. Such was their haste, that they tumbled, one over the other, down the stairs, the priest falling upon his clerk when they reached the bottom.

On hearing the sudden crash, and the terrified exclamations of the good friar, the brothers, followed by the rest of the party, rushed towards the spot, eagerly inquiring what dreadful accident had occurred. Both of the holy personages gazed on the guests, without being able to utter a word; but their pallid looks spoke volumes sufficient to answer all demands. The poor clerk fainted away, no less from excess of fear than from the terrible fall he had just received. Having obliged both to partake of some restoratives, the priest at length summoned courage enough to say:

"It is true, my dear children, I have indeed seen your poor departed mother in the form of a fierce demon;" when just as he had finished these words, the cause of all their disturbance, desirous of securing the remnants of the feast, was heard approaching at a pretty brisk and clattering pace down the unlucky stairs.

Without giving any of the party time to discover a fresh place of refuge, or even to prepare their minds for his reception, he bounced suddenly into the room, armed cap-a-pie in the fearful petticoats of the deceased. His head was dressed to a nicety exactly in the same manner as the old lady's, and his whole body very decently arrayed in her late habiliments. He placed himself in the midst of the company, all of whom stood rooted to the spot, silent and awe-stricken, awaiting the dreadful scene that might ensue. The wrinkles in his countenance certainly bore no small resemblance to those in the features of the deceased, to which his very serious demeanour added not a little. Yet after a few secret ejaculations for divine protection on the part of the guests, the facetious visitor was soon recognized by one of the brothers, the only person who had possessed courage to look the monkey in the face on his sudden entrance into the room.

Momentary prayers and exclamations were then as suddenly converted into bursts of laughter; and in a few minutes the author of all their sufferings began to resume the usual hilarity of his disposition, to exhibit his best manœuvres in the saltic art, and with the greatest politeness severally to accost the company. He evinced, however, the utmost aversion to disrobing himself of his new honours, snapping at any one who ventured to approach him, while he performed his antics in the ablest and most whimsical manner. In full dress he thus set out on his return to the castle, meeting with reiterated plaudits as he passed along the streets. In this state he was wel-

comed home by the domestics of the castle, producing infinite diversion among the courtiers and all those who witnessed his exploits. Nor did the two brothers punish him for his involuntary fault; rather kindly permitting him to return to his old haunts, where he feasted and frolicked away his days, until he attained to a happy and respectable old age.—*From the Italian.*

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe!
From vain temptations dost set free;
From strife and from despair; a glorious ministry.

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And blest'd are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain:
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
Resolved that nothing e'er should press
Upon my present happiness,
I shoved unwelcome tasks away;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice:
Not seeking in the school of pride
For "precepts over dignified,"
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens through Thee are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

—WORDSWORTH.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.
Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of Heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

LORNA DOONE.

[Richard Doddridge Blackmore, born at Longworth, Berkshire, 1825. The son of a clergyman, and the descendant of an old North Devon family, and of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge; educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and called to the bar, but did not practise. His chief poetical works are:—*Poems by Melanter: Epullia: The Bugle of the Black Sea: Kadisha: The Fate of Franklin:* and the *Georgics of Virgil*, translated into heroic couplets. His novels are:—*Clara Vaughan: Cradock Nowell*, a tale of the New Forest; *Lorna Doone* (published by S. Low, Marston, & Co.); and the *Maid of Sker*, which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The *Times* says of Mr. Blackmore: "His descriptions are wonderfully vivid and natural. His pages are brightened everywhere with great humour; the quaint dry turns of thought remind you occasionally of Fielding."]

[The Doones of Bagworthy Forest were a band of outlaws who, in the troublous times of the seventeenth century, contrived for years to defy law and order. They were a stalwart race, the terror of the country round, and no outsider would venture into their wild retreat. Lorna—a beautiful and charming girl—was brought up amongst these men; but she was shielded from their brutality by the chief, Sir Ensor Doone (whose grandchild she believed herself to be), and by the Counsellor—the cunning adviser of the band. The latter protected her because he knew that she was not a Doone at all, but the heiress of vast wealth, which he hoped to share by uniting her to his son, Carver Doone. Lorna, however, loved, and was devotedly loved by John Ridd, an honest yeoman, of herculean frame, whose father had been slain by the Doones. During "the Great Winter" when snow fell for weeks, old Sir Ensor died, and Lorna was placed in sad peril. John Ridd himself tells the story.]

When I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining (a signal arranged by the lovers), and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homestead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the keen blast of the cold broke on me, and the mighty breadth of snow. Moor and highland, field and common, cliff and vale, and watercourse, over all the rolling folds of misty white were flung. There was nothing square or jagged left, there was nothing perpendicular; all the rugged lines were eased, and all the breaches smoothly filled. Curves, and mounds, and rounded heavings took the place of rock and stump; and all the country looked as if a woman's hand had been on it.

Through the sparkling breadth of white, which seemed to glance my eyes away, and past the humps of laden trees, bowing their backs like a woodman, I contrived to get along, half sliding and half walking, in places where a plain-shodden man must have sunk, and waited freezing, till the thaw should come to him. For although there had been such violent frost every night upon the snow, the snow itself having never thawed even for an hour, had never coated over. Hence it was as soft and light as if all had fallen yesterday. In place where no drift had been, but rather off that as to them, three feet was the least of depth; but where the wind had chased it round, or any draught led like a funnel, or anything opposed it, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty feet, or thirty, or even fifty, and I believe sometimes a hundred.

At last I got to my spy-hill (as I had begun to call it), although I never should have known it but for what it looked on. And even to know this last again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and vigilant. For all the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose for the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp-cut vase of green) now was besnowed half up the sides, and at either end so, that it was more like the white basins wherein we boil plum-puddings. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree: all was white; and the little river flowed beneath an arch of snow, if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna. And now it struck me all at once that perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps her window would not shut, any more than mine would; and perhaps she wanted blankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, that seeing no Doones now about, and doubting if any guns would go off in this state of the weather, and knowing that no man could catch me up (except with shoes like mine), I ever resolved to slide the cliffs, and bravely go to Lorna.

It helped me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. There

fore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift, hanging far adown the cliff, and saying some of the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good shoes, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly strained, where a grub had gnawed the ash, in the early summer-time. Having set myself aright, and being in good spirits, I made boldly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed hard), being now afraid of nobody.

If Lorna had looked out of the window, she would not have known me, with those boots upon my feet, and a well-cleaned sheepskin over me, bearing my own (J.R.) in red, just between my shoulders, but covered now in snow-flakes. The house was partly drifted up, though not so much as ours was; and I crossed the little stream almost without knowing that it was under me. At first, being pretty safe against interference from the other huts, by virtue of the blinding snow and the difficulty of walking, I examined all the windows; but these were coated so with ice, like ferns and flowers and dazzling stars, that no one could so much as guess what might be inside of them. Moreover I was afraid of prying narrowly into them, as it was not a proper thing where a maiden might be: only I wanted to know just this, whether she were there or not.

Taking nothing by this movement, I was forced, much against my will, to venture to the door and knock, in a hesitating manner, not being sure but what my answer might be the mouth of a carbine. However it was not so, for I heard a pattering of feet and a whispering going on, and then a shrill voice through the keyhole, asking, "Who's there?"

"Only me, John Ridd," I answered; upon which I heard a little laughter, and a little sobbing, or something that was like it; and then the door was opened about a couple of inches, with a bar behind it still; and then the little voice went on,—

"Put thy finger in, young man, with the old ring on it. But mind thee, if it be the wrong one, thou shalt never draw it back again."

Laughing at Gwenny's mighty threat, I showed my finger in the opening: upon which she let me in, and barred the door again like lightning.

"What is the meaning of all this, Gwenny?" I asked, as I slipped about on the floor, for I could not stand there firmly with my great snow-shoes on.

"Maning enough, and bad maning too," the Cornish girl made answer. "Us be shut in here, and starving, and durstn't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee."

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" having never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaped at it, as a starving dog leaps at sight of his supper, and she set her teeth in it, and then withheld it from her lips, with something very like an oath at her own vile greediness; and then away round the corner with it, no doubt for her young mistress. I meanwhile was occupied, to the best of my ability, in taking my snow-shoes off, yet wondering much within myself why Lorna did not come to me.

But presently I knew the cause, for Gwenny called me, and I ran, and found my darling quite unable to say so much as, "John, how are you?" Between the hunger, and the cold, and the excitement of my coming, she had fainted away, and lay back on a chair, as white as the snow around us. In betwixt her delicate lips, Gwenny was thrusting with all her strength the hard brown crust of the rye-bread, which she had snatched from me so.

"Get water, or get snow," I said; "don't you know what fainting is, you very stupid child?"

"Never heered on it, in Carnwall," she answered, trusting still to the bread: "be un the same as bleeding?"

"It will be directly, if you go on squeezing away with that crust so. Eat a piece; I have got some more. Leave my darling now to me."

Hearing that I had some more, the starving girl could resist no longer, but tore it in two, and had swallowed half before I had coaxed my Lorna back to sense, and hope, and joy, and love.

"I never expected to see you again. I had made up my mind to die, John; and to die without your knowing it."

As I repelled this fearful thought in a manner highly fortifying, the tender hue flowed back again into her famished cheeks and lips, and a softer brilliance glistened from the depth of her dark eyes. She gave me one little shrunken hand, and I could not help a tear for it.

"After all, Mistress Lorna," I said, pretending to be gay, for a smile might do her good; "you do not love me as Gwenny does; for she even wanted to eat me."

"And shall, afore I have done, young man," Gwenny answered, laughing; "you come in here with they red chakes, and make us think o' sirloin."

"Eat up your bit of brown bread, Gwenny. It is not good enough for your mistress. Bless her heart, I have something here such as she never tasted the like of, being in such appetite. Look here, Lorna; smell it first. I have had it ever since Twelfth-day, and kept it all the time for you. Annie made it. That is enough to warrant it good cooking."

And then I showed my great mince-pie in a bag of tissue paper, and I told them how the mince-meat was made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undercut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly and far beyond my knowledge. But Lorna would not touch a morsel until she had thanked God for it, and given me the kindest kiss, and put a piece in Gwenny's mouth.

I have eaten many things myself, with very great enjoyment, and keen perception of their merits, and some thanks to God for them. But I never did enjoy a thing, that had found its way between my own lips, half or even a quarter as much as I now enjoyed beholding Lorna, sitting proudly upwards (to show that she was faint no more) entering into that mince-pie, and moving all her pearls of teeth (inside her little mouth-place) exactly as I told her. For I was afraid lest she should be too fast in going through it, and cause herself more damage so, than she got of nourishment. But I had no need to fear at all, and Lorna could not help laughing at me for thinking that she had no self-control.

Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed that the plumpest and most perfect women never eat so hard and fast as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent. Hence it came to pass that Lorna, being the loveliest of all maidens, had as much as she could do to finish her own half of pie; whereas Gwenny Carfax (though generous more than greedy) ate up hers without winking, after finishing the brown loaf; and then I begged to know the meaning of this state of things.

"The meaning is sad enough," said Lorna; "and I see no way out of it. We are both to be starved until I let them do what they like with me,"

"That is to say, until you choose to marry Carver Doone, and be slowly killed by him."

"Slowly! No, John, quickly. I hate him so intensely, that less than a week would kill me."

"Not a doubt of that," said Gwenny: "oh, she hates him nicely then: but not half so much as I do."

I told them both that this state of things could be endured no longer; on which point they agreed with me, but saw no means to help it. For even if Lorna could make up her mind to come away with me and live at Plover's Barrows farm, under my good mother's care, as I had urged so often, behold the snow was all around us, heaped as high as mountains, and how could any delicate maiden ever get across it?

Then I spoke, with a strange tingle upon both sides of my heart, knowing that this undertaking was a serious one for all, and might burn our farm down,—

"If I warrant to take you safe, and without much fright or hardship, Lorna, will you come with me?"

"To be sure I will, dear," said my beauty with a smile, and a glance to follow it: "I have small alternative, to starve, or go with you, John."

"Gwenny, have you courage for it? Will you come with your young mistress?"

"Will I stay behind?" cried Gwenny, in a voice that settled it. And so we began to arrange about it; and I was much excited. It was useless now to leave it longer: if it could be done at all, it could not be too quickly done. It was the Counsellor who had ordered, after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until she would obey him. He had strictly watched the house, taking turns with Carver, to ensure that none came nigh it bearing food or comfort. But this evening, they had thought it needless to remain on guard; and it would have been impossible, because themselves were busy offering high festival to all the valley, in right of their own commandership. And Gwenny said that nothing made her so nearly mad with appetite as the account she received from a woman of all the dishes preparing. Nevertheless she had answered bravely,—

"Go and tell the Counsellor, and go and tell the Carver, who sent you to spy upon us, that we shall have a finer dish than any set before them." And so in truth they did, although so little dreaming it; for no Doone

that was ever born, however much of a Carver, might vie with our Annie for mince-meat.

Now while we sat, reflecting much, and talking a good deal more, in spite of all the cold,—for I never was in a hurry to go, when I had Lorna with me,—she said, in her silvery voice, which always led me so along, as if I were slave to a beautiful bell,—

"Now, John, we are wasting time, dear. You have praised my hair, till it curls with pride, and my eyes till you cannot see them, even if they are brown diamonds, which I have heard for the fiftieth time at least; though I never saw such a jewel. Don't you think that it is high time to put on your snow-shoes, John?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "till we have settled something more. I was so cold, when I came in; and now I am as warm as a cricket. And so are you, you lively soul; though you are not upon my hearth yet."

"Remember, John," said Lorna, nestling for a moment to me; "the severity of the weather makes a great difference between us. And you must never take advantage."

"I quite understand all that, dear. And the harder it freezes the better, while that understanding continues. Now do try to be serious."

"I try to be serious! And I have been trying fifty times, and could not bring you to it, John? Although I am sure the situation, as the Counsellor always says, at the beginning of a speech, the situation, to say the least, is serious enough for anything. Come, Gwenny, imitate him."

Gwenny was famed for her imitation of the Counsellor making a speech; and she began to shake her hair, and mount upon a foot-stool; but I really could not have this, though even Lorna ordered it. The truth was that my darling maiden was in such wild spirits at seeing me so unexpected, and at the prospect of release, and of what she had never known, quiet life and happiness, that, like all warm and loving natures, she could scarce control herself.

"Come to this frozen window, John, and see them light the stack-fire. They will little know who looks at them. Now be very good, John. You stay in that corner, dear, and I will stand on this side; and try to breathe yourself a peep-hole through the lovely spears and banners. Oh, you don't know how to do it. I must do it for you. Breathe three times, like that, and that; and then you rub it with your fingers, before it has time to freeze again."

All this she did so beautifully, with her lips put up like cherries and her fingers bent half back, as only girls can bend them, and her little waist thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three times over; and I stopped her every time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer. Now I knew that all her love was mine, every bit as much as mine was hers; yet I must have her to show it, dwelling upon every proof, lengthening out all certainty. Perhaps the jealous heart is loth to own a life worth twice its own. Be that as it may, I know that we thawed the window nicely.

And then I saw, far down the stream (or rather down the bed of it, for there was no stream visible), a little form of fire arising, red, and dark, and flickering. Presently it caught on something and went upward boldly; and then it struck into many forks, and then it fell and rose again.

"Do you know what all that is, John?" asked Lorna, smiling cleverly at the manner of my staring.

"How on earth should I know? Papists burn Protestants in the flesh; and Protestants burn Papists in effigy, as we mock them. Lorna, are they going to burn any one to-night?"

"No, you dear. I must rid you of these things. I see that you are bigoted. The Doones are firing Dunkery beacon to celebrate their new captain."

"But how could they bring it here through the snow? If they have sledges, I can do nothing."

"They brought it before the snow began. The moment poor grandfather was gone, even before his funeral, the young men, having none to check them, began at once upon it. They had always borne a grudge against it: not that it ever did them harm, but because it seemed so insolent. 'Can't a gentleman go home without a smoke behind him?' I have often heard them saying. And though they have done it no serious harm, since they threw the firemen on the fire, many, many years ago, they have often promised to bring it here for their candle; and now they have done it. Ah, now look! The tar is kindled."

Though Lorna took it so in joke, I looked upon it very gravely, knowing that this heavy outrage to the feelings of the neighbourhood would cause more stir than a hundred sheep stolen, or a score of houses sacked. Not of course that the beacon was of the smallest use to any one, neither stopped anybody from stealing: nay, rather it was like the parish-knell, which begins when all is over, and depresses all the

survivors; yet I knew that we valued it, and were proud, and spoke of it as a mighty institution; and even more than that, our vestry had voted, within the last two years, seven shillings and sixpence to pay for it, in proportion with other parishes. And one of the men who attended to it, or at least who was paid for doing so, was our Jem Slocombe's grandfather.

However, in spite of all my regrets, the fire went up very merrily, blazing red, and white, and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light danced on the snowdrifts with a misty lilac hue. I was astonished at its burning in such mighty depths of snow; but Gwenny said that the wicked men had been three days hard at work, clearing, as it were, a cock-pit, for their fire to have its way. And now they had a mighty pile, which must have covered five landyards square, heaped up to a goodly height and eager to take fire.

In this I saw great obstacle to what I wished to manage. For when this pyramid should be kindled thoroughly, and pouring light and blazes round, would not all the valley be like a white room full of candles? Thinking thus, I was half inclined to abide my time for another night; and then my second thoughts convinced me that I would be a fool in this. For lo, what an opportunity! All the Doones would be drunk of course, in about three hours time, and getting more and more in drink as the night went on. As for the fire, it must sink in about three hours or more, and only cast uncertain shadows friendly to my purpose. And then the outlaws must cower round it, as the cold increased on them, helping the weight of the liquor; and in their jollity any noise would be cheered as a false alarm. Most of all, and which decided once for all my action, when these wild and reckless villains should be hot with ardent spirits, what was door, or wall, to stand betwixt them and my Lorna?

This thought quickened me so much that I touched my darling reverently, and told her in a few short words how I hoped to manage it.

"Sweetest, in two hours' time I shall be again with you. Keep the bar up and have Gwenny ready to answer any one. You are safe while they are dining, dear, and drinking healths, and all that stuff; and before they have done with that I shall be again with you. Have everything you care to take in a very little compass; and Gwenny must have no baggage. I shall knock loud, and then wait a little; and then knock twice, very softly."

With this I folded her in my arms; and she looked frightened at me, not having perceived her danger: and then I told Gwenny over again what I had told her mistress; but she only nodded her head and said, "Young man, go and teach thy grandmother."

To my great delight I found that the weather, not often friendly to lovers, and lately seeming so hostile, had in the most important matter done me a signal service. For when I had promised to take my love from the power of those wretches, the only way of escape apparent lay through the main Doone-gate. For though I might climb the cliffs myself, especially with the snow to aid me, I durst not try to fetch Lorna up them, even if she were not half-starved as well as partly frozen; and as for Gwenny's door, as we called it (that is to say, the little entrance from the wooded hollow), it was snowed up long ago to the level of the hills around. Therefore I was at my wit's end how to get them out; the passage by the Doone-gate being long, and dark, and difficult, and leading to such a weary circuit among the snowy moors and hills.

But now, being homeward-bound by the shortest possible track, I slipped along between the bonfire and the boundary cliffs, where I found a caved way of snow behind a sort of avalanche: so that if the Doones had been keeping watch (which they were not doing, but revelling), they could scarcely have discovered me. And when I came to my old ascent, where I had often scaled the cliff and made across the mountains, it struck me that I would just have a look at my first and painful entrance, to wit, the water-slide. I never for a moment imagined that this could help me now; for I never had dared to descend it, even in the finest weather; still I had a curiosity to know what my old friend was like with so much snow upon him. But to my very great surprise, there was scarcely any snow there at all, though plenty curling high over head from the cliff, like bolsters over it. Probably the sweeping of the north-east wind up the narrow chasm had kept the showers from blocking it, although the water had no power under the bitter grip of frost. All my water-slide was now less a slide than path of ice; furrowed where the waters ran over fluted ridges; seamed where wind had tossed and combed them while congealing; and crossed with wherever the freezing torrent ling here and there the ice was fibred w of sludge-weed, slanting from t matted, so as to make resting-pl

Lo it was easy track and cha the very purpose made, down

guide my sledge with Lorna sitting in it. There were only two things to be feared: one lest the rolls of snow above should fall in and bury us; the other lest we should rush too fast, and so be carried headlong into the black whirlpool at the bottom, the middle of which was still unfrozen, and looking more horrible by the contrast. Against this danger I made provision, by fixing a stout bar across; but of the other we must take our chance, and trust ourselves to Providence.

I hastened home at my utmost speed, and told my mother for God's sake to keep the house up till my return, and to have plenty of fire blazing, and plenty of water boiling, and food enough hot for a dozen people, and the best bed aired with the warming-pan. Dear mother smiled softly at my excitement, though her own was not much less, I am sure, and enhanced by sore anxiety. Then I gave very strict directions to Annie, and praised her a little, and kissed her; and I even endeavoured to flatter Eliza, lest she should be disagreeable.

After this I took some brandy, both within and about me; the former, because I had sharp work to do; and the latter in fear of whatever might happen, in such great cold, to my comrades. Also I carried some other provisions, grieving much at their coldness; and then I went to the upper linhay and took our new light pony-sledd, which had been made almost as much for pleasure as for business; though God only knows how our girls could have found any pleasure in bumping along so. On the snow, however, it ran as sweetly as if it had been made for it; yet I durst not take the pony with it; in the first place, because his hoofs would break through the ever-shifting surface of the light and piling snow; and secondly, because those ponies, coming from the forest, have a dreadful trick of neighing, and most of all in frosty weather.

Therefore I girded my own body with a dozen turns of hay-rope, twisting both the ends in under at the bottom of my breast, and winding the hay on the skew a little, that the hempen thong might not slip between, and so cut me in the drawing. I put a good piece of spare rope in the sledd, and the cross seat with the back to it, which was stuffed with our own

" as two or three fur coats: and
I was starting, out came Annie,
e cold, panting for fear of missing
nothing on her head, but a lan-
and.
here is the most wonderful thing!
ever shown it before; and I can't
e could make up her mind. She

had gotten it in a great well of a cupboard, with camphor, and spirits, and lavender. Lizzie says it is a most magnificent sealskin cloak, worthy fifty pounds, or a farthing."

"At any rate it is soft and warm," said I, very calmly flinging it into the bottom of the sledd. "Tell mother I will put it over Lorna's feet."

"Lorna's feet! Oh you great fool," cried Annie, for the first time reviling me. "Over her shoulders; and be proud, you very stupid John."

"It is not good enough for her feet," I answered, with strong emphasis; "but don't tell mother I said so, Annie. Only thank her very kindly."

With that I drew my traces hard, and set my ashen staff into the snow, and struck out with my best foot foremost (the best one at snow-shoes, I mean), and the sledd came after me as lightly as a dog might follow; and Annie with the lantern seemed to be left behind and waiting, like a pretty lamp-post.

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a patin of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the labouring trees. In the great white desolation, distance was a mocking vision: hills looked nigh and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock, striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places, like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own gaunt shadow (travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy-long-legs) went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when coughing brought good liquorice, felt a pressure on my bosom and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly and at a very tidy speed; being only too thankful that the snow had ceased and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapour girding all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shafts of starlight set upon a quivering bow, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, having learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges, I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I had work enough to keep me warm if I managed it. The question was, Could I contrive to save my darling from it?

Daring not to risk my sledd by any fall from the valley-cliffs, I dragged it very carefully up the steep incline of ice, through the narrow

chasm, and so to the very brink and verge where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake, to lay across from rock to rock and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sledd quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack-fire still was burning strongly, but with more of heat than blaze; and many of the younger Doones were playing on the verge of it, the children making rings of fire and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumatism, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest houses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of sheep come short.

All these I passed without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed, with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

But no one came, as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment it flew inwards, and I glided along the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner, with her hands up, and a crucifix or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck, and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood de Whichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my schoolfellow: but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window; and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me.

It was no time to linger now: I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my own darling with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sledd, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snow-shoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her and keep warm: and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sledd, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down, Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her; and when I told her not to speak she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quiet without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight thrown backward, I broke the sledd's too rapid way, and brought my grown love safely out, by the selfsame road which first had led me to her girlish fancy and my boyish slavery.

Unpursued, yet looking back as if some one must be after us, we skirted round the black whirling pool and gained the meadows beyond it. Here there was hard collar work, the track being all uphill and rough; and Gwenny wanted to jump out to lighten the sledd and to push behind. But I would not hear of it; because it was now so deadly cold and I feared that Lorna might get frozen, without having Gwenny to keep her warm. And after all, it was the sweetest labour I had ever known in all my life, to be sure that I was pulling Lorna, and pulling her to our own farmhouse.

Gwenny's nose was touched with frost before we had gone much further, because she would not keep it quiet and snug beneath the sealskin. And here I had to stop in the moonlight (which was very dangerous) and rub it with a clove of snow, as Eliza had taught me and Gwenny scolding all the time, as if myself

had frozen it. Lorna was now so far oppressed with all the troubles of the evening and the joy that followed them, as well as by the piercing cold and difficulty of breathing, that she lay quite motionless, like fairest wax in the moonlight—when we stole a glance at her beneath the dark folds of the cloak; and I thought that she was falling into the heavy snow-sleep whence there is no awaking.

Therefore I drew my traces tight, and set my whole strength to the business; and we slipped along at a merry pace, although with many joltings, which must have sent my darling out into the cold snow-drifts but for the short strong arm of Gwenny. And so in about an hour's time, in spite of many hindrances, we came home to the old courtyard, and all the dogs saluted us. My heart was quivering and my cheeks as hot as the Doones' bonfire, with wondering both what Lorna would think of our farmyard and what my mother would think of her. Upon the former subject my anxiety was wasted, for Lorna neither saw a thing nor even opened her heavy eyes. And as to what mother would think of her, she was certain not to think at all, until she had cried over her.

And so indeed it came to pass. Even at this length of time I can hardly tell it, although so bright before my mind, because it moves my heart so. The sledd was at the open door with only Lorna in it; for Gwenny Carfax had jumped out and hung back in the clearing, giving any reason rather than the only true one—that she would not be intruding. At the door were all our people; first of course Betty Muxworthy, teaching me how to draw the sledd, as if she had been born in it, and flourishing with a great broom wherever a speck of snow lay. Then dear Annie, and old Molly (who was very quiet and counted almost for nobody), and behind them mother, looking as if she wanted to come first, but doubted how the manners lay. In the distance Lizzie stood, fearful of encouraging, but unable to keep out of it.

Betty was going to poke her broom right in under the sealskin cloak, where Lorna lay unconscious and where her precious breath hung frozen, like a silver cobweb; but I caught up Betty's broom and flung it clean away over the corn-chamber; and then I put the others by and fetched my mother forward.

"You shall see her first," I said; "is she not your daughter? Hold the light there, Annie."

Dear mother's hands were quick and trembling as she opened the shining folds; and there she saw my Lorna sleeping, with her black hair all dishevelled, and she bent and kissed her forehead, and only said, "God bless her, John!" And then she was taken with violent weeping and I was forced to hold her.

"Us may tich of her now, I rackon," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, tak her by the head and I'll tak her by the toesen. No taime to stand here like girt gawks. Don'ee tak on zo, missus. Ther be vainer vish in the zea—Lor, but her be a booty!"

With this they carried her into the house, Betty chattering all the while, and going on now about Lorna's hands, and the others crowding round her, so that I thought I was not wanted among so many women, and should only get the worst of it and perhaps do harm to my darling. Therefore I went and brought Gwenny in, and gave her a potful of bacon and pease, and an iron spoon to eat it with, which she did right heartily.

Then I asked her how she could have been such a fool as to let those two vile fellows enter the house where Lorna was; and she accounted for it so naturally, that I could only blame myself. For my agreement had been to give one loud knock (if you happen to remember), and after that two little knocks. Well, these two drunken rogues had come; and one, being very drunk indeed, had given a great thump; and then nothing more to do with it; and the other, being three-quarters drunk, had followed his leader (as one might say) but feebly, and making two of it. Whereupon up jumped Lorna, and declared that her John was there.

All this Gwenny told me shortly, between the whiles of eating, and even while she licked the spoon: and then there came a message for me that my love was sensible and was seeking all around for me. Then I told Gwenny to hold her tongue (whatever she did, among us), and not to trust to women's words; and she told me they all were liars, as she had found out long ago; and the only thing to believe in was an honest man, when found. Thereupon I could have kissed her, as a sort of tribute, liking to be appreciated; yet the pease upon her lips made me think about it; and thought is fatal to action. So I went to see my dear.

That sight I shall not forget till my dying head falls back and my breast can lift no more. I know not whether I were then more blessed or harrowed by it. For in the settle was my Lorna, propped with pillows round her, and her clear hands spread sometimes to the blazing fire-place. In her eyes no knowledge was of anything around her, neither in her neck the sense of leaning towards anything. Only both her lovely hands were entreating something to

spare her or to love her; and the lines of supplication quivered in her sad white face.

"All go away except my mother," I said very quietly, but so that I would be obeyed; and everybody knew it. Then mother came to me alone and she said, "The frost is in her brain: I have heard of this before, John." "Mother, I will have it out," was all that I could answer her; "leave her to me altogether: only you sit there and watch." For I felt that Lorna knew me and no other soul but me; and that if not interfered with, she would soon come home to me. Therefore I sat gently by her, leaving nature, as it were, to her own good time and will. And presently the glance that watched me, as at distance and in doubt, began to flutter and to brighten, and to deepen into kindness, then to beam with trust and love, and then with gathering tears to falter, and in shame to turn away. But the small, entreating hands found their way, as if by instinct, to my great protecting palms; and trembled there and rested there.

For a little while we lingered thus, neither wishing to move away, neither caring to look beyond the presence of the other; both alike so full of hope, and comfort, and true happiness, if only the world would let us be. And then a little sob disturbed us, and mother tried to make believe that she was only coughing. But Lorna, guessing who she was, jumped up so very rashly that she almost set her frock on fire from the great ash log, and away she ran to the old oak chair, where mother was by the clock-case pretending to be knitting, and she took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her head, kneeling humbly, and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer, and then as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!"

And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.

RODS AND KISSES.

All blessings ask a blessed mood;
  The garnish here is more than meat;
Happy who takes sweet gratitude;
  Next best, though bitter, is regret.

'Tis well if on the tempest's gloom
  You see the covenant of God;
But far, far happier he on whom
  The kiss works better than the rod.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE WOOER.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

It fell on a morning when we were thrang,
  Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,
  And bannocks on the girdle baking,
That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.
  But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween;
  For a chap at the door, in braid daylight,
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,
  Wha stood without, half-cow'd, half-cheerie,
  And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crousely ben.
  His coat was new, and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cozie and bein;
  But an wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,
  And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straiket,
  And looked about, like a body half glaiket,
On bonny sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.
  "Ha ha!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way!
Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean—
  An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the pauky auld wife; "I trow,
  You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
  As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
  He hemm'd and he haw'd, and he screw'd in his mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands between;
  For wooers that come when the sun's in the south
Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?"
  "She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
  Is douce and respeckit."—"I care na a bodle,
I'll baulk na' my luive, and my fancy's free."
  Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
  For wooers that come when the sun shines bright
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud muttered he,
  "All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed O,
  Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"
  But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
  For an wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.

Complaint of the Bird in a Darkened Cage.—"Ah!" the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering?—For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

On the Death of Young Children.—Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.[1] Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence, before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

The Prophetic Dew-drops.—A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops,[2] that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noonday: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon aft
rainbow; whereupon his
wards. "See," said he,
dew-drops gloriously re-set
lery—in the heavens; an
tramples on them no m
child, thou art taught,
upon earth blooms again
the father spoke, and kne
prefiguring words: for soo
child, with the morning br
wisdom, was exhaled, lik
heaven.

Female Tongues.—Hip
the book *Upon Marriage,*
that does not talk must b
But Hippil is an author w
more safe to admire than t
intelligent women are oft
women; and again, the m
most silent are often neithe
except amongst men. In g
remark upon men is valid a
women—that those for the
greatest thinkers who are tl
frogs cease to croak when l
the water edge.—However
proportionate talking of
of the sedentariness of the
tary artisans—as tailors, sh
—have this habit, as w
driacal tendencies, in comi
—Apes do not talk, as a
they may not be set to work
talk double their share—even

Forgiveness.—Nothing is
man than the spectacle
Our weaknesses are thus ind
not too costly—being the pr
hour of forgiveness: and the a
never felt anger, has reason to
subdues it. When thou fo
who has pierced thy heart a
the relation of the sea-worn
the shell of the mussel, wh
closes the wound with a pearl

Great Men.—The graves
of the noblest martyrs, are li
the Hernhuters (the Morav
level, and undistinguishable fi
earth: and if the earth cou
secrets, our whole globe woul
minster Abbey laid flat. Ah!
of tears, what myriads of bl
been shed in secrecy about t
trees of earth—the tree of l
knowledge, and the tree of
but never reckoned! It is on

[1] Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight—supposing them to live to old age.

[2] If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sunrising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue—and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of herioc deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood—therefore is it that, in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world, our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

The Grandeur of Man in his Littleness.—Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling—*this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

Night.—The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz. that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought, in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night, as lights and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the day time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

The Stars.—Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

Martyrdom.—To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus di Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.—Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

The Quarrels of Friends.—Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is, that we, hard fields of ice, shock together so harshly, whilst all the while, under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years, we are rapidly dissolving.

Dreaming.—But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

Dignity of Man in Self-sacrifice.—That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child; in short, only for the nobility within us—only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility—this virtue—presents different phases: with the Christian martyr, it is faith; with the savage, it is honour; with the republican, it is liberty.

Fancy.—Fancy can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper; and every actual presence of the object sets limits to her power: just as water distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

Derham remarks, in his Physico-theology, that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise: as, for instance, during the ringing of bells, &c. This must be the reason that the thundering of drums, cannons, &c., accompany the entrance into cities of princes and ministers, who are generally rather deaf, in order that they may the better hear the petitions and complaints of the people.

—*Translated by T. De Quincy.*

THE SEED AND FRUIT.

BY LEWIS KINGSLEY.

'Tis not its blood that bursts the vine
When in the press it's trampled on,
But healing sacramental wine,
The Holy Grail—the cup divine—
Christ's life, free-given for our own.

'Tis not with angry stroke but kind,
The sculptor hews the marble stone;
His blows, their scars, if we will mind,
But loose the angel there confined—
An angel from a shapeless stone!

'Twas not in wrath, the psalmist old,
His inspired hand swept o'er the strings
And vexed his harp with beatings bold:
A purer, holier music rolled
E'en from its sharpest quiverings.

And thus in all the world's great round,
When we its meaning full divine—
From fiercest twangs the sweetest sound;
By sharpest strokes the soul unbound;
From sorest bruise the sweetest wine.

So to the faith now tossed with fear
All seeming ills shall prove to be
Each one the seed for harvests near:
"Though Christ was dead, he is not here;"
There needs the cross, the funeral bier,
Ere we the resurrection see.

Harper's Magazine.

DANIEL O'ROURKE.[1]

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower! I knew the man well; he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair and a red nose: and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to Dursey Island, having sper Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tel "so that this is not the firs ter's son, you see, had c foreign parts in France an gentlemen used to go, bef any such was heard of; and was a dinner given to all ground, gentle and simple, and poor. The *ould* gentle tlemen, after all, saving y sence. They'd swear at a b sure, and may be give one a and then, but we were no l end;—and they were so easy such rattling houses, and comes;—and there was no and few agents; and there w on the estate that did not tas bounty often and often in th it's another thing: no matte I'd better be telling you my

"Well, we had everythin plenty of it; and we ate, and danced, and the young ma token danced with Peggy Bohereen—a lovely young though they are both low make a long story short, I g say, the same thing as tipsy a remember ever at all, no wa left the place: only I did le tain. Well, I thought, for al I'd just step to Molly Cron woman, to speak a word a heifer that was bewitched; crossing the stepping-stones Ballyasheenough, and was l stars and blessing myself— Lady-day—I missed my foot, into the water. 'Death a 'I'll be drowned now!' H swimming, swimming, swimm dear life, till at last I got as other, but never the one of upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wande without knowing where I wa last I got into a big bog. Th ing as bright as day, or your sir (with your pardon for men I looked east and west, and and every way, and nothing d bog, bog;—I could never fin into it: and my heart grew co sure and certain I was that

[1] The *Quarterly Review* said that this humorous tale was "a fine Dutch picture of nightmare, rivalling in its way the sublimer vision of Burns." It is from the *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.*

berrin place. So I sat down upon a stone, which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. ''Tis, sir,' says I; so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much; and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me nor mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' ''Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog; besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility, and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up, up, up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'*Arrah*, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way (drawing the figure thus ☽ on the ground with the end of his stick).

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why then, sure, I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon; and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('twas true enough for him, but

how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cock-throw.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute you!' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, "'tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese, all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know *me?* The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to

keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land, if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia?' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he: "If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it's just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"'If you must, you must,' said he. 'There, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me, —for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own!

"'Get up,' said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place *serve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

BY LORD BYRON.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.[1]

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[1] The above stanzas were written in March, 1815, for Mr. Power, and were set to music by Sir John Stevenson. Byron wrote of them: "I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands." Again he said, on these lines, "I pique myself as being the *truest* though the most melancholy I ever wrote."

THE MASQUERADE.

[Mrs. Hofland, born (Barbara Wreaks) in Sheffield, 1770; died, 1844. She was the author of about seventy different works, chiefly novels and moral tales, which obtained for her extensive favour, although they are little known in the present day. She was twice married, first to Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, who died two years after the marriage. During her widowhood she conducted a school in Harrogate, until her second marriage, to Mr. Thomas Christopher Hofland, the landscape-painter. Her principal works are: *The Daughter-in-law; Emily; Captives in India; The Clergyman's Widow; Decision; Integrity; Self-denial; Fortitude; Tales of the Manor;* &c.]

"You surely will not persist, Emma, to refuse accompanying Lady Forester and her party to the masquerade?" said Alicia Clinton to her young friend, with a look of supplication.

"I certainly shall, my dear."

"But she has sent you a ticket, my dear girl; and she has persuaded my grandmamma there is no harm in it, and so decidedly renewed my wishes on the subject, that really ——"

"Do not finish your sentence by saying '*really* you intend to go.' Remember, dear Alicia, the peculiarity of your own situation. An affianced bride, long parted from the chosen of her heart, and newly arrived in this great mart of pleasure, is placed in a more delicate and perilous situation than a wife; for although her bonds are equally sacred, they are less obvious. Do not go."

"You speak, Emma, with as much seriousness as if I were going to do a positively wrong thing,—to be guilty of some unfeminine impropriety of the most reprehensible nature. Surely I have a right to a little innocent amusement, when I go in good company?"

"Very true, Alicia; but you also know that different definitions are given by different persons to words and things, and that no young woman who has given herself to another can act always upon her own conviction. No person for a moment will doubt that our fancy balls in the country, where each assumed a character, were as innocent as they were gay; but I apprehend a London crowd of people in masks, who are thereby privileged to address you, be they who they may, is a very different affair, and might subject a gentlewoman of correct manners to very embarrassing feelings."

"Impossible! when she is with a party. I promise you not to leave Lady Forester for a moment: no, I'll hang upon her like a drowning creature, rather than subject myself to any attentions that could future pain to your brother

"But will you be able have often compared Charl Captain Wentworth in th of *Persuasion*, not only person and profession, but sibility, and even fastidiou honourable, modest, and v character; and whilst admi 'Would I were like Anne sake!' Now do you, *can* y the eve of her lover's retur dangerous voyage, *she* coul her wishes to a masquerade?

"No, Emma, she would but we know that when the she was five or six years old these 'tamers of the human h ment and comparative pove her spirits, diminished her dered her a pensive, gentle, of a person. Now, try as become like her, for I ha friends, a plentiful fortune, lover; I cannot become com and dejected, do what I will.

"But you can be, and hav tender, and affectionate. Y the heroism of self-denial, love of admiration, and the s sity, to a deeper and more en action!"

As Emma uttered the las drew, perceiving she had ma on her gay friend, who soo soliloquize:—

"If I thought dear Charle day, or to-morrow, it is true I of going: but seamen are so may never have another oppo very particular, and thinks that I question if he would de in his own protection; he is s cere, so unlike everybody one

The tide of tender recollect ning to flow in the young would have soon restored he feelings, if the cunning tempte at this moment, and influenc by reiterating her former entre the blandishments of well-acte lovely young friend,—who w that her company was sought brilliance to the dowager's e but for the purpose of ensnar and fortune, as the prize of s ladyship's favourites.

So short a period intervened between the time when Alicia's promise was exacted and that when she was to be called for, that she found herself much at a loss how to procure a dress, such as she could approve herself, or please her new and her former friend by adopting.

"I will not be a flower-girl," said she, "for everybody says the rooms will overflow with them; and Lady Forester would laugh at me as a nun, or a tragic muse, or a Quaker: and suppose I were Thalia, or Rosalind, or Perdita, or a sultana, or even Diana, Emma might see something in my dress that would be painful to her; and she is so good, and loves me so truly, I could not bear to wound her. I could better bear the sneer of Lady Forester when she talks of blue-stocking ladies, and sentimental country misses than grieve dear Emma."

In this dilemma her grandmother suggested the idea of her wearing the dress of one of her female ancestors, as she appeared at the court of George II., and which had been carefully preserved in the family since that time. It was accordingly tried on by an ancient waiting-woman, proud of understanding bygone fashions; and was found to be not only splendid in general effect, but exceedingly becoming, and so perfectly adapted to her height and shape, that Emma herself declared it unexceptionable.

Thus attired, Alicia joined the motley party of Lady Forester, who appeared in the costume of Maria Theresa; and she proceeded to the masquerade, assuming no particular character, and of course affecting no theatrical graces; but by no means unconscious of the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her manners, and under the full persuasion that the novelty of the scene on which she was entering, and the abilities of those with whom she must mingle, would not fail to elicit her talents, and render her wit still more conspicuous than her person. She concluded that all the former abodes of gaiety in which she had found herself happy, and the cause of happiness to others, must be eclipsed for ever by this.

But, alas! those spirits that "live i' the sunbeam" of young hearts, and light young eyes with rapture, refused on this eventful evening to visit Alicia. When she indeed found herself one in the midst of a crowd, at once brilliant and low, the motley group, in their numbers and incongruity, oppressed her spirits; and she felt much more inclined to moralize on their characters, than laugh at their absurdities. This feeling increased whenever a domino appeared, for to the wearers of this dress her active imagination appended the office of an inquisitor; and she shrunk from every one that approached, as if he had the power to read alike her thoughts and her situation, and report both to her disadvantage.

She was compelled to resign her reflections, and exert herself to recover those powers of mind, and, if possible, obtain that vivacity for which she was so generally admired; but her efforts to this end were paralyzed by the fulsome adulation of a grand Turk, who belonged to the party, and the teasing attentions of a beau of the last century, who considered himself privileged to address her. As neither of them had either wit, or even the technicalities which belonged to the forms they assumed, effrontery and stupidity appeared to Alicia their only characteristics; but she had not the power of even satirizing these tormentors, for the Hungarian queen, her chaperone, did not allow her the power of addressing her. Under the pretext of supporting her character, she threw her on the attentions of one or other so decidedly as to render her sense of impropriety extremely painful.

This increased to alarm, when she found the disciple of Lord Chesterfield vanished, and the officious Turk her sole attendant, at the very time when she lost Lady Forester, and the humble companion who accompanied her. As she insisted on following them immediately, she was compelled to accept the stranger's arm and guidance, and hear with burning cheek and heaving bosom his self-gratulations on her soft compliance, no longer uttered in the feigned voice he had previously adopted. Tears of vexation and self-reproach rose to her eye, which she cast round in vain for her conductress to this now hateful scene, when she was interrupted in her path by a mask, who appeared to personate a dumb slave, and, being arrayed in the Turkish costume, by his gestures invited her conductor to follow him.

Glad of any interruption, Alicia expressed her willingness to do so; but the representative of an imperial despot determinately resisted her entreaties in this respect, and dismissed the slave, who lost not a moment in darting through the crowd, and with more courage than complaisance compelled Lady Forester to return with him. Alicia's short but pointed reproof effectually silenced the sarcasms the *friend* was prepared to pour on our mortified heroine; in consequence of which, that amiable personage determined to mortify her, by remaining at the place till the latest moment, being fully aware of Alicia's desire to quit it.

Whatever might be her wishes, or those of the Turk, her friend, it was evident that their designs were in a great measure neutralized by the intrusion of the dumb slave, who seemed determined never to leave them, and who stood a battery of observations directed at him, if not to him, with a *sang froid* that really communicated the idea that he was deaf, as well as dumb. At length, however, he made a sudden start, and ran off, to the evident pleasure of the party; but Alicia had by this time so far recovered her self-possession, and was so certain from the extreme thinness of the rooms, that she must be soon relieved, that she determined to sustain with calmness the remainder of that wearisome time she was called on to endure.

At length their carriage drew up, and under the sickly daylight of a cold spring morning, Alicia drove home, exhausted and harassed, with feelings estranged from her companions, and penitent towards her beloved Emma.

As she arrived at the door of her revered relative, a post-chaise and four drove from it: the circumstance struck her as extraordinary; and she eagerly inquired of the servant in waiting, who was in the carriage that had driven thence.

"Captain Alderson, ma'am; he arrived last night after you were gone. Miss Alderson is up and in the breakfast parlour."

Thither Alicia went in extreme agitation. Joy that her lover had arrived, sorrow that she had been absent, and anger that he could have left the house without seeing her, were strangely mingled in her bosom; but fear for the consequences of that conduct which had cost her already so much vexation was her predominant sensation. Seizing the hand of Emma, she exclaimed—

"Tell me in a moment what is the meaning of all this? Charles (poor Charles, from whom we have been so long parted!) has been here and is gone!"

"Yes, he arrived unfortunately before you had left us half an hour. I was very sorry you lost the pleasure of receiving him, for he is looking so well, and is every way so entirely himself; so kind, and frank, and noble-hearted."

"But why did he go? How could he go without seeing me, knowing that I came to London to meet him?"

"He had promised a sick boy, his midshipman, not to part from him till he had given him in charge to his own widowed mother at Tunbridge. He sent an express to this lady, and ordered a post-chaise to be here at six, before he came hither. It stood at the door half an hour, in the hope of your arrival, when, finding the patient became feverish from anxiety, he set out—a little vexed at your delay—but losing his own troubles in his cares for the invalid. You know how tender he is towards all who suffer."

Alicia threw down her mask, hastily unclasped her necklace, and, throwing herself into the arms of her friend, burst into a passion of tears. At length she exclaimed—

"And from such a man as this, so generous to others, so disinterested for himself, so confiding in me, I could flee to mingle in a crowd of strangers, to hear nonsense I despised, and witness folly I could not——"

"Were you not amused, then, after all?"

"No! not for a single half-hour: beyond the first five minutes (in which the novelty of the scene struck me) I found it insupportably dull. I tried to fancy I was in the carnival of Italy, of which one has read so much; but it would not do; there was no exhilarating sun above me, no flashes of merriment or beams of wit around me, and I was teased to death with two stupid coxcombs, who——"

"Were driven away by a third."

These words were not spoken by Emma. Alicia started, looked up, and with inexpressible emotion beheld Charles himself before her. The cause of his return was soon explained: he had met the anxious mother whom he sought, placed her son in her care, and returned immediately. Alicia heard this account —and her head again sunk on the bosom of Emma, anxious to hide there the traces of her past tears, and the blushes which now lighted her pale cheeks. The lover complained of his reception, adding that she "could give a better to a black slave."

"Ha!" cried Alicia, "is my past folly already known to you?"

The lover threw himself at her feet, in such an attitude as to show that he had himself been her attendant under that disguise.

Alicia's countenance was half smiles, half tears, as she extended her arms to raise him. She felt assured that Charles had read the mortification of her heart, and approved her manners, though he might blame her appearance at the masquerade; and in this sweet conviction she almost forgave herself, though she ingenuously told the solicitude of Emma to save her from committing an action, which, in her present circumstances, might be deemed one of folly and unkindness.

"My sister's kindness was worthy of herself, and beneficial to me," returned the lover: "for

finding her ticket on the mantle-piece, I was induced to avail myself of it, unknown to any one but my own servant, and by taking the only dress I could procure, to effect relief to you from evident annoyance. I cannot regret an incident which enabled me to read a new page in the heart of her to whom I have been so long and profoundly attached; but never again may I have the pain of fearing to find its innocent gaiety misconstrued, or its purity sullied, by the unfeminine absurdities of a public masquerade!"

WORK.

[Alice Cary, born 1820; died at New York, 12th February, 1871. An American poet who during a life of much suffering and some privation, produced many beautiful lyrics. Horace Greeley, who knew her well, said of her:—"I do not believe that she ever wrote one line that she did not thoroughly believe to be true, and calculated to convey instruction or pleasure—often both—to her readers. She concentrated all her powers and energies on the task of making truth more palpable and good, more acceptable to hungry, waiting souls." Her sister, Phebe, also wrote verse and prose for the magazines.]

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown:
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand like a man—
The best way to *know* is to *do!*

Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

THE SONGSTRESS.[1]

The opera was over. Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honour of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta, and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison with the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature), and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch,[2] upon whose head, worn gray during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love's dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, these right noble warriors were fascinated by the syren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke,[3] who had be-

[1] The above is abridged from a little work published sometime ago at Leipzig, under the title of *Henriette die schöne Sängerin*, which excited much attention in Germany. The story is founded on fact. The real name of the heroine was Mlle Sontag.

[2] Marshal Von Brauchitsh, then governor of Berlin.

[3] Gemmstoff and Wilke.

come close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *exquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the hotel, or where?"

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *eau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied. The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. But, as the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) we turn with pleasure to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was anything but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling: but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer descanting in no measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular trai
difficult to imagine that our
of the gasthof were duly nur
a young man (of whom the r
than we did). He spoke bu
a sarcastic smile now and th
by Henrietta he was uniform
but this courtesy was not ext
his fellow admirers, who,
alone withheld by fear (inspir
decision of character) from tre
rudely. Nothing further co
respecting him than that
musician, by name Werner;
superior presence, although
indicate a man of opulence.

One morning, the party as
rietta's *salon* were engaged
specting the journals of th
criticisms they contained, wh
general exclamation of—"H
Regenbogen," who in a mome
the apartment.

Count Regenbogen was hel
polite and well-dressed cavalie
Berlin. Nobody had a more
hair; his perfumes were all
from the French capital; his
were uniformly made at Vien
Paris—his nether-garments
London. Even at the very fir
morning (namely, about twe
lifting himself out of bed, he
the report went that he absolu
waistcoats and a cravat of th
—and that, for greater luxur
tomed to dress his hair hims
which purpose a sheet of loc
affixed to the top! It was als
the authority of his lawyer, th
provision in his will for being
most fashionable attire—deemi
ing to appear at the day of judg
than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was a
ing his devoirs to the assemb
brilliant nothings were inter
stalking in of a very ghastly ap
bore some resemblance to M
director of the K— Opera. A
clamation ensued upon his entra
particularly as his garments d
stains of blood.

"Good heavens!" said Henri
the meaning of this?"

"Let me breathe, dearest lady
baner, "and you shall learn the
surely, was any director of a the

gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learned that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it: a dispute arose; we tried to interfere, but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together: both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones! Nor had more than a minute passed before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize."[1]

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

"They were taking him to his barracks," answered the director.

The beautiful songstress, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance. Werner, however, with Louisa's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

The others quitted the house, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere[2] carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer satisfactorily, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries). The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and be favoured with an interview in the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and everything around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp.

"I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor.

"Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's Titian," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come. I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced: but a chord had been touched, which continued to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and curious (womanlike) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for

[1] Matter-of-fact.

[2] Molliere, an officer of artillery.

it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other. Ere we had reached it I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in the *world*, and what in *your heart;* whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they did not *wish* to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted her, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—

"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and yours. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?"

She did not answer, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would probably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects; that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the university. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully engaged to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learned with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the count; but assured his excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as literally speaking every place had been long engaged.

The count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it,

said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:—

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well then, I will proceed to unfold to you *the whole* of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I *will* not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother: and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to a private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife* of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble excellent girl, come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter!*" and at the same moment the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing towards the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happi-

ness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour;—and that our old friends of the —— &c., being each necessitated to *sink* the *admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy! there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how sullen he would be.

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry philip when he'd done;
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite;
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love, convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone.
Oh! let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

WM. CARTWRIGHT (1651).

TWO SCENES FROM WAR.

[George Payn Rainsford Jame
1801; died at Venice, 9th June, 1
seventeen he began to contribut
sketches to various periodicals. In
of Washington Irving and encour
Scott, he wrote his first novel *Riche*
that work was followed by a rap
novels, chiefly of an historical chara
nearly eighty different works, of whi
are: *Darnley; Henry Masterman;* .
Arrah Neil; Gowrie, or the King's P
the Black Prince; Morley Ernstein,
Huguenot; Henry of Guise; The King
His works were popular, although th
by some critics for their lack of inv
and character. Leigh Hunt made
the author: "I hail every fresh pul
though I half know what he is going
and his gentleman, and his landscap
and his orthodoxy, and his crimina
charmed with the new amusement w
of old materials. I look on him as I l
famous for his 'variations.'" In 18
appointed British consul at Richm
afterwards consul at Venice.]

It was late on the night of
spring—perhaps about two h
night—and yet the inhabita
lonely dwelling on the edge of
common-ground, lying about t
Faringdon House, were all a
and with anxious eyes gazing
long windows upon the blank
hung over the world. A singl
upon a plain oaken table in th
room, by the light of which mig
one of the windows, a small
female figure, which still pres
lines of exquisite beauty, thoug
gree of stiffness, corresponding w
deep wrinkles on the cheek, a
hair that was braided from the fo
the passing of many years under
power of time since that form ha
prime, and that beauty, which s
had known its first expansion.
her shoulder was another figur
first, but with every grace whi
nipped in it just blown—with t
withered and the brow unseared—t
a living picture of what the otl
some twenty years before—a p
family picture-gallery, where hum
may see and moralize on all the
the eternal reaper has gathered as

At the second window was a so
tidy maid-servant, contrasting

her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe: let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A.D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds over head, though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide exent of undulating moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the daytime. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over; God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes towards the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are fleeing!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are fleeing! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those bloodthirsty fanatics. They are fleeing: do you not hear the horses galloping on!"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the Round-heads who flee. Though Goring and his Cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that flee themselves. But look out, look out: your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though by this time the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and as they darted past the house she exclaimed in a glad tone: "They are the rebels, they are the rebels fleeing for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone: "they may be the followers and not the fleers. Margaret."

"No, no, they are fleeing, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer; and in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side, plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was at first the only sound; but the moment after, the

horse which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh seemed at once to express its sorrow, and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's-boy, Bridget: open the door, and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark gray coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste: and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the Cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree, and looked round, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favour.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord hath smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here: wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster Roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair, as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say—that is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that, it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the Roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young Cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisting kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two Cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking towards the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick, "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promise they had made to the stranger or their remonstrances to himself,

had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of Heaven, I will hang this Roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young Cavalier who strode on towards him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the Cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honour, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he stayed. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round for a moment in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he at length, "if he stayed but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fireplace, as if not to witness the escape of the Roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length he said in a low voice, "Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether——"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place."

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian, "and now I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel: and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

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Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partisans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and, under the name of lord-general, ruled with more power than a king. In the meanwhile Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs: and their zeal—like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Amongst the various chances of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle with Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much

desired. Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes quite depressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the fatal call to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell; and Henry Lisle only escaped to bear his companion's last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself at once to her promised protector. Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers, and ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying towards the Tower of London. His trial was delayed some time; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed for some time with equal agony upon his fine but faded countenance, which, worn by toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away, and left the prison.

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It was in that great and unequalled hall, whose magnificent vault has overhung so many strange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that, with the clangour of trumpets and all the pomp and splendour both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgments they pronounce; and officers, dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deck and hide the rugged form of war, moved over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout, broad-built man, with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those which surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there for ever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward through the hall, he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and, turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the *Institute of Government*, by which, amongst other things, the lord-general, Oliver Cromwell, was named lord-protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath was administered, and, putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed; and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession towards the door of the hall; but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell's feet. "An act of grace, lord-protector!" she exclaimed, "an act of grace, to bring a much-needed blessing on the power you have assumed!"

"What wouldest thou, woman?" demanded Cromwell; "somewhere I have seen thy face before; what wouldest thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Farringdon House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him, "and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Warnham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened, but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse,

stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and fleeing from a battle in which her own son had fought; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life, and was successful: otherwise, lord-protector, I tell thee, thou wouldest never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!"

Cromwell's brow was as dark as thunder; and after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, "Take her away; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now, let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers; her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on towards that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade which conveyed the usurper back to his palace passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendour in the midst of some heavy woe; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the Tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once; the door itself was open; an unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which she never before had seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words: "joy, mother, joy!—Henry is pardoned!"

THE HEART'S PROPHECIES.

Be not amazed at life; 'tis still
The mode of God with his elect
Their hopes exactly to fulfil
In times and ways they least expect.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Some think themselves exalted to the sky
If they light in some noble family.
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides the advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business and the state
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the inexperienced wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo,
Who, though in silken scarf and cassock dressed
Wears but a gayer livery at best;—
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat;
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deigned the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw;
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cup in hand;
There for diversion you may pick your teeth
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.
For mere board wages such their freedom sell:
Slaves to an hour and vassals to a bell;
And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,
They are but prisoners out upon parole.
Always the marks of slavery remain.
And they, though loose, still drag about their chain;
And where the mighty prospect after all?
A chaplainship served up and seven years' thrall,
The menial thing, perhaps, for a reward
Is to some slender benefice preferred;
With this proviso bound that he must wed
My lady's antiquated waiting-maid,
In dressing only skilled and marmelade.

JOHN OLDHAM (died 1683).

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

WORKERS IN ART

[Samuel Smiles, born in Haddington, East Lothian, 23d December, 1812. Educated as a surgeon, and practised for some time in his native town. He renounced medicine for literature and railways. He succeeded Robert Nicol, the poet, as editor of the *Leeds Times;* but he has spent the greater part of his life as secretary, first to the Leeds and Thirsk, and then to the South-Eastern Railways. As an author he has won high reputation throughout Europe and America. His principal works are: *The Life of George Stephenson*, of which over 40,000 copies have been sold in this country, whilst two publishers have issued it in America; *Self-Help*—from which our extract is taken: this work has been translated into French, Italian, German, Portuguese, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, and Japanese; *The Lives of the Engineers; Industrial Biography; The Huguenots*, their Settlements, Industries, and Churches in England and Ireland; &c. He has also contributed many articles to the *Quarterly Review* on railways and similar subjects. Sir Stafford Northcote said: "No more interesting books have been published of late years than those of Mr. Smiles."]

Excellence in art, as in everything else, can only be achieved by dint of painstaking labour. There is nothing less accidental than the painting of a fine picture or the chiselling of a noble statue. Every skilled touch of the artist's brush or chisel, though guided by genius, is the product of unremitting study.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held that artistic excellence, "however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of Heaven, may be acquired." Writing to Barry he said, "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." And on another occasion he said, "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labour." But although diligent application is no doubt absolutely necessary for the achievement of the highest distinction in art, it is equally true that without the inborn genius no amount of mere industry, however well applied, will make an artist. The gift comes by nature, but is perfected by self-culture, which is of more avail than all the imparted education of the schools.

Some of the greatest artists have had to force their way upward in the face of poverty and manifold obstructions. Illustrious instances will at once flash upon the reader's mind. Claude Lorraine, the pastry-cook; Tintoretto, the dyer; the two Caravaggios, the one a colour-grinder, the other a mortar-carrier at the Vatican; Salvator Rosa, the associate of bandits; Giotto, the peasant boy; Zingaro, the gipsy; Cavedone, turned out of doors to beg by his father; Canova, the stone-cutter; these, and many other well-known artists, succeeded in achieving distinction by severe study and labour, under circumstances the most adverse.

Nor have the most distinguished artists of our own country been born in a position of life more than ordinarily favourable to the culture of artistic genius. Gainsborough and Bacon were the sons of cloth-workers; Barry was an Irish sailor-boy, and Maclise a banker's apprentice at Cork; Opie and Romney, like Inigo Jones, were carpenters; West was the son of a small Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania; Northcote was a watchmaker, Jackson a tailor, and Etty a printer; Reynolds, Wilson, and Wilkie were the sons of clergymen; Lawrence was the son of a publican, and Turner of a barber. Several of our painters, it is true, originally had some connection with art, though in a very humble way,—such as Flaxman, whose father sold plaster casts; Bird, who ornamented tea-trays; Martin, who was a coach-painter; Wright and Gilpin, who were ship-painters; Chantrey, who was a carver and gilder; and David Cox, Stanfield, and Roberts, who were scene-painters.

It was not by luck or accident that these men achieved distinction, but by sheer industry and hard work. Though some achieved wealth, yet this was rarely, if ever, their ruling motive. Indeed, no mere love of money could sustain the efforts of the artist in his early career of self-denial and application. The pleasure of the pursuit has always been its best reward; the wealth which followed but an accident. Many noble-minded artists have preferred following the bent of their genius, to chaffering with the public for terms. Spagnoletto verified in his life the beautiful fiction of Xenophon, and after he had acquired the means of luxury, preferred withdrawing himself from their influence, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labour. When Michael Angelo was asked his opinion respecting a work which a painter had taken great pains to exhibit for profit, he said, "I think that he will be a poor fellow so long as he shows such an extreme eagerness to become rich."

Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Michael Angelo was a great believer in the force of labour; and he held that there was nothing which the imagination conceived that could not be embodied in marble, if the hand were made vigorously to obey the mind. He was himself one of the most indefatigable of workers; and he attri-

buted his power of studying for a greater number of hours than most of his contemporaries to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day when employed at his work; and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labours. On these occasions it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he chiselled, on the summit of a pasteboard cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too wearied to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work so soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favourite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it bearing the inscription, *Ancora imparo!* Still I am learning.

Titian, also, was an indefatigable worker. His celebrated "Pietro Martire" was eight years in hand, and his "Last Supper" seven. In his letter to Charles V. he said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper' after working at it almost daily for seven years—*dopo sette anni lavorandovi quasi continuamente.*" Few think of the patient labour and long training involved in the greatest works of the artist. They seem easy and quickly accomplished, yet with how great difficulty has this ease been acquired. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labour. "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Once when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoken, he made answer, "I am continually painting it within myself." It was eminently characteristic of the industry of the late Sir Augustus Callcott, that he made not fewer than forty separate sketches in the composition of his famous picture of "Rochester." This constant repetition is one of the main conditions of success in art, as in life itself.

No matter how generous nature has been in bestowing the gift of genius, the pursuit of art is nevertheless a long and continuous labour. Many artists have been precocious, but without diligence their precocity would have come to nothing. The anecdote related of West is well known. When only seven years old, struck with the beauty of the sleeping infant of his eldest sister whilst watching by its cradle, he ran to seek some paper, and forthwith drew its portrait in red and black ink. The little incident revealed the artist in him, and it was found impossible to draw him from his bent. West might have been a greater painter, had he not been injured by too early success: his fame, though great, was not purchased by study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring.

Richard Wilson, when a mere child, indulged himself with tracing figures of men and animals on the walls of his father's house with a burned stick. He first directed his attention to portrait-painting; but when in Italy, calling one day at the house of Zucarelli, and growing weary with waiting, he began painting the scene on which his friend's chamber window looked. When Zucarelli arrived, he was so charmed with the picture that he asked if Wilson had not studied landscape, to which he replied that he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try; for you are sure of great success." Wilson adopted the advice, studied and worked hard, and became our first great English landscape-painter.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, forgot his lessons, and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father was accustomed to rebuke him. The boy was destined for the profession of physic, but his strong instinct for art could not be repressed, and he became a painter. Gainsborough went sketching, when a schoolboy, in the woods of Sudbury; and at twelve he was a confirmed artist: he was a keen observer and a hard worker,—no picturesque feature of any scene he had once looked upon escaping his diligent pencil. William Blake, a hosier's son, employed himself in drawing designs on the backs of his father's shop-bills, and making sketches on the counter. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colours was purchased for him, and his father, desirous of turning his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays! Out of this trade he gradually raised himself, by study and labour, to the rank of a Royal Academician.

Hogarth, though a very dull boy at his lessons, took pleasure in making drawings of the letters of the alphabet, and his school exercises were more remarkable for the ornaments with which he embellished them, than for the matter of the exercises themselves. In the latter respect he was beaten by all the blockheads of the school, but in his adornments he stood alone. His father put him apprentice to a silversmith, where he learned to draw, and also to engrave spoons and forks with crests and ciphers. From silver-chasing he went on to teach himself engraving on copper, principally griffins and monsters of heraldry, in the course of which practice he became ambitious to delineate the varieties of human character.

The singular excellence which he reached in this art was mainly the result of careful observation and study. He had the gift, which he sedulously cultivated, of committing to memory the precise features of any remarkable face, and afterwards reproducing them on paper; but if any singularly fantastic form or *outré* face came in his way he would make a sketch of it on the spot, upon his thumb-nail, and carry it home to expand at his leisure. Everything fantastical and original had a powerful attraction for him, and he wandered into many out-of-the-way places for the purpose of meeting with character. By this careful storing of his mind he was afterwards enabled to crowd an immense amount of thought and treasured observation into his works. Hence it is that Hogarth's pictures are so truthful a memorial of the character, the manners, and even the very thoughts of the times in which he lived. True painting, he himself observed, can only be learned in one school, and that is kept by Nature. But he was not a highly cultivated man, except in his own walk. His school education had been of the slenderest kind, scarcely even perfecting him in the art of spelling; his self-culture did the rest. For a long time he was in very straitened circumstances, but nevertheless worked on with a cheerful heart. Poor though he was, he contrived to live within his small means, and he boasted, with becoming pride, that he was "a punctual paymaster." When he had conquered all his difficulties and become a famous and thriving man, he loved to dwell upon his early labours and privations, and to fight over again the battle which ended so honourably to him as a man and so gloriously as an artist. "I remember the time," said he on one occasion, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets."

"Industry and perseverance" was the motto of the sculptor Banks, which he acted on himself, and strongly recommended to others. His well-known kindness induced many aspiring youths to call upon him and ask for his advice and assistance; and it is related that one day a boy called at his door to see him with this object, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks overhearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door with some drawings in his hand. "What do you want with me?" asked the sculptor. "I want, sir, if you please, to be admitted to draw at the Academy." Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining them, he said, "Time enough for the Academy, my little man! go home—mind your schooling—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo—and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home—sketched and worked with redoubled diligence—and, at the end of the month, called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better; but again Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door, his drawing much improved; and Banks bid him be of good cheer, for if spared he would distinguish himself. The boy was Mulready; and the sculptor's augury was amply fulfilled.

The fame of Claude Lorraine is partly explained by his indefatigable industry. Born at Champagne, in Lorraine, of poor parents, he was first apprenticed to a pastry-cook. His brother, who was a wood-carver, afterwards took him into his shop to learn that trade. Having there shown indications of artistic skill, a travelling dealer persuaded the brother to allow Claude to accompany him to Italy. He assented, and the young man reached Rome, where he was shortly after engaged by Agostino Tassi, the landscape-painter, as his house-servant. In that capacity Claude first learned landscape-painting, and in course of time he began to produce pictures. We next find him making the tour of Italy, France, and Germany, occasionally resting by the way to paint landscapes, and thereby replenish his purse. On returning to Rome he found an increasing demand for his works, and his reputation at length became European. He was unwearied in the study of nature in her various aspects. It was his practice to spend a great part of his time in closely copying buildings, bits of ground, trees, leaves, and such like, which he finished in detail, keeping the drawings by him in store for the purpose of introducing them in his studied landscapes. He also gave close attention to the sky, watching it for whole days from morning till night, and noting the various changes occasioned by the passing clouds and the increasing and waning light. By this constant practice he acquired, although it is said very slowly, such a mastery of hand and eye as eventually secured for him the first rank among landscape-painters.

Turner, who has been styled "the English Claude," pursued a career of like laborious industry. He was destined by his father for his own trade of a barber, which he carried on in

London, until one day the sketch which the boy had made of a coat of arms on a silver salver having attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving, the latter was urged to allow his son to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to follow art as a profession. Like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that his circumstances were so straitened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble it might be. He was glad to hire himself out at half-a-crown a night to wash in skies in Indian ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterwards; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slurring over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus laboured was sure to do much; and his growth in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise." But Turner's genius needs no panegyric; his best monument is the noble gallery of pictures bequeathed by him to the nation, which will ever be the most lasting memorial of his fame.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

"They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses."—Isaiah xliv. 4.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest bows are twining
Of the greenest darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

—*The Christian Year.*

SONG.

The sun is careering in glory and might
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

M. R. MITFORD.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither; that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blessed with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my

life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common— –

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" so say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; —let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As, for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. —— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se;* I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good-man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new minted ings.*

Innumerable are the ways which they take

to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose; till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good-man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which rivetted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. —— as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ——." One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. —— did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners; for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum; therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ——.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations.

Let them amend and change their manners,
or I promise to record the full-length English
of their names, to the terror of all such des-
perate offenders in future.

AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.[1]

Jack Doran's cottage, from a bare hillside,
Look'd out across the bogland black and wide,
Where some few ridges broke the swarthy soil,
A patch of culture, won with patient toil.
The walls were mud, around an earthen floor,
Straw-ropes held on the thatch, and by his door
A screen of wattles fenced the wind away,
For open wide from morn till dusk it lay,
A stool perhaps across, for barring out
The too familiar porker's greedy snout.
Thieves were undreamt-of, vagrants not repell'd,
The poor man's dole the pauper's budget swell'd,
A gift of five potatoes, gently given,
Or fist of meal, repaid with hopes of Heaven.

There Jack and Maureen, Neal their only son,
And daughter Bridget, saw the seasons run;
Poor but contented peasants, warm and kind,
Of hearty manners, and religious mind;
Busy to make their little corner good,
And full of health, upon the homeliest food.
They tasted flesh-meat hardly thrice a year,
Crock-butter, when the times were not too dear,
Salt herring as a treat, as luxury
For Sunday mornings and cold weather, tea;
Content they were if milk the noggins crown'd,
What time their oatmeal-stirabout went round,
Or large potatoes, teeming from the pot,
Descended to the basket, smoking hot,—
Milk of its precious butter duly stript,
Wherewith to Lisnamoy young Biddy tripp'd.
Not poor they seem'd to neighbours poorer still,
As Doran's father was, ere bog and hill
Gave something for his frugal fight of years
'Gainst marsh and rock, and furze with all its spears,
And round the cottage an oasis green
Amidst the dreary wilderness was seen.
Two hardy cows the pail and churn supplied.
Short-legg'd, big-boned, with rugged horns and wide,
That each good spot among the heather knew,
And every blade that by the runnels grew,
Roved on the moor at large, but meekly came
With burden'd udders to delight the dame,
And in its turn the hoarded stocking swell'd
Which envious neighbours in their dreams beheld;
At thought whereof were bumpkins fain to cast
Sheep's eyes at comely Bridget as she pass'd
With napkin-shaded basket many a morn;
But every bumpkin Bridget laugh'd to scorn.

Who at an evening dance more blithe than she?—
With steps and changes, modest in their glee,
So true she foots it, and so hard to tire,
Whilst Phil the Fiddler's elbow jerks like fire.
That courting couples turn their heads to look.
And elders praise her from the chimney-nook
Amidst their pipes, old stories, and fresh news.
From twenty decent boys might Bridget choose:
For, put the jigs aside, her skill was known
To help a neighbour's work, or speed her own.
And where at *kemp* or *kayley*[2] could be found
One face more welcome, all the country round?
Mild oval face, a freckle here and there,
Clear eyes, broad forehead, dark abundant hair,
Pure placid look that show'd a gentle nature.
Firm, unperplex'd, were hers; the Maiden's stature
Graceful arose, and strong, to middle height,
With fair round arms, and footstep free and light;
She was not showy, she was always neat,
In every gesture native and complete,
Disliking noise, yet neither dull nor slack.
Could throw a rustic banter briskly back.
Reserved but ready, innocently shrewd,—
In brief, a charming flower of Womanhood.

The girl was rich, in health, good temper, beauty,
Work to be done, amusement after duty,
Clear undistracted mind, and tranquil heart.
Well-wishers, in whose thoughts she had her part,
A decent father, a religious mother,
The pride of all the parish in a brother,
And Denis Coyle for sweetheart, where the voice
Of Jack and Maureen praised their daughter's choice.

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[1] From *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland, or the New Landlord*, a poem in twelve chapters (Macmillan & Co.) In his preface to a new edition (1869) Mr. Allingham says: "Seven centuries are nearly finished since the political connection began between England and Ireland; and yet Ireland remains to this hour not a well-known country to the general British public. To do something, however small, towards making it better understood, is the aim of this little book." He adds that since the poem "first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, the aspect of Irish affairs has changed in several particulars," and refers, with satisfaction, to the increased attention given to them by Parliament.

[2] *Kemp*, a meeting of girls for sewing, spinning, or other work, ending with a dance. *Kayley*, a casual gathering of neighbours for gossip.

More could she ask for? grief and care not yet,
Those old tax-gatherers, dunn'd her for their debt;
Youth's joyous landscape round her footsteps lay,
And her own sunshine made the whole world gay.

Jack and his wife, through earlier wedded years,
Untroubled with far-sighted hopes and fears,
Within their narrow circle not unskill'd,
Their daily duties cautiously fulfill'd
Of house and farm, of bargain and of pray'r;
And gave the Church and gave the Poor a share;
Each separate gift by angels put in score
As plain as though 'twere chalk'd behind the door.
The two themselves could neither write nor read,
But of their children's lore were proud indeed,
And most of Neal, who step by step had pass'd
His mates, and trod the master's heels at last.

When manly, godly counsels took the rule,
And open'd to her young a freer school,
Poor Erin's good desire was quickly proved;
Learning she loves, as long ago she loved.
The peasant, sighing at his own defect,
Would snatch his children from the same neglect;
From house and hut, by hill and plain, they pour
In tens of thousands to the teacher's floor;
Across the general island seems to come
Their blended voice, a pleasing busy hum.
Our little Bridget, pretty child, was there,
And Neal, a quick-eyed boy with russet hair,
Brisk as the month of March, yet with a grace
Of meditative sweetness in his face;
To Learning's Temple, which made shift to stand
In cowhouse form on great Sir Ulick's land
(Who vex'd these schools with all his pompous might
Nor would, for love or money, grant a site),
Each morn with merry step they cross'd the hill,
And soon could read with pleasure, write with skill,
Amaze from print their parents' simple wit,
Decipher New-world letters cramply writ;
But Neal, not long content with primers, redd
"Rings round him," as his mother aptly said;
Sought far for books, devour'd whate'er he found,
And peep'd through loopholes from his narrow bound.

Good Maureen gazed with awe on pen and ink,
On books with blindest reverence. Whilst we think
The Dark and Middle Ages flown away,
Their population crowds us round to-day;
So slowly moves the world. Our dame believed,
Firmly as saints and angels she received,
In witchcraft, lucky and unlucky times,
Omens and charms, and fairy-doctors' rhymes
To help a headache, or a cow fall'n dry;
Strong was the malice of an evil eye;
She fear'd those hags of dawn, who skimm'd the well,
And robb'd the churning by their May-day spell;
The *gentle* race, whom youngsters now neglect,
From Mary never miss'd their due respect;
And when a little whirl of dust and straws
Rose in her pathway, she took care to pause
And cross herself; a twine of rowan-spray,
An ass's shoe, might keep much harm away;
Saint Bridget's candle, which the priest had blest,
Was stored to light a sick-bed. For the rest,
She led a simple and contented life,
Sweet-temper'd, dutiful, as maid and wife;
Her husband's wisdom from her heart admired,
And in her children's praises never tired.

Jack was a plodding man, who deem'd it best
To hide away the wisdom he possess'd;
Of scanty words, avoiding all dispute;
But much experience in his mind had root;
Most deferential, yet you might surprise
A secret scanning in the small gray eyes;
Short, active, though with labour's trudge, his legs;
His knotted fingers, like rude wooden pegs,
Still firm of grip; his breath was slow and deep;
His hair unbleach'd with time, a rough black heap.
Fond, of a night, to calmly sit and smoke,
While neighbours plied their argument or joke,
To each he listen'd, seldom praised or blamed,
All party-spirit prudently disclaim'd,
Repeating, with his wise old wrinkled face,
"I never knew it help a poor man's case;"
And when they talk'd of "tyrants," Doran said
Nothing, but suck'd his pipe and shook his head.

In patient combat with a barren soil,
Jack saw the gradual tilth reward his toil,
Where first his father as a cottier came
On patch too poor for other man to claim.
Jack's father kept the hut against the hill
With daily eightpence earned by sweat and skill;
Three sons grew up; one hasted over sea,
One married soon, fought hard with poverty,
Sunk, and died young; the eldest boy was Jack,
Young herd and spadesman at his father's back,
With every hardship sturdily he strove,
To fair or distant ship fat cattle drove,
(Not theirs, his father had a single cow),
And cross'd the narrow tides to reap and mow.
A fever burn'd away the old man's life;
Jack had the land, the hovel, and a wife;
And in the chimney's warmest corner sat
His good old mother, with her favourite cat.

Manus, now dead (long since, on "cottier-take,"
Allow'd cheap lodgment for his labour's sake),

Contriving days and odd half-days to snatch,
By slow degrees had tamed the savage patch
Beside his hut, driven back the stubborn gorse,
Whose pounded prickles meanwhile fed his horse;
And crown'd the cut-out bog with many a sheaf
Of speckled oats, and spread the dark-green leaf
Where plaited white or purple blooms unfold
To look on summer with an eye of gold,
Potato-blossoms, namely. Now, be sure,
A larger rent was paid; nor, if secure
Of foot-sole place where painfully he wrought,
Would Manus grumble. Year by year he sought
A safeguard; but the Landlord still referr'd
Smoothly to Agent, Agent merely heard,
And answer'd—"We'll arrange it by-and-by;
Meanwhile, you're well enough, man; let it lie,"—
Resolved to grant no other petty lease,
The ills of petty farming to increase.
Old Manus gone, and Bloomfield's father gone,
Sir Ulick Harvey's guardian rule came on;
And so at last Jack found his little all
At Viceroy Pigot's mercy, which was small.
With more than passive discontent he look'd
On tenancies like Jack's, and ill had brook'd
The whisper of their gains. He stood one day,
Filling the petty household with dismay,
Within their hut, and saw that Paudeen Dhu,
The bailiff, when he called it "snug," spoke true.

The patch'd, unpainted, but substantial door,
The well-fill'd dresser, and the level floor,
Clean chairs and stools, a gaily-quilted bed,
The weather-fast though grimy thatch o'erhead,
The fishing rods and reels above the fire,
Neal's books, and comely Bridget's neat attire,
Express'd a comfort which the rough neglect
That reign'd outside forbade him to expect.
Indeed, give shrewd old cautious Jack his way,
The house within had shown less neat array,
Who held the maxim that, in prosperous case,
'Tis wise to show a miserable face;
A decent hat, a wife's good shawl or gown
For higher rent may mark the farmer down;
Beside your window shun to plant a rose
Lest it should draw the prowling bailiff's nose,
Nor deal with whitewash, lest the cottage lie
A target for the bullet of his eye;
Rude be your fence and field—if trig and trim
A cottier shows them, all the worse for him.
To scrape, beyond expenses, if he can,
A silent stealthy penny, is the plan
Of him who dares it—a suspected man!
With tedious, endless, heavy-laden toil,
Judged to have thieved a pittance from the soil.
But close in reach of Bridget's busy hand
Dirt and untidiness could scarcely stand;
And Neal, despite his father's sense of guilt,
A dairy and a gable-room had built,
And by degrees the common kitchen graced
With many a touch of his superior taste.

The peasant draws a low and toilsome lot;
Poorer than all above him?—surely not.
Conscious of useful strength, untaught to care
For smiling masquerade and dainty fare,
With social pleasures, warmer if less bland,
Companionship and converse nigh at hand,
If sad, with genuine sorrows, well-defined,
His life brought closer to a simpler mind;
He's friends with earth and cloud, plant, beast, and bird;
His glance, by oversubtleties unblurr'd,
At human nature, flies not much astray;
Afoot he journeys but enjoys the way.
Th' instinctive faith, perhaps, of such holds best
To that ideal truth, the power and zest
Of all appearance; limitation keeps
Their souls compact; light cares they have, sound sleeps;
Their day, within a settled course begun,
Brings wholesome task, advancing with the sun.
The sure result with satisfaction sees,
And fills with calm a well-earn'd hour of ease.
Nay, gold, whose mere possession less avails,
Far-glittering, decks the world with fairy-tales
Who grasp at poison, trigger, cord, or knife?—
Seldom the poorest peasant tires of life.

Mark the great evil of a low estate;
Not Poverty, but Slavery,—one man's fate
Too much at mercy of another's will.
Doran has prosper'd, but is trembling still.
Our Agent's lightest word his heart can shake,
The Bailiff's bushy eyebrow bids him quake.

. . . . . .

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky!

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

TOMASO AND PEPINA.

[William Gilbert, born in London, 1806—a descendant of an old Salisbury family. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and M.D. of Paris; but he retired from the profession of medicine about thirty-five years ago. In literature he has earned a high reputation as a novelist. Critics have repeatedly compared his style to that of Defoe, and occasionally he displays some of those characteristics which most distinguished Hawthorne. His chief works are: *Shirley Hall Asylum; De Profundis; Dr. Austin's Guests; The Wizard of the Mountain*, &c. From the last-mentioned work (published by Strahan & Co.) we quote the following tale.]

On a small farm in the Bresciano lived an old working couple, Tomaso and Pepina. They were frugal, industrious, and pious. The few inhabitants of the secluded village in which they resided much respected them; but beyond it they were unknown. Besides their other good qualities, they were very much attached to each other; and both being by nature amiably disposed, their lives had passed very happily in each other's society. Though not poor, they were far from being rich, yet they did not envy their richer neighbours, but were content with what God had given them. They had but one cause for anxiety. The little farm on which they lived was not their own; and the landlord had frequently spoken of dispossessing them, in order to add the land to his own farm. But something or other had always turned up to induce him to delay carrying his idea into practice, prior to the date of our narrative, when they received a peremptory notice to quit within the space of a week.

By a singular coincidence, on the same day they received this order, intelligence reached them that a cousin of Tomaso's, an old bachelor, who resided near Menaggio, and whom he had not seen for more than thirty years, was dead, and had left Tomaso his farm, with the house and furniture. The worthy couple, late in life though it was for them to remove to a new dwelling, determined to go and reside in it. Many long and anxious debates took place, however, before they came to this resolution. Their principal objection was that they were not acquainted with any one in the neighbourhood of the new dwelling, and that they should leave behind them friends whom they loved and respected. They had but one alternative, however—they must remove, or starve; and they chose the former, sorely as it grieved them to do so. As they had heard on good authority that the house left them was amply furnished, they sold all they had in their old dwelling with the exception of a modest stock of clothing, which could be tied up in a bundle. After a painful leave-taking with their friends, they engaged the driver of a cart, who was returning to Lecco, to carry them with him so far on their journey, as they intended to make that town their first halting-place.

For some time after they had quitted the village both husband and wife gave full vent to their tears; while the driver of the cart, prompted by a feeling of delicacy, pretended not to see them, but walked quietly beside his horse's head, looking straight along the road before him. After they had been about an hour on their journey, Tomaso said to his wife—

"It's very hard for people at our time of life to be turned out of house and home at a week's notice, isn't it, Pepina?"

"So it is, dear," was the reply; "but still we ought to be thankful that we have another good home to go to, when so many poor creatures are wandering about in these hard times without a roof to shelter them."

"True, wife; but for all that, it's a hard thing to have to leave against one's will. I trust we shall be as happy in our new home as we were in our last."

"There's little fear of that," said Pepina; "our happiness will be, in a great measure, in our own hands. I have no doubt we shall be as happy in the new house as we have been in the one we have left."

"It will be no fault of mine if we are not," said Tomaso.

"That I know," said his wife. "You have been a good husband to me for the last fifty years, and I am sure there is no danger of your changing now."

"Fifty years!" said the driver, who, finding his passengers had so far recovered as to allow them the use of their tongues, had gradually slackened his pace, and had fallen back from the horse's head in a line with Tomaso and Pepina as they were seated in the cart. "Fifty years! Why, you don't mean to say you have been married so long as that."

"Very nearly," said Pepina; "we want only five days of it. Next Sunday we shall have been married fifty years."

"And a very happy time we have had of it," said Tomaso. "I should like to live as much longer."

"I don't know that we should gain much by it," said his wife. "At our time of life we have as many infirmities as we can well bear; and how many we should have when we had

lived fifty, or even twenty years more, would be even terrible to think of. No, old man, we are better off as we are, unless we could find somebody to make us young again, and that is not very likely, I should think."

"I don't know that," said the driver, who was a native of Lecco. "There is a wonderful astrologer in our parts, who, they say, can make people young again. Not that I know any case of the kind; though, I must say, I have heard of some extraordinary things he has done, which no common man could do."

"Where does he live?" inquired Pepina.

"In the slope of the mountains, behind the horns of Cantu."

"But perhaps," said Pepina, with a pious shudder, "he may be in league with the Evil One."

"I know nothing about that," said the driver in a somewhat careless tone; "but I should rather think he is not. I never heard of him doing any harm to any one, but I have heard of a good many he has been kind to, especially the poor."

"That don't look as if there was much wrong in him," said both husband and wife at the same time.

Conversation was carried on in this amicable manner until the cart arrived at Lecco, when Tomaso and his wife bade adieu to the friendly driver. Carrying the bundle which contained their clothes, they proceeded to a small inn, where they engaged a room for the night, determining to continue their journey the next day. In the evening they entered into conversation with some of the inmates of the house; and, by chance, the Innominato and his wonderful powers were mentioned. Tomaso and his wife (who had felt greatly interested in the details given by the driver respecting that singular individual) listened attentively, and made many inquiries. The answers they received had only the effect of greatly increasing their curiosity. When they retired for the night, Tomaso said to his wife,—

"I wish we could only find out the place where that astrologer lives. If we could, I should be much tempted to pay him a visit to-morrow."

"For what purpose?" inquired Pepina.

"I should like to know whether he could make us young again. If he could, it would go a great way to reconcile me to our removal."

"I should like it as much as you," said the old woman. "But if he can do so, I am afraid he would require more money than we have to give him."

"That we should know more about when we saw him," said Tomaso. "Even though we found that he wanted more than we could pay, we should be no worse off than we are now. But from what the driver told us, as well as what we heard this evening, he is not likely to be hard upon a poor old couple. I'll tell you what I will do. To-morrow I will inquire if he lives far from here, and, if not, we will go and see him. It will do us no harm, even though we come back no better off than when we went."

"With all my heart," said the old woman. "I am sure, if we succeed, it would give me as much pleasure as it would you."

Next morning Tomaso rose at daybreak, and made many inquiries respecting the astrologer's abode, and the best method of reaching it. He found that they could arrive at it in the course of the day; so the old couple, after making a hearty breakfast, Tomaso shouldering his bundle, started for the castle of the Innominato ["the Wizard of the Mountain"]. It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Hospice, where they remained while a servant took in their message. In a few minutes he returned and informed them that, if they would follow him to the castle, his master would see them immediately. On their arrival they were ushered into the presence of the Innominato, whom they found in his study, engaged in some chemical experiments, assisted by one of his servants. So deeply intent was he in his work, that it was some minutes before he was aware of their presence—a somewhat fortunate circumstance for them; for they were so overwhelmed by the mysterious aspect of the place, and the imposing appearance of the astrologer, that it is probable neither would have been able to address him. But presently the astrologer turned round, and seeing his two visitors, and the expression of bewilderment on their countenances, he addressed them with great kindness of tone and manner. After requesting them to be seated, he inquired the purpose of their visit.

"Learned sir," said Tomaso—rising from his seat, and, evidently in great fear, bowing to the astrologer most obsequiously—"we have heard that you are very kind to poor people, and that you can perform very wonderful things, so we have come to ask you to do us a great favour. At the same time, we hope you will not be offended at our boldness: and we are ready to pay you as much as we can afford."

"As you say you do not intend to offend me," said the astrologer, "I will take no offence. At the same time, understand that I

accept money from no one. Tell me plainly and conscientiously what you wish, and I will oblige you if I can; for, by aid of my science, I know you are a worthy old couple."

"Many thanks, Illustrissimo," said Tomaso, greatly encouraged by his kind reception; "we are much obliged to you for your good opinion. The truth is, we are much attached to each other, and have lived a very happy life together for many years. What we want to ask you is, whether you could make us young again, as we are now getting very old. We have been married fifty years come next Sunday."

"I am sorry I have not the power to oblige you," said the astrologer. "One of you I could make young again, but not both; that is far beyond my power. If that will meet your views, and you can settle between you which of the two it shall be, I am ready to oblige you."

For some seconds Tomaso and his wife remained silent, looking at each other in a state of great perplexity. At last Pepina said—

"I am obliged to your excellency for the offer, but, for my own part, I decline it. I should like to be young again if my husband could be so too; but I have no wish to change if he must remain old. Whatever good I may get I always like to share it with him."

"And I am of the same opinion," said Tomaso. "I have no wish to be young if she is to remain old. We will now leave you, sir, if you cannot make us both young; but, at the same time, we are much obliged to you for your condescension in receiving us." So saying, he rose, and taking up his bundle, prepared to depart.

"Stop one moment," said the astrologer. "I wish to oblige you as far as I can, and I have another proposition to make, though I hardly think you will agree to it. I cannot make you both young—my power being limited—but I can divide the gift. I can make one of you young and beautiful in appearance, but whichever of you it may be, must retain the grave method of thinking and speaking of old age. The other must keep the appearance of age, but shall have the mind and spirits of youth—gay, buoyant, and enthusiastic. Now what do you say to my offer? If you are satisfied with it, you can decide between yourselves which portion of the gift you would each like to accept."

Again Tomaso and his wife were silent for some seconds, both being evidently inclined to accept the offer of the astrologer.

"I see," he continued, "that you both like the idea. Before you definitely decide, however, let me urge you to consider well what you are about to accept, as very likely you will both be exposed to the ridicule of your friends when you return home."

"We are not going to our old home," said Tomaso, "but to a farm near Menaggio, where nobody knows us. We have hitherto lived in the Bresciano."

"That entirely alters the case," said the astrologer. "But other inconveniences may possibly arise, therefore think well over the matter before you decide."

"I have made up my mind, sir," said Tomaso. "Give me but the spirits of youth, and I am perfectly content to wear the appearance of old age."

"And what do you say?" said the astrologer, addressing Pepina.

The old woman hung her head with an absurd appearance of modesty, but made no reply.

"If you do not give me an answer," said the astrologer, "I can do nothing for either."

Still Pepina was silent.

"Then the bargain is dropped," said the astrologer, turning again to the experiment he was performing, "and we will say no more about it."

"I will do just as my husband pleases, sir," said Pepina quickly, and evidently alarmed.

"And I wish her to be young and beautiful," said Tomaso, "but to remain discreet and steady, as she now is."

"Very well," said the astrologer, "then we are all agreed. Go now to the Hospice, where you can remain for the night. But remember, you must, without a lamp or any other light, rise before daybreak and start on your journey. As the sun rises, you will gradually undergo the transformation you wish—the one in mind and the other in body. One word more. You are a good old couple, and in case you should find that you do not like your altered condition after you have tried it, I will give you an opportunity of returning to your present state, should you desire it. On Sunday next you say you will have been married fifty years. If at any time before midnight on Saturday you should both wish to be restored to your former condition of life, you can do so; but remember, you must be agreed on the subject. Now you can leave me."

The old couple now quitted the presence of the Innominato, and descended to the Hospice, where a good supper had been prepared for them. After partaking of it they retired to their room, but not to sleep—so fearful and anxious were they lest the sun might rise be-

fore they awoke and were able to carry out the instructions of the astrologer.

It wanted considerably more than an hour of daybreak when they left the house to commence their journey. For some time their progress was trifling, for the night was dark, their eyesight dim, and the path somewhat difficult to keep. After they had proceeded about a mile from the castle, the old man commenced to sing, at the top of his cracked voice, a warrior's song, which drew from Pepina rather a sharp remark on the folly of his behaviour—singing in such an absurd manner, instead of carefully looking which way they were going, while they were on the edge of a precipice. Tomaso, in obedience to his wife's wishes, stopped his singing for some minutes, but he soon burst out again still louder than before, at the same time using the most ludicrous gesticulations, as if he saw an enemy before him whom he was about to attack. Pepina now got fairly angry, and fractiously told him not to make an old fool of himself. Tomaso stopped his singing a second time, and good-naturedly turned round to say something conciliatory to his wife, when a faint ray of the coming dawn passing through a cleft in the mountains allowed him to gain a tolerably distinct view of her face. He gazed at her in silent astonishment, for she now appeared a buxom woman of about fifty years of age—stout, well-made, erect, and hearty. Pepina seemed at a loss to understand her husband's astonishment, and somewhat angrily inquired what he saw to make him stare at her in that silly manner.

"See in you?" said Tomaso, almost breathless with surprise—"see in you? Why, a very handsome woman. Don't you think that is a very good excuse for staring at you? I declare you are twice as plump as you were before we went to the astrologer."

Pepina now felt her own arms, and then took as good a look at her person as the faint light of day would enable her to do. She could easily perceive that her form was greatly changed for the better. She, however, expressed no pleasure at this, but said, in a fractious tone—

"It was well worth while, indeed, to spend the whole of yesterday, wearing the soles off one's feet, to find out that conjuror, and then to be made fifty years of age! I suspect he is only a cheat after all. He promised me I should become young and beautiful, and he has made me fifty, if I'm a day. I would just as soon have kept as I was."

"Come, come, wife," said Tomaso, "don't be ungrateful. For a person at your time of life to have twenty years taken off their head in less than an hour is really a good deal gained."

"My time of life!" said Pepina, "my time of life, indeed! Look at your own. I can walk upright, at any rate, and that's more than you can do, try as much as you please."

They now entered a narrow valley hung with high trees, which so completely shut out the little light as to leave them again in total darkness. Here Pepina, finding that her husband moved along with great difficulty, offered to carry the bundle for him, saying that she was far stronger than he was. Tomaso took this offer very ill, and he told her he was not a man to require assistance from her or any other woman; and by way of proving his words hurried on before her, stumbling continually as he went. His ill-humour, however, soon vanished, and he again commenced to sing his warrior's song in the same absurd manner as before.

The road now opened up, being no longer overshadowed by trees. The daylight had now also increased so much that they could see a considerable distance before them. Tomaso still continued in front, singing his song, and taking no notice of his wife, who followed him silently and sedately.

Again their path lay along the side of a deep precipice, at the bottom of which rushed a swollen mountain-stream. Tomaso, on hearing the noise, looked below for a moment, and then continued his road, singing as lustily as ever. He also amused himself by walking at the extreme edge of the precipice, to Pepina's intense terror, for he stumbled incessantly, and appeared much fatigued.

"Come away from that dangerous place, you silly old man," she said. "Do you wish to break your neck? Come away, I say, and give me the bundle, for I see you are so tired you can hardly get along."

"That is not true," said Tomaso, turning round; "I was never stronger." Here he stopped speaking, and looked for some minutes in speechless astonishment at his wife, who now appeared a very handsome woman of thirty years of age. When she had reached him, she inquired what was the matter, that he had so suddenly become silent.

"Pepina," he said, "I cannot take my eyes off you. I never in my life saw a more beautiful woman than you have become. Give me a kiss."

"Nonsense, you silly old man," was her reply; "hold your tongue, and do not make a fool of yourself. Go on again, and keep away from the edge of the precipice."

But far from obeying her, Tomaso walked by her side, and attempted to make himself as agreeable as possible by saying all the sweet things which came into his head; to all of which Pepina lent either a deaf ear, or upbraided him for his folly. Finding his compliments had no other effect on her than to make her still more ill-tempered, he determined to try what singing would do, and immediately commenced a love-song, which he sang in a most impressive manner, but in so cracked a voice that he made himself perfectly ridiculous. It was not, however, without its effect on Pepina, who began to cry, and her husband, mistaking the cause, attempted to give a still more impassioned and pathetic tone to his voice, and by so doing made himself more absurd than ever.

Pepina still continuing to cry, her husband said to her,—"Why do you weep, my dear? Are you unhappy?" evidently thinking at the moment that she had melted into tears at the sweetness of his singing.

"Unhappy?" she replied; "how can I be otherwise, when I see an old man, who ought to know better, behaving so absurdly? You ought to be ashamed, croaking there like an old raven, and imagining that you are singing. If you have no respect for yourself, you ought at least to have a little for your wife's feelings."

Tomaso turned round to return her a sharp answer, but she looked so beautiful that he had not the heart to say anything unkind, and the pair walked on together for some time in silence; Tomaso, however, keeping close by the side of his wife.

Pepina, who had now dried her tears, wished in her turn to say something agreeable to her spouse, by way of smoothing away any little rancour against her that might still remain in his mind, and asked him in a kind tone whether he found his rheumatism better.

"My rheumatism!" he replied, tartly; "when I complain to you of it, you may then speak to me about it. I am no more rheumatic than you are. At the same time, I hope you don't suffer from your corns this morning as you did yesterday?"

"My corns, indeed!" said Pepina, with a toss of her head, and stopping to put out one of the prettiest little feet that could be seen in all Lombardy. "I should like to know where you would find them. But don't let us quarrel any more; but give me the bundle, for you must be getting tired, and I am a good deal stronger than you are."

Tomaso had too much gallantry to allow her to carry the bundle; and they now continued amicably enough on their road till they came to a roadside inn, at which they determined to stop for breakfast. They seated themselves at a table near the door, and the landlord soon spread before Tomaso some bread, cheese, and wine; his wife contenting herself with a cup of new milk, some fruit, and bread. When they had finished their meal, their host entered into conversation with them by asking how far they had travelled that morning. Tomaso told him only a few miles, saying nothing about his visit to the castle of the Innominato, and he then asked the landlord if they were far distant from Bellaggio.

"About four hours' walk," said the landlord, "Are you going to see any of the gay doings which are going on there?"

"I did not know that there were any," said Tomaso, delighted at the idea, while Pepina appeared to receive the news with perfect indifference. "What sort of gay doings are they?"

"Oh! there are a number of soldiers there, and very handsome young fellows they are; and they have excellent music."

"How fortunate!" said Tomaso.

"All the pretty girls for miles round are gathering there," continued the landlord; "and the soldiers, who are very gallant, dance with them every evening."

Tomaso's expression of countenance fell considerably at this information.

"If you are going to stop there any time, you had better take care," said the landlord, laughing, "or one of them will be running away with your pretty grand-daughter, as I suppose she is."

"You have made a very great mistake, my friend," said Tomaso, angrily. "She is my wife."

The landlord had so much difficulty in restraining his laughter at this information, that Tomaso noticed it, and was upon the point of saying something uncivil, when Pepina, fearing there might be an altercation, put in that they only intended stopping the night at Bellaggio, and then crossing over to the other side of the lake next morning.

"I think you would do wisely, old gentleman, if you kept to that resolution," said the landlord; "for, otherwise, I can assure you your pretty wife will have a great many admirers."

Tomaso was exceedingly displeased at the landlord's remark, and answered him very sharply. Even Pepina told him that he ought not to talk such nonsense, and that there was no one handsomer in her eyes than her husband;

at which the landlord burst into a very loud and rude laugh. Tomaso now got thoroughly into a passion, and after abusing the landlord soundly, he threw their reckoning on the table, and, snatching up his bundle, he and Pepina started on their journey again.

For some time they walked on silently together; Tomaso evidently sulky, though he said nothing. The truth was, he felt annoyed at the indifference Pepina showed to the landlord's remarks when he spoke of her beauty; and he seemed to think that she ought to have considered them as an insult, and shown proper and becoming spirit on the occasion. He then began to conjure up in his mind the possibility of her wishing to dance with the handsome young soldiers at Bellaggio. In all this, however, he did his wife a great injustice. The fact was, she cared nothing for gaieties of the kind. Her feelings were those of advanced age, she having, of course, undergone no mental change when she became beautiful; and although she might not have been, at the moment, angry when the landlord paid her the compliments (what woman would have been?), they had scarcely been uttered than they were forgotten, and her mind had reverted to the domestic duties she would have to perform at the new house, and what sort of a dwelling it would prove.

When they had arrived within two or three miles of Bellaggio, Tomaso, who had remained sullen and uneasy during the whole of the afternoon, suddenly complained of fatigue, and proposed to stay the night at a poor-looking little inn, instead of going further on. Pepina, however, not liking the appearance of the place, advised that they should continue their journey; whereupon Tomaso got into a great passion, and accused her of wishing to mix in the gaieties of Bellaggio, when nothing could have been further from the poor woman's thoughts. Her idea was simply that they would be able to find a more comfortable bed at Bellaggio than at the house where her husband proposed to remain. After they had passed the little inn a few hundred yards, Tomaso positively refused to go further, and Pepina, getting angry in her turn, was determined to go on; and her husband, telling her that she should, in that case, do it by herself, returned alone and inquired of the landlord whether he could give him a bed, and received in reply that he had not an unoccupied room in the house, it being full of soldiers who had been quartered on him.

On hearing this, Tomaso immediately left and hurried on after his wife. When they had arrived within two miles of their destination, they seated themselves on a bank by the side of the path, as they both began to feel fatigued by the unusual amount of exertion they had undergone. Presently they heard a noise in a thick clump of shrubs before them, as if some one was, with difficulty, making a way through, and a moment afterwards a young soldier made his appearance. He was remarkably handsome, and his fine figure appeared to still greater advantage from the attractive style of his uniform. His features were regular, and though he was somewhat sunburnt, this in no way detracted from his martial look; but his face at the time was rather flushed, for he was to all appearance partially intoxicated. For a moment he seemed surprised at the singular-looking couple before him, but recovering himself, he cast an impudent look on Pepina, and said,—

"What, tired, my pretty girl? I hope you are going my way, and then I can have the pleasure of offering you my arm."

"I neither want your arm nor your acquaintance," said Pepina. "Go on your way and leave us alone."

"Come, come, now," said the soldier, in a cajoling manner, and advancing close to her, "do not speak in that cruel manner. Ill-temper doesn't become such a pretty countenance, does it, old gentleman? Is this pretty girl your daughter or your grand-daughter?"

"Neither," said Tomaso, rising from the bank in a great passion at the impertinent behaviour of the soldier. "That lady is my wife."

"Your wife? Nonsense!" said the soldier. "You don't mean to tell me that that lovely creature could ever have chosen such a withered old baboon as you are?"

"I told you the truth," said Tomaso; "and what is more, if I hear any further impertinence from you, I will chastise you so severely that you will not forget the lesson the longest day you live."

The only answer the soldier gave to Tomaso's threat was a loud laugh, and then walking up to Pepina, who had also risen from the bank, and putting his arm round her waist, he said to her,—

"Come with me, my dear, and never mind him. You are far too handsome to be the wife of such a crabbed old fool as he is."

Pepina, enraged at the soldier's impertinence, told him to leave her alone; and by way of giving point to her words, she gave him a sound box on the ear.

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" said the sol-

dier. "There is the same penalty for that all the world over, and I claim it now." So saying, he put his arm round her neck and gave her a hearty kiss.

Both husband and wife now set upon him, and buffeted him soundly; indeed, so sudden and hearty were they in their attacks, that the soldier was completely taken by surprise. He struggled violently to disengage himself, but found it no easy matter, for their combined strength was quite equal to his own. At last, however, by a violent effort, he managed to release himself, and standing at a short distance, he remained for some moments to gather his scattered wits, so completely had they been dispersed by the vigorous attack of his two assailants. When he had somewhat succeeded, he said to Pepina,—

"I forgive you, young lady, for I cannot revenge myself upon you; but that amiable old gentleman shall suffer for his behaviour to-morrow morning, I can tell him. I suppose you are going to Bellaggio, and unfortunately I am going the other way. I am already somewhat behind time, and my sergeant is not particularly forgiving, so I must be off. But we shall meet again, old gentleman, and then, if you do not give me satisfaction, I will cudgel your old body till it is black and blue all over. Two hours after daybreak to-morrow I will be with you; so look for me." Saying this, he started off in the direction of the inn they had lately passed.

Tomaso and his wife now continued their road to Bellaggio, naturally very indignant at the behaviour of the soldier. Little conversation passed between the old couple, and at last there was a dead silence, which continued till darkness had set in. When they had come to within about a quarter of an hour's walk of Bellaggio, Pepina's attention was aroused by the sound of some one sobbing bitterly, and on listening more attentively, she found that it proceeded from Tomaso, who was walking a few paces in advance of her. She hastened up to him and found her suspicions were correct, and that he was crying like a child.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she said to him. "Why do you cry so? It is not, I hope, at the rude behaviour of the soldier. I think we have given him a good lesson, and we may now treat him with contempt."

"I do not care one straw about him; and if he puts his threat into force to-morrow, I think he will find me as completely his match as he did to-day," said Tomaso, totally ignoring the part Pepina had taken in the fray, which had been far more effective than his own. "I am unhappy from another cause. You are, in appearance, young and beautiful, while I am old and decrepit. All admire you, and all will ridicule me for having a wife so young and handsome; and I see that my life will, for the future, be one of utter misery, for I love you dearly, and cannot bear the idea of others paying you the attentions you will receive. I am afraid I made a very foolish bargain after all."

"But there is no difficulty in getting off it, you know, dear," said Pepina. "The astrologer told us that, if we repented of the transaction, we could change to our former condition any time before next Sunday, when we shall have been married fifty years."

"But if I do change," said Tomaso, still crying, "I do not see that I shall gain much by it. I shall then have an old man's mind in an old man's body; while you will still remain in person young and beautiful."

"But why should I remain young and beautiful?" said Pepina, artlessly. "He gave me the power to change if I wished it, as fully as he did to you."

"And you would really give up youth and beauty to please me?" said Tomaso, in a tone of mingled surprise and delight.

"Certainly," said his wife, "Why not? Just let us at once wish ourselves old again in mind and body, and so put an end to all unpleasantness between us."

Tomaso, of course, willingly agreed to this suggestion, and the transformation immediately took place. How it was effected it was impossible to say, so dense was the darkness around them. Tomaso's mind was now again that of an old man, while Pepina's form was once more that of an old woman, her body bent, and her step slow and difficult. At last they contrived to reach Bellaggio in safety, and they put up for the night at a little inn at the entrance to the town.

Next morning Tomaso rose early, and proceeded to the water-side to engage a boat to carry him and his wife over to Menaggio. Having secured one, he told the boatman to remain in readiness, as he would return in a few minutes. He then left the water-side, and was on his way back to the inn to fetch Pepina and settle with the landlord, when he heard some one calling out to him, "Stop, I say, you old baboon. You shan't escape me so easily as that."

On hearing the voice, Tomaso turned round and beheld the soldier of the previous evening, with a couple of swords under his arm, and a dozen of his comrades at his heels, advancing towards him.

"So I have found you, my friend," said the soldier. "You see I am a man of my word. And now, in the presence of my honourable comrades, I intend to wipe off the stain you put on my honour yesterday evening."

"Leave me alone," said Tomaso. "I want to have nothing to say to you."

"That I can easily imagine," said the soldier; "and I am perfectly willing to admit that it is not an unreasonable wish on your part. But, my friend, I take a totally different view of the case, and satisfaction for the insult you offered me yesterday I will have. I have brought with me a couple of good swords, so that you can have no excuse. Choose which you like, and you shall have fair play. By-the-by, where is your pretty wife? Yes, you may laugh, comrades," he continued; "but this old fellow has one of the handsomest girls for a wife I ever saw in my life. That I will say, although she was not particularly civil to me last night. No matter; I shall easily find the means to get into her good graces; and my first step shall be to rid her of her ugly old husband. I am sure she will be grateful to me for that, so this will be something gained. I only wish she were here now to see the pains I am taking to make her a widow."

This wish was immediately accomplished, for Pepina, who, witnessing the scene from the window of the inn, had guessed the soldier's intentions, now rushed through the crowd, and after buffeting the fellow's face severely, she seized him by the hair, which she pulled out by handfuls at a time—the soldier in vain attempting to rid himself of her.

"Comrades," he called out, "for heaven's sake take away this hag; I shall not have a hair left on my head if you don't."

But his companions, instead of assisting him, roared with laughter, and asked him jeeringly if this was the young beauty he had been raving so much about.

How long Pepina would have kept up the struggle it is impossible to say, had it not been put a stop to by the captain of the soldiers, who came forward to inquire the cause of the tumult.

"What is all this about?" he asked, as soon as some of the men, in obedience to his orders, had released their comrade from Pepina's clutches.

"He wanted to murder my husband, who is an infirm old man, and I am protecting him."

"And most efficiently, it appears," said the captain. "And now what is your version of the story?" he continued, addressing the soldier.

"In the first place, captain," said the soldier, "this hag is not the fellow's wife"—here he was interrupted by Pepina, who burst from the men holding her, and rushing on the soldier, assailed him even more vigorously than before, exclaiming at the same time, "How dare you say I am not his wife, when I have been married to him for fifty years? I will soon prove to you that I am."

Pepina was again drawn away from the soldier, and the captain inquired of Tomaso whether she was really his wife.

"She is, your excellency."

"Have you any complaint to make against the soldier?"

"I have, your excellency; and a great one too. He met us yesterday evening, and grossly insulted my wife; indeed, we had great difficulty in getting away from him."

"Well, what have you to say in your defence?" said the captain, turning to the soldier.

"I never insulted the old woman, captain, nor did I ever see her before. It is true I saw this fellow yesterday, but he was with a very beautiful young woman whom he called his wife."

The captain then inquired of Pepina whether she was with her husband the previous evening, and whether any other person had been with them. He received for answer that there was no one else present, and that she had not quitted her husband's society even for a minute during the whole of the day.

"Now," said the captain to the soldier, "one thing is clear to me; and that is, that you must have been drunk again yesterday evening; for no one in his sober senses could have mistaken this old woman for a handsome young girl. I have warned you many times that your drinking habits would at last bring you into disgrace, and you have paid no attention to these warnings. But I will now give you a lesson you will not easily forget. For one month you shall remain in irons; and the next time I hear any complaint against you, the sentence shall be confinement in irons for one year. Take him into custody," said the captain to his attendants, "and see that my orders are carried out."

The soldier was immediately removed, and the crowd shortly afterwards dispersed.

Tomaso, accompanied by his wife, and carrying his bundle, then went to the boat which he had engaged, and they were rowed across the lake to Menaggio. In the evening they arrived at their new dwelling, which they found very commodious, and in excellent condition. They resided in it during the remainder of their lives, without anything worthy of notice occurring to mar their happiness.

EXMOOR HARVEST-SONG.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

The corn, oh the corn, 'tis the ripening of the corn!
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is yelloon:
'Tis the harvesting of wheat, and the barley must be shorn.

(*Chorus.*)

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Here's to the corn, with the cups upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we'll reap again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The wheat, oh the wheat, 'tis the ripening of the wheat!
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red:
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labour sweet.

(*Chorus.*)

The wheat, oh the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat!
Here's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley is in prime!
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard abowing, till it can be mown!
'Tis the harvest, and the barley must abide its time.

(*Chorus.*)

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley ruddy brown!
Here's to the barley, with the beer upon the board!
We'll go amowing, soon as ever all the wheat is down;
When all is in the mow-yard, we'll stop, and thank the Lord.

The oats, oh the oats, 'tis the ripening of the oats!
All the day they have been dancing with their flakes of white,
Waiting for the girding-hook, to be the nags' delight:
'Tis the harvest, let them dangle in their skirted coats.

(*Chorus.*)

The oats, oh the oats, and the silver, silver oats!
Here's to the oats with the backstone on the board!
We'll go among them, when the barley has been laid in rotes:
When all is home to mow-yard, we'll kneel and thank the Lord.

The corn, oh the corn, and the blessing of the corn!
Come unto the door, my lads, and look beneath the moon,
We can see, on hill and valley, how it is yelloon,
With a breadth of glory, as when our Lord was born.

(*Chorus.*)

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Thanks for the corn, with our bread upon the board!
So shall we acknowledge it, before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the Lord.

—*From Lorna Doone.*

A VISION OF MIGHTY BOOK-HUNTERS.

[John Hill Burton, LL.D., F.R.S.E., born at Aberdeen, 22d August, 1809. Educated at Marischal College; called to the Scottish bar in 1831; appointed secretary to the Prison Board, Scotland, in 1854, and subsequently historiographer-royal for Scotland. Mr. Burton contributed to the *Westminster* and *Edinburgh Reviews* and to *Blackwood*. His principal works are: *The Life and Correspondence of David Hume; Lives of Simon, Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland; History of Scotland*, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection; *History of Scotland*, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688; *The Scot Abroad; The Book-Hunter;* and various legal works.]

As the first case, let us summon from the shades my venerable friend Archdeacon Meadow, as he was in the body. You see him now—tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive types, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbours is only too close and awful; for have not sometimes the female members of his household been known on occasion of some domestic emergency—or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief—to have been searching for him on from bookstall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns? Then, again, can one forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall—and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, "at any price," a great fish he has been patiently watching year after year. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumours about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. I have known him, indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, "Well, so be it—but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them."

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed my path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience.

Cruel as it may seem, I must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection—better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realized at the period of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen in passing the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from

the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the church so disguised.

The archdeacon lay under what, among a portion of the victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books—that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced apparition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment —petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is, with a certain school of book-collectors, a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage:—"'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——.' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon, 'you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?'"

Yes, the archdeacon read books—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks, for ardent students to cultivate into a rich harvest. In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralized on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-morocco-ite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind —efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be.

It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the

existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror which a bee is said to feel when an earwig comes into its cell. Presentation copies by authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such *dona ferentes* cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleep—for what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

These gods were a pantheon of a very extraordinary description, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call "miscellaneous articles of vertu." He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics, and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions, for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture he would not have—for his taste was exquisite—unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies, and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high a work of art or great a bargain. With his ever-accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant colour predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world around him. But each one of the mob of curious things he preserved had some story linking it with others, or with his peculiar fancies, and each one had its precise place in a sort of *epos*, as certainly as each of the persons in the confusion of a pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world were booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummelite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice—and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule.

One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping—it was of green silk, an obsolete colour ten years ago—and the handle was of a peculiar crosier-like formation in cast-horn, obviously not obtainable in the market. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and, bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still—except for his linen, which was snowy white—one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frowzy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonized with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness of manner, which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil—it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward wilful course, like everything else about him. He had a brilliant pen, too, when he

chose to wield it; but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers—some drawings and etchings in private collections all of his artistic. His collection, with its long train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a great auction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The Book-Hunter.

THE RETURN.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come! they come!"
And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man, whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came;
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

The younger twain, in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming, day by day
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when that long-promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth memory hold:
But soon the light of young remembrance shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unblest'd,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe, as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fulness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy!

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while;
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who, in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day!
For so that inward light by nature given
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way;
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

THE MAN WHO STOLE A MEETING-HOUSE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.[1]

On a recent journey to the Pennsylvania oil regions, I stopped one evening with a fellow-traveller at a village which had just been thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the exploits of a horse-thief. As we sat around the tavern hearth, after supper, we heard the particulars of the rogue's capture and escape fully discussed; then followed many another tale of theft and robbery, told amid curling puffs of tobacco-smoke; until, at the close of an exciting story, one of the natives turned to my travelling acquaintance, and, with a broad laugh, said, "Kin you beat that, stranger?"

"Well, I don't know,—maybe I could if I should try. I never happened to fall in with any such tall horse-stealing as you tell of, but I knew a man who stole a meeting-house once."

"Stole a meetin'-house! That goes a little beyant anything yit," remarked another of the honest villagers. "Ye don't mean he stole it and carried it away?"

"Stole it and carried it away," repeated my travelling companion, seriously, crossing his legs, and resting his arm on the back of his chair. "And, more than all that, I helped him."

"How happened that?—for you don't look much like a thief yourself."

All eyes were now turned upon my friend, a plain New England farmer, whose honest homespun appearance and candid speech commanded respect.

"I was his hired man, and I acted under orders. His name was Jedwort—Old Jedwort the boys called him, although he wasn't above fifty when the crooked little circumstance happened, which I'll make as straight a story of as I can, if the company would like to hear it."

"Sartin, stranger! sartin! about stealin' the meetin'-house," chimed in two or three voices.

My friend cleared his throat, put his hair behind his ears, and with a grave, smooth face, but with a merry twinkle in his shrewd gray eye, began as follows:—

"Jedwort, I said his name was; and I shall never forget how he looked one particular morning. He stood leaning on the front gate —or rather on the post, for the gate itself was such a shackling concern a child couldn't have leaned on't without breaking it down. And Jedwort was no child. Think of a stoutish, stooping, duck-legged man, with a mountainous back, strongly suggestive of a bag of grist under his shirt,—and you have him. That imaginary grist had been growing heavier and heavier, and he more and more bent under it, for the last fifteen years and more, until his head and neck just came forward out from between his shoulders like a turtle's from its shell. His arms hung, as he walked, almost to the ground. Being curved with the elbows outward, he looked for all the world, in a front view, like a waddling interrogation-point enclosed in a parenthesis. If man was ever a quadruped, as I've heard some folks tell, and rose gradually from four legs to two, there must have been a time, very early in his history, when he went about like Old Jedwort.

"The gate had been a very good gate in its day. It had even been a genteel gate when Jedwort came into possession of the place by marrying his wife, who inherited it from her uncle. That was some twenty years before, and everything had been going to rack and ruin ever since.

"Jedwort himself had been going to rack and ruin, morally speaking. He was a middling decent sort of man when I first knew him; and I judge there must have been something about him more than common, or he never could have got such a wife. But then women do marry sometimes unaccountably.

"I speak with feeling on this subject, for I had an opportunity of seeing what Mrs. Jedwort had to put up with from a man no woman of her stamp could do anything but detest. She was the patientest creature you ever saw. She was even too patient. If I had been tied to such a cub, I think I should have cultivated the beautiful and benignant qualities of a wild cat; there would have been one good fight, and one of us would have been living, and the other would have been dead, and that would have been the end of it. But Mrs. Jedwort bore and bore untold miseries, and a large number of children. She had had nine of these, and three were under the sod and six above it when Jedwort ran off with the meeting-house in the way I am going on to tell you. There was Maria, the oldest girl, a perfect picture of what her mother had been at nineteen. Then there were the two boys, Dave and Dan, fine young fellows, spite of their father. Then came Lottie and Susie, and then Willie, a little four-year-old.

[1] From *Coupon Bonds, and other Stories*. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. London: Trübner.—See *Casquet*, p. 377, vol. ii

"It was amazing to see what the mother would do to keep her family looking decent with the little means she had. For Jedwort was the tightest screw ever you saw. It was avarice that had spoiled him, and came so near turning him into a beast. The boys used to say he grew so bent looking in the dirt for pennies. That was true of his mind, if not of his body. He was a poor man, and a pretty respectable man, when he married his wife; but he had no sooner come into possession of a little property than he grew crazy for more. There are a good many men in the world, that nobody looks upon as monomaniacs, who are crazy in just that sort of way. They are all for laying up money, depriving themselves of comforts, and their families of the advantages of society and education, just to add a few dollars to their hoard every year; and so they keep on till they die and leave it to their children, who would be much better off if a little more had been invested in the cultivation of their minds and manners, and less in stocks and bonds.

"Jedwort was just one of that class of men, although perhaps he carried the fault I speak of a little to excess. A dollar looked so big to him, and he held it so close, that at last he couldn't see much of anything else. By degrees he lost all regard for decency and his neighbours' opinions. His children went barefoot, even after they got to be great boys and girls, because he was too mean to buy them shoes. It was pitiful to see a nice, interesting girl like Maria, go about looking as she did, while her father was piling his money into the bank. She wanted to go to school and learn music, and be somebody; but he wouldn't keep a hired girl, and so she was obliged to stay at home and do housework; and she could no more have got a dollar out of him to pay for clothes and tuition, than you could squeeze sap out of a hoe-handle.

"The only way his wife could ever get anything new for the family was by stealing butter from her own dairy, and selling it behind his back. 'You needn't say anything to Mr. Jedwort about this batch of butter,' she would hint to the storekeeper; 'but you may hand the money to me, or I will take my pay in goods.' In this way a new gown, or a piece of cloth for the boys' coats, or something else the family needed, would be smuggled into the house, with fear and trembling lest old Jedwort should make a row and find where the money came from.

"The house inside was kept neat as a pin; but everything around it looked terribly shiftless. It was built originally in an ambitious style, and painted white. It had four tall front pillars, supporting the portion of the roof that came over the porch,—lifting up the eyebrows of the house, if I may so express myself, and making it look as if it was going to sneeze. Half the blinds were off their hinges, and the rest flapped in the wind. The front-door step had rotted away. The porch had once a good floor, but for years Jedwort had been in the habit of going to it whenever he wanted a board for the pig-pen, until not a bit of floor was left.

"But I began to tell about Jedwort leaning on the gate that morning. We had all noticed him; and as Dave and I brought in the milk, his mother asked, 'What is your father planning now? Half the time he stands there, looking up the road; or else he's walking up that way in a brown study.'

"'He's got his eye on the old meeting-house,' says Dave, setting down his pail. 'He has been watching it and walking round it, off and on, for a week.'

"That was the first intimation I had of what the old fellow was up to. But after breakfast he followed me out of the house, as if he had something on his mind to say to me.

"'Stark,' says he at last, 'you've always insisted on't that I wasn't an enterprisin' man.'

"'I insist on't still,' says I; for I was in the habit of talking mighty plain to him, and joking him pretty hard sometimes. 'If I had this farm, I'd show you enterprise. You wouldn't see the hogs in the garden half the time, just for want of a good fence to keep 'em out. You wouldn't see the very best strip of land lying waste, just for want of a ditch. You wouldn't see that stone wall by the road tumbling down year after year, till by-and-by you won't be able to see it for the weeds and thistles.'

"'Yes,' says he, sarcastically, 'ye'd lay out ten times as much money on the place as ye'd ever git back agin, I've no doubt. But I believe in economy.'

"That provoked me a little, and I said, 'Economy! you're one of the kind of men that'll skin a flint for sixpence and spoil a jack-knife worth a shilling. You waste fodder and grain enough every three years to pay for a bigger barn—to say nothing of the inconvenience.'

"'Wal, Stark,' says he, grinning and scratching his head, 'I've made up my mind to have a bigger barn, if I have to steal one.'

"'That won't be the first thing you've stole neither,' says I.

"He flared up at that. 'Stole?' says he. 'What did I ever steal?'

"'Well, for one thing, the rails the freshet last spring drifted off from Talcott's land onto yours, and you grabbed: what was that but stealing?'

"'That was luck. He couldn't swear to his rails. By the way, they'll jest come in play now.'

"'They've come in play already,' says I. 'They've gone on to the old fences all over the farm, and I could use a thousand more without making much show.'

"'That's 'cause you're so dumbed extravagant with rails, as you are with everything else. A few loads can be spared from the fences here and there, as well as not. Harness up the team, boys, and git together enough to make about ten rods o' zigzag, two rails high.'

"'Two rails?' says Dave, who had a healthy contempt for the old man's narrow, contracted way of doing things. 'What's the good of such a fence as that?'

"'It'll be,' says I, 'like the single bar in music. When our old singing-master asked his class once what a single bar was, Bill Wilkins spoke up and said, 'It's a bar that horses and cattle jump over, and pigs and sheep run under.' What do you expect to keep out with two rails?'

"'The *law*, boys, the *law*,' says Jedwort. 'I know what I'm about. I'll make a fence the *law* can't run under nor jump over; and I don't care a cuss for the cattle and pigs. You git the rails, and I'll rip some boards off 'm the pig-pen to make stakes.'

"'Boards a'n't good for nothin' for stakes,' says Dave. 'Besides, none can't be spared from the pig-pen.'

"'I'll have boards enough in a day or two for forty pig-pens,' says Jedwort. 'Bring along the rails, and dump 'em out in the road for the present, and say nothin' to nobody.'

"We got the rails, and he made his stakes; and right away after dinner he called us out. 'Come, boys,' says he, 'now we'll astonish the natives.'

"The waggon stood in the road, with the last jag of rails still on it. Jedwort piled on his stakes, and threw on the crowbar and axe, while we were hitching up the team.

"'Now, drive on, Stark,' says he.

"'Yes; but where shall I drive to?'

"'To the old meetin'-house,' says Jedwort, trudging on ahead.

"The old meeting-house stood on an open common, at the north-east corner of his farm. A couple of cross-roads bounded it on two sides; and it was bounded on the other two by Jedwort's overgrown stone wall. It was a square, old-fashioned building, with a low steeple, that had a belfry, but no bell in it, and with a high square pulpit and high straight-backed pews inside. It was now some time since meetings had been held there; the old society that used to meet there having separated, one division of it building a fashionable chapel in the North Village, and the other a fine new church at the Centre.

"Now, the peculiarity about the old church property was, that nobody had any legal title to it. A log meeting-house had been built there when the country was first settled and land was of no account. In the course of time that was torn down, and a good framed house put up in its place. As it belonged to the whole community, no title, either to the house or land, was ever recorded; and it wasn't until after the society dissolved that the question came up as to how the property was to be disposed of. While the old deacons were carefully thinking it over, Jedwort was on hand to settle it by putting in his claim.

"'Now, boys,' says he, 'ye see what I'm up to.'

"'Yes,' says I, provoked as I could be at the mean trick, 'and I knew it was some such mischief all along. You never show any enterprise, as you call it, unless it is to get the start of a neighbour.'

"'But what *are* you up to, pa?' says Dan, who didn't see the trick yet.

"The old man says, 'I'm goin' to fence in the rest part of my farm.'

"'What rest part?'

"'This part that never was fenced; the old meetin'-house common.'

"'But, pa,' says Dave, disgusted as I was 'you've no claim on that.'

"'Wal, if I ha'n't, I'll make a claim. Give me the crowbar. Now, here's the corner, right as I can squint;' and he stuck the bar into the ground. 'Make a fence to here from the wall, both sides. Now work spry, for there comes Deacon Talcott.'

"'Wal, wal!' says the Deacon, coming up puffing with excitement; 'what ye doin' to the old meetin'-house?'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, driving away at his stakes, and never looking up, 'I've been considerin' some time what I should do with it, and I've concluded to make a barn on it.'

"'Make a barn! make a barn!' cries the Deacon. 'Who give ye liberty to make a barn of the house of God?'

"'Nobody; I take the liberty. Why shouldn't I do what I please with my own prop'ty?'

"'Your own property—what do ye mean? 'T a'n't your meetin'-house.'

"'Whose is't, if 't a'n't mine?' says Jedwort, lifting his turtle's head from between his horizontal shoulders, and grinning in the Deacon's face.

"'It belongs to the society,' says the Deacon.

"'But the s'ciety's pulled up stakes and gone off.'

"'It belongs to individooals of the society—to individooals.'

"'Wal, I'm an individooal,' says Jedwort.

"'You! you never went to meetin' here a dozen times in your life!'

"'I never did have my share of the old meetin'-house, that's a fact,' says Jedwort; 'but I'll make it up now.'

"'But what are ye fencin' up the common for?' says the Deacon.

"'It'll make a good calf-pastur'. I've never had my share o' the vally o' that either. I've let my neighbours' pigs and critters run on't long enough; and now I'm jest goin' to take possession o' my own.'

"'Your own!' says the Deacon, in perfect consternation. 'You've no deed on't.'

"'Wal, have you?'

"'No—but—the society—'

"'The s'ciety, I tell ye,' says Jedwort, holding his head up longer than I ever knew him to hold it up at a time, and grinning all the while in Talcott's face—'the s'ciety is split to pieces. There a'n't no s'ciety now, any more 'n a pig's a pig arter you've butchered and e't it. You've e't the pig amongst ye, and left me the pen. The s'ciety never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty, and no man never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty. My wife's gran'daddy, when he took up the land here, was a good-natered sort of man, and he allowed a corner on't for his neighbours to put up a temp'rary meetin'-house. That was finally used up—the kind o' preachin' they had them days was enough to use up in a little time any house that wa'n't fire-proof; and when that was preached to pieces they put up another shelter in its place. This is it. And now't the land a'n't used no more for the puppose 'twas lent for, it goes back nat'rally to the estate 'twas took from, and the buildin's along with it.'

"'That's all a sheer fabrication,' says the Deacon. 'This land was never a part of what's now your farm, any more than it was a part of mine.'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, 'I look at it in my way, and you've a perfect right to look at it in your way. But I'm goin' to make sure o' my way, by puttin' a fence round the hull concern.'

"'And you're usin' some of my rails for to do it with!' says the Deacon.

"'Can you swear 't they're your rails?'

"'Yes, I can; they're rails the freshet carried off from my farm last spring, and landed onto yourn.'

"'So I've heard ye say. But can you swear to the partic'lar rails? Can you swear, for instance, 't this 'ere is your rail? or this 'ere one?'

"'No; I can't swear to precisely them two—but—'

"'Can you swear to these two? or to any one or two?' says Jedwort. 'No, ye can't. Ye can swear to the lot in general, but you can't swear to any partic'lar rail, and that kind o' swearin' won't stand law, Deacon Talcott. I don't boast of bein' an edicated man, but I know suthin' o' what law is, and when I know it, I dror a line there, and I toe that line, and I make my neighbours toe that line, Deacon Talcott. Nine p'ints of the law is possession, and I'll have possession o' this 'ere house and land by fencin' on't in; and though every man 't comes along should say these 'ere rails belong to them, I'll fence it in with these 'ere very rails.'

"Jedwort said this, wagging his obstinate old head, and grinning with his face turned up pugnaciously at the Deacon; then went to work again as if he had settled the question, and didn't wish to discuss it any further.

"As for Talcott, he was too full of wrath and boiling indignation to answer such a speech. He knew that Jedwort had managed to get the start of him with regard to the rails, by mixing a few of his own with those he had stolen, so that nobody could tell 'em apart; and he saw at once that the meeting-house was in danger of going the same way, just for want of an owner to swear out a clear title to the property. He did just the wisest thing when he swallowed his vexation, and hurried off to alarm the leading men of the two societies, and to consult a lawyer. . . . The common was fenced in by sundown; and the next day Jedwort had over a house-mover from the North Village to look and see what could be done with the building. 'Can ye snake it over, and drop it back of my house?' says he.

"'It'll be a hard job,' says old Bob, 'without you tear down the steeple fust.'

"But Jedwort said, 'What's a meetin'-house 'thout a steeple? I've got my heart kind o' set on that steeple, and I'm bound to go the

hull hog on this 'ere concern, now I've began.'

"'I vow,' says Bob, examining the timbers, 'I won't warrant but what the old thing'll all tumble down.'

"'I'll resk it.'

"'Yes; but who'll resk the lives of me and my men?'

"'O, you'll see if it's re'ly goin' to tumble, and look out. I'll engage 't me and my boys 'll do the most dangerous part of the work. Dumbed if I wouldn't agree to ride in the steeple and ring the bell, if there was one.'

"It wasn't many days before Bob came over again, bringing with him this time his screws and ropes and rollers, his men and timbers, horse and capstan; and at last the old house might have been seen on its travels.

"It was an exciting time all around. The societies found that Jedwort's fence gave him the first claim to house and land, unless a regular siege of the law was gone through to beat him off—and then it might turn out that he would beat them. Some said fight him; some said let him be—the thing a'n't worth going to law for; and so, as the leading men couldn't agree as to what should be done, nothing was done. That was just what Jedwort had expected, and he laughed in his sleeve while Bob and his boys screwed up the old meeting-house, and got their beams under it, and set it on rollers, and slued it around, and slid it on the timbers laid for it across into Jedwort's field, steeple foremost, like a locomotive on a track.

"It was a trying time for the women-folks at home. Maria had declared that if her father did persist in stealing the meeting-house, she would not stay a single day after it, but would follow Dave, who had already gone away.

"That touched me pretty close, for, to tell the truth, it was rather more Maria than her mother that kept me at work for the old man. 'If you go,' says I, 'then there is no object for me to stay; I shall go too.'

"'That's what I supposed,' says she; 'for there's no reason in the world why you should stay. But then Dan will go; and who'll be left to take sides with mother? That's what troubles me. O, if she could only go too! But she won't, and she couldn't if she would, with the other children depending on her. Dear, dear! what shall we do?'

"The poor girl put her head on my shoulder, and cried; and if I should own up to the truth, I suppose I cried a little too. For where's the man that can hold a sweet woman's head on his shoulder, while she sobs out her trouble, and he hasn't any power to help her—who, I say, can do any less, under such circumstances, than drop a tear or two for company?

"'Never mind; don't hurry,' says Mrs. Jedwort. 'Be patient, and wait awhile, and it'll all turn out right, I'm sure.'

"'Yes, you always say, "Be patient, and wait!"' says Maria, brushing back her hair. 'But, for my part, I'm tired of waiting, and my patience has given out long ago. We can't always live in this way, and we may as well make a change now as ever. But I can't bear the thought of going and leaving you.'

"Here the two younger girls came in, and seeing that crying was the order of the day, they began to cry; and when they heard Maria talk of going, they declared they would go: and even little Willie, the four-year-old, began to howl.

"'There, there! Maria! Lottie! Susie!' said Mrs. Jedwort, in her calm way; 'Willie, hush up! I don't know what we are to do; but I feel that something is going to happen that will show us the right way, and we are to wait. Now go and wash the dishes, and set the cheese.'

"That was just after breakfast, the second day of the moving; and sure enough, something like what she prophesied did happen before another sun.

"The old frame held together pretty well till along toward night, when the steeple showed signs of seceding. 'There she goes! She's falling now!' sung out the boys, who had been hanging around all day in hopes of seeing the thing tumble.

"The house was then within a few rods of where Jedwort wanted it; but Bob stopped right there, and said it wasn't safe to haul it another inch. 'That steeple's bound to come down, if we do,' says he.

"'Not by a dumbed sight, it a'n't,' says Jedwort. 'Them cracks a'n't nothin'; the j'ints is all firm yit.' He wanted Bob to go up and examine; but Bob shook his head—the concern looked too shaky. Then he told me to go up, but I said I hadn't lived quite long enough, and had a little rather be smoking my pipe on *terra firma*. Then the boys began to hoot. 'Dumbed if ye a'n't all a set of cowards,' says he. 'I'll go up myself.'

"We waited outside while he climbed up inside. The boys jumped on the ground to jar the steeple, and make it fall. One of them blew a horn—as he said, to bring down the old Jericho—and another thought he'd help things along by starting up the horse, and giving the building a little wrench. But Bob put a stop

to that; and finally out came a head from the belfry window. It was Jedwort, who shouted down to us: 'There a'n't a j'int or brace gin out. Start the hoss, and I'll ride. *Pass me up that 'ere horn, and*—'

"Just then there came a cracking and loosening of timbers, and we that stood nearest had only time to jump out of the way, when down came the steeple crashing to the ground, with Jedwort in it."

"I hope it killed the cuss," said one of the village story-tellers.

"Worse than that," replied my friend; "it just cracked his skull—not enough to put an end to his miserable life, but only to take away what little sense he had. We got the doctors to him, and they patched up his broken head; and by George it made me mad to see the fuss the women-folks made over him. It would have been my way to let him die; but they were as anxious and attentive to him as if he had been the kindest husband and most indulgent father that ever lived; for that's women's style: they're unreasoning creatures.

"Along towards morning we persuaded Mrs. Jedwort, who had been up all night, to lie down a spell and catch a little rest, while Maria and I sat up and watched with the old man. All was still except our whispers and his heavy breathing; there was a lamp burning in the next room; when all of a sudden a light shone into the windows, and about the same time we heard a roaring and crackling sound. We looked out, and saw the night all lighted up as if by some great fire. As it appeared to be on the other side of the house, we ran to the door, and there what did we see but the old meeting-house all in flames. Some fellows had set fire to it to spite Jedwort. It must have been burning some time inside; for when we looked out the flames had burst through the roof.

"As the night was perfectly still, except a light wind blowing away from the other buildings on the place, we raised no alarm, but just stood in the door and saw it burn. And a glad sight it was to us, you may be sure. I just held Maria close to my side, and told her that all was well—it was the best thing that could happen. 'O yes,' says she, 'it seems to me as though a kind Providence was burning up his sin and shame out of our sight.'

"I had never yet said anything to her about marriage—for the time to come at that had never seemed to arrive; but there's nothing like a little excitement to bring things to a focus. You've seen water in a tumbler just at the freezing-point, but not exactly able to make up its mind to freeze, when a little jar will set the crystals forming, and in a minute what was liquid is ice. It was the shock of events that night that touched my life into crystals—not of ice, gentlemen, by any manner of means.

"After the fire had got along so far that the meeting-house was a gone case, an alarm was given, probably by the very fellows that set it, and a hundred people were on the spot before the thing had done burning.

"Of course these circumstances put an end to the breaking up of the family. Dave was sent for, and came home. Then, as soon as we saw that the old man's brain was injured so that he wasn't likely to recover his mind, the boys and I went to work and put that farm through a course of improvement it would have done your eyes good to see. The children were sent to school, and Mrs. Jedwort had all the money she wanted now to clothe them, and to provide the house with comforts, without stealing her own butter. Jedwort was a burden; but, in spite of him, that was just about the happiest family, for the next four years, that ever lived on this planet.

"Jedwort soon got his bodily health, but I don't think he knew one of us again after his hurt. As near as I could get at his state of mind, he thought he had been changed into some sort of animal. He seemed inclined to take me for a master, and for four years he followed me around like a dog. During that time he never spoke, but only whined and growled. When I said, 'Lie down,' he'd lie down; and when I whistled he'd come.

"I used sometimes to make him work; and certain simple things he would do very well as long as I was by. One day I had a jag of hay to get in; and, as the boys were away, I thought I'd have him load it. I pitched it on to the waggon about where it ought to lie, and looked to him only to pack it down. There turned out to be a bigger load than I had expected, and the higher it got the worse the shape of it, till finally, as I was starting it towards the barn, off it rolled, and the old man with it, head foremost.

"He struck a stone heap, and for a moment I thought he was killed. But he jumped up and spoke for the first time. '*I'll blow it,*' says he, finishing the sentence he had begun four years before, when he called for the horn to be passed up to him.

"I couldn't have been much more astonished if one of the horses had spoken. But I saw at once that there was an expression in Jedwort's face that hadn't been there since his tumble

in the belfry; and I knew that, as his wits had been knocked out of him by one blow on the head, so another blow had knocked 'em in again.

"'Where's Bob?' says he, looking all around.

"'Bob?' says I, not thinking at first who he meant. 'Oh, Bob is dead—he has been dead these three years.'

"Without noticing my reply, he exclaimed, 'Where did all that hay come from? Where's the old meetin'-house?'

"'Don't you know?' says I. 'Some rogues set fire to it the night after you got hurt, and burned it up.'

"He seemed then just beginning to realize that something extraordinary had happened.

"'Stark,' says he, 'what's the matter with ye? You're changed.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I wear my beard now, and I've grown older!'

"'Dumbed if 't a'n't odd!' says he. 'Stark, what in thunder's the matter with *me?*'

"'You've had meeting-house on the brain for the past four years,' says I; 'that's what's the matter.'

"It was some time before I could make him understand that he had been out of his head, and that so long a time had been a blank to him.

"Then he said, 'Is this my farm?'

"'Don't you know it?' says I.

"'It looks more slicked up than ever it used to,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I; 'and you'll find everything else on the place slicked up in about the same way.'

"'Where's Dave?' says he.

"'Dave has gone to town to see about selling the wool.'

"'Where's Dan?'

"'Dan's in college. He takes a great notion to medicine, and we're going to make a doctor of him.'

"'Whose house is that?' says he, as I was taking him home.

"'No wonder you don't know it,' says I. 'It has been painted, and shingled, and had new blinds put on; the gates and fences are all in prime condition; and that's a new barn we put up a couple of years ago.'

"'Where does the money come from to make all these improvements?'

"'It comes off the place,' says I. 'We haven't run in debt the first cent for anything, but we've made the farm more profitable than it ever was before.'

"'That *my* house?' he repeated wonderingly as we approached it. 'What sound is that?'

"'That's Lottie practising her lesson on the piano.'

"'A pianer in my house?' he muttered. 'I can't stand that!' He listened. 'It sounds pooty though!'

"'Yes, it does sound pretty, and I guess you'll like it. How does the place suit you?'

"'It *looks* pooty.' He started. 'What young lady is that?'

"It was Lottie, who had left her music and stood by the window.

"'My dahter! ye don't say! Dumbed if she a'n't a mighty nice gal.'

"'Yes,' says I; 'she takes after her mother.'

"'Just then Susie, who heard talking, ran to the door.

"'Who's that agin?' says Jedwort.

"I told him.

"'Wal, *she's* a mighty nice-lookin' gal!'

"'Yes,' says I; '*she* takes after her mother.'

"Little Willie, now eight years old, came out of the wood-shed with a bow and arrow in his hand, and stared like an owl, hearing his father talk.

"'What boy is that?' says Jedwort. And when I told him, he muttered, 'He's an ugly-looking brat!'

"'He's more like his father,' says I.

"The truth is, Willie was such a fine boy the old man was afraid to praise him, for fear I'd say of him, as I'd said of the girls, that he favoured his mother.

"Susie ran back and gave the alarm, and then out came mother, and Maria with her baby in her arms—for I forgot to tell you that we had been married now nigh on to two years.

"Well, the women-folks were as much astonished as I had been when Jedwort first spoke, and a good deal more delighted. They drew him into the house, and I am bound to say he behaved remarkably well. He kept looking at his wife, and his children, and his grandchild, and the new paper on the walls, and the new furniture, and now and then asking a question or making a remark.

"'It all comes back to me now,' says he at last. 'I thought I was living in the moon, with a superior race of human bein's, and this is the place and you are the people.'

"It wasn't more than a couple of days before he began to pry around, and find fault, and grumble at the expense; and I saw there was danger of things relapsing into something like their former condition. So I took him one side, and talked to him.

"'Jedwort,' says I, 'you're like a man raised from the grave. You was the same as buried to your neighbours, and now they come and

look at you as they would at a dead man come to life. To you, it's like coming into a new world; and I'll leave it to you now if you don't rather like the change from the old state of things to what you see around you to-day. You've seen how the family affairs go on—how pleasant everything is, and how we all enjoy ourselves. You hear the piano, and like it: you see your children sought after and respected—your wife in finer health and spirits than you've ever known her since the day she was married; you see industry and neatness everywhere on the premises; and you're a beast if you don't like all that. In short, you see that our management is a great deal better than yours; and that we beat you even in the matter of economy. Now, what I want to know is this: whether you think you'd like to fall into our way of living, or return like a hog to your wallow?'

"'I don't say but what I like your way of livin' very well,' he grumbled.

"'Then,' says I, 'you must just let us go ahead as we have been going ahead. Now's the time for you to turn about and be a respectable man, like your neighbours. Just own up, and say you've not only been out of your head the past four years, but that you've been more or less out of your head the last four-and-twenty years. But say you're in your right mind now, and prove it by acting like a man in his right mind. Do that, and I'm with you—we're all with you. But go back to your old dirty ways, and you go alone. Now I sha'n't let you off till you tell me what you mean to do.'

"He hesitated some time, then said, 'Maybe you're about right, Stark; you and Dave and the old woman seem to be doin' pooty well, and I guess I'll let you go on.'"

Here my friend paused, as if his story was done; when one of the villagers asked, "About the land where the old meetin'-house stood—what ever was done with that?"

"That was appropriated for a new school-house, and there my little shavers go to school."

"And old Jedwort, is he alive yet?"

"Both Jedwort and his wife have gone to that country where meanness and dishonesty have a mighty poor chance—where the only investments worth much are those recorded in the Book of Life. Mrs. Jedwort was rich in that kind of stock; and Jedwort's account, I guess, will compare favourably with that of some respectable people, such as we all know. I tell ye, my friends," continued my fellow-traveller, "there's many a man, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, that 'twould do a deal of good, say nothing of the mercy 'twould be to their families, just to knock 'em on the head, and make Nebuchadnezzars of 'em—then, after they'd been turned out to grass a few years, let 'em come back again, and see how happy folks have been, and how well they have got along without 'em.

"I carry on the old place now," he added. "The younger girls are married off; Dan's a doctor in the North Village; and as for Dave, he and I have struck ile. I'm going out to look at our property now."

THE CANARY IN HIS CAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."[1]

Sing away, ay, sing away,
  Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
  You ne'er sung nor heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.

Near the window wild birds fly,
  Trees are waving round:
Fair things everywhere you spy
Through the glass pane's mystery,
  Your small life's small bound:
Nothing hinders your desire
But a little gilded wire.

Like a human soul you seem
  Shut in golden bars:
Placed amidst earth's sunshine-stream,
Singing to the morning beam,
  Dreaming 'neath the stars;
Seeing all life's pleasures clear,—
But they never can come near.

Never! Sing, bird-poet mine,
  As most poets do;—
Guessing by an instinct fine
At some happiness divine
  Which they never knew.
Lonely in a prison bright
Hymning for the world's delight.

Yet, my birdie, you're content
  In your tiny cage:
Not a carol thence is sent
But for happiness is meant—
  Wisdom pure as sage:
Teaching, the true poet's part
Is to sing with merry heart.

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1 *Poems.* London: Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co. 1872.

So, lie down thou peevish pen,
Eyes, shake off all tears;
And my wee bird, sing again:
I'll translate your song to men
In these future years.
"Howsoe'er thy lot's assigned,
Meet it with a cheerful mind."

RESTRAINT.

As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain-mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.—And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A LAND SHIPWRECK.

In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
Of ships, and storms at sea; when suddenly,
Out of his wild giddiness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating; and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel; this conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover: he
Climbs by the bedpost to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next come to their hand—
Stools, tables, trussels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plates, and glasses: here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellows, thinking to 'scape,
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.
The rude multitude
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The constable is called to atone the broil,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Came with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

JOHN HEYWOOD (1565).

VAGABOND JACK.

BY HENRY DE LA MADELÈNE.

I.

Vagabond Jack was certainly worthy of his nickname, for ever since he had arrived at years of discretion he was not known to have any home or any fixed abode. Always wandering over the mountain he slept anywhere, careless though his bed were the bare ground. All the caves, grottoes, caverns, and crevasses of Mount Ventoux belonged to him of natural right, and his sovereignty extended if need were over forty leagues as the crow flies, from the Barron to the borders of Savoy.

His real name was John Gravier; but where will there be found a peasant in this part of the country who is known under the name he has derived from his forefathers? Except the curé and the notary perhaps nobody in the village knew who John Gravier was; but as for Jack the Vagabond—why, the very youngest children knew this name, and he himself would have scarcely answered to any other.

Being left an orphan while quite young, Jack was a child of nature in the fullest sense of the term. Very jealous of his liberty and even somewhat wild, he could not long remain in service in the house of a stranger, and soon broke loose from all guardianship. Active as a monkey, almost proof against fatigue, patient, and temperate, he rapidly became an excellent poacher, and able to give odds to the most expert trappers. As a matter of course he soon had a crow to pluck with the gendarmes, whose duty it was to keep order in the country; and such fame did he gain in the battles that were every now and again taking place that it was always to him the hardest blows were attributed. Matters were at this stage, and as yet he had not brought himself under the notice of the law farther than having information lodged against him for breaches of the game-laws, tavern quarrels, and such like, when a decisive event took place that placed him in open rebellion against the whole social order of his country.

On the day of the conscription Jack did not appear to draw his lot along with his comrades. The maire drew for him, and drew one of the most unlucky numbers. So here was Jack a soldier for seven years, at the beck and call of his officers. He a soldier! He to be forced to dwell in towns, to wear a uniform, to obey without a word, to submit to discipline, to sleep in quarters, and to begin anew every day for seven years the same dreary and monotonous task! Poor Jack, was this possible! It would have been something if there had been a chance of fighting, as not long before; but to rust slowly in a royal barrack, and to be only a show soldier—the very thought of it was enough to turn his stomach.

He received a notice to join one morning and paid no attention to it. The maire, who was an excellent man and very fond of him, took him aside one Sunday after mass and said to him, "Take care, Jack; you are getting yourself into trouble; there is still time, and if you will join I shall justify your delay by a good certificate. I can do nothing more, my poor fellow—the law is the law."

"Many thanks for your good-will towards me, sir; but I cannot do it. If I had the misfortune to go I should desert in less than a month, I feel that. I prefer to remain here a refractory but not a deserter."

"But, my poor fellow, you will be hunted like a hare; and you cannot hope to keep out of the reach of the *blues* long."

"That remains to be seen. I'm not afraid of that, sir."

"How will you manage it?"

Jack with a smile showed the soles of his shoes, which were studded with formidable nails.

"These have always served me as my sporting license, and I'll wager they will give me the route too."

"Very well," said the maire, "I have warned you, and if you let yourself be taken now, I wash my hands of you."

Jack acted as he had said, and for about five years he with marvellous success foiled every attempt to catch him, and disconcerted all his enemies' plans with unfailing good fortune. It must be recollected that Mount Ventoux seems expressly made to be the scene of a life such as this. Let the reader picture to himself an immense truncated cone, an outlier of the main chain of the Alps, rising gradually to the height of about 6500 feet above the level of the sea. Everywhere, from base to summit, over perhaps 100,000 acres, nothing but bare rock, barrenness and desolation. Large ravines of profound depth intersect the giant flanks of the mountain, and form as they run down to the plain narrow but fertile *combes*, where the flocks find at all times a short sweet herbage. Not a dwelling, not a cabin, only here and there some rude hovels of dry stones erected as places of shelter by the shepherds.

Who could believe—and yet it is a fact—that rather less than a century ago this solitude was covered with magnificent trees, pines, larches, beeches, and oaks? Large game then

abounded in these inaccessible forests, the former beauty of which is yet attested by some scanty remains; but the wild goat, the stag, and the wild boar have long since fled before the blind devastation which seemed everywhere fated to attend the French Revolution, and only the wolf, the fox, and the marten have remained faithful to the mountain. The small game, almost annihilated in the low grounds, find a last refuge on Mount Ventoux; coveys of red partridges and flocks of plovers are met with, and the quail regularly halts here in its migrations. A small, squat, dumpy variety of rabbit, which lives exclusively on wild thyme, is abundant. As for the hares of Mount Ventoux they are simply unequalled, and fully justify the preference accorded to them by *gourmets* of the first rank.

Poacher, refractory, condemned to be ceaselessly on the alert, his eye and his ear ever ready, Jack could not have desired a more favourable theatre for his exploits. Beloved by the people of thirty villages round, and esteemed for his honesty, Jack could always find some one kind enough to sell his game for him in town on the market-day. If the three-cornered hat of a gendarme happened to show itself unexpectedly in a village or in the neighbourhood of a farm, a peculiar cry was instantly heard, which being forthwith taken up and repeated from farm to farm, gradually gave Jack notice of the enemy's presence. He had certain peculiar ways of knocking at doors in the night, so that they would be opened to him at any hour; and at many farms he knew where the key was laid, and could let himself in as if he had been at home. On Sundays he generally attended high mass in the village; and children, posted as scouts at all the crossways, enabled honest Jack to perform his devotions in safety. When it was impossible, or he thought it imprudent, to attend, he remained on the mountain, where he might have been seen kneeling down at the sound of the bells of his parish, and joining in intention the faithful assembled in the church. This kind of mass he called *hill-top mass*.

At first he was so hotly pursued that he had been twice driven into Maurienne; and it was there he had learned how to make gunpowder, and had first thought of turning smuggler. Afterwards, when it came to be almost tacitly admitted that Jack could only be taken by chance, he used to return there at fixed periods thrice a year, and supplied almost single-handed the demand for contraband goods over forty square leagues of country.

After the revolution of July a general amnesty was proclaimed, and Jack accordingly was at perfect liberty to return to the village and resume his civic rights. He did nothing of the kind, however, but remained on the mountain as before. This life of privation, fatigue, strife, and hazard had become a second nature to him, and henceforth he could enjoy no other. He was left alone to live as he pleased.

He was then from three-and-thirty to five-and-thirty years of age, and, without any exaggeration, the best-looking fellow in the country, in spite of his sunburned face. More than one girl looked kindly on him at mass on Sunday, and said to herself, "What a pity that such a handsome fellow should be a vagabond!" Jack was by no means vain, but what man is mistaken on this subject? Jack could not help feeling secretly flattered by the attention he excited among the women.

At this time there lived at a neighbouring farm a handsome slip of a girl, who turned all the heads of the young men, and was the object of many longings. Félise, pretty Félise, was looked upon as an heiress, though her father, Martin (Martinet or Tinet), lived in the most sordid and miserly manner. Her mother was dead, and through her she had inherited some acres of meadow-land over at Saintes-Marguerites. She was tall, well-made, saucy, with a pair of eyes fit to ruin her soul, and a perfect darling of a foot. She knew that she was a good match, wore ribbons in her caps, and was quite ready to flirt with the handsome fellows who used to pay court to her.

Jack had known her from the time she was a child, and had dandled her on his knee many a time when she was a mere infant, but he had never paid any particular attention to her since she was grown up and old enough to marry. He used frequently to come to her father's farm, where, as it was situated well up the mountain and about an hour's walk from the village, he was not likely to be surprised, and he had often found food and shelter there. The first time that it came into his head that Félise was pretty, poor Jack was greatly troubled. It was on a Sunday, the first of May, after vespers. He was crossing, without thought of evil, the little square where the plane-trees of the parsonage give so cool a shade, when he was all at once surrounded by a troop of laughing girls begging for the May Queen.

"Give us something, Jack!"

"Jack, it will bring you luck!"

"The Holy Virgin will repay you a hundredfold!"

"Look, Jack, if our queen is not worth it!"

Jack looked and was lost.

Seated on a raised platform, under an arch of verdure and roses, clothed in white, crowned with white flowers and with white flowers in her hand, the May Queen sat enthroned like a real queen, provoking by her sweetest smiles the generosity of the passers-by. Jack, dazzled with admiration and surprise, stopped short. "Félise!" he murmured in a voice altered by emotion. Félise indeed it was; as, being the prettiest, she had been chosen this year by her companions to represent and impersonate the spring.

The origin of this custom is lost in the mists of antiquity; but it is more than probable that it is a remnant of the worship of Cybele, still holding its ground after almost twenty centuries of Christianity. Formerly the festival was celebrated on the 1st of May throughout all the county of Venasque, both in towns and villages, and I have a perfect recollection of the pretty bakeress who was the last queen at Carpentras, now nearly forty years ago. Nowadays this custom is losing ground everywhere, and one requires to go far up the mountain in order to find it in its primitive simplicity.

Jack emptied his pockets to the last copper into the wooden bowls that circled gaily round him, and with his brain quite confused went and stood leaning at the other end of the square beside the fountain. His fascinated eyes saw nothing but the vision in white; the throng of laughing girls passed and repassed before him without exciting his attention in the least; he felt his breast heaving with the pulsations of his heart, and a strange heat pervaded his whole frame. "Félise!" he repeated without even noticing that he pronounced the sweet name aloud; Félise!"—Poor Jack was over head and ears in love.

The fair Félise on her part returned home in a very dreamy mood. She too had not been able to see without emotion this bold fellow regard her so obstinately with his large eyes that sparkled like burning coals. Involuntarily she compared Jack to the other young men who paid court to her little fortune, and the comparison was hardly to their advantage. They seemed clownish and awkward, without grace or elegance, even on feast-days and in their best clothes. Only see them beside Jack! With what an air he entered the church, his jacket negligently thrown over his left shoulder; and how straight he stood during the service. Jack had never bent his back to the hard labours of the fields, and it was wonderful how well he had preserved his youthful appearance, suppleness, and activity. In place of the horny paw covered with knobs of those accustomed to pulling madder, Jack had the fine and sinewy hand of the hunter, and it was a pleasure to feel his delicate fingers clasping ones waist. But could an honest girl dream of Jack with honour and propriety? What would be thought of Félise if her secret preference were discovered? Jack the Vagabond, without a penny to bless himself with, without hearth or home, game for the gendarmes, and nothing but a cave for his abode—that truly was a lover to be preferred to all others by the fair Félise! How the gossips would laugh at it when they met to work together in the evenings; and the wedding-party would be almost mobbed! And suppose they did jeer and whisper maliciously—what then? Was Jack not worth bearing this for? He was poor, no doubt; but who was his equal for honesty and integrity? He was esteemed by all the country round; and the village folks that held their heads highest shook hands with him cordially. Besides, who could affirm that he was incapable of settling down to a regular course of life! Does not a man who is in love do everything to please his sweetheart; and would Jack be the first on whom love had worked a complete change!

But, indeed, what was she thinking of? Was it not the feverish excitement caused by want of sleep that was putting such ideas into her head? Jack in love!—what reason had she for thinking that? He had looked at her, to be sure in a manner as to the nature of which women are rarely deceived; but was this enough to build so many fine suppositions and hopes upon?

Poor Félise was racked and tormented by her thoughts, and somewhat ashamed of herself into the bargain. Before long all her gaiety disappeared, her cheeks grew pale and thin, making her eyes—in which burned a sombre fire—seem larger than ordinary, and she suffered from languor and lassitude that had no apparent cause.

Jack made no sign; but all the world could see that he was strangely preoccupied, and that a great struggle was going on in his breast. He scarcely ever left the neighbourhood now, and his visits to Tinet's became exceedingly frequent. Old Martin was somewhat annoyed by him indeed.

"What's your errand this time?" he said to him one day, looking him straight in the face. "I mean no offence, but this is the third time you have been here this week."

Jack taken thus unexpectedly, made up his mind at once.

"This is what brings me," he said boldly. "I have come to *talk* with Félise, if she has no objections."

"Félise may please herself," said old Martin, without appearing to be much surprised at the request; "but I believe your time will be wasted, my lad."

"That's my affair," said Jack. "Tell Félise that I shall be back this evening."

Over all the mountain and far into the plain, this is the way in which gallants in quest of a wife introduce themselves to the families. The young people *talk* together for a longer or shorter period before carrying matters farther; sometimes they *talk* for years without anything coming of it; or the *talking* may be formally broken off without damaging the reputation of the girl in the least. Everything goes on openly in the simplest manner possible: the lover comes after supper and passes the evening, the girl makes room for him at her side, and continues her spinning or knitting as if nothing were in the wind at all. Now and again they exchange a word or two in a low tone; generally they remain silent, mutually observing each other, watching for any little occasion when the real disposition will betray itself, wholly engaged in trying to become perfectly acquainted with each other, and both carefully keeping their weaknesses as much as possible out of sight. When it is time to retire the lover bids the company good-night, and goes home, singing by the way some ditty expressive of the joy he feels; and so on for night after night till he makes up his mind to take the decisive step. It is clear that nothing could be simpler than these courtships.

Jack's entry in the character of a lover authorized to *talk* was made quietly and without fuss. He proceeded to seat himself by the side of Félise on her mute invitation, and maintained a shy silence all the evening, hardly uttering a word, but very happy nevertheless, as any one may suppose. Félise sat and span, twirling her spindle with astonishing rapidity. Old Martin seemed asleep, but kept a corner of one eye open for the slightest movement of the young people. Everything went on according to ancient use and wont, and as custom would have it.

The last days of July were at hand, and in spite of the burning heat of a torrid sun, the cattle were kept treading out the grain on the thrashing-floors from dawn to nightfall. Jack, full of praiseworthy zeal, would take part in these labours and show his skill: and he astonished everybody by his steadiness and his cleverness in managing the mules. Félise blushed with pleasure and said to herself. "He'll make an excellent husband, I am sure, whatever they may say of him."

Old Martin did not take quite the same view of things as his daughter did. "This busy fit of his is all very fine, no doubt," said he. "but what makes a better blaze than straw? Wait till the poaching season comes on and we'll see if the old man is really dead. I won't believe it till I see Jack following the plough instead of catching hares."

Martin's doubts were not altogether unjustifiable. At the first call-notes of the new coveys of red partridge, at the first marks of the nocturnal excursions of the hares, Jack felt himself seized by a violent desire to regain the mountain and renew his past exploits. He struggled long against the temptation and wrestled with himself, but in the clear moonlight, after a day of harassing toil, how was it possible to hear unmoved the sound of the poacher's guns? At the cry of a passing flock of quails he would feel a terrible itching in his limbs; and it was sometimes as much as he could do to stick to his plough and not leave the furrow half made.

What had a still greater effect on him, and inspired him even with a kind of remorse, was the mute protestation of Maripan, his old companion in adventure, who, as if he had been the renegade sportsman's conscience in bodily form, made him almost blush for his steadiness as he ceaselessly followed him with his eyes—now beseeching, now indignant.

Maripan was a large lean dog of the lurcher breed, bold, hardy, and almost wild, with the feet dry and nervous, the breast full and strong, the belly hollow, the loins vigorous and supple, the tail straight, the ears mobile, the eye inquisitive and restless, and sparkling under a pent-house of dense grayish hairs, fang-pointed, projecting, and of dazzling whiteness, and the nose moist, shining like a mulberry, and as black as a roasted chestnut. As well known as his master, the villagers vied with each other in pampering him, and he had always plenty of delicate morsels ever since it was noticed that on returning even from the longest run he would rather stretch himself out and go to sleep than touch any vulgar mess in which the bread was not irreproachable. The princely air of disdain with which this vagabond would then turn up his nose at the pittance offered him had gained him the name of *Maripan* (bad bread), under which he shared the celebrity of Jack, and with him formed the subject of many a fireside story.

No longer finding an outlet for his feverish

activity, Maripan could not resign himself to this sluggish life. At the least whiff of scent which met his nose, the least rustle in the bushes, he was off like lightning, jumping, barking, and joyfully wagging his tail, but in vain. His appeals met with no response, and he had always to return disappointed and discouraged to take his place at his master's heels, whom he would piteously follow, with his tail between his legs and his ears hanging. Sometimes, however, he revolted altogether. On such occasions he would pass the plough with a vigorous bound, plant himself beyond it with his two fore-legs firmly supporting him, in the energetic attitude of one who demands an explanation, and then gravely sitting like a judge, with his neck proudly raised, his head inclined as if he waited for an answer, his eyes wide open, and his ears erect, he would gaze reproachfully on his master, as much as to say,

"Oh, you are laughing at me, are you? But if you are pleased to give up our fine wandering life, do you think that I was made to turn the spit and serve as a plaything for the village brats?"

There was that in the gaze of Maripan which, along with other things, swept away the last vestiges of poor Jack's resolutions, and overpowered the last faint efforts of his vacillating will. Add to this the stories of exploits performed by others, the disgust at seeing the noble sport spoiled by burglars, the absorbing and irresistible passion that only a hunter can comprehend, and it is easy to understand how Jack could hold out no longer.

It was a great grief to Félise. To tell the truth, she did not love Jack a bit the less, and her heart was entirely his, but she instinctively perceived that this return to his unsettled life would compromise the whole edifice of her happiness, already fragile enough. She felt perfectly that it would be impossible to get her father to accept such a son-in-law; and if before marriage, and in the first transports of love, she had only obtained a temporary victory, surely there was room for misgivings as to the future, when assured possession would have dulled the edge of passion.

On the other hand, old Martin, who had not been too highly flattered by Jack's preference, was enchanted at the pretext the latter had so conveniently furnished against himself, and only waited for a good opportunity to dismiss him.

"I have not crossed you in your inclinations," he said to his daughter, "and if Jack had really become an altered man, I should certainly not have refused my consent; but I leave you to judge for yourself where he would lead you by the road he is taking. Leave him to his sport, and forget him. A good-looking girl like you, and one that has something of her own, runs no risk of not finding lovers."

Félise felt the full force of this reasoning, and could make no reply. She passed part of every night in weeping, praying, and calling on all the saints of her acquaintance to take her out of her troubles; but she could not make up her mind to renounce all hope by breaking entirely with Jack."

"Well, well," said Father Martin one evening, "since Lise is so long in deciding, I must interfere myself; this affair has gone on too long already."

II.

The next time that Jack went to Tinet's farm he did not find Félise sitting as usual in the chimney-corner: old Martin was attending to the boiling of the pig's-pot by himself.

"Where is Lise?" asked Jack, not without a vague presentiment of evil, and with a slight quaver in his voice.

"She is not very well," replied her father; "but though she had been quite well it would have been all the same—she would not be here."

"What do you mean?"

"That Lise does not wish to talk with you, and that you are wasting your time in coming here."

At these cruel words, uttered in the most indifferent tone, Jack's heart was torn with such bitter grief that he could hardly keep from crying out. He restrained himself, however, and, biting his lip till the blood came, replied, "And did Lise give you this message for me?"

"Alas! yes, my boy; only a short time ago, on this very spot, she said to me, 'If Jack comes, tell him to go away again—I do not wish him to speak to me any more.' By my share of paradise, these are the very words she said."

"Well," said Jack, whose eyes were blazing, "tell her that he is going away again. And you suppose that that is enough to settle the whole affair?"

"Oh, it's hard, it is hard; I admit that: but Lise is perfectly free—you are aware of that. Will you take a glass to cheer you up?"

"No, thank you; I shall soon be all right without anything. I am going away, but I shall not bid you good-bye, Father Martin; and I think you will likely hear from me before long."

He left the room with a threatening air, very pale and trembling with anger; but the change

in his voice and appearance did not appear to trouble the old farmer in the slightest.

"There's a piece of business well over," muttered the old man, rubbing his hands, "and not one of the easiest either. The rascal will not give in yet, I am afraid. It's so far good that he should give up coming here; but I must have the country rid of him altogether. Let me think over the matter."

Martin's thoughts were not long in translating themselves into actions. Pretending that he wanted to sell an old she-goat, he set out next morning for Mormoiron, accompanied by his shepherd lad, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who had come from the workhouse of Carpentras, and had been brought up by his late wife and made to work about the farm "for his bread." The boy's name was Simon; but he had been so long thin and sickly that he had been nicknamed "Fifteen Ounces," and the name had stuck to him, though he had become strong and healthy at last. Fifteen Ounces was no great scholar, but he was already a good shepherd. His knowledge of the mountain was wonderful, and he always drove his sheep to the best places. The poor child had never been farther than the village, and the idea of going to Mormoiron with his master filled him at once with joy and anxiety. "If we get a good price for the goat, there will be something handsome for you," Father Martin had said; and Fifteen Ounces, who had never in his life had a penny he could call his own, could think of nothing but this present all the way, and indulged in the wildest flights of imagination.

The goat was sold; Father Martin entered into a conspiracy with the corporal of the gendarmes for the capture of Jack; and poor Fifteen Ounces, cunningly tempted by his master with the gift of a fine horn-handled knife, agreed to play the traitor.

Chance arranged matters as well even as Martin could have wished. Jack, who had not been at the farm for some time, came to throw himself, as the saying is, into the wolf's mouth of his own accord. Old Martin received him as usual, and did not appear to retain the least ill-feeling towards him on account of his violence at their last meeting.

"How is Lise?" said Jack, seating himself in his accustomed place.

"Lise is very well; thank you, Jack."

"May I talk with her to-day?"

"Certainly, if she is here, and is agreeable, but I don't know whether she is in the house or not, for I have just come in, and have not seen anybody yet.

"Don't trouble yourself; I shall see if she is in myself." Jack rose, and opening the door at the foot of the stair leading to the first story cried in a loud and mildly imperious tone, "Lise, I am here! Come down and let us have a little talk together."

This appeal and the well known tones of the voice so dear to her put all Félise's fine resolutions to flight, as if by enchantment. She ran down-stairs like a lark to a mirror, drawn by an irresistible attraction, and made her appearance instantly. "What do you want with me, Jack?" she asked blushing and delighted.

"This is what I have got to say to you, Lise. We have talked together for a long time, and I am now certain that I have a love for you that nothing can overcome or weaken: will you be my wife, and will you allow me to ask you in marriage?"

Félise became as pale as death, and remained speechless for a moment, looking now at her father now at her lover, troubled to the depths of her soul, and not knowing what to say. Old Martin, without seeming the least surprised at the unexpected boldness of the request, tranquilly filled himself a glass of wine, and drank it off.

"There is my hand, Jack," said Félise at last, in a scarcely audible tone of voice; "do as you please."

Jack took the little hand, which trembled excessively in his, pressed it gently and gravely twice or thrice, and standing before the old man, who had never lost a bite while the scene was going on, said, "Sir, I ask Lise from you in marriage, and I promise to be a good and faithful husband to her."

"Lise is free," replied the old man, "and I do not doubt that you will make her a faithful husband; but do you really think of taking her to the mountain with you to live in a cave?"

"Certainly not," replied Jack; "it has become quite clear to me that I must either give up Lise or the life I have hitherto led, but no sacrifice will be too much for me. I am ready for any trial, for I know also that my word is not sufficient, and that I must give proofs. Listen then to what I propose: if I remain for a year steadily working on the farm without firing a gun once—even on a Sunday—will you believe that I am a husband worthy of her?"

"I shall; I ask nothing more: and Heaven strengthen you in your good resolution."

Jack took the old man's hand and clasped it cordially; Félise, radiant with happiness, handed them a glass of wine; and all three drank to the happy issue of the betrothal.

"Well," said old Martin, as he put down his

empty glass, what is said is said, but you are giving up an excellent chance for a shot, my poor Jack."

"How is that?"

"It seems that a magnificent covey of partridges are lying on the Lauzière, and eating Jean de Christol's buckwheat. Fifteen Ounces has flushed them every day for several days, and has counted as many as fourteen of them."

"Indeed?"

"So he says, and it is likely enough to be true. The young ones are so large, he says too, that he could not tell them from the old ones. That will be a fine chance for Dominique, since you have renounced the devil."

"Minique will take that shot when I can say mass; you will only have bungled work with him, you may be sure of that."

"Oh, yes, I know he is not good for much, my boy; Minique will kill two or three of them and wound as many, and the wounded ones will flutter away and die, without profit to anybody. He has only an old flint-lock gun and no dog at all—very different from you!"

"I don't mean to brag," said Jack; "but it would not be the first covey that I have bagged with two shots—Bah, don't let us think any more about it; word given, word kept."

"That is speaking like a man, Jack, and I see that, of course; but what if you were allowed to take back your word just for once? At the last market in town partridges were at a ransom; and I think it a great pity to lose a good louis d'or when one has only to bend down and pick it up."

"Well, so it is," said Jack, who in the depth of his soul was only too much of this opinion; "but why tempt me? Are you trying me? or are you only joking?"

"On my soul, I speak exactly as I think. I sha'n't care a bit, now, although your conversion dates from to-morrow, for instance."

"And you, Lise?" said Jack, who still hesitated.

"Me!" said Lise, "I wish what you wish, you know that very well, Jack. And since my father has nothing to say against it—"

"Very well; that's settled. I'll go and fire this last shot; and Heaven grant that none of us may have cause to regret it!"

"Amen!" said Father Martin, by way of finish to the matters. "And now take off a good stiff glass and away with you."

Jack set off—a vague feeling of uneasiness weighing on his heart. He went on this last expedition without relish, without ardour, with something like regret. As he marched silently on a presentiment that would not be shaken off seemed to pull him back. When passing Christol's farmhouse, he stopped and shut up Maripan, who would only be a hindrance to him in the *espero*. As if the brave animal had scented the danger of his master, Jack had all the difficulty in the world in getting him to obey, and it is certain that Maripan had never before shown such anxiety to be allowed to remain by his master's side. Jack, full of his own thoughts, did not understand the significant growls, the mournful and melancholy howls, of his dog; he paid no attention to his looks so full of meaning, but strode on his way to the Lauzière.

The solitude of the large plateau was complete. As far as the eye could reach no human being was visible; only the sheep of Fifteen Ounces grazing at the foot of the Black Rocks disturbed the silence with the sharp tinkle of their bells. Satisfied with this preliminary inspection, Jack approached a large cairn situated at a kind of ill-marked crossing where several scarcely distinguishable paths met; and raising a large stone, carefully noted the position of three small pebbles evidently arranged in a manner agreed upon. "All right, I see," said he, replacing the stone; "Fifteen Ounces is a good boy, and I must give him something nice next St. Anthony's day." Perfectly reassured with regard to the *blues* by what he had seen, Jack walked rapidly to the field of buckwheat and began to examine the soil with the greatest care. "Now," said he, "let me try and make my last shot a brilliant one." He plucked up several handfuls of buckwheat and arranged the stalks in a line just outside the field. If the partridges came down from the high grounds, as they no doubt would, they would fall in with these bundles first and would be almost sure to halt, so that nearly all of them would be within gunshot.

Having made these arrangements and thrown a last rapid glance round about him, Jack loaded his gun and entered the *espero*. The *espero* was an erection of the utmost simplicity, formed of large stones arranged in a circle, just large enough to shelter one person, and having a kind of rude carefully disguised loophole opening to the field. At first sight it was difficult to distinguish Jack's *espero* from the other heaps of stones scattered over the Lauzière. The sun was gradually sinking; the propitious moment was drawing near; nothing was heard in the distance but Fifteen Ounces singing an old carol of the country, at the top of his voice.

Jack had waited for about an hour, with the characteristic patience of a sportsman, at his post, silent and motionless, scarcely venturing

to breathe, his eye perpetually on the watch, and nothing indicated as yet that his waiting for this day was not to be in vain. It takes so little indeed to drive away these wary birds, whose life is passed in continual watchfulness. The yelp of a fox, a prowling dog, a shepherd practising the sling—any one of these is often enough to cause the startled covey to immediately abandon its haunts for a certain time.

The sun was setting in fiery purple, and the shades were already beginning to fall. Jack still waited, but with less and less hope every moment; when all at once the loud whirr of wings was heard behind him coming from the higher grounds, and immediately the male and female, perching on rocks elevated above the rest, began to call the covey together. Cot, cot, cot!—cot, cot!—cot, cot, cot!—cot, cot! In the twinkling of an eye the scattered covey had all met together again, and ran swiftly to the feeding ground. As Jack had thought, the stalks lying on the ground were at once greedily attacked, and the unfortunate birds were soon in an excellent position for the sportsman. The shot was fired; ten victims strewed the ground; not more than three or four escaped the disaster, and flew off as fast as their wings could carry them. Jack fired his second barrel at a wounded bird that appeared likely to get off, and rose with the intention of running to pick up the game, when a cry of rage escaped his lips, and consternation nailed him to his place: the corporal from Mormoiron and his men surrounded the espero and cut off all escape. Jack was caught in his own trap.

"Give yourself up, Jack," said the corporal, "and don't make matters worse for you by useless resistance. I told you, you know, that I should steal a march upon you at last. Come, down with your arms and no more about it."

But Jack was almost mad; fury, shame, and helplessness made his poor brain boil. He taken! he disarmed! he treated as a conscript! Was it possible? Could any one believe it?

"Out of the way," he cried, with a voice of thunder, whirling his gun round his head, "or it will be the worse for the first man that lays a finger on me!"

"Stand your ground," cried the corporal, boldly darting forward. "Stand your ground, men. In the name of the law—!" The sentence was never finished, for the butt end of Jack's gun met his head, and he fell half stunned.

"Come on, you blackguards!" shouted Jack, whirling his terrible gun like a club.

The gendarmes, though somewhat disheartened by the fall of their chief, returned to the charge with that blind sentiment of duty which has so much influence on brave men, and the desperate struggle went on, though the issue could not long remain doubtful. If Jack had been at liberty and in the open fields, he would certainly have got off scot-free—notwithstanding the odds—though it had only been by speed of foot; but there, tracked like a wolf to his lair, what could he do? Nothing but give death or accept it. It was all over with him this time, and he fought on in desperation. A fierce blow aimed at one of the men was deftly parried, the stock of Jack's gun snapped in two, and he was left weaponless. Maddened with rage he sprang upon his adversary like a tiger, seized him by the throat, and rolled with him on the ground. That was the end of it, and five minutes after, Jack, tightly bound, lay foaming by the side of the brave corporal, who was beginning to collect his scattered senses. "Upon my word," said he, as he wiped his swollen forehead, "that was a rough knock any way, and I owe our Lady of Health a good big taper. But let us take the road, my lads, and not lose our time here in whining and lamenting like so many women."

He rose with some difficulty, adjusted his belt, took a sip of brandy, and in a firm voice gave the word of command, "Quick march!"

At this order the little company began to move; and Jack, with his hands tied behind his back, sturdy arms supporting him on the right and left, was obliged to yield to force. He strode along in silence. He was quite cooled down now, comprehending at last that he had nothing to expect from violence, and that his only hope was henceforth in artifice. When they arrived at the cross-roads they were met by Fifteen Ounces, who was returning with his sheep. At the sight of the little shepherd Jack felt his heart swell with anger, and his eyes flashed fire on the traitor. The latter appeared much affected at seeing poor Jack in such a plight, and did not venture to raise his eyes.

"Confound it!" said the corporal all at once, as he struck his forehead. "We have left the birds lying on the ground. Run to the buckwheat field as fast as you can, my little fellow, pick up the partridges, and present them from me to Father Martin."

The latter words opened Jack's eyes at once: everything that he had been puzzling himself to make out was now quite clear. Fifteen Ounces, Father Martin, and the corporal were accomplices, and each had played his part in the conspiracy against him. "Very good," he murmured between his clenched teeth,

"I'll be even with you yet, my friends," and as if his newly-acquired certainty on this point had lifted a great weight from his breast, he started forward with a firm step, to the great relief of his attendants.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at Mormoiron; and both the corporal and his men being fatigued, it was agreed that the prisoner should not be transferred to the public prison till next morning. Jack was locked up in a room of the town-hall, and the gendarmes went off to get some supper and to take a little rest after such a rough journey.

The honest corporal was not at all a bad fellow. His forehead was exceedingly painful; but after he had had a good supper he began to think of Jack without any ill feeling. "The poor fellow must be famishing, I am sure," said he; "bring him a good plateful of soup and a glassful of wine, wife. Deuce take it! duty must not stand in the way of humanity."

He lighted a lantern and went out, followed by his wife, who, it must be said, carried the prisoner's soup with the greatest readiness. Jack was sleeping soundly, stretched at all his length on the floor; the smell of the soup woke him up almost as soon as the light of the lantern. He made an instinctive movement, but his pinioned arms at once recalled him to the sad reality.

"I know that you are a man of honour, Jack," said the corporal, "give me your word that you will not attempt to escape, and I shall untie your hands immediately."

"I can't give you my word for that," said Jack; "but untie my arms so that I may take the soup, and after that you can bind me as tightly as you please."

"Very well," said the corporal.

Jack ate and drank with an excellent appetite, and having finished his supper, honourably held out his hands to be pinioned again.

"I would gladly spare you that, my poor fellow, but you know I am responsible for your safe-keeping."

"Do your duty, corporal; however, I should be glad if you would not tie my hands behind, as it quite prevents me from sleeping on my back."

The corporal was about to refuse this favour when his eye met a beseeching look from his wife. Jack, the rascal, had always the women on his side, and his luck did not desert him this time either.

"No doubt," said the corporal sententiously, "that must be a great hindrance to sleeping. I consent; but for greater security Bérard will pass the night here. Go and bring Bérard, wife."

Honest Bérard would have preferred, as may be supposed, to sleep in his own good gendarme's bed; but duty before all! He seated himself without a murmur on a chair beside the prisoner, and the corporal, turning the key upon the pair of them, retired with his mind at ease.

Two full hours passed without the gloomy silence of the night being broken by any sound. Jack had again fallen into a sound sleep, and honest Bérard was struggling as well as he could against the harassing fatigues of the day and his gradually increasing inclination to drowsiness. The smoky lamp now shed only a reddish light, and his blinking eyes ceased from time to time to perceive objects distinctly. Twice or thrice he had caught himself going off in a doze, and he was positive that he had awoke with a start several times. On a sudden, and just as he was dreaming that the corporal had come to relieve him of his charge, poor Bérard felt himself seized, thrown on his back, gagged, and pinioned, in less time than it takes to write it. His assailant was Jack, who had slowly gnawed through his fastenings with his sharp teeth, and had used the pieces against his attendant. Once master of his movements, Jack ran to the door with the light, and dashing all his weight against it made it spring from its hinges like Samson with the gates of Gaza. He then opened the first window he came to, leaped lightly into the street, then with his hand raised, his lip trembling with a proud smile, he snapped his fingers at the Blues, and disappeared immediately in the darkness.

III.

The reader may imagine the effect produced by Fifteen Ounces when he returned to Tinet's with the game, and described the terrible battle he had witnessed. In spite of his habits of dissimulation, and his self-command, Father Martin found it very difficult to conceal his internal satisfaction, and drank off two or three bumpers in succession, to enable him to keep his countenance.

"Unlucky Jack," said he at last; "you say that he knocked down two of them! It's a frightful business then, and the least that he runs the risk of is the galleys!"

At these words Félise burst into sobs and wrung her hands in despair. Jack a prisoner! Jack condemned! Jack in the galleys at Toulon coupled to a robber!—was it possible? Could it be believed? To think that he was there not an hour ago, sitting on that chair, radiant with happiness, whispering sweet words to her, speaking of the future, of love, of an early

marriage, and to think that he would have been there still but for that cursed covey of partridges, and that it was herself who had urged him with a smile to go and fire a last shot! Oh misery! Oh tortures! Would her poor eyes ever have tears enough for such grief as hers!

Father Martin did nothing to console her, preferring, as he said, to "let the water run." When he thought she was somewhat calmer, however, he set himself to reason with her after his fashion.

"You cannot do better than have a good cry, my poor girl; crying relieves the feelings; but what can one do against fate? Sooner or later Jack was bound to come to a bad end, living as he lived; better sooner than later, let me tell you; and you ought to thank your patron saint for having drawn you away from the wasp's nest in time. What would become of you at this time if by bad luck you were the wife of this unfortunate fellow? And though I said the galleys, who knows? It is perhaps the scaffold that awaits him!"

"Ah!" said Félise with an outburst, "it is useless for you to speak; you will not make me deny my poor Jack. He was going to make me his wife, and I shall remain his whatever happen!"

"Oh yes, of course. And he is an honest fellow; who says anything to the contrary? After all, we do not know anything about the affair, except what Fifteen Ounces tells us, and perhaps it is not so bad as he says. Tell us a little of your story again, boy,—did Jack really kill two gendarmes.

In spite of the influence that the old man had over him, Fifteen Ounces recoiled with repugnance from the falsehood that he was urged to tell, and went over his story again, recounting the facts without too much exaggeration.

"What was it, now, that I said a little ago? You see very well, daughter, that people are always in too great a hurry to weep. If Jack has not killed anybody there is no fear of his coming to the scaffold. Dry your tears. I know very well that he must go to the galleys, but we are not so far as that yet. It will be time enough to make ourselves miserable after the assizes. Don't you think so, Lisette?"

Old Martin had a way of consoling people, than which nothing could be better calculated for making their sorrow more bitter, their grief more poignant. Without appearing to intend it, he excelled in turning the knife in the wound, and would dwell with atrocious complacency on every fact that could irritate and envenom it. Félise was almost driven wild by his remarks; and unable to endure them any longer, took refuge in her chamber, where she could weep at her ease and without constraint.

What a night that was! She had thrown herself on the bed with all her clothes on, and her tears fell silently on the pillow. She thought of her youth, now worthless; of this great love, which she had never before felt in all its fulness; of all her projects for the future, so fondly cherished, but now crushed for ever. And Jack! was he not more unfortunate a hundred times than herself? How could he ever, with his indomitable nature, support this life of shame, of toil, of discipline, and of privation. He would succumb to it, that was certain; but if Jack were dead, then was not the world empty for Félise? Her father was welcome to say to her, "Dry your tears; no use being in a hurry to make one's self miserable." "Heaven," she prayed, sobbing, "grant that I may die; take me, take me away, or send me back him I love so well."

Oh, wonderful! whence comes that sound? Can she believe her ears? Is she not the sport of hallucination? No, no; it is certainly he this time—it is indeed his whistle—it is his signal—it is Jack! Jack, who has returned, Jack who is calling her!

Félise, bewildered, runs to the window and throws it wide open. Jack is there indeed, alone, at liberty, his arms held out towards her, more handsome and proud-looking than ever.

"Oh Jack," said Félise in a tone of ineffable tenderness, "I was weeping for you as if you were dead—oh my dear Jack!"

"Félise," said Jack in a grave voice, "do you continue to think me, as formerly, a man upright and sincere!"

"Yes!"

"And are you still willing to be my wife?"

"Oh yes; more than ever, Jack!"

"I am going to leave the country for a long time perhaps, Lise; the wife follows her husband, will you follow me?"

"I am yours, Jack; do with me what you will."

"Very well, then; make up your bundle quickly and come down; we have no time to lose."

Félise without hesitation opened her trunk, took out some linen, a dress, and some spare stockings, and boldly descended by the ladder which Jack had just placed against her window. Day was now breaking, the two lovers gained the mountain at a rapid pace, and disappeared

in the direction of Les Grégories. As they reached the first houses of the hamlet they met Jean Cendrous going to yoke his oxen for the last labour of the season. "Hullo," said he merrily, "I thought I was the first up in all the combe, but it seems you are still earlier than I am, my friend."

"Jean Cendrous," said Félise resolutely, advancing towards the farmer, "I take you to witness that I am carrying off Jack here, and I beg you will proclaim it to my father this very day."

"Certainly, my pretty girl; it will put me about, to be sure, but one cannot refuse to proclaim a *robbage*. Heaven guide you, my children!"

The *robbage* is an old custom of the country which has survived the invasion of French manners. It is the girl that carries off (*robbe*) her lover, and thus by her declaration frees him from all pursuit. The *robbage* is the last resource of lovers whose patience is utterly worn out. When consent to the marriage is obstinately refused, the parties run away in this fashion and the matter is ended. Marriage is not long in following, and the paternal authority receives from it perhaps less offence than from the "respectful summons"[1] invented by the legislator of the civil code.

Father Martin heard the proclamation carried by Jean Cendrous without moving a muscle. "Very good," said he; "the man who has a daughter may expect anything; but I am afraid a good deal of water will pass under the bridge before we go to the wedding."

Jack and Félise passed the day in the cave of Maraval, ever on the outlook, as may readily be supposed. After nightfall they came down to the village, and arm in arm went and knocked at the parsonage door.

"What brings you here, you unlucky mortal?" said the curé. "Don't you know that all the gendarmes of the department are after you, and that they are determined to make short work of you? Save yourself as quick as you can; and Heaven grant that there is yet time!"

"Bah! don't trouble yourself about that, sir; I have quite other cares in my head at present, and shall turn my attention to the *blues* by-and-by. Let us take what is most important first, if you please."

"And what can there be more important for you than to escape?"

"You see Félise here," replied Jack, gravely; "well, we have eloped this morning, and I do not wish to take her to the mountain with me without making her my lawful wife. Say our marriage mass for us as soon as midnight sounds, and pray to the good God for the poor bride and bridegroom."

In the simplicity of his soul Jack thought this proposal the most natural in the world; and the worthy curé was really sorry to have to inform him that both the civil and canon law forbade unions of this sort, and that he would render himself liable to punishment were he to grant his wish.

"What is to be done then, sir?" said Jack, with a look of discouragement at Félise, "what is to be done?"

"Jack," said the priest, moved by the mute eloquence of this glance, "I have known you for a long time, and I know you to be a man of honour and one who fears God. Now, here are Félise and you all but man and wife, without having received the sacrament, and Félise's good name must be restored by every means. You are young and will not fear a little fatigue, so you must be off to Savoy by the shortest road. Over there the priests marry people without the civil powers having anything to do with the matter. On your knees, my children, and receive my blessing on your journey!"

Jack and Félise knelt down and prayed for a moment under the outstretched hand of the pastor.

"Jack," added the curé, as he made them rise, "I confide Félise to you and place her under your charge; you will treat her as your own sister by day and night till you come to the end of your journey—you promise?"

"Before Heaven I will!"

"I take your word; adieu, my children!"

As Jack was crossing the threshold the curé drew him back a little and said to him in a low tone, "There are two louis-d'or, spend them carefully, and if you should happen to find any Spanish tobacco over there keep me in mind."

While Jack and Félise were trudging along to obtain the nuptial benediction, choosing paths steep and rugged enough to frighten a goat, the corporal of Mormoiron, eager to avenge his failure, was exploring Mount Ventoux in all directions, and wearing out his men in a vain pursuit. Everywhere, it is true, he found traces of Jack: here a sleeping-place, there an outlook station, farther on some large slabs of stone still black with pounded charcoal, but of Jack himself nothing was seen. This

[1] Formal documents addressed to their parents or guardians by a young man and woman in order that they may contract a legal marriage, when their parents or guardians have refused their consent.

fiend incarnate knew how to keep out of reach as well as out of sight. One evening as the corporal was returning down the mountain by Combe-Obscure, after having pushed as far as possible into the Black Cave, and to as little purpose as before, he stopped for a moment at Christol's farm to take a little refreshment. Jack's dog had remained there since the evening of the great battle, and waited philosophically till his master should come to take possession of him again. At sight of the corporal, perhaps also at the characteristic odour of the gendarmes, the bold animal darted forward, barking furiously, and made at them as if he would bite.

"What dog's this you have got, Christol?" said the corporal, standing on his guard; "he's a very awkward customer."

"Oh, it's Maripan, Jack's dog; he's not very fond of the three-cornered hats, I must admit. Here, Maripan, here; won't you hold your tongue and be hanged to you?" and the farmer aimed a tremendous kick at the dog and sent him rolling under the table. Poor Maripan had no doubt been long used to this kind of argument, for in spite of the pain and disgrace he took the matter as settled and remained quiet in his corner, his eyes sparkling with anger and glaring menacingly.

"Oh, it's Jack's dog," said the corporal, "I have a good mind to make him a prisoner of war; what do you think, Bérard?"

"What would you do with a nasty brute like that, corporal?" replied the gendarme, who was somewhat chary about pushing matters to an extremity with a dog whose eyes sparkled like live coals. "He can only give us trouble."

"I have an idea of my own," said the corporal, majestically raising his finger to his forehead; "let us take possession of him instantly."

This, however, was not so easy; Maripan defended himself a long time before giving in; but at last, thanks to Bérard's adroitness and notwithstanding some abrasions, the law prevailed, and the vanquished enemy, duly muzzled, followed the conquerors with his ears hanging and his tail between his legs.

The corporal's idea was not a bad one. By means of Maripan's exquisite sense of smell it would perhaps be possible to track his master and come upon him unawares. For this purpose it was necessary to conquer the inveterate dislike of the animal and modify his temper by good treatment. Maripan was accordingly recommended to the particular care of the corporal's wife, and soon experienced the seductive influence of savoury messes. It is sad to relate, but why should we conceal it? after this treatment had lasted some time Maripan was scarcely recognizable. His horror of the French gendarmes had so diminished that he found no difficulty in allowing Bérard to pat him on the back. He was a dog lost to a life of freedom, and the chain which kept him from leaving the courtyard of the barracks was quite unnecessary.

On his return from Savoy Jack was very soon informed by his friends of the unwearied search after him which had been made, but he appeared to give himself no further trouble about it. He had installed Félise in a vast grotto, almost inaccessible, and known only to a few hunters, and had recommenced his old life of poaching and smuggling. His habits seemed to be in no ways changed, except that he did not as formerly sleep here and there at random, and had become infinitely less confident and much more suspicious. He felt the loss of his dog very much, and had had an open quarrel with Christol for being careless, if not indeed faithless to his trust. He seldom came down to the village, and heard *hill-top mass* in preference to any other.

The corporal on his part seemed to have accepted his defeat, and to have given up all idea of revenge. The first snows had just fallen, and Mount Ventoux was white to far below the beech woods. Jack came down to Maraval, fearing lest Félise, who was now enceinte, would not be able to bear the rigour of the cold and the violence of the winds. Maraval was well sheltered, and only a little more watchfulness would be necessary there.

Christmas eve arrived without anything noteworthy having happened. Jack and Félise had remained sitting by the side of their primitive fireplace, waiting till the signal should be given by the village bells in order to join in intention the faithful, and celebrate as well as they could the birth of the Saviour. Meantime they talked of various things.

"I can scarcely believe that Fifteen Ounces was a traitor," said Félise; "for why should he betray you? What could he get by that?"

"I don't know," replied Jack; "but I shall find out some time or other, and he won't have lost anything by waiting. Ah, the little beggar! But for him you would be walking to church on my arm at this moment, with your head as high as any of them, and would be getting ready for having your baby respectably in your father's house."

"That is true," said Félise sadly. "My poor father! I wonder how he is getting on alone down there without me!"

"Oh, he is wonderfully well; the curé, whom I saw this very evening, met him returning from town, and he was quite in his usual health and spirits. He is another whose conduct I shall bring to light some fine day if it please Heaven!"

"You see traitors everywhere, Jack."

"That is because there are traitors everywhere, Lise. Christol, too, what right had he to tell the gendarmes that Maripan was mine? I call that treason, I do."

"Poor Maripan!" said Lise; "he was a good dog, and I am sorry about him."

"Oh, yes, he was a good dog; it would not have been easy to find his equal. I cannot believe that he is altogether lost, and I am always expecting to see him running in here with a piece of his chain at his neck. What can the cursed corporal have done to him!"

And involuntarily, so to speak, by the pure force of habit, Jack uttered the shrill whistle which used to recall Maripan even from his farthest wanderings. In the calm silence of the serene night the distant barking of a dog arose from the plain in answer to the whistle, as if it had only been waiting for this signal—

Jack trembled from head to foot and rose upright on his feet, almost breathless.

"Did you hear it, Lise?" said he.

"Yes, but there are plenty of dogs in the plain, my poor Jack; especially to-night when everybody is awake."

"It is he, I tell you; I knew his bark. Besides, listen again."

He went to the mouth of the cave, and in the deep silence of the night whistled loudly three times at equal intervals. In a few seconds a dog was heard to reply in the distance with three distinct barks. There was no doubt this time—it was Maripan coming back.

"Ah, good dog; better than men! What a feast there will be for you when you return! He will not be long, I warrant; he is running straight forward, without troubling himself about roads or foot-paths. Ah, I couldn't have wished for a better Christmas than this!"

Jack whistled again and again, but to his great astonishment the barking still continued far off, and the tone became more and more plaintive.

"By thunder!" cried Jack, gloom coming over him all at once. "It is Maripan sure enough, but he is not at liberty."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I mean that he should have been here already. Yes, yes, it is he, he is running by the scent, but he is held in leash. . . . We must look out, Lise, it is us they are after, and Maripan too is a traitor!"

It was only too true; the dog was following on the track, and was acting as a guide to his master's enemies. There was no time to lose, they must take to flight at whatever cost. Félise quickly made up a bundle of her best clothes, and Jack, lifting an enormous stone, hid his implements for making gunpowder; then having put two loaves into his game-bag, and having looked to the priming of his gun, he took Félise by the hand and marched straight for the heights.

It was a keen frost, and the moon, now in her last quarter, glittered on the hardened snow. The barking of the dog reached them more and more distinctly the farther up the mountain he came, and by-and-by he uttered a series of barks so peculiar in tone that Jack stopped to listen. "They are at Maraval," he said, "and the dog is yelping as he finds the scent warm; however we have a good start, Lise, and unless the devil help them they won't overtake us."

Judging only from the voice of the dog, the pursuit never slackened, but continued with untiring perseverance. Jack and Félise were still marching along in silence long after daybreak, and fatigue began to gain visibly on the young creature. Several times already she had been obliged to stop and take breath; in spite of her courage the poor child felt that her strength was exhausted. She hung more and more heavily on Jack's arm, retarding his progress, and at last she stopped altogether. "Jack," she said, "I cannot go a step farther, leave me here and save yourself. They will not do me any harm, and you will easily find me again."

"What! abandon you? never, never. Let us see if you can't make one effort more, my girl."

"It's no use, Jack, I have already done more than I was able. Save yourself, save yourself, I conjure you."

"No, a thousand times no; we are hardly a hundred yards from the hut of the Holy Cross, come and rest yourself there, and never mind me."

Félise dragged herself painfully along to the hut—the entrance of which was half filled up with snow—and sank down, utterly worn out, on the soft bed of lavender and wild thyme which the shepherds always took care to have in this rude abode.

"Remain there and wait for me without impatience; with Heaven's help I shall not be away long."

Jack had just formed a great resolve. Turning on his steps he quickly re-descended the mountain in the direction of Maraval, and hastily posted himself behind a rock which

barred the narrow pathway and forced it to take a sharp turn. He had not long to wait. Maripan, held in by a gendarme, soon made his appearance, barking as he followed up the scent, his tongue hanging out as if in the dog-days; the corporal and his men came behind streaming with perspiration. Jack raised his gun and slowly took aim, and the poor brute fell, shot with a bullet right through the forehead.

"This way, boys," cried the corporal, darting forward, "after him, Bérard; after him, Bassy; look alive, my men!" But Jack, more active than a chamois, was already a long way off in the direction of Curnier, leaving the hut of the Holy Cross behind him intentionally; and the corporal, perceiving that the game was lost, gave his men the signal to retreat. The carcass of Maripan, already stiffened by the frost, was left alone, with its feet in the air, to serve as a feast for the first passing wolf.

IV.

Jack was not able to rejoin Félise at the hut until nightfall. He found her half-dead with cold and terror, shivering with fever, and repeating disconnected and meaningless words, such as people utter when in delirium. He quickly lighted a great fire, and briskly chafed the ice-cold limbs of his poor wife, calling her by the tenderest names, but Félise remained insensible; her eyes were fixed in a vacant stare, and she seemed only to answer the questions of invisible interlocutors. To crown Jack's misfortunes the wind had just risen, the wind of Mount Ventoux, an icy wind that ground the snow into powder, and blew it about in violent eddies. To think of descending the mountain again at such a time was impossible, and nothing remained but to stay there till morning.

Jack, with a heart full of anxiety and misery, arranged some armfuls of dry lavender in the most sheltered corner, and there laid poor Félise, covering her up with some of his own clothes and keeping a good fire burning all night at the entrance of the miserable hovel. Every moment the tempest shook the walls with redoubled fury and seemed to draw from them melancholy groans, while to these miseries was added the danger of suffocation, the smoke being driven violently back into the interior of the hut. Félise, who was tormented with a raging thirst, was asking for water every moment, and poor Jack had nothing to give her but lumps of frozen snow which he broke down small with his knife.

At last this dreadful night came to an end, and the unhappy man went outside for a moment to look about him a little. The wind had fallen as the sun rose, but his situation was no less terrible. There he was, alone, on the top of Mount Ventoux, his wife ill, delirious, unable to move, and he himself utterly worn out and exhausted with the fatigues of the preceding day and the anguish of such a night, and no one to look to for assistance, no one to save him but himself. For the first time in his life Jack felt his heart fail, and large tears trickled down his hollow cheeks. He raised his eyes to heaven with a despairing glance, and entering the hut again sat down in utter misery beside Félise, who for the hundredth time called for water.

This excessive prostration lasted but a short time; Jack was soon himself again, and looking his cruel position in the face. Before all, it was necessary to leave the hut at any cost, and to do this he must recover sufficient strength. Having eaten half a loaf and drunk two or three mouthfuls of melted snow, he uttered a short prayer, and lifting Félise in his arms placed her on his shoulders, then, using his gun by way of staff, he slowly descended the steep slope.

Strong and sure-footed as he was Jack was obliged to stop from time to time to recover breath. He then deposited his precious burden on some adjacent rock and manfully resumed it after a short rest. In this way he reached the cave of Maraval, after a harassing march of five mortal hours, and was glad to find that the enemy in their passing visit had not greatly disturbed his favourite abode. It was time; Jack's strength was literally exhausted. Having recovered a little from his first fatigue he turned his attention exclusively to Félise, whose state inspired him with increasing anxiety. A profound torpor had followed the violent fever and delirium. Félise seemed overpowered with a lethargic drowsiness, and she lay without sense or motion. Jack did all he possibly could to reanimate his poor wife and exhausted all the resources of a heart rendered ingenious by necessity. But all in vain; and his despair soon equalled his fear. Day was declining; was he then to pass a second night of anguish and terror alone, abandoned by all, unable to afford the dear sufferer any relief, a helpless witness of all her pain. Jack rushed from the cave and scanned with eager eye the whole surrounding scene; but, alas! not a soul, not a shepherd, not a flock, not a dog was to be seen, nothing but silence and solitude!

Down below in the valley the evening angelus was slowly tolled on the bell of the village church, and for the first time in his life Jack

felt a bitter smile rise to his lips at the sacred appeal. In his storm-tossed soul the evening bells seemed a gratuitous irony, the tranquil mockery of peaceful life, the inflexible protest of established order triumphing in its selfish regularity.

"Away, vagabond!" said the little bell distinctly; "die like a dog on your mountain! Our cares, our services, our assistance, our doctors, our priests, are not for you! We owe no help except to those who live our life, share our duties, bend under the game-burdens as we, and do not claim, like you, the right of living as they please, free from all laws and all duties!"

As Jack was about to re-enter in despair, two shots were fired near by, and an unfortunate hare, mortally wounded, ran forward and fell dead at the distance of two or three hundred paces from the cave. Jack ran to pick it up, and met the sportsman, who had just left his post. Imagine his joy when he found that it was Siffrein, a comrade, a brother poacher, a friend! In a few words Siffrein was informed of the state of affairs, and at once promised his assistance; and it was arranged that he should see the doctor and the curé, and tell them in what state he had left Félise. Comforted by the certainty of soon obtaining help, Jack reentered the cave, and, worn out by fatigue and emotion, soon fell into a deep slumber by the corner of the fire.

He was awakened by heart-rending cries. Félise was writhing on her miserable bed; the delirium had left her, but with the return of reason terror had entered her soul. "I am going to die," she cried; "Jack, do not leave me to die! Jack, I am afraid. Jack, I am dying! Help me, help me! Do not let me die, Jack, I conjure you!"

"Félise, Félise!" replied Jack in destraction; "calm yourself; I am here, I shall not leave you! what is there to frighten you?—I am here—Oh, you are suffering cruel pain, my poor Lise!"

She clung to him with extraordinary force, clasping him spasmodically in her arms so as almost to choke him. A convulsive sob arose from the depths of her chest, and issued from between her closed teeth in violent gasps, with a rattling sound, while a white froth moistened the corners of her mouth.

"Ah, Jack!" cried Félise with an accent of despair, "adieu, Jack, adieu! It is all over!" Her arms all at once relaxed their hold, and she sank back lifeless on her couch.

When the curé and the doctor at length arrived—about midnight—they were too late to render any assistance to poor Félise. Jack's agony was great, but very quiet; and it was a long time before he could be roused to speak of the necessary preparations for the funeral. Then, with pitiful earnestness he begged the curé, if it could be done, to consecrate a little bit of ground beneath a tall juniper which grew near the cave, so that Félise might be buried there, and he might be always near her as he had promised to be on the day of their betrothal.

The curé consented; and Jack himself dug the grave, resolutely refusing all assistance in that melancholy task.

All the people of the village, and many from the neighbouring hamlets, marched up to the cave of Maraval to attend the funeral. Old Martin was there too, and at the grave he flung himself into Jack's arms, manifesting extreme grief, which was no doubt rendered more poignant by remorse. Simon Fifteen Ounces flung into the open grave the knife which had tempted him to become a traitor, and in the name of Félise implored Jack to forgive him.

"You have done us much harm, Simon," said Jack, sadly; "but it shall not be in vain that you invoke the name of Félise. I pardon you from the bottom of my heart."

V.

Félise's death finally determined the course of Jack's life. But for that event the refractory conscript, the despiser of social trammels—circumstances aiding—might have become like other men and entered on a settled life. Married, and the father of a family, Jack would have been the first to recognize the necessity of reconciling himself with society, and would certainly have taken advantage of the general amnesty that followed the revolution of 1830. But wifeless, alone, and no longer having any reason for struggling against his natural bent, Jack was bound to return to the life of vagabondage which had for him become a second nature. If he lived a life of hardship on his inaccessible mountain, where the *blues* had ended by leaving him quite unmolested, yet he was dependent on no one—he was truly his own master in the full sense of the word.

By building some pieces of dry stone-wall to keep out the wind, he had made of the cave of Maraval an abode that a human being could almost live in. He had his head-quarters there, his provision store, and his workshop; he came there every evening to sleep, often from a long distance, and in all sorts of weather. In the morning, before starting on his excursions, he knelt beside the tomb of Félise, said his prayers devoutly, then piously threw a stone on the shapeless heap, which being augmented

by a stone from every passer-by, was soon, and is still called *The Dead Woman's Cairn.*

Thus he lived for many a long year in this wild solitude, alone with the remembrance of her whom he had lost, seldom descending to the village except on Sundays and holidays for the purpose of hearing mass. He spoke little, and avoided society as much as he could; but by a sort of tacit agreement he seemed to be constituted the natural guardian of all the old customs of the country—on Easter even, for example, he was always sure to be found posted at the corner of the square with his finger on the trigger of his gun, waiting till the bells should ring *the return from Rome,* in order to shoot Lent—Lent being represented by egg-shells, fish-bones, and dried vegetables suspended to the hoop of a barrel at the height of the roofs. It was he who gave the morning serenade of the brothers of St. Mark, and he had not his equal at beating a roll on the big drum of the brotherhood. When St. John's day came, it was he again who lighted the first bonfire on the mountain in honour of his patron saint. He was also a bombardier, and on St. Antonine's day, the patron of the village, or on that of St. Barbe, the patroness of artillerymen, it was Jack who discharged the mortars of the commune, into which it is thought he put but little government powder. He knew the rhyme for making swarms of bees come back, and the prayer by which objects that have been lost are found. He was also something of a bone-setter, had a secret way of dressing wounds, discovered springs with the divining-rod, and had a drug that was a sovereign cure for the bite of a mad dog.

Every one loved him for ten leagues round, and he was often consulted in difficult circumstances, for he was known to be as prudent as he was clear-headed. The young men were unanimous in proclaiming the superiority of Jack's powder to that of the government; and the girls gave him always the preference if the proclamation of a *robbage* had to be made. So when harvest was over, and Jack went about from farm to farm, sack on back like a mendicant hermit, he was sure to receive his peck of grain, his handful of olives, or his bottle of new wine. When a pig was killed, Jack got always a good piece for a fricassee, and there was hardly a marriage or christening party of any consequence to which he was not invited as if of full right. So that this man who possessed nothing under the sun, neither lands nor houses; who, like the ancient philosopher, carried about with him all that he had, this vagabond beyond the pale of society, half smuggler, half poacher, without recognized trade or avowed employment—this man lived in comparative abundance, and undoubtedly enjoyed the cordial esteem of his neighbours.—*From the Revue des Deux Mondes.*

OLD TIMES.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Old times! old times! the gay old times—
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally-tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;—
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still:
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again.
Old times! Old times!

Engraved by L. J. Shyer

THE PAGE.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Like a missal all ablaze
With the gold and colours blended,
Shine the bright chivalric days
In their hazy distance splendid.

Knights in long processions go,
Tossing plumes and armour flashing,
Pennons interblending glow,
Glaives are shining, falchions clashing.

Maidens lone in 'leagured towns
Dreaming over minstrel praises,—
Yard-long hair and silken gowns
(Sunny meadows prankt with daisies).

Lips that meeting lips bespeak,
Sidelong glances, smiles ecstatic;
Flowers freshening in the cheek,
Sighs distinctly aromatic.

Nobly born as passing fair,
For though sweet are thicket roses,
Perfect blooms of the parterre,
Only the parterre discloses.

Then at every maiden's side,
Sworn companion of her leisure,
Moves Sir Page—my lady's pride,
Pleasing torment, tiresome pleasure.

Clad in suit of iris hues,
Hawk on wrist, with bells and jesses,
Eyes of liquid browns or blues,
Maiden cheeks and maiden tresses.

Fond of joust and fond of brawl—
Dagger out ere word is spoken—
Life of bower, and life of hall—
Youth's free spirit all unbroken.

Critic of the limner's art,
Of the poet judge austerest—
Cupid in the censor's part,
Piping sentences severest.

Singing to the twangling lute
Minstrel ballad last in fashion,
Till the lips that should be mute
Learn the parrot-lisp of passion.

Underneath the pleasaunce walls,
(Ripe with nectarines and peaches),
Glad my Lady's damozels
List the lesson that he teaches.

Eyes upon a blushing face—
Curls against a milky shoulder—
Arm about a resting place
Might dismay a lover bolder.

Of his heart and its despair,
Vowing oft and oft protesting,
Till so much of love is there,
Only half of it is jesting.

Happy Page, who thus can move
In a round of bright enjoyment—
Happy to whom song and love
Represent life's sole employment!

THE FAITHFUL PAGE.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master, than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journeys, he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady, he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his chamberlain; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bedside, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety: he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed: but they had not the same fortunate result. The chamberlain died; but, before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen, and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming, "So may my last hour be as serene as thine!"

"He is the last branch of our race," uttered the chamberlain feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death: "receive him from me as a solemn legacy: he is virtuous and affec-

tionate, and will exercise towards you and your family the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors." A few moments afterwards the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe. He made his entry on his domains amidst the rejoicings of his vassals: and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast as he heard their shouts and saw their manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit; for sojourning amongst strangers, and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition, and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors, as the best natures at that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying chamberlain: one of his courtiers was soon despatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he appointed to be one of his pages. Henry, the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen; his shape tall and slender; his face fine and manly; his mind richly accomplished; and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite; the ornament of the ducal court; the most gallant of the princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious, indeed, was the boon!—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the Princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms.

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage: but Henry, the Duke's page, was more stricken by the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set her the example; and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband: but was it not the page's misfortune to be so distinguished? Too surely it was: for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin.

Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torture felt by him above all the rest; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth showed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded, and held his peace.

"Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the duke: "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shown myself thy friend, rather than thy lord?"

"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your grace: I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable, very miserable. Oh my lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief, but rather drive me from your presence; recall your favours, yet leave me your compassion; I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy: and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring, the page went out on the rampart of the castle, and, believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas:—

SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,
While echo wakes alone!
To your deep shade I fly,
To loose my bosom's groan.

'Tis love consumes my peace;
  Yet though it tears this breast,
I would not it should cease,
  Nor would I it were blest'd.
Ah no! ah no! ah no!
(*Echo*)—Ah no!

A sigh, a tear deny,
  Should I my passion speak;
But when I silent die,
  Let gentle sorrow break
From forth thy lips so pure,
  Dear mistress of my soul—
For love will not endure
  That duty should control.
Ah no! ah no! ah no!
(*Echo*)—Ah no!

So sung the page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of that sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused over them; yet forbore to question his page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends, to whose pleasures he might administer while he gratified their kindness by his presence.

"Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?" said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Hers was a smile in which all that is rich in woman's nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstacy, and smite high and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry's conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choking sob, and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—"The cause of this youth's melancholy, I think I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund: her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow."

"Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say," replied the Duchess. "If it be love that is the cause of your page's melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration; for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a favourable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive and reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke; "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart, that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with affection by the duke's page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony, where she usually sat with the duchess,—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropped from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband: who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving, at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind—thus giving them good opportu-

nity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: "Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy."

The page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled through him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon; and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess' departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings. Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord—could he forget it! Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful page," exclaimed the Duke, with an arch smile as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker. "The gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here—the Duchess I mean: she it was who did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken, and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a common-place reply, and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set out for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress' carriage, on a beautiful horse which she had given to him that day twelvemonth. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparkled in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The page's steed seemed determined that day to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint, yet all the while proud of his rider's sway, and never for one instant escaping, or seeking to escape, from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention. She could not take her looks from them; and once or twice she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The page on these occasions bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges, which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind, and in these the page distinguished himself, as he was wont—few could compete with him, either in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower —overlooking the precipice on the brink of which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand: that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress, drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt, but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue was too great. At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprise. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending: and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit, and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled

with wine; a shout from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila.

"He is about to utter the name of Agnes," said the Duchess to one of her ladies—and as she said this she sighed. "He has done a dangerous feat for her," she added.

Henry raised the cup in his right hand: the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exertion of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of Heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

"I drink," exclaimed he, with a loud voice, "to my mistress—to her whom I love—to Etha, Duchess of Liegnitz—wife of my most honoured and esteemed master the Duke—whom I have ever served with fidelity, and to whom in the moment of death I declare my gratitude."

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head; for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprung forward, exclaiming, "In the name of God! hold!" A loud cry of *Jesu Maria!* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude, and the body of the unfortunate page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle wall!

Deep sobs and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, "To his poor soul may God have mercy!" —"To his poor soul may God have mercy," was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd, as with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word "*mercy.*" The Duke ordered the remains of his page to be collected for burial in the ducal vault at Liegnitz; and masses were celebrated at Warmbrunn for the soul of the departed.

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MODESTY.

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy
In aught we are, is the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

MY COTTAGE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

"One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *home.*
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

SOUTHEY'S *Hymn to the Penates.*

Here have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,
And linked to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfilled? Ye fairy scenes,
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
Sullen and far from mountain cataract
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
When swarming with delights;—ye fairy scenes!
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
In living beauty, with adoring song
I bid you hail! and with as holy love
As ever beautified the eye of saint
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
My spirit travel like a summer sun,
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
Of mountain-torrent, ever lead her on
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
Though in her image something terrible

Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light
Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world in cheerful loveliness
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears
A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,
Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
That yearns for high communion with its God,
Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
Linger delighted here: here guilt might come,
With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
Might be beguiled to smiles—almost forget
His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,
Read characters so lovely, that his heart
Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell
Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed
Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
That bring the future close upon the soul,
And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
Yea! faith and adoration!—if the soul
Of man may trust to these—and they are strong,
Strong as the prayer of dying penitent—
My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
Oh mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart—
Thou! who with looks of mercy oft has cheered
The starry silence, when, at noon of night,
On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
The homage of thy lonely worshipper—
Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,
The love of nature long hath been with me
The love of virtue:—that the solitude
Of the remotest hills to me hath been
Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunned
My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts—
Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned
With sense of moral beauty—to the joy
That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see
The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,
Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
With adoration the departing God;
Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon
Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,
Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
Of darkness screened the glory from their souls
With humble pride I bless the Holy One
For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
In seasons of depression—when the lamp
Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul—
When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
Of human frailty turned the past to pain,
How oft have I remembered that a world
Of glory lay around me, that a source
Of lofty solace lay in every star,
And that no being need behold the sun,
And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.
Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief
To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
Of man, though still the image of his God,
Leaned by his will on various happiness,
I felt that all was good; that faculties,
Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
True wisdom; and when man hath here attained
The purpose of his being, he will sit
Near mercy's throne, whether his course hath been
Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing
Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
When first in transport from the mountain-top
I hailed the heavenly vision! Not a cloud,
Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
Together, like a happy family
Of beauty and of love, but will arise
To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
That Nature gently leads unto the grave
All who have read her heart, and kept their own
In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
More worthy to be loved by those whose love
Is highest praise:—that by the living light
That burns for ever in affection's breast,
I shall behold how fair and beautiful
A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven

On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,
My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
From our own cottage hearth;—O Mary! then
My overpowered spirit will recline
Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth—that oftimes to the eye
Of solitary lover seems o'erhung
With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
With ineffectual beauty on his heart—
Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams
Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
My vision from the glories of the scene
To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
That slumbers in the crimson clouds of even,
Will reach my spirit through their varying light,
Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,
A thousand beauties never seen before
Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,
Even in those fields where each particular tree
Was looked on as a friend—where I had been
Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,
Will the faint image of the distant world
Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise
Among the clouds that circle round the sun,
Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice
Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem
Like life's loud stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,
With burning spirit we will smile to see
Only the moon rejoicing in the sky,
And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy
Bless our united beings, and the home
Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,
Though human voice might never touch our ear
From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,
When with the undelaying steps of love
Through yon o'ershadowing wood we dimly see
A coming friend, far distant then believed,
And all unlooked for. When the short distrust
Of unexpected joy no more constrains,
And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,
With gladdened spirit he will quickly own
That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man
Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart
Till resting on another's. If from scenes
Of noisy life he come, and in his soul
The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,
If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,
Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power
Of beauty, working by the wavy green
Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam
Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,
And, lovelier than the loveliness below,
The moonlight Heaven, shall to his blood restore
An undisturbèd flow, such as he felt
Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night.
When youth's bright years passed happily away
Among his native hills, and all he knew
Of crowded cities was from passing tale
Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,
These solitary mountains will resign
The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,
Even like a living soul. The gleams of light
Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
And giving to our musings many a burst
Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye
Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,
Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy
Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice
Of hymning fountains—these will leave awhile
The altered earth:—But other attributes
Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
We shall behold the same prevailing Power
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
With adoration, the delight of love.
. . . . . .
I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk, and as her light
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LACON.

BY REV. C. C. COLTON.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct, are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combina-

tion, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice or to their passions, would have been so much higher by subduing them; and that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by *repletion* and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

We should justly ridicule a general who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred *theories* to death, in order to come at truth through by-paths, lanes, and alleys, while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that they who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes *before* her and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befel the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*—the night to be

very *dark*—the water to be very *deep*—and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another *plain fact*, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a *conqueror and a cat*.

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great —a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail our pride supports us, when we succeed it betrays us.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of is, that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes, that "*as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling.*" Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand that he was only providing for a shipwreck at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

Were a plain unlettered man, but endowed with common sense and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, without any *note or comment*, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink and oceans of blood.

Should the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if the most deserving of us appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid. The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but, after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only *rehearse their own funeral*, and walk abroad *incognito* the very day after that on which they were *supposed* to have been buried.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

Few things are more destructive of the best interests of society than the prevalent but

mistaken notion that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest *with* success requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest *without* success requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those by-paths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over he will overreach, and those obstacles they cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the *filth* that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer. What then shall we say? that the rogue has *more* talent than the upright? let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man;—That *honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom;* since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times *more* difficult for knavery to *get off;* and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no *other* reward, because they have heard that she is her own.

Pride differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that *we do actually possess;* whereas vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are *imaginary*. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many and to the moment, pride to the future and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe: for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt* which cancels all others shall have been paid.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

Many schemes ridiculed as utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species: that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—*Lacon: or Many Things in Few Words.*

LOVE'S PERVERSITY.

[Coventry Kearsey Dighton Patmore, born at Woodford, Essex, 2d July, 1823. He was some time assistant-librarian in the British Museum. His works are: *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems; The Angel in the House*, a domestic poem in four parts: *The Betrothal; The Espousal; Faithful for Ever;* and *The Victories of Love.* Mr. Ruskin says this poem "is a most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern, domestic feeling." Mr Patmore also edited *A Garland of Poems for Children*, and contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews.* A complete edition of his poems has been issued by Macmillan.]

How strange a thing a lover seems
  To animals that do not love!
Lo, where he walks and talks in dreams,
  And flouts us with his Lady's glove;
How foreign is the garb he wears;
  And how his great devotion mocks
Our poor propriety, and scares
  The undevout with paradox!
His soul, through scorn of worldly care,
  And great extremes of sweet and gall,
And musing much on all that's fair,
  Grows witty and fantastical;
He sobs his joy and sings his grief,
  And evermore finds such delight
In simply picturing his relief,
  That 'plaining seems to cure his plight;
He makes his sorrow when there's none;
  His fancy blows both cold and hot;
Next to the wish that she'll be won,
  His first hope is that she may not;
He sues, yet deprecates consent;
  Would she be captured she must fly;
She looks too happy and content,
  For whose least pleasure he would die;
Oh, cruelty, she cannot care
  For one to whom she's always kind!
He says he's nought, but, oh, despair,
  If he's not Jove to her fond mind!
He's jealous if she pets a dove,
  She must be his with all her soul;
Yet 'tis a postulate in love
  That part is greater than the whole,
And all his apprehension's stress,
  When he's with her, regards her hair,
Her hand, a ribbon of her dress,
  As if his life were only there;
Because she's constant, he will change,
  And kindest glances coldly meet,
And, all the time he seems so strange,
  His soul is fawning at her feet;
Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired,
  He wickedly provokes her tears,
And when she weeps, as he desired,
  Falls slain with ecstasies of fears;
He blames her, though she has no fault,
  Except the folly to be his;
He worships her, the more to exalt
  The profanation of a kiss;
Health's his disease; he's never well
  But when his paleness shames her rose;
His faith's a rock-built citadel,
  Its sign a flag that each way blows;
His o'erfed fancy frets and fumes;
  And Love, in him, is fierce like Hate,
And ruffles his ambrosial plumes
  Against the bars of time and fate.

The Angel in the House.

THE AUTHORESS.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

A young lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript tragi-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her or her composition. At first she was too much fluttered to make any reply; but as she dared not own the truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she cleverly resolved to excuse herself by a practical lie. She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbour, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious *vis à vis*, resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was

the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh; till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety, exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs. ——, I must desire you to move your seat and sit where Miss —— does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me." The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes," rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love; "she owned to me, soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces if you would." "Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh at the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed, and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose acted lie had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate! But to exculpate herself was impossible: and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up the composition that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that she must have felt her play to be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie—a harmless white lie, as it is called—I fear she was not taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance; nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by the name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connection with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow-creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly, if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her *outré* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted woman: have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserved; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of truth. —*Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches.*

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
Yes! love is dead, and memory faded!
But when the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
Oh! then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I cannot guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the mild tones and glances play
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather,
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together!

W. M. PRAED.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had seared not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours—
Feelings we ne'er can know again—
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago.

Time had not blanch'd a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor had the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears.
But where, O where's the spirit's glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why;
Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away.
Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's scheming strife
In soul and form—I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,—
O! how unlike ten years ago!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

It happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17 Liberality Place (the corner of Riego Street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements, and, although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The Duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his grace to the Duchess.

"She is making the beds, Duke," replied her grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her grace, "on a sketching tour with the manciple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his grace, eyeing the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half-cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and

coffee having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

"I have rung several times," said the Duchess, "and sent Lady Maria upstairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the Duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he has gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time), for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

"Ah," sighed the Duke, "this comes of his having been elected for Westminster."

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

"What have you there, Willy?" said her grace.

"My new breeches," said his lordship;—"I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the academy or the gymnasium: however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home; but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—'there is a lord for you—look at my lord!'—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable."

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the Duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things: but it was, in fact, to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape which he was in the course of painting.

"Dowbiggin," said his grace in despair, "I wish you would take away these breakfast things."

"Indeed!" said Dowbiggin, looking at the Duke with the most ineffable contempt—"you do—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?"

"Why, Mr. Dowbiggin," said the Duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way—"his grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to——"

"Well, Duchess," said Dowbiggin, "and what then? Let his grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal lake—and what did he answer? he made a French pun, and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin*'—now, if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply, and secondly, to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why, I'll do it; but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the Duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin; "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself," said the Duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree; "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the Duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin; "now I'll go to work merrily; and, Duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

Dowbiggin disappeared, and the Duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest, when he was out, what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his lordship, "it's all over now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far; the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the Duke, "has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the Duchess, "it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say, that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out."

"My dear Duchess," said the Duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her grace, "there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who by extending, with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves), the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favour of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THE POSIE.

[Robert Burns, born on the banks of the Doon, near Ayr, 25th January, 1759; died in Dumfries, 21st July, 1796. Carlyle says: "The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but at the same time it is plain and easily recognized: his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth." "His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe is the name and voice which Burns has given them."[1]]

O luve will venture in,
  Where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in,
  Where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
  Amang the woods sae green,—
And a' to pu' a posie
  To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
  The firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink,
  The emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind,
  And blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
  When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
  O' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth 's for constancy,
  Wi' its unchanging blue,—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
  And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
  I'll place the lily there;

[1] See Allan Cunningham's Essay, "Robert Burns and Lord Byron," *Cosquet*, vol. i. page 23.

The daisy 's for simplicity,
And unaffected air,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak' away,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
When the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond-draps o' dew
Shall be her een sae clear:
The violet 's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
Wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast,
And I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life
The band shall ne'er remuve,—
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.[1]

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage can
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

[1] Sung by Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Professor Wilson considered this hymn a perfect gem of its kind, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably intermingled.

COUSIN TOMKINS, THE TAILOR.

BY W. H. HARRISON.[2]

Edward Stanley was a gentleman of good family and liberal education. He held an official situation of considerable trust, and proportionate emolument. Early in life he married a lady whose personal charms, rather than a regard to similarity of taste and congeniality of disposition, had captivated him. He devoted much of his time to the cultivation of belles-lettres, and delighted in the society of men of learning and genius, many of whom were frequent guests at his table. His lady was the daughter of humble people, who, by successful speculations, had risen rapidly to comparative wealth, by means of which they had given her an education at one of the fashionable finishing-schools, where, with tinsel accomplishments, she acquired notions much at variance with common sense and proper feeling, and quite unfitted for the society in which she had been accustomed to move. Being one of a large family, she brought her husband a very moderate fortune: but his income was ample, and she resolved to make it subservient to her taste for display, which Mr. Stanley, who loved her affectionately, was too weakly indulgent to oppose.

They had one daughter, their only child, of whom her father was both fond and proud. Her mother also loved her, but she loved pleasure more, and consequently resigned her offspring to the care of menials, and committed her education to a governess. The latter, however, was a young woman of piety and ability, whose endeavours were applied to regulate the

[2] Abridged from the Second Series of "Tales of a Physician."

heart, as well as to improve the understanding of her pupil. Mrs. Stanley was too much engaged in fashionable life to interfere with the system of instruction adopted by the governess, and the daughter was preserved from the taint of her mother's example by the latter's reluctance to "bring her out," because she feared a rival claimant for that admiration which she was still eager to attract.

Much as Mrs. Stanley was gratified by the distinction which her splendid parties procured for her, she was occasionally subjected to severe mortifications, and often painfully reminded of the humble sphere in which she and her parents had previously moved. Among her relations there was one who happened to be a tailor, and who, to her horror, had the honour of being her first cousin, and bearing the family name. Had he kept a chandler's shop he might have been designated a provision merchant; or if a cheesemonger, he might have been called a bacon factor; but a tailor is a tailor all the world over, and there is no synonyme in our vocabulary by which to dignify the calling.

Her dread of being associated in any way with this industrious member of a most useful trade was said to have exhibited itself in the most ridiculous manner. A vegetable, vulgarly supposed to be symbolical of the sartorial art, was never permitted to appear on her table, lest its presence should prove suggestive to her fashionable guests. Nay, it was even insinuated that no other reason could be assigned for the stopping up of a side window in the house than the fact of its commanding a view of a cutler's, who, by way of a sign, had placed a colossal pair of shears above his door.

But Cousin Tomkins, the tailor, was as little ambitious of contact with his fair and proud relative as she could be anxious to avoid him. He was a sturdy and independent spirited man, who had too much good sense to be ashamed of a calling by which he was not only gaining a livelihood, but accumulating wealth. He was, moreover, better informed than the generality of his class, for he had studied other pages than his pattern-book, and, above all, was well read in that volume, compared with which the wisdom of the most subtle philosophy is foolishness and vanity. Never, but on a single occasion, and that an urgent one, did Tomkins intrude himself on the presence of his fashionable cousin, whose contemptuous civility gave him little inducement to repeat the visit. Stung by a style of treatment from which common decency, if not his relationship, should have protected him, he was hurrying back through the lacquey-lined hall when his progress was arrested by a fair blue-eyed girl, of about six years old, who, looking up in his face with an innocent smile, accosted him by the appellation of cousin, and, thrusting a little bunch of violets into his hand, dismissed him at the door with a laughing "good-bye." It was little Clara Stanley, whom some of the servants, probably in sport, had informed of the visitor's relationship; and whose mother took occasion, on being told of the circumstance, severely to reprehend for the familiarity of which she had been guilty. Children, however, are sorry casuists, and Mrs. Stanley's eloquence utterly failed in convincing Clara that there was less impropriety in romping with her cousin the guardsman than in shaking hands with cousin Tomkins, the tailor. Tomkins was much affected by the child's behaviour, and on reaching home he placed the faded violets between the leaves of his Bible, that he might be daily reminded of the incident, and learn to forgive the unkindness of the parent for the sake of the innocence of the child.

But time passed on: the girl began to grow into the woman, and the work of education drew to a close. Her preceptress, in resigning her charge, had the consolation of feeling that, though the temptations to which her pupil was about to be exposed were many and strong, she was protected against their power by her humble dependence upon God. Her taste, moreover, had not been corrupted to relish the dissipations of fashionable life. An authority, to which her piety as well as filial affection taught her to yield obedience, forced her occasionally into the ball-room; but as love of display had no place in her bosom, the scene had little charms for her, and she had discrimination enough to perceive that it was not, even to those who most frequented and most lauded it, the Elysium which they would have it be accounted.

Having no taste for the gaieties of "society," her harp, her pencil, and her books were the sources on which she drew for recreation. Of books, whilst loving her Bible as the best, she was not one of those who cannot distinguish between a trashy novel and the pages illumined by the genius of Mackenzie, of Scott, and of Irving.

Gifted as she was, too, in personal attractions, enhanced by a grace of manner which Nature needs not the aid of the dancing-master to confer, it will not be matter of surprise that she had many admirers; the wiser portion of whom were as much enchanted by the accomplishments and virtues of her mind as by the beauty of her person. Among them was a gentleman who was a frequent guest at the

table of her father. The younger son of a respectable family, he had been educated for one of the learned professions, and by his amiable manners and brilliant talents had rendered himself a general favourite. Upon his enthusiastic and poetical temperament the beauty and virtues of Clara were calculated to make a powerful impression, which every hour passed in her company tended to deepen.

Ardent, however, as were his feelings, they were under the control of a well-regulated mind. He was awakened from the Elysian dream which Clara had inspired by the reflection that, situated as he was, straitened in circumstances, and dependent entirely on his success in his profession, the object of his passion could not honourably be pursued. With a self-denial rarely evinced upon similar occasions, he withdrew himself from the magic circle ere its enchantment became too strong for him, and suddenly, at the hazard of much misinterpretation, ceased to be a guest at Mr. Stanley's.

The subject of this sketch was not fitted for the heroine of a romance, and the early years of her life passed away unmarked by any occurrence worthy of note. At the age of eighteen, however, she was deprived of both her parents, who died within a few months of each other. Mr. Stanley had never been a provident man, and his affairs were found at his decease in such a state that it required the sacrifice of all he had left, even to the furniture of his house, to satisfy the demands of his creditors.

The morning appointed for the sale arrived, and Clara retired to an apartment remote from the bustle of preparation. Sorrow for the loss of an affectionate parent was weighing heavily upon her heart, nor was the reflection that she must, in a few hours, quit the home of her childhood, to wander forth she knew not whither, calculated to lighten her grief. Of the many who were wont, with smiling faces and flattering tongues, to flock to the splendid entertainments which her mother delighted to give, there was not one to offer a word of comfort. Her prospect was, indeed, a desolate one: there appeared not a blossom to gladden her path, nor a tree to shelter her from the coming storm. But her view was not confined to earth; she turned upwards, with the eye of faith, to that beneficent God whom she had served in her prosperity, and who she felt would not desert her in the day of her trouble.

In the meantime, the preliminary arrangements for the sale were in progress: the rooms were thronged with company, of which no inconsiderable portion consisted of the acquaintances—they were once deemed friends—of Mr. Stanley. Some were attracted by the amiable desire of witnessing the wreck of a prosperity they had envied; others by the hope of securing at a cheap rate some article of furniture, bijouterie, or art, which they had admired in the lifetime of its late proprietor.

A few of the relatives of Mr. Stanley were gathered in a circle in one of the rooms, who, after clubbing their pity for the forlorn and destitute situation of his daughter, proceeded to speculate upon the manner in which she could dispose of herself. One recommended that she should enter some family as governess: another suggested the more eligible situation of companion to an elderly lady; while a third, who had heard of Clara having been once detected in making up some article of her own dress, alluded to her qualifications as an attendant on some young ladies, in the enviable capacity of half milliner and half maid. During this discussion the attention of the group was attracted by the entrance of an elderly personage, in exceedingly plain but respectable attire. He contrived to insinuate himself into the midst of the conclave, and was an attentive listener to their conversation. Having heard the various propositions for the future provision of the orphan, he somewhat abruptly exclaimed, "But while the grass grows, the steed starves: surely there must be some of poor Mr. Stanley's friends who are both able and willing to afford his daughter the protection of their roof, until she can be in some measure provided for."

His remark was evidently not much to the taste of his auditors, who, however, expressed the great pleasure they would have had in offering her an asylum; but, unfortunately, not one of them was at that particular juncture in a position to do so: the residence of one was under repair; the spare bed-room of another was occupied by a friend from the country, while a third had the scarlet fever in the house, and would never forgive himself if the "dear girl" should catch the disease. A smile of peculiar significance played on the lip of the elderly stranger as he listened to their various evasions, and perceiving that they eyed him with a look of inquiry, he drew from his pocket a silver snuff-box of extraordinary dimensions, and tapping the side of it for some seconds before he opened it, afforded them an opportunity of observing the device upon the lid, representing a cabbage supported by a pair of extended shears.[1]

[1] This is no fiction; the author has frequently seen the snuff-box in the possession of its respectable proprietor.

The reader will have no difficulty in guessing that the stranger was our friend Tomkins, the tailor, who, among other peculiarities, had adopted this method of showing that he was not ashamed of his calling. Some years had passed over his head since the affair of the nosegay, and they had been marked by progressive prosperity, the reward of honest and unflagging industry. Mr. Tomkins, with an obsequious bow to the group, quitted the room; and having inquired of a servant if Miss Stanley was in the house, sent his respects, and requested permission to wait upon her. His request was granted, and he was at once introduced to the apartment to which Clara had retreated. She was habited in deep mourning; yet notwithstanding the lapse of time, and the change which sorrow produces upon the countenance, he recognized in the faint smile with which she requested him to be seated, the expression that had so won upon him on the only occasion on which he had seen her when a child.

Now Mr. Tomkins, although not a man of polished deportment, possessed delicacy of feeling, which is not the necessary concomitant of refinement of manners. He came to condole with the fair orphan on her bereavement, and to offer his assistance; but he was embarrassed in his endeavours to do so without wounding her feelings. He mentioned that he had heard the sale had been somewhat unnecessarily precipitated, and much he feared to her temporary inconvenience; that supposing, therefore, she might not yet have fixed upon a residence, he had taken the liberty of calling to say that he had rooms in his house which were entirely at her service, until she could provide herself with more suitable apartments. He concluded by saying that he trusted his gray hairs, his character, and, he might add, his relationship, were sufficient warrants for the propriety of his invitation.

With the warmth which belonged to her character, Clara expressed her gratitude for the generous offer, and the delicacy with which it was made; and, in frankly accepting it, she confessed that she did not know where else to find a shelter for the coming night.

While she was packing the few things which her father's creditors had permitted her to retain, Mr. Tomkins proceeded to procure a coach, to which, after he had whispered a few words in the ear of the auctioneer, he conducted Clara, and they drove off. Having probably anticipated that their journey would terminate in some obscure and gloomy part of the metropolis, she was agreeably surprised on alighting at being introduced to a spacious house in the Adelphi, to which Mr. Tomkins welcomed her with unaffected cordiality. She was shown to her chamber by an elderly female, who acted in the joint capacity of housekeeper and cook, and who, having intimated to her that she would find her breakfast prepared in the adjoining apartment on the following morning, withdrew, leaving Clara to reflect on the occurrences of the last few hours, and to return thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus unexpectedly raised her up a friend in her distress.

Next morning she rose early, as was her wont, and passed into the room which had been pointed out by her attendant. It was spacious, and commanded a view of the Thames. Conceive the measure of her surprise when, on looking around, she found that her own harp and bookcase, with its contents, had, through the generosity of her benefactor, been added to the furniture.

Clara had too much activity and independence of mind to sit calmly down and eat the bread of idleness. Her first object, therefore, was to turn her talents to account by obtaining some private pupils, whom she could attend at their own houses; and to this end she determined to apply to a gentleman who had been a frequent guest of her father, and whose acquaintance, from his connection with the public press, was extensive. He was a native of the Green Isle, and possessed talents of no common order united to a caustic humour that, sparing neither friend nor foe, detracted very much from the value of his society, which, when he could resist his propensity to satire, was amusing and instructive in the highest degree. Under much, however, that was rude and even stern in his manner, there were concealed a kindness and generosity which Clara had on more than one occasion discovered, and this emboldened her to solicit his aid.

In his reception of her the Irishman completely overcame the cynic. He informed her that he had called at her late father's residence on the preceding day, and was much disappointed on finding that she had quitted it a few hours before. He entered with such interest into her scheme, and followed it up by such strenuous exertions among his friends, that in a very few weeks Clara had no reason to complain of a dearth of pupils or occupation.

The interim of leisure she devoted to drawing, in which she excelled, and, when she had finished half-a-dozen subjects, she took them to the shop of a celebrated dealer in works of art, to offer them for sale. She requested an

interview with the principal, and was shown into a little room, apart from the shop, in which she found him seated. He was an elderly, tall, and somewhat hard-featured man, and received her with a coldness of manner which chilled her to the very heart.

With diffidence she produced her drawings, which Mr. —— examined, for some minutes, with great attention. When he had finished his scrutiny, he turned abruptly to the fair artist, and said,

"Well, miss, and what do you ask for these things?"

Clara, after expressing a reluctance to put a value upon her own productions, ventured to name a guinea.

"A guinea!" exclaimed the other in a tone of surprise, and, after a pause, added, "No young woman, I will not give you a guinea for them; but I tell you what I will do, I will give you two."[1]

He, accordingly, put the amount into her hands, and, on dismissing her, said that, when she had any more drawings to dispose of, he should be happy to see her again.

Three months passed away, at the end of which Clara, after deducting from the amount of her earnings a few shillings for pocket-money, presented the remainder to Mr. Tomkins, with the expression of her regret that it was not in her power to offer him a more adequate remuneration for the kindness and accommodation she was experiencing under his roof. Mr. Tomkins regarded her, for some moments, with an expression of peculiar benevolence, and, appreciating the noble independence which prompted the offer, took the money: for he knew that his refusal would not only cause her pain, but render her continuance under his roof irksome to her, and he had no wish to part with his lodger, as he jocularly termed her.

Tomkins, as I have already intimated, had been successful in trade, and now contented himself with the general superintendence of his establishment. Much of his leisure was occupied in those offices of benevolence which draw upon the time, as well as upon the pocket. His deportment towards Clara was a singular compound of kindness and respect: the former being exemplified by the great attention which he paid to her domestic comforts, and the deference which he exacted towards her from his servants; while the latter feeling exhibited itself in the scrupulosity with which he refrained from intruding on her society. He was, in fact, too generous to take advantage of the relation of benefactor, in which, he could not but feel, he stood towards her, to overstep the barrier which, he imagined, education and their respective habits had placed between them.

Clara, on her part, appreciated to the full the motives of delicacy by which he was governed, and neglected no occasion of proving to him that she was utterly free from that pride which renders little minds impatient of an obligation to one who has occupied an inferior situation to themselves. In one of her occasional interviews with him, she had heard him speak with admiration and regret of the scenery of his native place. It happened that she had once visited the spot, and had made some sketches of the surrounding country. These she took an opportunity of finishing, and, one day when he recurred to the subject, she presented him with the set.

Matters remained, for some months, upon this footing of almost parental kindness on the one part, and grateful attachment on the other: during which Clara pursued the plan of tuition she had adopted, with unremitting perseverance and the most unqualified success. In about a year, however, the health of Mr. Tomkins began to fail: he was no longer able to take his accustomed walks, and at length became a prisoner to his room. The nature of his complaint was not such as to confine him to his bed, and, consequently, afforded Clara an opportunity of paying him many of those attentions which, though trifling in themselves, are so efficacious in soothing the sufferings and raising the spirits of the drooping valetudinarian.

Relinquishing the amusements to which she had been accustomed to devote her leisure, she passed most of her evenings in Mr. Tomkins' apartment, and, by adroitly discovering, and sedulously humouring his tastes, she succeeded in imparting a cheerfulness to his hours of confinement. She read to him, played his favourite airs on her harp, and, with the anxious solicitude of an affectionate daughter, prepared the little delicacies to which his diet was restricted.

Month after month passed away, and each found him worse than the preceding one: for his disease arose from that decay of nature which time, instead of alleviating, must necessarily promote. The old man had formed an accurate judgment of his malady and its tendency, and, as he had lived in a state of constant preparation for death, the awful summons

[1] This anecdote was related to me by a gentleman who stands deservedly high among the artists of the day.

did not appal him, for he had "set his house in order."

In the latter stages of his suffering I was called upon to attend him, and thus became acquainted with his lovely protégée and her history. And it was a holy sight—that fair creature kneeling by his bed, and pouring, from the fulness of her heart, a prayer to the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort," for the continued supply of His all-sufficient grace, in the last hour of Nature's struggle. Nor was that prayer breathed in vain. The sustaining consolations of the blessed Spirit were vouchsafed to him, and he looked back upon his past life calmly. Like the apostle, he had "fought a good fight," he had "kept the faith," and, thenceforward, there was laid up for him, in heaven, a crown of glory which fadeth not away. What a lesson, worth all the eloquence of the preacher and all the learning of the commentator, does the death-scene of the Christian afford!

Good cause, indeed, had Clara to weep over his remains, for he was her only friend, and the world was again before her. The day following that of the funeral was appointed for reading the will of the deceased. His relations were accordingly summoned, and Clara was also requested to be present. This was a trial which she would gladly have avoided, for she was conscious that the fact of her having been so constantly about the person of the testator during his last illness, and the affection which he was known to entertain for her, had excited the jealousy of many of his relatives. And, truly, it was with no complacent eyes that her presence was regarded by the majority of the company. The calm subdued expression with which she prepared to listen to the perusal of the will, was deemed only a mask to conceal the triumph which the consciousness of being well provided for was calculated to inspire.

The document, on being read, was found to direct a most equitable distribution of his property among his relatives; but, to the great delight of many, and the astonishment of all but Clara, her name was not even mentioned in it. The solicitor, in the course of the perusal, occasionally glanced from the parchment to the countenance of the orphan, and was surprised to perceive that it was as free from any indications of anxiety as it was of disappointment when his task was finished. Some coarse remarks were made in the hearing of Clara by one or two of the party, but the consciousness of the injustice of the insinuations they were intended to convey, enabled her to endure them with her characteristic meekness.

When the company had dispersed, Clara found herself alone with the solicitor, a most respectable member of the profession, though an original in his way. He was a tall and somewhat bulky personage of about fifty, with a countenance expressive of shrewdness and good nature.

"Well, Miss Stanley," said he, after a pause, "it seems to have been generally expected that my old friend Tomkins would have taken care of you in his will, and I must confess myself somewhat surprised that he has not done so."

"I am neither surprised nor disappointed, sir," was Clara's reply; "and, as far as I can judge, he has made such a distribution of his property as might have been expected from his justice."

"But," rejoined the lawyer, "one would think he might have left you a trifle, at least, as a token by which to remember him."

"His kindness to me, sir, was such that I shall carry a grateful remembrance of it to the grave; so that a legacy, on that score, was quite unnecessary."

"You are an odd girl," exclaimed the man of law, "and exhibit so much indifference towards the dross for which one half the world are at loggerheads with the other, that I am almost minded to fling into the fire a little packet with which I meant to surprise you; but as the law, to say nothing of conscience (which is a legal fiction), might be troublesome if I did so, I suppose I may as well hand it over."

Clara received the packet from the hands of Mr. Elphinstone, but found its contents utterly unintelligible, and accordingly requested an explanation.

"Well then," said the lawyer, "the larger paper, with the picture at the top, is a policy of assurance, of long standing, for five thousand pounds, payable, with accumulations, amounting, as I guess, to about as much more, on the death of our late friend Mr. Tomkins. The smaller paper, with the red seal, is a deed, dated about six months back, by which, 'in consideration of his love and affection for his dear cousin, Clara Stanley,' he assigns to her, and her heirs, all right, title, and interest in the said policy of assurance for five thousand pounds, an act, which, if I had mentioned it in the hearing of the worthies who have just left us, would have accounted to them, though not very satisfactorily, for the omission of your name in the will."

Clara, more affected by this proof of the af-

fection of her deceased relative than by being suddenly raised to a state of independence, dropped the documents upon the floor, and burst into tears. Mr. Elphinstone took a prodigious pinch of snuff, which operated so powerfully upon his visual organs as to require the instant application of his handkerchief, while he muttered, "The confounded draughts in this old house have given me a cold in the head:—extremely silly—preposterously unprofessional!"

At last, recovering himself, he continued, "The money for the policy will not be receivable for some weeks, and therefore, if you like to trust me with it (and it will probably be safer in my strong room than in your workbox or reticule), I will take charge of it until it is wanted. As for yourself, I dare say the executor will not object to your remaining here, in your old quarters, until the house is given up: yet, no; on second thoughts, as you will now have no further occasion to go out teaching, you shall come and stay with my girls for a week or two;—nay, I will not be denied, so be pleased to get your paraphernalia together, and I will send my carriage for you at four o'clock: your heavy baggage may remain here for the present."

The family of Mr. Elphinstone consisted of his wife, a mild unaffected woman, some years his junior, three sprightly girls, and a son whom his father had educated for his own profession, and had recently taken into partnership. The latter was a lively, good-humoured young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, frank gentlemanly manners, and gifted with talents considerably above the average. From the whole of this amiable family Clara received a cordial welcome, and experienced every attention and kindness. By Harry Elphinstone, in particular, she was treated, I was about to write, as a sister; but a brother does not always rise an hour earlier than his wont, to drive his sister round the Regent's Park before breakfast; neither does he think it necessary to afford her his personal protection whenever she has occasion to walk the length of the street in which she lives; nor does he, on her account, levy the album-tax upon every artist and author within range of his acquaintance. Yet all this, and more, did Harry Elphinstone perform for Clara Stanley; while, on the other hand, it was surprising to witness the perfect complacency with which she received his attentions. From such premises but one conclusion could be drawn by those who dive into the motives of their neighbours. It was quite an understood thing that the young lady had not the slightest objection to unite her fate with one who had half of a fine practice in enjoyment, and the remainder in reversion, and that her ten thousand pounds were not altogether a matter of indifference to the gentleman.

Clara had been a guest of Mr. Elphinstone for some weeks, when it was remarked, on two or three successive days, that he was unusually thoughtful and reserved at meals, although his deportment towards Clara was distinguished by his accustomed kindness. One afternoon, when the cloth had been removed, and the servants had retired, he informed her, that he had had an application from the residuary legatee and executor of Mr. Tomkins, calling upon him to surrender the policy of assurance, of the existence of which the party had been made acquainted by some old receipts, for the yearly payments, found among the testator's papers; and, on inquiry being instituted at the insurance office, the answer given was that notice of the assignment of the policy to Miss Stanley had been given by Mr. Elphinstone in the lifetime of Mr. Tomkins. The grounds on which the policy was claimed, as a part of the residuary estate, were the alleged imbecility of Mr. Tomkins at the time of executing the instrument by which it was conveyed, and the use of undue influence on the part of Miss Stanley or her friends. Mr. Elphinstone added, that he had, of course, refused to give up the policy, and that the claimant had, in consequence, served him with notice of action.

It cannot be imagined that Clara received this intelligence without considerable uneasiness, which was occasioned as much by the apprehension of being engaged in a lawsuit, as by the idea of losing the fortune which her generous benefactor had designed for her. She asked Mr. Elphinstone what should be done.

"Why, defend the action, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Elphinstone, "there is not a court in England which would not pronounce in Miss Stanley's favour."

"That is a somewhat rash remark for a lawyer's wife," said her husband; "the law, it is true, always aims at justice, but she sometimes misses her mark; and this is just one of those cases which involve much that is matter of law, but more that is matter of opinion, and therefore matter of doubt. As to the assignment, I drew it myself, and I know it will hold water; but with regard to the competency of Mr. Tomkins at the time of executing it, although I am as convinced of it as of my own existence, it may not be quite so easy to make it apparent in a court of law. The plaintiff I

know to be a scoundrel, and his attorney is what is termed a keen lawyer—a fellow who is pre-eminent for his dexterity in getting rogues out of scrapes, and honest folks into them; an haranguer of mobs, and a reformer of abuses, with a vast superflux of public spirit, and a marvellous paucity of private principle. True it is, there is enough of abuse to be reformed, and of corruption to be swept away, but purity cannot come of pollution, and when a knave puts his hand to the plough honest men are deterred from aiding in the labour. By such opponents everything that can be effected by hard swearing will be put in practice. I have already spoken to a counsel on the subject, who, on my putting him in possession of the particulars of the case, entered into it with an extraordinary exhibition of interest, and absolutely refused a fee. Though a young man, he is a sound lawyer, and possesses talents which render him infinitely better adapted for our purpose than a mere case-quoter.

"Twelve months ago," continued Mr. Elphinstone, "he was a briefless barrister, and it happened that I had a cause, of a nature very similar to yours. I had had some opportunities of judging of his talents and legal knowledge, and determined to put the cause, which was one of considerable importance, into his hands; not from any favour towards him, but because I thought him peculiarly qualified to plead it with effect. The result justified my confidence, and we were mutually benefited: I gained a verdict, while he, from that hour, rose rapidly into notice, and has now a very considerable and improving practice."

The trial came on in the following term, and it was deemed expedient by Mr. Elphinstone that Clara should be in court, as circumstances might arise to render a communication between the defendant and her attorney essential to her interests. It was with great difficulty that he overcame her repugnance to appear in so public a place, and it was only on his assurance that she should occupy a situation as little conspicuous as possible, that she consented to be present. The case was opened by the plaintiff's counsel (of course, upon the ex-parte statement of his brief), with the ability which distinguishes the English bar: the gist of his argument, in which he depended upon his witnesses to bear him out, was that Mr. Tomkins, at the time of executing the deed conveying the policy to Miss Stanley, was in a state of mind in which he would be a passive instrument in the hands of any designing person; that the defendant had, by a series of previous unremitting attentions, in which she allowed none to take a share, acquired an almost unlimited control over his mind, and that she had turned that influence into the channel of her own selfish purposes. His speech was delivered with great ability, and evidently produced no inconsiderable effect on the minds of the jury. When he had called and examined his first witness, the counsel on the opposite side rose for the purpose of proceeding in the cross-examination. The latter was a young man, with a high forehead, a nose somewhat inclining to the aquiline, and a full and piercing gray eye; while the paleness of his complexion, partly natural, and partly the result of close application to study, gave to his features, when in repose, a somewhat cold and statue-like appearance.

The full deep melody of the tone in which he put his first question to the witness, startled Clara by its familiarity to her ear, and on shifting her position, to obtain a sight of the countenance of her advocate, she was surprised to recognize in him the gentleman who had been so welcome a guest at her father's table, and the sudden cessation of whose visits had been the subject of so much speculation and regret. Mr. Worthington, for such was his name, conducted his cross-examinations with a degree of shrewdness and tact, joined to a mildness of manner, which, in many instances, encouraged the garrulity of the witnesses, who were, for the most part, persons in an inferior station of life, and thus elicited much which did not altogether "dove-tail" with the context of their evidence. This portion of his duty having been accomplished, he commenced his reply, under the conviction that his task was one of no ordinary difficulty. He saw plainly that the opposite counsel had, by his eloquent and ingenious speech, succeeded in establishing a strong prejudice against the defendant in the minds of the jury. He felt, therefore, that much of his chance of success depended upon the effect with which he could combat his adversary with his own weapons.

He commenced by stating the case of his client, and, in doing so, collected all its favourable points, and presented them to the jury in the simplest possible form. He then called their attention to the weaker points of his adversary—animadverting upon the nature of the opposing evidence, and referring to the prevarication of one witness, and the extraordinary lapse of memory in another. Conscious of the justice of his cause, he concluded his address by a direct appeal to the feelings of the jury. With the skill of a master, he gave a vivid

sketch of his client's history, touching upon her youth, her misfortunes, her virtues, her accomplishments, as eminently calculated to enlist the sympathies and engage the affections of her benefactor. He put it to the jury if they would lend themselves to negative the kind intentions of the deceased, and dwelt feelingly upon the situation in which a verdict for the plaintiff would place her. Then, by a sudden transition, which showed him an adept in his art, he flung back, with indignant scorn, upon his opponents the imputation of selfishness. As he proceeded, his features gathered animation at every sentence, his cheek became flushed, and his eye flashed, and he concluded his speech with a sweeping torrent of eloquence, which, if it did not convince, had the effect of electrifying his hearers.

The judge alone of all present was unmoved; he preserved throughout the same calm dignity so much in keeping with his office. Once or twice he had interposed between the counsel and a browbeaten witness, or reminded the former that he had asked a similar question before, and was trespassing upon the time of the court by putting it into other words.

Clara's counsel then proceeded to call his witnesses, of whom I was one, and their testimony went to establish the fact that Mr. Tomkins was of perfectly "sound and disposing mind" at the time of the execution of the disputed deed, as well as to prove that, so far from the defendant assuming an exclusive control over the deceased, she had afforded every facility to his relations in their intercourse with him, and had actually, and at the risk of his displeasure, interposed her good offices in reconciling him to some of his relations with whom he had been at variance, and who gave testimony in court to that effect.

The cross-examination of his witnesses elicited nothing which could shake their evidence; and the judge, after a short summary of the case, informed the jury that the question was more a matter of fact than one of law, and that therefore their verdict must be governed by the degree of credit which they attached to the witnesses on the respective sides, and left the issue entirely in their hands.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and from the duration of their absence it was to be inferred that they had some difficulty in making up their minds. In the meantime, a breathless anxiety appeared to pervade the court; the very barristers, in spite of their professional coldness, exhibited signs of impatience, and when the jury returned, the voice of the crier, in his then unnecessary duty of enjoining silence, was the only interruption to the stillness which prevailed. "We find for the DEFENDANT" were the words of the foreman, and no sooner were they pronounced than a suppressed murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd, which was, of course, instantly checked by the judge, though he could not help exclaiming, "I entirely agree with you, gentlemen."

To gratify Clara's desire to express personally her thanks to her generous advocate, Mr. Elphinstone invited him to dinner, during which the young barrister was frequently rallied on the unusual gravity of his manner. When the ladies had retired, the elder Mr. Elphinstone pleaded an engagement at an evening consultation, and left his son and Mr. Worthington together.

"By the way, Arthur," said the former, "my mother, the girls, and Miss Stanley are off to the cottage at Dorking next month: you must go down with me for a week in the long vacation."

"Impossible, my good fellow!" was the answer; "you forget that I must go the circuit, and I have been retained in more causes than, I fear, I shall make myself master of in the interim."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the other; "you may con your briefs at the cottage, if you like. There is the library at your service; you know I do not trouble it much, and the girls are always out of doors from morning to night. Come, you may as well spend a few of my remaining days of freedom with me, for I suppose you have heard that I am about to commit matrimony?"

"I have," said Worthington, "and hope you may live long to enjoy the happiness which the virtues, beauty, and accomplishments of your destined bride cannot fail to confer."

"I thank you, Arthur; but pray, what makes you so well acquainted with the young lady's beauty and accomplishments? Have you ever seen her?" inquired young Elphinstone.

"Have I not dined with her?" said Worthington.

"Where and when?" asked his companion.

"Why, to-day at this table," responded the other.

"You talk in riddles; pray speak out, and tell me whom you mean."

"Miss Stanley, to be sure."

"Clara Stanley!" exclaimed Harry in surprise; "what caused you to think I was going to marry her?"

"The simple fact of your having been con-

stantly almost in her company, and showing her every possible attention, both at home and abroad. I am not singular in drawing the conclusion; all the world have set it down as a match."

"Then, my dear fellow," replied Harry, "I pray you take this as an example that what all the world says is not necessarily true. I was a doomed man long before I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Stanley, and, being perfectly aware of it, she has treated me with a degree of frankness which possibly has favoured the misconception into which you and 'all the world' have fallen. I thought you knew I was engaged to Charlotte Percy."

"No, I did not; but now that I do know it," responded Worthington, seizing the claret-jug, "I beg to drink to your happiness and speedy union."

"I am much obliged to you, Arthur," said the other, with a smile of peculiar significance, "for I am convinced of your sincerity; and, now that I have let you into a secret, which I thought everybody knew, perhaps you will withdraw your plea, and go down to Dorking with us."

"But what will my clients say?" was the inquiry.

"Say?" replied Harry, "why, that you are labouring in your vocation, and have only moved your cause from one court into another, resembling it in one point at least, since the presiding divinity of each is represented as being blind."

Worthington appeared not to understand the innuendo, but proposed their joining the ladies in the drawing-room, where his vivacity and glee formed a striking contrast to the gravity of his demeanour at the dinner table; a change which, though contributing in no trifling degree to the amusement of the evening, was perfectly inexplicable to every one but Harry, who kept his own counsel.

About three weeks afterwards, as young Elphinstone, with his two sisters and Clara, was walking in the grounds at Dorking, they observed a horseman approaching in the direction of the cottage.

"The man of briefs," exclaimed Harry, "and mounted on a real horse, as I live!"

"Is there anything very wonderful in that?" inquired one of his sisters. "I suppose you think no one can mount a horse but yourself, Mr. Harry."

"No," he replied; "I am quite aware that it is possible for any man, with the assistance of a groom and a joint-stool, to get upon the back of a horse, but it is not every person who can keep there. Have a care, sir," he continued, as he perceived Worthington, who had diverged from the road, riding up to a fence, by way of a short cut; "have a care, Arthur; remember you are retained in 'Dobbs *versus* Jenkins,' and have no right to break your neck without the plaintiff's permission."

"Never fear," said his friend, as he cleared the fence; "I could ride almost before I could walk, and, though a little out of practice, am not to be brought up by a gooseberry bush."

While he was speaking he rode up to the wicket, which opened from the meadow into the lawn, and, giving his horse to a servant, joined the party, from every individual of which he was welcomed, and not the least cordially by her whose form, from the first day in which he had seen her at her father's table, had never been absent from his mind.

It would be somewhat antiquated to speak of love with reference to rural life, and therefore I will not shock the taste of my reader by quoting Shenstone on this occasion; the old poets, however, had a pretty notion of things in general, and when celebrating the influence of romantic scenery in disposing the heart to the tender passion, they drew as largely, I doubt not, upon their experience as on their imagination. For my own part, had I forsworn matrimony, I would confine myself to the metropolis, and plunge fearlessly into society, under the conviction that a man may carry his heart, like his purse, in safety through a crowd, and yet be robbed of it in a retired lane, a shady copse, or a lonely common.

Arthur Worthington, however, had not taken the vow of celibacy, and was well content to lose his own heart, provided he could obtain another in exchange. I know not the particular spot, or the precise terms, in which he made a declaration of the sentiments with which Clara Stanley had inspired him; I only know that he sustained his reputation as an eloquent pleader, and gained a verdict from one whose gratitude and admiration he had previously excited by the generous and disinterested manner in which he had undertaken her cause, at a time when he believed her to be the betrothed of another.

FOOL AND WISE.

Endow the fool with sun and moon,
Being his, he holds them mean and low,
But to the wise a little boon
Is great, because the giver's so.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.[1]

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill—
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

THE MINISTER'S WIG.

BY JOHN GALT.

By an agreement with the session (said Mr. Birkwhistle) I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltcoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the Saturday evening in the box to the manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box, with my new wig therein til, being on the outside tap of the coach, the wind blew and the rain fell, and by the help and colleaguery of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weet.

At that time o' night, there wasna a barber to be had for love or money within three miles o' the manse; indeed, I dinna think, for that matter, there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish, so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

Although Mr. Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a' ministers' wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity; and seeing what I was ettling at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to dress and fribble his wig, and that, although it was a sair heart to her to see ony other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome to use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet besom, was brought

[1] Sir Walter Scott said that the four lines beginning "Had we never loved sae kindly," "contains the essence of a thousand love-tales." Byron used the stanza as the motto to his *Bride of Abydos*.

intil the room; and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a buffet-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs. Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very edifying conversation indeed.

During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs. Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although, to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what could be hoped for, that Mrs. Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no more, saying, "A bit pluff with the box there on the left curls" (in the way of a parenthesis), that she wouldna feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had never been more edified in her life than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of man as a cauliflower, I took it from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great shortsightedness of me to do, and I prinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs. Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its primitive style of perfectness.

But you must understand that Mrs. Keckle had a black cat that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most douce and well-comported beast; and what would ye think baudrons was doing all the time that the mistress and me were so eydent about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every pluff that I gave, and meditating, with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavouring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs. Keckle's was an evidential kithing to the effect that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion of mine; howsomever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed-room, and, as I was saying, prinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs. Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs. Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said that if I would make another cheerer she would partake in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at ony time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her; so I made the second tumbler, and weel I wat it was baith nappy and good; for in brewing I had an e'e to pleasing Mrs. Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow both the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befell us in that night; for when I went up again intil the bed-room, I was what ye would call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pillow, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season I had a strange dream—wherein I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light, and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, whereat I turned myself round and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleeping and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand clamming softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by, I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness; so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the starlight of the window, that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a mutch keeking in upon me. The little gude

was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw Cluty himself, at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loud voice, "O, Mistress Keckle, Mistress Keckle, what's brought you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dirl, and the widow herself, with her twa servan' lasses, with candles in their hands, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by myself, or was taken with some sore dead-ill. But when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen—not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs. Keckle. While I was thus speaking, one of the maidens gied a shrill skirling laugh, crying, "Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough nothing could be more humiliating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself to an endeavour to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both the curls and the pouther; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress nor me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the devil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined it; for upon an examine next day, the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof.—*The Steamboat.*

THEY ALL ARE GONE.

They all are gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown,
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up give room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective, still, as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1650).

SONNET

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK IN JANUARY.[1]

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
I'll share.

[1] Written 25th January, 1793, the birthday of the poet, aged 34.

IN PERIL.

BY H. I. INGLIS.

There needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveller a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had never seen Emily Waring,—or rescued her lover from his great peril,—or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed; and when, a year ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straits—the Barbary mountains on one hand, the Bay of Algesiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other—the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the east, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance, were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated ten years, and placed me again beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the Levant Packet, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G—— D——, then governor; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family, indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G—— D—— invited me to a ball to be given at the Government House the following evening; and Colonel Waring, as fine an old man as ever served the king, shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L——, of the Royal Navy.

"He's a noble fellow," said the Colonel, "else he should not have my girl;—dine with us to-morrow, and you'll meet him, and stay and sup with us; you must see Emily; and take care you don't fall in love with her."

The injunction was necessary; for never do female charms appear so seductive, as when we know that they all but belong to another: and Emily Waring was the only truly lovely girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description of her countenance; the most captivating is the most indescribable; and of her figure I will only say, that to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L—— I found all that the Colonel had depicted him.

Next evening, I went to the ball at the Government House; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not difficult to discover that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration.

"Who is that gentleman?" said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison.

"His name," said he, in a whisper, "is Donovan; you have of course remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the Colonel's daughter and her partner; there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L——; that he loves the one, and hates the other; and yet, you will be surprised to be told, that Donovan and Captain L—— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago Donovan saved the Captain's life, by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has, since that time, twice forced Captain L—— to fight a duel with him under the most suspicious circumstances, and, as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L—— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has high interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning Emily Waring and Captain

L—— were to have been united. On Friday and on Saturday I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——, who on Saturday evening said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness—pass over Emily's countenance; and the Colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan."

"He is misunderstood," said Captain L——; "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine; I could not refuse him."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over the Colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium, and acacia, and orange trees; and they staid in it so long that I left my seat and returned to the Colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The Colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness, and perhaps a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time; Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look—modest and enchanting; the Colonel was impatient; for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock; half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The Colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer that after dinner he and Captain L—— walked up the rock; but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other; and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old Colonel stood beside her: one hand inclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment the Governor Sir G—— D—— was announced; and the Colonel and myself received him.

"The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success; the sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan; and under all the circumstances I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan unfortunate fatality, the court, for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following; and from some farther evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence: but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto; and it was proved that they were last seen together walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock, more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader perhaps requires to be informed that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet: and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel the road to the summit branches into two—one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path; the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial, but this had no doubt its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession; and his confession was to this effect: that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and

on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted that he had resolved upon his destruction; that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock; and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L——. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act? why confess one murder and not another?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L—— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep, and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed-side. I thought he said three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, "I suffered justly: but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives." I am far from meaning to infer that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda, and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore. No one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat, unfastened its moorings, and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried, upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices; for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up, and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old Colonel, his delight knew no bounds—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet, though smiling cheek of his daughter. "I am not a man of many words," said he, "but by heaven, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man."

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the Colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the Bay of Algesiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L—— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer-house, he gave us the following relation.

"I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised: he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness; but during dinner he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan as we ascended was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble

down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port holes;[1] and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus,[2] I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection, to raise myself up; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and, with the geranium-root, bounded from point to point, into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare—without point, fissure, or root; it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost,—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me; and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

Evening passed away, it grew dark; and when night came I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me; the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean; I cried aloud for help; but my cry was answered only by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death; I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed: I called wildly and insanely, called upon Emily; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered: I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married; and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth, or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily: I found them in my bosom when I was rescued: here they are," said Captain L——, rising, and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings: she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control; "Hated flowers," said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the Colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "it is past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but Emily had left the summer house—"next Monday," resumed the Colonel, addressing Captain L——, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. How soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw Emily led to the altar: I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the Colonel had paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever; as gentle and good; as much loved. Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more; then Heaven bless thee, thy husband, and thy children!

[1] It may be necessary to inform the reader, that the excavations of Gibraltar are immense passages, or, as they are there called, galleries, hewn in the centre of the rock. These are carried within the face of the great precipice, and at short intervals there are openings, or port-holes, for cannon.

[2] Every projection and every nook in the face of the precipice is adorned with these beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers.

A SUMMER'S EVE.

[Henry Kirke White, born in Nottingham, 21st March, 1785; died at Cambridge, 19th October, 1806. He was the son of a butcher, and assisted his father in that trade for a short time. He was then sent to learn stocking-loom weaving, and from that he was removed to an attorney's office. His devotion to study having attracted the attention of several gentlemen, he obtained a sizarship in St. John's College, Cambridge. He intended to enter the ministry, but excessive study injured his health, and he died in his twenty second year. His circumstances and early death won extensive favour for his poems. *Clifton Grove*, a sketch in verse, is his longest production; the shorter pieces are characterized by much devotional spirit and an almost morbid anticipation of death.]

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way;
And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits:
And oft, with his accustomed call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last;
He has penned the sheepcote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slinked away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.
Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,
And from the ale-house drunken Ned
Had reeled—then hastened all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

There are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal. Now *I* am in a situation to speak from experience upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure through life has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account

of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles! nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality—have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification; and because I know also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was GUILTY of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey calendar for the winter sessions 1826; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824 I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffee-house and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a year. I did this not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years, till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and in about six months I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks as regularly as I awoke every morning—and carried after a few questions for examination before the lord-mayor. At the Mansion House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge, as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope, made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock to me. For months I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room on New Year's morning with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed as if I had had six hours conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London grand-jury found three bills against me for forgery; and on the evening of the 5th, the judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was no hope that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence passed over as coolly and formally as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a criminal court before; and I could hardly believe the composure and indifference, and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill-temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar: and the judge asked in a tone which had neither severity about it nor compassion, nor carelessness, nor anxiety, nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—"If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?" A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration

—a middle-aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me, as he said he would do, very "fairly and forbearingly;" but as soon as he read the facts from his brief—that only—I heard an officer of the jail, who stood behind me, say, "Put the rope about my neck." My master then was called to give his evidence, which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive; a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment; but there was nothing to cross-examine upon, I knew that well enough, though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before, "that it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had anything to say." I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees and beg for mercy; but again, I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered as well as I could, "that I would not trouble the court with any defence." Upon this the judge turned round with a more serious air still, to the jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too, or tried to listen attentively, as hard as I could; and yet, with all I could do, I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the court, all so soberly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied, spectators and all, while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill to destruction, seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest!

The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the court, stopped his writing when the judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice; they did not seem to know the fact that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature, whose days were fast running out, whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand-glass among them! I lost the whole of the judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to anything, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the foreman of the jury, as he brought in the verdict, "GUILTY," and the last words of the judge saying, "that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead:" and bidding me "prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this."

The jailer then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice telling me to "Come along!" Going down the hall steps two other officers met me; and placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the judge fold up his papers, and the jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for "The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!"

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial my master came to me in person, and told me that "he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence." I don't think I seemed very grateful for this assurance; I thought that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And when I thought of her the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten; I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground, and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion House, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her, "that if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune." But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment, and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been everywhere: to my master, to the judge that tried me, to the magistrates,

to the sheriffs, to the aldermen, she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were, that she was a young girl, and beautiful —hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected; without money to help, or a friend to advise her; pleading to strangers, humbling herself perhaps to menials who would think her very despair and helpless condition a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless, pennyless, friendless; she should have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension, when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death, as plainly as ever death spoke, sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too; I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest or wept for me without a third person, and that a stranger, being present.

I sat down by her on my bed-stead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself—I did hear! She had not a help, nor a hope, nor a prop left upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her, the only relative she had, was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What would she do, what could she attempt? She "did not know that;" and "it was not long that she should be a trouble to anybody." But "she should go to Lord S—— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain she should still succeed. It was her fault, she had told everybody this, all that had happened; if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance."

I listened, and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy. I understood the glance of the turnkey who was watching me, "that Elizabeth must be got away;" but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the jail entered. She went: it was then the afternoon; and she was got away on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw, I knew, how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees, I clasped my hands; my tears burst out afresh, and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot; I had done my last act and drunk my last draught in life. But as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp; and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything about me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time, I cannot tell the reason why, that my

mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had within a few hours to go through; and as I reflected on it a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known really, and seriously, that I was to die before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food; not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believe that for a while I was insane.

A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering; I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said; and then, on a sudden, I felt, or thought, all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon; but this did not last, for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness, at the prison gate!

When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and I knew it was a dream that I had had; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell; and when one of the turnkeys came I begged him, for mercy sake, to go down to the gate and see; and moreover to take a small bundle containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money; and if he would have my blessing, to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive; for I felt that I had not the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But in a few minutes he returned bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the jail had sent me, and hoped it would do me good; however he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the jail, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman that Elizabeth was not there nor had returned; and moreover he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted; but nevertheless he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly "to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy."

When he was gone, I did find myself for a little while more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind that I had but a few hours more at all events to live, that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees

my head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope, the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church-clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the jail and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation!

"R——," said the master to me, in a subdued but steady tone, "it is time for you to rise."

The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow but settled rain was coming down.

"It is half-past seven o'clock, R——!" said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts; but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering: and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark-paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare naked iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it:—I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to DIE. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel-clock begin to strike: and I thought—Lord, take pity on me, a wretch! it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass: my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was read-

ing to one of them, came up and said something—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me, and some one interfered and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished, and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow: and Mr. W——, the master of the jail, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward through the long-arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the day-light never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw!—I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's Church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain; of the fastening the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual *execution* and *death*,—I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently but with firmness; of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able by any exertion to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance which, to my perception, seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection of having found or fancied myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me; but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the Churchyard of St. Andrews, Holborn: I saw from a window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual whose benevolence has recognized the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me

—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative, from the singularity of the facts it relates, may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it; perhaps at too much length, but it is not easy for those who write without skill to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell one of them that to his jealousy of being known in connection with me, even *after death*, I owe my *life*. Should my old master read it, perhaps by this time he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least while I bear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!—*Blackwood's Mag.*

O POORTITH CAULD.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O poortith cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;—
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change:
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flower'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train;

The woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch, in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his power,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused, no falcon in the chase
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the dove;
But more than all besides was he,
The nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The phœnix of them all.

THE RIBBONMAN.

[William Carleton, born at Clogher, Tyrone, 1798; died 30th January, 1869. Novelist and poet. He began his career as a tutor. In 1830 he published in Dublin the first series of his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which was received with so much favour that a second series soon followed. His principal works are: *Fardorougha the Miser; The Fawn of Spring Vale; The Clarionet*, and other Tales; *Valentine M'Clutchy; Willy Reilly; The Tithe Proctor; Rody the Rover*, &c. Christopher North said in reply to the Shepherd's inquiry about Carleton's stories of the Irish peasantry: "Admirable, truly! Intensely Irish. Never were that wild imaginative people better described; and amongst all the fun, frolic, and folly, there is no want of poetry, pathos, and passion." Mr. Carleton obtained a pension of £200 a year from government. The following sketch is said to be "only too true."]

I had read the anonymous summons, but, from its general import, I believed it to be one of those special meetings convened for some purpose affecting the general objects and proceedings of the body. At least the terms in which it was conveyed to me had nothing extraordinary or mysterious in them, beyond the simple fact that it was not to be a general, but a select meeting; this mark of confidence flattered me, and I determined to attend punctually. I was, it is true, desired to keep the circumstance entirely to myself, but there was nothing startling in this, for I had often received summonses of a similar import. I therefore resolved to attend, according to the letter of my instructions, "on the next night, at the solemn hour of midnight, to deliberate and act upon such matters as should, then and there, be submitted to my consideration." The morning after I received this message, I arose and resumed my usual occupations; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded, I felt a sense of approaching evil hang heavily upon me; the beats of my pulse were languid, and an undefinable feeling of anxiety pervaded my whole spirit; even my face was pale, and my eye so heavy that my father and brothers thought I was ill; an opinion which I fancied at the time to be correct, for I felt exactly that kind of depression which precedes a severe fever. I could not understand what I experienced, nor can I yet, except by supposing that there is in human nature some mysterious faculty by which, in coming calamities, the approach throws forward the shadow of some fearful evil, and that it is possible to catch a dark anticipation of the sensations which they subsequently produce. For my part I can neither analyze nor define it; but on that day I knew it by painful experience, and so have a thousand others in similar circumstances.

It was about the middle of winter. The day was gloomy and tempestuous almost beyond any other I remember; dark clouds rolled over the hills about me, and a close sleet-like rain fell in slanting drifts that chased each other rapidly to the earth on the course of the blast. The out-lying cattle sought the closest and calmest corners of the fields for shelter; the trees and young groves were tossed about, for the wind was so unusually high that it swept its hollow gusts through them, with that hoarse murmur which deepens so powerfully on the mind the sense of dreariness and desolation.

As the shades of night fell, the storm if possible increased. The moon was half gone, and only a few stars were visible by glimpses, as a rush of wind left a temporary opening in the sky. I had determined, if the storm should not abate, to incur any penalty rather than attend the meeting, but the appointed hour was distant, and I resolved to be decided by the future state of the night.

Ten o'clock came, but still there was no change; eleven passed, and on opening the door to observe if there were any likelihood of it clearing up, a blast of wind mingled with rain, nearly blew me off my feet; at length it was approaching to the hour of midnight, and on examining a third time, I found it had calmed a little, and no longer rained.

I instantly got my oak stick, muffled myself in my great-coat, strapped my hat about my ears, and as the place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile distant, I presently set out.

The appearance of the heavens was lowering and angry, particularly in that point where the light of the moon fell against the clouds from a seeming chasm in them, through which alone she was visible. The edges of this were faintly bronzed, but the dense body of the masses that hung piled on each side of her was black and impenetrable to sight. In no other point of the heavens was there any part of the sky visible, for a deep veil of clouds overhung the horizon; yet was the light sufficient to give occasional glimpses of the rapid shifting which took place in this dark canopy, and of the tempestuous agitation with which the midnight storm swept to and fro beneath.

At length I arrived at a long slated house, situated in a solitary part of the neighbourhood; a little below it ran a small stream, which was now swollen above its banks, and rushing with mimic roar over the flat meadows

beside it. The appearance of the bare slated building in such a night was particularly sombre, and to those like me who knew the purpose to which it was then usually devoted, it was, or ought to have been, peculiarly so. There it stood, silent and gloomy, without any appearance of human life or enjoyment about or within it: as I approached, the moon once more had broken out of the clouds, and shone dimly upon the glittering of the wet slates and window, with a death-like lustre, that gradually faded away as I left the point of observation, and entered the folding-door. It was the parish chapel.

The scene which presented itself here was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour, which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar; they did not seem to move, and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness, which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of those who sat on the altar-steps were not distinctly visible, yet the prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future consequences, either in this world or the next.

The welcome which I received on joining them was far different from the boisterous good humour which used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a *ghud dhemur tha thu*,[1] in a suppressed voice; but, from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I was a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. It is surprising to think of the powerful expression which a moment of intense interest or great danger is capable of giving to the eye, the features, and slightest actions, especially in those whose station in society does not require them to constrain nature, by the force of social courtesies, to conceal its emotions. None of the standing group spoke, but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks could be translated with certainty, they seemed to say "we are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember that we *can* revenge." Along with this grasp, they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribboniam in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes after.

There was one present, however—the highest in authority—whose actions and demeanour were calm and unexcited; he seemed to labour under no unusual influence whatever, but evinced a serenity so placid and philosophical, that I attributed the silence of the sitting group, and the restraint which curbed the outbreaking passions of those who *stood*, entirely to his presence. He was a schoolmaster, who taught his daily school in that chapel, and acted also on Sunday in capacity of clerk to the priest—an excellent and amiable old man, who knew little of his illegal associations and atrocious conduct.

When the ceremonies of brotherly recognition and friendship were past, the Captain, by which title I will designate the last-mentioned person, stooped, and raising a jar of whiskey on the corner of the altar, held a wine-glass to its neck, which he filled, and with a calm nod handed it to me to drink. I shrunk back, with an instinctive horror, at the profaneness of such an act, in the house and on the altar of God, and peremptorily refused to taste the proffered draught. He smiled mildly at what he considered my superstition, and added quietly, and in a low voice,

"You'll be wantin' it, I'm thinkin', afther the wettin' you got."

"Wet or dry," said I—

"Stop, man," he replied in the same tone—"spake lower; but why wouldn't you take the

[1] How are you.

whiskey? Sure there's as holy people to the fore as you—didn't they all take it?—an' I wish we may never do worse than dhrink a harmless glass of whiskey, to keep the could out, any way."

"Well," said I, "I'll just trust to God, and the consequinces, for the could, Paddy, ma bouchal; but a blessed dhrop ov it won't be crossin' my lips, avick; so no more gosther about it—dhrink it yerself, if you like; maybe you want it as much as I do—wherein I've the patthern of a good big-coat upon me, so thick, yer sowl, that if it was rainin' bullocks, a dhrop wouldn't get under the nap ov it."

He gave me a calm but keen glance as I spoke.

"Well, Jim," said he, "it's a good comrade you've got for the weather that's in it; but in the mane time, to set you a dacent patthern, I'll just take this myself,"—saying which, with the jar still upon its side, and the forefinger of his left hand in its neck, he swallowed the spirits. "It's the first I dhrank tonight," he added, "nor would I dhrink it now, only to show you that I've heart and sperrit to do a thing that we're all bound and sworn to, when the proper time comes"—saying which, he laid down the glass, and turned up the jar, with much coolness, upon the altar.

During this conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast; and as each person approached the altar, he received from one to two or three large glasses of whiskey, according as he chose to limit himself; and, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present who, in despite of their own desire, and the captain's express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God's worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel door, which they did, as by that means the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

About one o'clock they were all assembled except six—at least so the captain, on looking at a written paper, asserted.

"Now, boys," said he, in the same low voice, "we are all present, except the thraitors, whose names I am goin' to read to you; not that we are to count thim as thraitors till we know whether or not it was in their power to come; anyhow, the night is terrible; but, boys, you're to know that neither fire nor wather is to prevint yees, when duly summonsed to attind a meeting; particularly whin the summons is widout a name, as you have been tould that there is always something of consequence to be done *thin*."

He then read out the names of those who were absent, in order that the real cause of their absence might be ascertained, declaring that they would be dealt with accordingly. After this he went and with his usual caution shut and bolted the door, and having put the key in his pocket, he ascended the steps of the altar, and for some time traversed the little platform from which the priest usually addresses the congregation.

Until this night I never contemplated the man's countenance with any particular interest, but as he walked the platform I had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was a little man, apparently not thirty; and on a first view seemed to have nothing remarkable either in his dress or features. I, however, was not the only person whose eye was rivetted upon him at that moment; in fact, every one present observed him with equal interest, for hitherto he had kept the object of the meeting perfectly secret, and of course we all felt anxious to know it. It was while he traversed this platform that I scrutinized his features, with a hope, if possible, to glean from them some indication of what was passing within; I could, however, mark but little, and that little was at first rather from the intelligence which seemed to subsist between him and those whom I have already mentioned as *standing* against the altar, than from any indications of his own; their gleaming eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity of savage and demon-like hope, which blazed out in flashes of malignant triumph, as upon turning he threw a cool but rapid glance at them, to intimate the progress he was making in the subject to which he devoted the undivided energies of his mind. But in the course of this meditation I could observe on one or two occasions a dark shade come over his countenance that contracted his brow into a deep furrow, and it was then, for the first time, that I saw the satanic expression of which his face, by a very slight motion of its muscles, was capable; his hands, during this silence, closed and opened convulsively; his eyes shot out two or three baleful glances, first to his confederates, and afterwards vacantly into the deep gloom of the lower part of the chapel; his teeth ground against each other like those of a man whose revenge burns to reach a distant enemy, and finally, after having wound himself up to a certain determination, his features relaxed into their original calm and undisturbed expression.

At this moment a loud laugh, having something supernatural in it, rang out wildly from the darkness of the chapel; he stopped, and

putting his open hand over his brows, peered down into the gloom, and said calmly in Irish, "*Bee dhu hust ne wulh enan inh*"—Hold your tongue, it is not yet the time. Every eye was now directed to the same spot, but, in consequence of its distance from the dim light on the altar, none could perceive the object from which the laugh proceeded. It was by this time nearly two o'clock in the morning.

He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish. "Brothers," said he, "for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that's sacred an' holy to obey whatever them that's over us, maning among ourselves, wishes us to do—are you now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I stand, to fulfil yer oath?"

The words were scarcely uttered when those who had *stood* beside the altar during the night sprung from their places, and descending its steps rapidly, turned round, and, raising their arms, exclaimed, "By all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

In the meantime, those who *sat* upon the steps of the altar instantly rose, and following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, "To be sure—by all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

"Now, boys," said the captain, "arn't yees big fools for your pains? an' *one* of yees doesn't know what I mane."

"You're our captain," said one of those who had stood at the altar, "an' has yer ordhers from higher quarthers; of coorse whatever ye command upon us we're bound to obey you in."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I only wanted to thry yees, an' by the oath yees tuck, there's not a captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have. Well, yees won't rue it, may be, when the right time comes; and for that same raison every one of yees must have a glass from the jar; thim that won't dhrink it *in* the chapel can dhrink it *widout;* an' here goes to open the door for them." He then distributed another large glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded—

"Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, an' I'm sure there's no thraitor here that 'id parjure himself for a trifle anyhow; but *I'm* sworn to obey them that's above me—manin' still among ourselves—an' to show you that I don't scruple to do it, here goes"—he then turned round, and taking the Missal between his hands, placed it upon the holy altar. Hitherto every word was uttered in a low precautionary tone; but on grasping the book he again turned round, and looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, he exclaimed in a voice of deep determination—

"By this sacred an' holy book, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may, an' this I swear upon His book an' His altar!"

At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness; the sound as if of rushing wings fell upon our ears, and fifty voices dwelt upon the last words of his oath, with wild and supernatural tones that seemed to echo and to mock what he had sworn. There was a pause, and an exclamation of horror from all present, but the captain was too cool and steady to be disconcerted; he immediately groped about until he got the candle, and proceeding calmly to a remote corner of the chapel, took up a half-burned turf which lay there, and, after some trouble, succeeded in lighting it again. He then explained what had taken place; which indeed was easily done, as the candle happened to be extinguished by a pigeon which sat exactly above it. The chapel, I should have observed, was at this time, like many country chapels, unfinished inside, and the pigeons of a neighbouring dove-cot had built nests among the rafters of the unceiled roof, which circumstance also explained the rushing of the wings, for the birds had been affrighted by the sudden loudness of the noise. The mocking voices were nothing but the echoes, rendered naturally more awful by the scene, the mysterious object of the meeting, and the solemn hour of the night.

When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night, rushed to the altar in a body, where each in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath, and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage—their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes fell under the dim light of the taper with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

As soon as this dreadful rite was completed we were again startled by several loud bursts

of laughter, which proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel, and the captain on hearing them turned to the place, and reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*gutsho nish, avohelhee*"—Come hither now, boys. A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night, and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognized as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted some time before for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such firearms as he kept for his own protection.

It was evidently not the captain's intention to have produced these persons until the oath should have been generally taken, but the exulting mirth with which they enjoyed the success of his scheme betrayed them, and put him to the necessity of bringing them forward somewhat before the concerted moment.

The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild fiend-like yells rang through the chapel as the party which *stood* on the altar and that which had crouched in the darkness met; wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and firearms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some fiendish purpose. Even the captain for a time was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand.

"Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good. Let thim that swore so manfully jist now stand a one side till the rest kiss the book one by one."

The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too alarming a shape for even the captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to swear until he should first hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who, taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally that until they first knew the business they were to execute none of them should take the oath. The captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow once more knit with the same evil expression, which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

"It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he mildly, "for the thruth is, I had next to nothing for yees to do; not a hand maybe would have to *rise*, only jist to look on an' if any resistance should be made to show yerselves; yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints the oath of *secrecy must* be taken, or woe be to him who will refuse *that;* he won't know the day, the hour, nor the minute when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov." He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the Missal, swore "that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret from man or mortal, except it was the holy priest on his dying day, and that neither bribery, nor imprisonment, nor death would wring it from his heart;" having done this, he struck the book violently, as if to confirm the energy with which he swore, and then calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present. Preparations were then made to execute what was intended; the half-burned turf was placed in a little pot; another glass of whisky was distributed, and the door being locked by the captain, who kept the key as parish master and clerk, the crowd departed silently from the chapel.

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The captain's object in keeping them unseen was that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation in swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel we directed our steps to the house in which this man, the only Protestant in the parish, resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole

firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible, threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravelly, every dike was full of yellow water, and each little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand-still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it in our backs, whirling us along for a few steps with involuntary rapidity. At length the fated dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place between the captain and the two parties who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their firearms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also got ready: the live coal which was brought in the small pot had become extinguished; but to remedy this two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish entered a cabin on the wayside, and, under pretence of lighting their own and their comrades' pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm-hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempest of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprise, there was something in our situation just now that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament appeared to shoot through it in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty-fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed.

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish in outline the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dismally upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object, and return home; the captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "Yees needn't go back, boys, I've found a path; jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the captain devised a method of crossing it:

"Boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog—very well, strip and go in a dozen of you; lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders agin one another, that the outside man may be supported—then *we* can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow: on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he

and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of the foremost group, it is impossible to imagine anything more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph at their own revenge. The captain's look had lost all its calmness, every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eyebrows with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols levelled at them. "Another word," said the captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it wasn't to spare them we came here—'No mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attimpt to show it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye; I hear them stirring—*No mercy*—no quarther—is the ordher of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dared withdraw from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked aloud for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the captain and his gang, of no mercy—"No mercy," and that instant the former and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present except the *gang* and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much, that he ran towards one of them and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of his innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all: "It's no use *now*, you know; if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to lave none of them to tell the story: ye *may* go now if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had tould yees the sport, that none of ye except my *own* boys would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck."

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm, for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers; but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of no mercy rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cry for life was strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element, in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surround-

ing hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow, deepening into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to awaken the dead. It was lost however upon the hearts and ears that heard it; to them, though, in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death *at the hands of their enemies;* they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but no, the horrors of the conflagration were calmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon Satan himself to relent.

His words were few; "My child," said he, "is still safe; she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor anyone—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent children like it—oh, spare her; think for a moment that it's one of your own; spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you don't, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me before I see her burned."

The captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he; "you will convict no more boys for taking an ould rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him proceeded the shrieks of a woman, who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "Your child is a coal now," said he with deliberate mockery. "I pitched it in myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now is your turn,"—saying which he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry, as he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder stood for some time about the conflagration; and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene was inexpressibly horrible. The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted, and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

It was only when the last victim went down that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well furnished; and the broad red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the captain and his guard stood to contemplate its effect. "Boys," said he, "we had better be sartin' that all's safe; who knows but there might be some of the sarpents crouchin' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to-morrow or next day; we had betther wait a while, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height; our eyes followed their

direction, and we perceived for the first time that the dark clouds above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire; the hills and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness; but the most picturesque part of it, was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper; for the motion of the breaking waters caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire.

Fire, however, destroys rapidly; in a short time the flames sank—became weak and flickering—by and by, they only shot out in fits—the crackling of the timbers died away—the surrounding darkness deepened; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by the thick volumes of smoke that rose from the ruins of the house and its murdered inhabitants.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "all is safe, we may go. Remember every man of you, that you've sworn this night on the Book and altar—not a heretic Bible. If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you do, there is them livin' that will take care the lase of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concerned in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withering in the wind, where they hung gibbeted, near the scene of their nefarious villany; and while I inwardly thanked Heaven for my own narrow and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how seldom, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer, and to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE TWO ROSES.

My Lilla gave me yester-morn
A rose methinks in Eden born,
And as she gave it, little elf,
Blush'd like another rose herself.
Then said I, full of tenderness,
"Since this sweet rose I owe to you,
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier rose that gave it too?"

From the Italian.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

[John Webster, a dramatist of the Elizabethan era. He wrote a number of plays in conjunction with Thomas Decker, Drayton, Middleton, Munday, Chettle, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith. Of the works written entirely by himself the most important are *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona; The Duchess of Malfy;* and *Appius and Virginia.* Hazlitt says that the two first named plays "come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have upon record; the only drawback to them is that they are too like Shakespeare, and often direct imitations of him." The widowed Duchess of Malfy secretly marries her steward Antonio. Her brother Ferdinand discovers the marriage, and regarding it as a disgrace to the family, imprisons his sister, subjects her to excruciating mental torture, and finally causes her to be strangled. The scenes quoted are the one in which the duchess gives her hand to Antonio, and the last, in which she is murdered]

DUCHESS. CARIOLA, *her Maid.*

Duchess. Is Antonio come?
Cariola. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me: but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou may'st overhear us: wish me good speed,
For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide.

[CARIOLA *withdraws.*

ANTONIO *enters.*

I sent for you: sit down.
Take pen and ink and write. Are you ready?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. Oh, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we enquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous indeed! I thank you; I look young
For your sake. You have ta'en my cares upon you.
Ant. I'll fetch your grace the particulars of your revenue and expense.
Duch. Oh, you're an upright treasurer; but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I'm making my will (as 'tis fit princes should)
In perfect memory: and I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?
Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit.
But I intend to make you overseer;
What good deed shall we first remember, say?
Ant. Begin with that first good deed, began in the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.
Duch. All!
Ant. Yes, your excellent self.
Duch. In a winding-sheet?
Ant. In a couple.
Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will.
Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.
Duch. What do you think of marriage?
Ant. I take it, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in't.
Duch. How do you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray let us hear it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovran, 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me stark blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.
Duch. Remove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it; thus: is it fit?
[*She puts the ring on his finger.*
Ant. What said you.
[*He kneels.*
Duch. Sir!
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I'm so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands in the fire
To warm them.
Duch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
Ant. Oh my unworthiness!
Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use in the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And never ta'en wages of her—
Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates; so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go, brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom;
I hope 'twill multiply love there: you do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me; sir, be confident.
What is it that distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir,
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man;
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow;
I use but half a blush in't.
Ant. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my steward) here upon your lips
I sign your *quietus est:* this you should have begg'd now:
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.
Ant. But, for your brothers—
Duch. Do not think of them.
All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke; if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.
[CARIOLA *comes forward.*
Duch. Kneel.
Ant. Hah!
Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my council.
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba præsenti is absolute marriage:
Bless Heaven this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion.
Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music.
Car. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman,
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity.

PRISON SCENE.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?
Car. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady; which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practised till this hour.
Duch. Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad: sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Car. O 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Car. Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool.
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Car. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
Duch. Of nothing:
When I muse thus I sleep.
Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
Car. Yes, out of question.
Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead,
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad;
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
Car. Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:
Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper.
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?

A Servant enters.

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.
Duch. Let them come in.

Here follows a Dance of sundry sorts of madmen, with music answerable thereto: after which BOSOLA *(like an old man) enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?
Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.
Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed
Gasping for breath; dost thou perceive me sick?
Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.
Duch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?
Bos. Yes.
Duch. Who am I?
Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.
Duch. Am not I thy duchess?
Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worst, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breed its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.
Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still!
Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.
Duch. Thou art very plain.
Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living
I am a tomb-maker.
Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?
Bos. Yes.
Duch. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?
Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our deathbed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?
Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their mind were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect of this
Thy dismal preparation.
This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell produced.

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

Car. O my sweet lady.

Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man.
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now every thing is still;
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly d'on her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind:
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't fools make such vain-keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
D'on clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours?
They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrop for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep.—Now, what you please:
What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them;
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid o'nt,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?

Bos. Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found,
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way; (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out;
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

SWEET THINGS DEPART.

"Marian's married, yet I am here.
Alive and merry at forty year."—*Thackeray.*

Sweet things depart and die,
Sweet things depart;
Life with a smile and sigh
Flies from the heart.

Then, with a tear, we take
Dust unto dust!
Humbly we go, and break
Idols—in trust!

So, turning home again,
Light shining down,
E'en through the thorns and pain
See we the crown.

Sweet things depart awhile—
Is it our loss?
See the eternal smile,—
What is our cross?

RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

BY THEODORE HOOK.[1]

At 15.—Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for coming out—looks about her with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16.—Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17.—Having no mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by an aunt—first terrified, then charmed. Comes out—Almack's—Opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he, eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a casement window all over woodbine.

18.—Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a Lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in *fêtes* and *déjeûners*—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sister.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show that she understands the best-concealed *bon-môts* of the French plays—shows off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who flicker round her.

20.—Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the Whigs—avows Toryism—all women are Tories, except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards Italian music, and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and "so natural."

21.—Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters every day half way to the House of Lords with the dear earl, through St. James' Park by the side of her uncle—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her satellites for a Tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great Agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22.—Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country-house—large party of shooting men—juxtaposition—constant association—sociability in the evening—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which, being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the *mêlée*, she refuses.

23.—Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24.—Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment, and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the *savans*, and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25.—Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26.—Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27.—Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28.—Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29.—Same system—still ineffective—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30.—Begins to inquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31.—Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country-house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32.—Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33.—Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34.—Uncle dies—break-up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35.—Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, pianoforte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36.—Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize marquis of the season—

[1] See the Bachelor's Thermometer, *Casquet*, vol. ii. p. 358.

goes into Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37.—Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and "never goes out"—makes up little tea-parties at her aunt's—very pleasant to everybody else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38.—Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan-school, dresses him up in a green jacket, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronizes a poet.

39.—Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she either is or is not invited—relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40.—Spasmodic—camphor-julep—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a captain in the Guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41.—Takes to wearing "a front"—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—Umph!

42.—Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavours to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a Ranter.

43.—Learns the Unknown Tongues, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues during the whole season enveloped in her new devotions. Her page, having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44.—Renounces the Oly Oly Bom school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty—he grown plump and jolly, driving his wife and two great healthy-looking boys, nearly men; and two lovely girls, nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle's ears.

45.—Returns to cards at the Dowager's parties, and smells to snuff if offered her.

46.—Her aunt dies.

47.—Lives upon her relations; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48.—Goes into the country and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49.—Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to everything—takes snuff and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to tea in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor-julep, and to bed—but not to sleep.

50.—Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing—vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat, a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round its neck. And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster's progress up to fifty.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"O WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han'
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban'?

"Or wha will kame my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kame?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han';
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban';

"Your brethren will kame your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kame;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame."

"O gin I had a bonnie ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She's taen her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been on the sea sailin'
Aboon a month or more,
Till landed had she her bonnie ship
Near her true-lover's door.

The nicht was dark, the wind blew cauld,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"O, it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You're nae come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden," said she;
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
O, open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie?"

"O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks;
It's nae sae lang sinsyne?

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine:

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the gude red goud,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it wi' speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cauld will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman;
Gae frae my door for shame,
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths you sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor,
For me ye's never see mair!"

O, hooly hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud,
Set up the mast o' tree;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie.

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk,
Set up the sails o' skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
When there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
"I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
That makes my heart richt wae;

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
But nane wad let her in."

"O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn intill her arm;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And "hey, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "hey, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And sair he kiss'd her ruby lips;—
But there was nae breath within.

Old Ballad.

MARIAN.

BY JACOB DE LIEFDE.

In the year 1832, when the Belgians revolted against their sovereign the King of Holland, and fears were entertained throughout Europe that this revolutionary movement might spread to other nations and cause serious troubles, the governments of England and France agreed to interfere and put an end to the contention. Consequently a large army marched across the French frontier, and finding that the ancient city of Antwerp was the head-quarters of the insurgents, forthwith proceeded to subdue it. The strong citadel alone held out for the king. When the commander was summoned to surrender it and the garrison to the insurgents, the curt refusal of General Chassé brought about a siege which will ever remain one of the most memorable in the history of the world; but as it is not my intention to linger over this siege or this period of history, it will suffice to say that during an incessant bombardment of twenty days the entire works of the citadel, which had been built regardless of expense and time by the great Duke of Alva, in 1570, were demolished. The celebrated citadel was a heap of ruins, and it required more than four years to rebuild what had been destroyed in less than four weeks. While the work of rebuilding was going on, a party of workmen who were busy at one of the lunettes or small triangular outworks suddenly cleared away from among the rubbish a small cross of white marble, which had been simply but beautifully cut. A cannon-ball had shattered it partly, but it was evident from the moss that had grown over and around it that hundreds of years had passed over this simple record of noble deed. It was evident that a number of letters were cut in the stone. The words were illegible, but after some difficulty the following inscription was deciphered: "Here lieth Maid Marian, who died for her friends, November, 1581." The old cross, about which the very oldest people fancied they had at some time heard a story, had been respected by all soldiers, although no one knew what it meant, or why it had been placed on that secluded spot. Some years later there was found in the city records the following simple tale, which is generally believed to be the history of the marble cross.

In the days when the Netherlands were beset by their great enemy the haughty, overbearing, and aggressive Spaniards, Antwerp, the strong, the prosperous, the liberty-loving city, with its almost impregnable fortress or citadel, was one of the great strongholds of the Protestant faith. It was jealously guarded as a jewel of great price, and the Prince of Orange, the leader of the insurrection, had placed within the citadel a band of his own trusty musketeers, upon whose valour and faith he could rely, although like their commander, Colonel Solms, they were rough and ready at their work, and no very refined gentlemen even in those days. When the garrison marched into the citadel with flying colours and a gay clangour of horns, to relieve the burgher guard which had fulfilled the arduous duty hitherto, they found established in the principal building a small family of three, who were particularly recommended by the old civic commander to the newly-installed Colonel Solms. Solms, a stout veteran, with a florid face and a habitual scowl that terrified most people who knew him not, glanced at the somewhat stupid old husband, who carried a large bunch of keys and smiled respectfully and good-naturedly—glanced at the buxom, motherly, neat woman his wife, who dropped a stiff but not awkward curtsey, and looked with some curiosity at the new soldiers—and glanced at the young daughter, who stood in the door of their dwelling—half-room, half-kitchen—and then a shadow of a smile somewhat relieved the scowl. The daughter, as prim and spruce and neat as her mother, but some thirty years younger, with fresh, rosy cheeks, jet black hair, a snow-white little cap and neckerchief, and a closely-fitting unpretentious dress that made her look like a little fairy—evidently pleased the old colonel, for he nodded them a return to their salute, and intimated to the retiring commander that he would be content with their services.

And content he was. The old veteran, who had been present at half a hundred battles, and lived the life of a hunted deer for many years, found himself too pleasantly at home in his new abode, and almost left off growling. At first he had his suspicions of the old man—Martin Reyder—but when that personage somewhat pompously introduced himself as head cellar-keeper and warder, and showed the commander his thorough knowledge of the wine-cellar, Solms became convinced that Martin might be a useful man. Dame Reyder and her daughter Marian at the same time so executed their duties, and kept his apartments and those of his officers so neat and clean, that the gentlemen as by intuition began to treat the two women with more consideration and gentleness than they had hitherto bestowed on the sex. Notwithstanding this, however, complications

Painted by Maclise. Engraved by J. Carter.

might have easily arisen, had not Marian possessed one excellent quality. She never allowed any one, from the highest to the lowest, to treat her otherwise than respectfully in word or deed. She had a pretty but determined way of putting every one down who attempted any liberties, and in a very short time had gained such influence over the men that not one of them dared to lift a finger against her. Strange to say, during the year that elapsed before the incident I am about to relate, Marian spent a happy life among the rough soldiers. She frequently went out of her way to assist them when they were sick, or to make them more comfortable, or to look after their cooking; but though she was thus always amongst them, she had not found a lover, and had resolutely refused, it was reported, an offer from one of the lieutenants, which puzzled gossips not a little.

Gossips knowing generally very little, and in this case nothing at all, their puzzle was not easily explained. There was a cloud hanging over the small Reyder family, which was never as much as whispered about, but which oppressed Marian more than she herself liked to confess. There was a fourth member of the family, not dead, and yet to them not living, not amongst those for whom they could weep and pray, and yet amongst those that occasion hot and bitter tears. There was a son, Joseph, educated with all care, as indeed Marian had also been, who, abusing his opportunities, had falsely turned traitor—for money; betrayed his country's, his city's cause—for gain. The father discovered it, taxed his son with it, summoned him to return the money, and on refusal, spurned him out of the house. Marian, who with strange perversity had clung to her scoundrel of a brother, interceded for him with her mother—went on her knees to her father. Dame Reyder wept sorely, but dared not disobey; and old Martin, leaving his daughter on her knees, pronounced a curse that well-nigh extinguished her reason. The staunch old patriot prayed from Heaven calamities and punishments upon his son's head for his iniquity, and swore that he would not accept him unless he returned broken in heart, lame in body, with gray hairs and repentant, to atone for the great wrong he had done the city of his birth and the honour of his family.

Several years had elapsed since then, and Marian alone had kept up a stealthy communication with the brother she would not renounce. One autumn evening, about a year after the arrival of the new garrison, Marian seemed to have received some new spirit. Her gaiety and curious fits of pensiveness were noticed by others besides her mother. At night, when they were sitting alone by the fire, Dame Reyder ventured to ask for an explanation, and then poor Marian's heart gushed out in joy at having at last obtained what she had yearned for so long. She showed her mother a letter of Joseph's, in which he confessed his wrong, told her how he had been dreadfully ill, and being now a cripple, how his only wish was to be reconciled to his father; that he was hiding in the city, and if she could get him inside the fortress, that he had no doubt he could get his father's forgiveness. After some hesitation she had written to him that if he came the next morning at the little Watergate as a poor provision merchant who had undertaken to supply the garrison with fruit, she would enable him to come inside by stealth, and assist him in effecting his purpose.

In the eager discussion which the revelation of this bold plan originated, Dame Reyder was at first stoutly against it.

"I warn you, Marian," said her mother in a whisper, "I feel as if no good can come from it. You know how strict Colonel Solms is, and that he only allows us to receive visits after a formal permission being granted. And now you are going to bring Joseph himself in here. You might as well open the gates at once and ask Duke Alva with his whole army to march in."

"O fie, mother," said Marian, "have you so forgotten your own son? Have you no love and no pity left for my brother? Do you not see that he is repenting, and that he has at last been punished for his folly, and only wants to see you once again to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness!" said Dame Reyder, shaking her head with a sigh. "If I knew that he was sincere, and really wanted my forgiveness, God forbid that I should restrain him. But why let him come here in the very lion's den. We can go to him in Antwerp, where, if he really be so much reduced and suffering, he will have no need to stir, and we can see him without being seen."

"Nay," said the daughter again, "if we go there he will be found out, whereas if he comes here where nobody knows him, I can easily smuggle him in early to-morrow morning at the little Watergate, of which I have told him, and he can see us and talk with us here without any one knowing it. Only say that you will allow me, mother dear, and that you will not tell father until Joseph is here, for

else he might spoil it all. Oh, this estrangement has weighed so heavily upon me that I shall thank Heaven when it has been cleared away. Do, good mother mine, help me."

The entreaties of the affectionate girl were so eloquent that Dame Reyder at last promised to assist her, notwithstanding her inward conviction that some mighty and wonderful change must have come over her son Joseph, to make him at last so humble, affectionate, and repentant.

The events of the next day convinced not only her but everybody else that the change had not been so wonderful as she for a moment fondly imagined, and that the villanous nature of her offspring had become worse rather than better. When next morning the light of day had driven away the nightly fogs and vapours, Marian softly opened her window and looked out, ready dressed for her enterprise. She was full of hope, and there shone a light in her eyes that made her look beautiful. It was still much too early for the arrival of any trades-people from town, but in her anxiety she went down-stairs, opened the door, and stepped out daintily on to the large quadrangle. Here she was met by the sergeant of the guard, who had already noticed her at the window, and endeavoured to attract her attention. The sergeant, although a good soldier, was a somewhat rough customer, and his attentions were frequently so annoying that Marian had a strong dislike for him. This morning she would fain have passed him with a polite return for his greeting, but the gallant veteran was too great an admirer of the little maid. He had been up the greater part of the night, and the strong beer which he had quaffed during that time may have somewhat muddled his brain. Enough be it, that not content with the modest greeting of the girl, the sergeant stepped forward and took her hand, while his strong arm encircled her waist, and his black beard approached her lips with dangerous proximity. Marian, however, was not the girl to lose her presence of mind. She uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, and with a lithe and quick movement disengaged herself from the encircling arm. The sergeant, who had made sure of his prize, had not observed that his foot rested on a slippery stone; but Marian, with the quickness of a little tigress, smacked his face and gave him a sudden push on the shoulder which made him lose his balance. The stout fellow threw up his arms, and, amidst the roars of the guard who were looking on, stretched his uncouth length in the biggest mud-puddle of the quadrangle. Marian tripped away, leaving the rash soldier to pick himself out of the dirt with the facetious assistance of some of his comrades, who exasperated him by their protestations of sympathy, and compelled him to withdraw to his room, swearing vengeance on the girl. The opportunity was not long wanting.

When Marian saw that her inopportune admirer had departed, she walked slowly and in her usual manner in the direction of the gate, where the trades-people generally deposited their goods for her inspection. It was too early for their arrival, however, a fact which the sentry at the gate immediately remarked when he saw the young housekeeper advancing. Marian had foreseen this, and informed the soldier with the greatest unconcern that she had ordered a poor fellow to be at the little Watergate somewhat earlier than usual, because she had long promised to help him, and she did not wish to raise any jealousy between him and the usual purveyors.

"Ah, Marian," said the sentry, shaking his head, "you are too kind-hearted. I verily believe you would put money into the hand of every vagabond who had a piteous tale to tell."

"And why not?" said she, with a bound of her heart; "this poor fellow has not only a piteous tale; the look of him is piteous enough. A strong fellow like yourself can do anything in this wide world; but those poor creatures whom Heaven has not favoured must struggle and drag themselves onward through life, poor things, with difficulty. If he comes, good Master Michel, you will not turn him off as others do, with rude words, will you? Let him in, that I may take him to our garden."

"Let him in!" said Michel, elevating his eyebrows. "I know not that I can let him in, for it is contrary to orders. But I can ask the sergeant, and if he be willing I have naught to say."

Marian, however, shook her head quickly and decisively.

"Ask the sergeant." She laughed. "Why, did you not see how I made him fall into the mud; he will not allow it. Besides, the poor fellow will only come in for a few moments, and I can take him by the back way, and up the old staircase, where the governor will not see us. I will be back here in half-an-hour."

"Well, I will see," the sentry said, and Marian had gone away almost certain of success. Michel, however, had some misgiving in his soul, at what he felt to be mysterious, and referred the matter to his superior, who passed by not very long afterwards. The in-

jured sergeant listened with curiosity, and put his finger to his broad nose with a knowing look. He stood silent for some minutes, and then questioned the sentry closely as to what Marian had said, and whether she seemed eager or not. At last he ordered Michel to let him know when the fellow arrived, and to allow Marian, without saying a word, to conduct her lame protegé whither she liked.

The half-hour had scarcely elapsed when Marian was at the little gate looking out for the extraordinary individual, whom she had now full hopes of smuggling in. Presently she could see at some distance in the fields the figure of a man making his way with difficulty on crutches towards the spot where the little boat lay. In one hand he carried a basket containing some vegetables, which it seemed he could only carry with an effort. As soon as the girl saw him she waved her kerchief, and motioned him to make haste. The crutches moved with redoubled energy, and made such progress that the honest Michel, who regarded the scene with some curiosity, muttered to himself that before the poor fellow had met with his misfortune he must have been possessed of considerable strength. So any one would have thought who saw him wriggle into the little boat, for with one good long pull at the oars the light thing darted across the broad moat and flew half-way up against the landing-place. Somewhat astonished at this vigour Marian stepped back and saw her brother jump out of the boat with greater ease than she would have given him credit for. But his crutches were under him at once, and turning to the girl he thanked her in a low voice for her graciousness in favouring a poor cripple. The fellow's face was certainly not prepossessing. Lean and sallow, with prominent cheek-bones and hollow eager eyes that habitually looked to the ground, a rough yellow beard, that scarcely hid the meanness of his thin lips, such was Joseph. His clothes hung about him in loose disorderly fashion, and his appearance altogether was that of a man whom Heaven had not favoured. Marian snatched up the basket, and advancing with a light step ordered the man to follow her, which he did, protesting at the same time that she was going too fast. The instant they had started Michel the sentry turned round and waved his hat to one of his comrades, who was on the look-out. The sign was seen, and the comrade disappeared.

Marian and her brother meanwhile were advancing quickly under the inner wall of the fortress, to a point where they could mount by a few planks which had been put there temporarily, to the covered way, following which they could reach the yard where was the entrance to the cellars and subterranean passages, and once there the stair and the stables would allow her to reach the kitchen unobserved. The covered way had already been reached, and Marian was turning round to say a word of encouragement to her brother, when she started violently and blushed on seeing her way blocked by the figure of the sergeant, who sauntered towards her with a triumphant smile. "Why, Mistress Marian," said he with feigned astonishment, "what do you bring us here? Has this gentleman found more favour in your eyes than any one inside these walls? Will you be pleased to make him known to me?"

"Oh, please you, Master Fellsper," said Marian somewhat flurriedly, "this is only a poor citizen of the town, whom I promised to show what kind of fruit and vegetables we require for the governor, the which he has duly promised to deliver to us, with but small profit to himself."

"Oh, indeed," answered Fellsper, eyeing the new-comer, who had dropped his head on his chest, "and pray what might his name be?" Marian was silent, for this contingency she had overlooked. Presently, however, she faltered, "I believe I heard him say that it was Joseph."

"Joseph!" repeated the revengeful soldier, "and truly he is an ill-looking cur to have such a name. You know, Mistress Marian, what strict orders the governor has given about strangers. If he had been some pretty youth, now, I might have been content; but by the pope's head, I must have him before our commander, for methinks he has a villanous lame look about him. Here, Antonio!"

Ere the bewildered girl could utter a word or arrest the action of her enemy, half-a-dozen pikemen, headed by the rollicking Antonio, advanced from round the corner, where they had evidently been waiting, and surrounded Joseph. The unhappy fellow threw a rapid glance around him, saw his way barred on all sides by walls of earth, brick, or iron, and collapsed immediately into a still more hopeless state of lameness than before, so that a couple of soldiers found themselves conscientiously obliged to catch him by the collar and hoist him up occasionally.

"Come on, lads," cried Fellsper, "we're in luck. The governor is just sunning himself in the yard higher up before he goes to inspect the ammunition, so we shall not have very far to go. He's in a bad humour this morning, Mistress Marian, I promise you, and he will be disturbed in spirit at this untoward liberty

of yours. Oh, the deceitfulness and wickedness of the female heart!"

Fellsper gave a wicked leer to the girl by his side, and turned up the white of his eyes as if he were mourning. Marian sighed, but said not a word. She was pondering over the situation, knowing that the safety of her brother depended entirely on her. To confess the truth she knew was out of the question, and in the few moments that elapsed she felt instinctively that her only hope lay in sticking to her tale. In a few moments another turn of the covered way brought them to the open space surrounded by a thick wall and iron doors. As the group turned into the opening a cold shiver went through the poor girl, and she could scarcely prevent herself from falling. In a corner before a wooden table sat Colonel Solms, scowling dreadfully at the approaching party. A flask of wine and a scroll of paper were on the table; and behind him stood no one else than old Martin with his bunch of keys in one hand. The instant his eyes fell upon the figure of the lame man he started and changed colour, a fact which did not escape the attention of the suspicious Fellsper.

"Please your honour," said the latter, leading the prisoner to the foot of the stair, "we have somewhat suddenly come upon this stranger, who was being conducted to the chief building by Mistress Marian, and remembering your strict orders, we have brought him hither that you may see him and do with him according to your pleasure."

"Who and what is he?" growled the governor, planting his stick very firmly in the ground, and looking fixedly at the intruder. "How now, Mistress Marian, do I find you trespassing against the rules and conspiring against the safety of the castle? What is this? Answer me!"

Marian, who in the meantime had regained her composure, answered with marvellous calmness and seeming indifference, that she knew nothing whatever of rules and regulations that prevented her attending to her duty. She had nearly every morning during the last fortnight heard my lord the governor grumble at his breakfast or dinner that the vegetables or the fruit or the sauces were not properly prepared, and that she therefore had bethought herself of one poor fellow who wanted help and who could procure her what was desired if he only was shown what was wanted. Her somewhat independent tone and saucy look, which she considered the safest thing to assume, unhappily displeased the governor, who glanced with an angry eye from Marian to the prisoner, and asked in a rough voice his name.

"Joseph," answered he in a low voice.

"Joseph—Joseph what?" asked Solms.

Joseph shook his head. "Never no other name that I can remember," said he.

"Oh, you liar!" cried Fellsper; "never was a person born in this world with one name only. There, old Martin looks as though he knew it."

Old Martin shook his head and rattled his keys, and murmured something about its being impossible.

"Martin, you old rogue!" cried Solms, turning round upon him in great wrath, "what's the villain's name? You don't know. Then what does that rascal Fellsper mean by saying so?"

"Please your honour," said Fellsper, "methought I saw a look of recognizance pass between them, and I am almost certain they have seen each other before."

"And they shall see each other again," said Solms, clapping his hand on his knee with determination. "There are rumours about of treason, and this fellow looks the traitor from top to toe. Lead him away to the dark hole and leave him there to-day; he may tell us some more by to-morrow. Away with him."

At these words Marian uttered a suppressed cry. The hands of the soldiers were already on the prisoner, whose eyes were fixed with a hard and steady look upon old Martin, when the poor girl, to whom the horrors of that dark cellar were but too well known, sank upon her knee, and clasping her hands in agony, besought the governor to be merciful on one whom she had brought to peril. "I would beseech you, my lord," she urged, "to remember the severity of the weather and the state of the cellar. There is more than a foot of water in it, and this poor man is already suffering. He has transgressed in nothing, the sentry permitted him to pass, and I thought it was pardonable; but if he is to be kept in confinement, I beseech you, sir, for the love of Heaven, let him be taken to my little bed-room, where he will be safely guarded by the soldiers, and I can lie down anywhere for the time."

Old Solms must have been possessed of greater hardness of heart than he was himself aware of, if he had been able to resist so touching a prayer, uttered in such a manner. The quiet, modest girl had always been a favourite of his, although his good opinion was always expressed in grunts, and to hear her now pleading for a man whom she had brought into trouble, with tears running down her cheeks and her voice trembling with emotion, was

more than the rough soldier had expected. He found it even difficult to keep his face from betraying his feelings, and consequently looked hopelessly fierce.

"Ah," he said slowly, "a foot of water in the cellar! is that true, Martin? Why did you not tell me that before? I don't want to drown the villain—for a villain he is—of that I am convinced—but to put him in your daughter's bed-room is absurd. Fellsper, you who seem so eager to drag the fellow along with you, I shall order you to have him taken to the armoury, and have him securely guarded until we can find time to see to him; but do him no injury, for those of the city beyond are mightily stirred when one of their lean and hungry brood is robbed of a stiver. Tie his hands, for with his legs he seems of but little use." So saying the colonel made a motion with his hand, which his followers understood and dared not disobey. Marian held her peace, hoping that at some fortunate moment she might assist her brother, who was now being led away up the old stair to the armoury, where prisoners or soldiers under arrest were generally confined.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when Marian, with trembling heart, reached the room where her mother awaited her, she scarcely had enough strength left to fall on Dame Reyder's bosom and sob an incoherent relation of what had happened. Presently too old Martin came in with a large store of rage bottled up for his daughter. The interview between them was anything but pacifying or soothing. The old man, who had not the remotest expectation of this visit, was divided between wrathful astonishment at the unheard of audacity and astonished indignation that his daughter could undertake any such plan without asking him, while he trembled at the idea that the governor should suspect him of being a party to the vile conspiracy. He desired to know what the rascal wanted inside the fortress, for nobody would be so simple as to believe his story about coming to ask forgiveness.

"We may be devoutly thankful," he cried, "if at the further examination of him they do not discover that he is our son—God help us—and then I do not know what will be done with us. But look you, Marian, you have been a good girl hitherto, and an obedient. If you ever exchange a word or as much as a glance with that fellow again, I'll renounce you as I have renounced him. Do you hear?"

"I hear, father," said poor Marian in a low voice.

"Very good; then see to it," said Reyder, shaking his keys and going towards the guard-house to pick up what information he could. Marian remained behind, in a mood far from pleasant. She was an obstinate little thing, and what she once conceived to be her duty she would do in spite of everybody, even her father. She conceived that by her fault Joseph had been led into this scrape, and notwithstanding the command, of which the echo had scarce died away, she resolved if possible to rescue her brother. The task which she had set herself was not easy, but she felt that she alone could execute it, and that she must not even acquaint her mother with her plan. She watched all day with great anxiety for the return of the governor to his apartments, for upon his mood depended whether there was any hope left or not. When late in the afternoon Colonel Solms arrived from his inspection he was so tired and hungry that he would have arrested any man who dared to remind him of the prisoner. Marian knew that no inquiry would take place before the morning, and she breathed more freely. There was not a person in the citadel or out of it who was more intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the building than she, and the moment Solms had named the armoury as Joseph's prison, she had thought of one expedient at least. When the evening darkness had sufficiently advanced she tripped unobserved to the harness-room, which formed part of the large stables, and noiselessly crept up a stair which was never used, and all but forgotten.

Joseph was sitting on a hard wooden form, surrounded by all sorts of harnesses, helmets, breastplates, firelocks, spears, and a multitude of other engines of war; his narrow eyebrows were drooping over his eyes in close thought concerning his situation; the sentry, who had scarcely left him, finding the evening getting cold, and Joseph as quiet as a mouse, had locked the door and was pacing up and down outside in the next room, where some of his comrades had lit a fire. Suddenly Joseph was startled by a whisper, which seemed to proceed from one of the armours. He pricked up his ears.

"Can you listen, Joseph?" said the voice. "I can see your head against the window, and if you nod you need not speak." Joseph nodded. "Are your hands and feet both tied?"

"Only my hands," whispered Joseph; "if you can cut the cord I shall be free."

"But then you cannot walk."

Joseph gave a short laugh, and looked round involuntarily. "That is Marian, is it not?

Are you sure no one hears us? Well, then, look here."

And getting up cautiously he stretched himself to his full height, made a few steps on tip-toe with so much strength and vigour that the lameness seemed to have disappeared as by magic.

"You have deceived me," whispered Marian.

"And you have deceived me," answered her brother, instantly resuming his position of helplessness. "I trusted blindly to your promise. But have you come to help me or not?"

"I have, but I scarcely know how."

"Oh, I know that," said he; "now, answer me quickly, what is the strength of the garrison?"

"Three hundred, all told."

"And how many sentries are out at night?"

"Thirty, changing every two hours with another thirty."

Continuing thus rapidly to ask and receive answers which Marian imagined her brother wanted for his escape, he was in the course of a few minutes thoroughly acquainted with the internal arrangements, the strong parts and unguarded points of the citadel.

"That will do," he whispered cheerfully, "you are a good sister, Marian, and I promise when the hour comes you shall not be forgotten. Now tell me one thing more. Yonder window has a water-pipe underneath strong enough to hold me. If so, where does it lead to?"

"To the flat roof of the hay-lofts, and from thence you can jump on to the dung-heap, not more than twelve or fourteen feet, and little climbing will bring you to the same place where you saw Solms this morning. Here is a little clasp-knife which I shall throw you, pick it up quickly and cut yourself loose. Make your way out, for I fear you would get but little mercy here. Father is furious, and will hear nothing of you. I should like to embrace you for once, and beg you to be good in future, but I must not. Good-by, and may we meet in a better and happier place."

With silent steps Marian retreated from the little aperture in the wainscoting and left the prisoner to himself. For several hours he sat quietly, occasionally muttering "Little fool," until the midnight hour had struck. Then he opened the little knife, cut the cord, rose, and looked round him.

. . . . . .

It was found next morning that the prisoner had escaped. How, nobody knew, and nobody ever discovered. The strong cord by which his hands had been tied was found by the side of his crutches under the form on which the sentry saw him apparently asleep. But the window was open, and the water-pipe showed traces of his flight. The rest was a mystery. Suspicions of course at once fell upon poor Marian, whose pale looks and red eyes next morning might indeed have confirmed them. But her answers were so calm, and her account of herself so reasonable, that even the sergeant Fellsper, pitying her in his heart, found no reason to think evil of her, and after a few days the theory that the fellow after all was a harmless wretch who had sought to earn an honest living gained ground amongst the garrison.

Not so with Marian. The roses did not return to her cheeks, and her eye lost the merry though modest look that had rendered it so attractive. There was a pensive and at the same time startled expression in her face that proceeded from inward restlessness. And indeed she was restless. The words, "When the hour comes you shall not be forgotten," haunted her. She felt now unmistakably that Joseph had cruelly deceived her. His poverty, his repentance, his lameness, were all deception, and she sometimes glowed with indignation when she thought how much of the castle's secrets she had revealed to him. What hour was coming? and how could she not be forgotten? She burned to tell her mother, but her mother, frightened by the issue of the momentary deception to which she had given her consent, had given her daughter a severe lecture, and professed her determination to tell everything to her husband which she might hereafter get to know. Thus driven within herself poor Marian lingered on in anxious suspense, trembling at every rumour of treason or rebellion that came to her from outside.

One afternoon, about a fortnight after Joseph's escape, while she was bargaining with the ordinary purveyor, he put into her hand with a very knowing look a small piece of paper tightly folded. Marian grasped it involuntarily, and took it to her room to read it. It contained these words:—"To-night at twelve, at the eastern outwork, be ready for us, for none of the others shall escape, Joseph." The dreadful dream had at last come true. Through her instrumentality an attack was to be made on the point which she remembered to have indicated as being somewhat remote and guarded by but one sentry. In such supreme moments the female mind argues but little. All her suffering and repentance for the foolish step she had committed, mingled with a still lingering love for her unfortunate brother, a desire to save her friends inside and him outside from

a horrible encounter, made her take a sudden resolution. Without mentioning her object to her mother, she obtained permission to visit her aunt in the city that night. She had speedily clothed herself as thickly as possible, and wrote a short note to the governor, in which she told him in guarded terms what he had to fear. This note she handed to the colonel's private servant, and hastily left the citadel.

The rest is but imperfectly known. It is certain that a party of conspirators had gathered outside the citadel to the number of 500, headed by three daring Spanish noblemen, and Joseph as guide. That in the midst of their silent march they were stopped by a young girl, who warned them not to proceed, as everything inside the citadel was ready to beat them off. That she besought the guide Joseph to fly for safety as she had betrayed his plan, a story which he would not listen to. At last, when she found that arguments and beseeching were of no avail, she had cried in an excited manner that through her the citadel should not be taken by the enemies of her country, and drawing a pistol from her pocket had fired it in the air. A tremendous volley from the walls of the lunette, and a well-organized rush from the garrison, was the answer. A fearful fight ensued, in which both parties paid heavily with their blood. Among the dead next day there was found the body of poor Marian, with a calm smile of contentment upon her pale lips. Half the garrison wept as she was buried, and the simple cross that was erected on her grave—for they would have her buried within the walls—was bought by the hard-earned pence of the rough fellows who had found in her the only link to a life of more gentleness and purity than they ever knew before or afterwards.

RELEASED.

A little low-ceiled room. Four walls
  Whose blank shut out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
  A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
  Of God's great globe, that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth,
  And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine;
  And therein lying, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
  Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do,
  No queen more careless in her state,
Hands crossed in an unbroken calm;
  For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil;
  Put by each coarse, intrusive sign;
She made a Sabbath when she died,
  And round her breathes a rest divine.

Put by at last, beneath the lid,
  The exempted hands, the tranquil face;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
  And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,
  Oft from that threshold, on the night;
The narrow bourne she crosseth now;
  She standeth in the Eternal light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,
  Those broken steps that reach the door;
Henceforth, with angels, she shall tread
  Heaven's golden stair for evermore!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE CZAR AND CZAROWITZ.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

During the tumults in Russia, when the Princess Sophia's intrigues to avail herself of Iwan's imbecility were defeated by Peter the Great, several ancient Boyars withdrew to their country-houses in disgust or fear. Mierenhoff, one of this number, had a mansion about twelve versts from the metropolis, and resided in very strict retirement, with his only daughter Feodorowna. But this beautiful young Muscovite had accompanied her father with more reluctance than he suspected, and contrived to solace her solitude by frequent visits from her affianced husband, Count Biron, one of the Czar's body-guard. Though her lover laid claim to a title so sacred, his attachment to the imperial court, and the kind of favouritism he enjoyed there, had created a jealousy not far from rancour in Mierenhoff. Mixing private feuds with political secrets, he devised a pretext to dismiss the young captain of the guard from all pretension to his daughter; but the young couple revenged themselves by clandestine disobedience.

On one of the nights dedicated to their meetings, the Boyar chose to visit his daughter's apartment with an affectation of kindness. She, apprised of his intention only a few moments before, conveyed her lover into a large chest, or press, in the corner of her room, and

closing the lid, covered it with her mantle, that he might obtain air by lifting it occasionally. But the Boyar unhappily chose to take his seat upon it; and after a long stay, which cost his daughter inexpressible agonies, departed without intimating any suspicion.

Feodorowna sprang to raise the lid of her coffer, and saw Biron entirely lifeless. What a spectacle for an affianced wife!—but she had also the feelings of an erring daughter, conscious that detection must be her ruin. She had strength of mind enough to attempt every possible means of restoring life; and when all failed, to consider what might best conceal the terrible circumstances of his death. She could trust no one in her father's household except his porter, an old half-savage Tartar, to whom he had given the name of Usbeck, in allusion to his tribe. But this man had taught her to ride, reared her favourite wolf-dog, and shown other traits of diligent affection which invited trust. Feodorowna descended from the lofty window of her room by the ladder Biron had left there: and creeping to the porter's hut, awakened him to crave his help. It was a fearful hazard, even to a Russian female, little acquainted with the delicacies of more polished society; but the instinct of uncorrupted nature is itself delicate, and the Tartar manifested it by listening to his distressed mistress with an air of humble respect. He followed to her chamber, removed the dead body from its untimely bier, and departed with it on his shoulder. In an hour he returned, but gave no answer to her questions, except that "All was safe." She put a ring containing a rich emerald on his finger, forgetting the hazard and unfitness of the gift. His eye flashed fire; and making a hasty step nearer, he seemed disposed to offer some reply; but as suddenly turning his back, and showing only half his tiger-like profile over his shoulder, he left Feodorowna in silence, and with a smile in which she imagined strange meaning.

The absence of the captain of the imperial guard could not be undiscovered long, and it was not difficult for his family to trace his nightly visits to his bride. But there all clue ceased; and after some mysterious hints at the secret animosity of her father, the search seemed to die away. An extraordinary circumstance renewed it. Biron's body was found near the imperial city, with a small poignard buried in it, bearing this label round the hilt—"*The vengeance of a Strelitz.*" The sanguinary sacrifice of the Strelitz regiment by Peter's orders, for their adherence to his sister Sophia, appeared to explain this inscription; and the friends of Count Biron instantly ascribed his fate to the scattered banditti formed by the survivors of this proscribed regiment. Feodorowna, though not the least surprised at the incident, was the only one who rejoiced, as she felt the security it gave to her secret. Her father preserved an entire silence and impenetrable indifference on the subject. The emperor, notwithstanding the eccentric zeal of his attachments, chose to leave his favourite's fate in an obscurity he thought useful to his politics and scandalous to his enemies.

Six months passed in secret mourning on Feodorowna's part; and her father usually spent his evenings alone after his return from hunting. One night, as he sat half-dreaming over his solitary flagon, he saw a man standing near his hearth in a dark red cloak, with a fur cap bordered with jewels, and a black velvet mask over his face. The Boyar had as much good sense as any Russian nobleman of that age, and as much courage as any man alone, or with only his flask by his side, can reasonably show. And probably he owed to his flask the firmness of his voice, when he asked this extraordinary visitor whence he came. The stranger familiarly replied, that he could not answer the question.

"Have you no name?"

"None, Boyar, fitting you to know!—You have a daughter: I desire a wife; and you have only to name the price you claim for her."

The Muscovite blood of Mierenhoff rose at this insolent appeal, and he snatched up the silver whistle by which he usually summoned his attendants.

"Sound it, if you will," said the strange visitor, "your servants will have no ears, and mine have more than an equal number of hands. Mierenhoff! recollect this badge"—and as he spoke he raised his sleeve, and discovered the form of a poignard indented in his arm.

At the sight of this brand, which he well knew to be the symbol of the Strelitz confederacy, Mierenhoff bowed his head in terror and silence. The unknown repeated his proposal for a wife, demanding an instant answer. The Boyar, full of astonishment and dismay, endeavoured to evade the demand, by alleging the impossibility of answering so promptly for his daughter."

"I understand your fears, Mierenhoff; your daughter herself shall determine, if I am allowed to speak with her alone one quarter of an hour." Some more conversation passed, which determined Mierenhoff's compliance. The Strelitz, for such he now considered his

guest, rose suddenly from his chair. "I do not ask you," he said, "to conduct me to your daughter's apartment—I know where it is situated, and by what means to enter it. Neither do I ask you to wait here patiently till my return. *You dare not follow me.*"

He spoke truth; and had the Boyar dared to follow him, his surprise would not have been lessened by the unhesitating boldness of the stranger's steps through the avenues of his house, and the intricate staircases that led to Feodorowna's chamber.

The young countess was alone in sorrowful thought when her extraordinary visitor entered. His proposal was made to her in terms nearly as concise as to her father. When she started up to claim help from her servants, he informed her that her father's life and reputation were at his mercy, not less than her own; adding, "You are no stranger to the *vengeance of a Strelitz.*"

Feodorowna shuddered at this allusion to the fate of a man whose widow she considered herself, and his next words convinced her he not only knew the circumstances of Biron's death, but all the secrets of their interviews. In little more than the time he mentioned, he returned to the Boyar's presence, and announced his daughter's assent. It was agreed that the unknown bridegroom should not remove his bride from her father's roof, unless she voluntarily consented to accompany him, nor visit her oftener than once in every month. He made a further condition, that the priest should be provided by himself, and the ceremony unwitnessed, except by the father of Feodorowna. To these, and to any other conditions, Mierenhoff would have acceded willingly, hoping to elude or resist them when the day arrived. When the stranger rose to depart, he pointed to a timepiece which ornamented the Boyar's table.

"I depend on your honour; and if I did not, I know my own power too well to doubt your obedience. Count twenty movements of this minute hand before you quit your seat after I am gone."

So saying, he disappeared, and the father-in-law elect of this mysterious man remained stupid with consternation and amaze till the period expired.

What passed between the father and daughter cannot be explained. If he was surprised at her ready acquiescence, she was no less indignant at his tame surrender of his only child to a ruffian who had demanded her, she supposed, as the seal of some guilty confederacy. But this supposition wronged her father. Cowardly, yet not cruel, and ambitious, without sufficient craft, the Boyar was only enough advanced into the mysteries of the Strelitz faction to know that his own danger would be equally great whether he betrayed the conspirators or the government. This man had passed unopposed among his servants, had learned all the secrets of his house, and must consequently possess means to purchase both. He felt himself surrounded by an invisible chain, and by a mist which magnified, while it confused his fears. The Countess Feodorowna, from whom he had expected the most eager questions and piercing complaints, was silent, sullen, and entirely passive. When the next midnight arrived, she sat by her father's side, with her arms folded in her fur pelisse, and her loose hair covered with a mourning veil, while the Strelitz entered with a Greek priest. The rites of the Muscovite church were performed without opposition; and the father, with a sudden pang of remorse and horror, as if till then he had believed the marriage would have been prevented by some unknown power, resigned Feodorowna to her husband. She clung to the Boyar, earnestly insisting on his part of the contract, while this mysterious son-in-law professed his faithful respect for all his promises.

"Depend on my word," he added, "you will never be removed from your father's house, except to take your seat on the throne of all the Russias."

This was the first intimation ever given by him of his expectations or his rank; and certain flattering hopes, which had always clung to the Boyar's fancy, seemed on the verge of probability. Perhaps this pretended Strelitz was the Czar himself, whose fondness for adventure and skill in political intrigue, had induced him to assume the garb and stamp of the confederacy he meant to baffle. Feodorowna was not without ambition, and the diamond bracelet which her new husband placed on her wrist was worthy to bind an empress's hand. Every month, on the second day of the new moon, he appeared at her father's supper-table, and departed before daylight; but by what means he gained ingress and egress was not to be discovered. The servants of the Boyar professed entire ignorance, nor did he venture to prosecute his inquiries very strictly. But his daughter's curiosity was more acute; and notwithstanding the solemn oath imposed on her to forbear from questions, and to respect the mask which covered his face, she resolved on trying the effect of female blandishment. Gradually, and by very cautious advances, she tempted the Strelitz to exceed his studied tem-

perance at a supper prepared with unusual care. Her music and her smiles were not wholly without effect, and he suddenly said,

"Do you know, Feodore, I had never seen or desired to see you, if Biron had not talked of your beauty with such passionate fondness among my guards. He piqued my fancy, for he seemed to act the part of the English Athelwold to the island-king Edgar, and his fate was not far unlike."

At this allusion to her first husband's affection and tragic end, Feodorowna shrunk in horror, scarcely suppressed by the secret hope this speech justified. He spoke of *his* guards, and compared himself to a sovereign prince. The inference was natural, and the pride of her heart increased the beauty of her countenance. He filled another cup of cognac to the brim, and holding it to her lips, bade her wish health to the Emperor of Russia at the same hour next night. There was a cold and stony dampness in his hand, which did not agree with the purple light in his eyes. He quitted her instantly, for the first cock had crown and day was breaking; but she resolved that day should end her uncertainty.

Dull in intellect and selfish in heart, her father had little claim to her confidence; but his life, perhaps her sovereign's, might be involved in the desperate plots of the Strelitz faction. She covered herself in a common woollen garment and a peasant's hood, determining to seek the emperor in Moscow, and beg a pardon for her husband and her father as the price of her discovery. Thus resolved, and not without hope of a still higher price, she left her chamber unseen and visited the hut of his Tartar servant. She asked him whether he dared depart from her father's house and accompany her to Moscow on foot. The old man answered by filling a wallet with provisions; and digging up a square stone which lay under his pillow, took three rubles and the emerald ring from beneath it, and put them into his mistress's hand.

"This is all you have in the world, Usbeck!" said the young countess, "and I may never repay you."

"No, not all," he answered; "I have still the axe which split the trees for you when you ate the wild bees' honey." There needed no farther assurance of his faith to the child of his master.

The travellers entered Moscow before noon, but the emperor was absent from his palace. "What is your business with him?" asked a man of meagre and muscular figure, who stood in a plain mechanic's dress near one of the gates. Feodorowna answered that she had a petition of great importance to present to him. The stranger perused her countenance, and advised her to wait till the captain of the guards appeared.

"That would avail nothing," said she; "I must see him and deliver this paper into his own hands."

"Why not into mine?" returned the questioner, rudely snatching the paper and thrusting himself behind the gates: but not so rapidly as to escape a blow levelled at his head by Usbeck.

"Keep that blow in mind, my good friend," said the thief, laughing, "I shall not forget my part of the debt." And slily twitching the long lock which hung behind Usbeck's ear in the Black Cossack's fashion, he disappeared.

Feodorowna stood resolutely at the gateway of the palace, still expecting to see the emperor, and determining to communicate all that had happened to herself, her first husband, and her father. Presently the artizan returned again, and laying his hand familiarly on her arm, whispered:—

"The emperor is in the guard-house, follow me!"

There was an expression, an ardent and full authority in his eye which instantly announced his rank. She was going to kneel, but he prevented her. "Be of good cheer, Feodorowna! your husband is greater and less than he appears. Return home and drink the Emperor of Russia's health to-night, as he commanded."

Usbeck stood listening anxiously near his mistress; and when she turned to him with a smiling countenance, beckoned her to follow him. But it was too late: a guard of twelve men had drawn up behind, and now surrounded them. They were forcibly separated, and each conveyed to prison, where sentinels, regularly changed, attended till about the eleventh hour of the next day, when two persons in the habit of Russian senators entered and conducted Feodorowna to another room in the fortress. This room was filled with senators; and a bishop, whose face she recognized, stood near a couch on which a young man sat with silver fetters on his hands. His dress was slovenly and squalid, but his person tall and well-made: his complexion healthfully brown, and his eyes and hair of a brilliant black. Another man, whose form and countenance were entirely muffled, stood behind the group, but sufficiently near to direct and observe them.

Count Tolstoi, the chief senator, obeyed a glance from his eye; and addressing himself

to the manacled prisoner, said, in a low and respectful voice, "Does your highness know this woman?" He answered in German, and the muffled man gave a signal to the bishop, who approached the couch, and joining the hands of Feodorowna to the prisoner, declared their marriage lawful from that hour, but from *that* only.

Though the face of her husband had been concealed from her during their mysterious intercourse, Feodorowna knew the strong, stern voice, the dark hair and eyes, and the perfect symmetry of this unknown prisoner; and her heart smote itself when the letter she had written to the emperor was read aloud to him. He made no reply, and the witnesses of this strange ceremony laid before him another paper, stating, that finding himself unqualified for government, he disclaimed all right of succession to the crown, acknowledging his brother Peter its lawful heir. He signed it with the same unbending countenance: and the standers-by having each repeated an oath of allegiance to the chosen successor, departed one by one, solemnly bowing their heads to the bishop and the muffled man who stood at his right hand. They, with Feodorowna, were then left alone in the room, until a signal-bell had sounded twice. A man whom she knew to be Field-Marshal Wreyde entered as it tolled the last time, bearing a silver cup and cover. His countenance was frightfully pale, and he staggered like one convulsed or intoxicated. The prisoner fixed his eyes sternly on Feodorowna, and bowing his head to the muffled stranger, took it with an unshaking hand and emptied it to the last drop. While he held it to his lips, the bishop opened a long official paper, but the prisoner interrupted him—

"I have already heard my sentence of death, and know this is its execution."

Even as he spoke, the change in his complexion began, and Feodorowna, uttering dismal screams, was forced from his presence. Five days after she was carried in a covered litter to the church of the Holy Trinity, where a coffin lay in state under a pall of rich gold tissue. Her conductor withdrew into the darkness of the outer aisle, leaving her to contemplate the terrible conclusion of her father's ambitious dreams, and the last scene of human greatness. But she was yet uncertain how far the guilt of the detected faction had extended, and whether he who lay under the splendid pall, and had once called himself her husband, was the treacherous governor of Siberia, Prince Gagarin, or a still more illustrious criminal. There was no name upon the velvet covering of the coffin, no banner, no armorial bearing; and the attendant, seeing the silent and stony stupor of the miserable widow, conducted her compassionately back to the covered litter. It conveyed her to a convent, where, a few hours after her arrival, a white veil was presented to her, with this mandate, bearing the imperial signet of Peter the Great.

"The widow of Alexis, Czarowitz of Russia, could enter no asylum less than the most sacred and distinguished convent of the empire. It is not her crime that he instigated foreign sovereigns and Russian renegades to assassinate his father, depose his mother-in-law, and expel his kindred. Neither is it her crime that her father was the dupe of a faction, whose only purpose was to elevate a man fond of the vices of the lowest herd, and therefore fit to be their leader. Nor can a woman, bold enough to risk the life of her husband, blame a father, whose justice required him to sacrifice his son. He spared him the shame of a public execution, and gave him a title to the tears of a lawful widow."

Thus perished Alexis, heir apparent of the widest empire and the most celebrated sovereign then existing in Europe. The decree that consigned him to death was passed in the senate-house of Moscow by all the chief nobility and clergy, the high officers of the army and navy, the governors of provinces, and others of inferior degree, unanimously; but referring the mode to his sovereign and father, whose extraordinary character, combining the sternness of a Junius Brutus with the romance of a Haroun Alraschid, enabled him to fulfil the terrible office of his son's judge. But even Peter the Great had not hardihood enough to be a public executioner; and his unhappy son, though his sentence might have been justified by the baseness of his habits and associates, was never openly abandoned by his father. His death was ascribed to apoplexy, caused by shame and fear, at the reading of his sentence; and the Czar, with his Czarina Catherine, attended the funeral. Feodorowna died in the convent of Susdale, of which the former Czarina, mother of the Czarowitz, was abbess when he perished; and Usbeck, her faithful servant, easily escaped from the prison of the emperor, who did not forget his blow. Once on his way from Moscow to Novogorod, attended only by four servants, Peter was stopped by a party of Rashbonicks, and leaping from his sledge, with a pistol cocked, demanded to know what they desired. One of the troop replied, he was their lord and master, and ought to supply the wants of his

destitute subjects. The emperor knew Usbeck's voice, and giving him an order for a thousand rubles on the governor of Novogorod, bade him go, and remember how Peter of Russia paid his debts, either of honour or of justice.

COUSIN WINNIE.

[**Gerald Massey**, born at Tring, Hertfordshire, 29th May, 1828. Poet, critic, and lecturer. His most important works are: *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, with other lyric poems; *The War Waits; Craigcrook Castle*; and *A Tale of Eternity*, and other poems (Strahan & Co). From the latter volume we quote. The *Edinburgh Review* says: "There is a real glow about all that Mr. Massey writes." The *Athenæum*: "The faculty divine is there. In him we have a genuine songster—a man whose ear is sensitive to rhythm; whose pulse and brain throb musically; whose imagination throws out images in sonorous words, each full and fitting to the other perfectly, so that sound and image seem identical."]

The glad spring-green grows luminous
With coming Summer's golden glow;
Merry Birds sing as they sang to us
In far-off seasons, long ago:
The old place brings the young Dawn back,
That moist eyes mirage in their dew;
My heart goes forth along the track
Where oft it danced, dear Winnie, with you.
A world of Time, a sea of change,
Have rolled between the paths we tread,
Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

There's where I nearly broke my neck,
Climbing for nests! and hid my pain:
And then I thought your heart would break,
To have the Birds put back again.
Yonder, with lordliest tenderness,
I carried you across the Brook;
So happy in my arms to press
You, triumphing in your timid look:
So lovingly you leaned to mine
Your cheek of sweet and dusky red:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

My Being in your presence bask'd,
And kitten-like for pleasure purr'd;
A higher heaven I never ask'd,
Than watching, wistful as a bird,
To hear that voice so rich and low;
Or sun me in the rosy rise
Of some soul-ripening smile, and know
The thrill of opening paradise.
The Boy might look too tenderly,
All lightly 'twas interpreted:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Ay me, but I remember how
I felt the heart-break, bitterly,
When the Well-handle smote your brow,
Because the blow fell not on me!
Such holy longing fill'd my life,
I could have died, Dear, for your sake;
But, never thought of you as Wife;
A cure to clasp for love's heart-ache.
You enter'd my soul's temple, Dear,
Something to worship, not to wed:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I saw you, heaven on heaven higher,
Grow into stately womanhood;
Your beauty kindling with the fire
That swims in proud old English blood.
Away from me,—a radiant joy!
You soar'd; fit for a Hero's bride:
While I a Man in soul, a Boy
In stature, shiver'd at your side!
You saw not how the poor wee love
Pined dumbly, and thus doubly pled:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

And then that other voice came in!
There my Life's music suddenly stopp'd.
Silence and darkness fell between
Us, and my Star from heaven dropp'd.
I led Him by the hand to you—
He was my Friend—whose name you bear:
I had prayed for some great task to do,
To prove my love. I did it, Dear!
He was not jealous of poor me;
Nor saw my life bleed under his tread:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I smiled, Dear, at your happiness—
So Martyrs smile upon the spears—
The smile of your reflected bliss
Flasht from my heart's dark tarn of tears!
In love, that made the suffering sweet,
My blessing with the rest was given—
"*God's softest flowers kiss her feet*
On Earth, and crown her head in Heaven."
And lest the heart should leap to tell
Its tale i' the eyes, I bow'd the head:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I do not blame you, Darling mine;
You could not know the love that lurkt
To make my life so intertwine
With yours, and with mute mystery workt.
And, had you known, how distantly
Your calm eyes would have lookt it down,

Darkling with all the majesty
Of Midnight wearing her star-crown!
Into its virgin veil of cloud,
The startled dearness would have fled.
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I stretch my hand across the years;
Feel, Dear, the heart still pulses true:
I have often dropp'd internal tears,
Thinking the kindest thoughts of you.
I have fought like one in iron, they said,
Who through the battle follow'd me.
I struck the blows for you, and bled
Within my armour secretly.
Not caring for the cheers, my heart
Far into the golden time had fled:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I sometimes see you in my dreams,
Asking for aid I may not give:
Down from your eyes the sorrow streams,
And helplessly I look and grieve
At arms that toss with wild heartache,
And secrets writhing to be told:
I start to hear your voice, and wake.
There's nothing but the moaning cold!
Sometimes I pillow in mine arms
The darling little rosy head.
You are my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Am your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

I wear the name of Hero now,
And flowers at my feet are cast;
I feel the crown about my brow—
So keen the thorns that hold it fast!
Ay me, and I would rather wear
The cooling green and luminous glow
Of one you made with Cowslips, Dear,
A many golden Springs ago.
Your gentle fingers did not give
This ache of heart, this throb of head,
When you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

Unwearying, lonely, year by year,
I go on laying up my love,
I think God makes no promise here
But it shall be fulfilled above;
I think my wild weed of the waste
Will one day prove a flower most sweet;
My love shall bear its fruit at last—
'Twill all be righted when we meet;
And I shall find them gather'd up
In pearls for you—the tears I've shed
Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned.*"

THE HUMOROUS MAN.[1]

You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth, unlike those of Monsieur Melancholy (whose mouth has a "downward drag austere"), curl upward like a Spaniard's mustachios. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He *will* not see what men have to care for, beyond to-day; and is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is also for a new reading of Jonson's old play of "*Every man in his Humour;*" he would have it "*Every man in Humour.*" He leaves money and misery to misers; ambition and blood to warriors and highwaymen; fame to court-laureates and lord-mayors; honours to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave to parish-clerks and undertakers; tombs to proud worms; and palaces to paupers.

It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. He says that if he could allow himself to sigh about anything, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for anything, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and lament less. Yet he hath tears for the orphan and the unhappy; but his tears die even where they are born—in his "heart of hearts;" he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him the difference between poverty and riches, between wealth and want, and moves his heart to pity and his hand to charity. He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serves him for the kindling of his wit, as cold flints strike out sparks of fire.

His humour shows itself to all men and on

[1] From "The Posthumous Papers, Facetious and Fanciful, of a Person lately about Town." London.

all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed wretch of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was offering him the retreat honourable, with a polite "After you, sir, if you would oblige me." I settled the point of etiquette by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend for my impatient inhumanity. It must have been my humorous friend, and not the atrabilarious Bard of Twickenham, who, coming to a corn-field, pulled off his hat, and bowing profoundly, requested of his wheaten audience, that, as he was a poor poet, they would lend him their ears.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of puppyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great-coat to be a modern *Spenser*, in folio, with *tail pieces*. He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business, because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to convince the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes critics to be a sort of doorkeepers to the temple of Fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones—not that they always perform this duty honestly.

He is a polite man, though a wit—which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomed weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, had his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man that he is naturally, not artificially polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt felt for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtezan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any other amiable quality. Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is the only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and bending the back very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was immediately off, and the bow returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would perhaps have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow notions of manners. In this spirit I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants as he passed under St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend what was the hour; but before he could reply the giants had informed him; "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.

At dinner there is but one glass on the table: his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence; —"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing he will request you, as you love a clean conscience, to make no thumb-and-butter references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "art of book-keeping," which has superseded the "Italian method," namely, of never returning the books you borrow?

His wit is what he describes the true wit to be; it is brilliant and playful as a fencing foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not: it is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to portray my humorous friend. His likeness cannot be taken; you might as well hope to paint the cameleon of yesterday by the cameleon of to-day; or ask it as a particular favour of a flash of lightning to sit for half an hour for a whole-length portrait; or Porteus to stand while you chiselled out a personification of Immutability. I cannot reflect back, by my dim mirror, the "flashings and outbreakings of his fiery mind," when he is in what he terms "excellent fooling" (but it is, to my thinking, true wisdom); sparkle follows sparkle, as spark followed spark from the well-bethumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan.

This is the humorous, and therefore happy man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek? When fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her? it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully; it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, single-hearted Selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.

ANSTER FAIR.

[William Tennant, born in Anstruther, Fife, 1784; died 15th October, 1848. In early childhood he lost the use of his feet, and he was compelled to use crutches all his life. This misfortune left him little choice of a profession, and his brightest prospect was to become the teacher of a country school. He possessed a natural aptitude for the acquirement of languages, and almost unaided made himself master of the classic, the principal modern and eastern tongues. In 1835 he was appointed professor of oriental languages in the University of St. Andrews. He was the author of several valuable educational works, and of a number of poems and dramas. He is best known, however, by his *Anster Fair*, which first appeared in 1812. It is a humorous poem, descriptive of Scottish manners, with the Fair and "Maggie Lander" as the leading theme. The events are supposed to take place in the time of James V., although anachronisms are avowedly introduced to heighten the fun by their incongruity.]

Say Muse, who first, who last, on foot or steed
  Came candidates for MAGGIE to her town?
St Andrews' sprightly students first proceed,
  Clad in their foppery of sleeveless gown;
Forth whistling from Salvador's gate they speed
  Full many a mettlesome and fiery lown,
Forgetting Horace for a while and Tully,
And mad t' embag their limbs and leap it beautifully.

For ev'n in Learning's cobweb'd halls had rung
  The loud report of MAGGIE LAUDER'S fame,
And Pedantry's Greek-conning clumsy tongue,
  In songs had wagg'd, in honour of her name;
Up from their mouldy books and tasks had sprung
  Bigent and Magistrand to try the game;
Prelections ceas'd; old Alma Mater slept,
And o'er his silent rooms the ghost of Wardlaw wept.

So down in troops the red-clad students come
  As kittens blithe, a joke-exchanging crew,
And in their heads bear learned Greece and Rome,
  And haply Cyprus in their bodies too;
Some on their journey pipe and play; and some
  Talk long of MAG, how fair she was to view,
And as they talk (ay me! so much the sadder)
Backwards they scale the steps of honest Plato's ladder.[1]

Next from the well-air'd ancient town of Crail,
  Go out her craftamen with tumultuous din,
Her wind-bleach'd fishers, sturdy-limb'd and hale,
  Her in-kneed taylors, garrulous and thin;
And some are flush'd with horns of pithy ale,
  And some are fierce with drams of smuggled gin,
While, to augment his drowth, each to his jaws
A good Crail's capon[2] holds, at which he rugs and gnaws.

And from Kingsbarns and hamlet[3] clep'd of boars,
  And farms around (their names too long to add)
Sally the villagers and hinds in scores,
  Tenant, and laird, and hedger, hodden-clad.
Bolted are all the East-nook houses' doors;
  Ev'n toothless wives pass westward, tott'ring glad,
Propping their trem'lous limbs on oaken stay,
And in their red plaids dress'd as if 'twere Sabbath day.

And bare-foot lasses, on whose ruddy face
  Unfurl'd is health's rejoicing banner seen,
Trick'd in their Sunday mutches edg'd with lace,
  Tippets of white, and frocks of red and green,
Come tripping o'er the roads with jocund pace,
  Gay as May-morning, tidy, gim, and clean;
Whilst joggling at each wench's side, her joe
Cracks many a rustic joke, his pow'r of wit to show.

Then justling forward on the western road,
  Approach the folk of wind-swept Pittenweem,
So num'rous that the highways, long and broad,
  One waving field of gowns and coat-tails seem.
The fat man puffing goes, oppress'd with load
  Of cumb'rous flesh and corpulence extreme:
The lean man bounds along, and, with his toes,
Smites on the fat man's heels that slow before him goes.

St. Monance, Elie, and adjacent farms,
  Turn their mechanics, fishers, farmers, out;
Sun-burnt and shoeless school-boys rush in swarms,
  With childish trick, and revelry and shout:
Mothers bear little children in their arms,
  Attended by their giggling daughters stout;
Clowns, cobblers, cotters, tanners, weavers, beaux,
Hurry and hop along in clusters and in rows.

And every husbandman, round Largo-law,
  Hath scrap'd his huge-wheel'd dung-cart fair and clean,
Wherein, on sacks stuff'd full of oaten straw,
  Sits the goodwife, Tam, Katey, Jock, and Jean;
In flow'rs and ribbons drest the horses draw
  Stoutly their creaking, cumbersome machine.
As, on his cart-head, sits the goodman proud,
And cheerily cracks his whip and whistles clear and loud.

Then from her coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
  Her subterranean men of colour dun,
Poor human mould-warps, doom'd to scrape in earth,
  Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun;
Gloomy as soot, with faces grim and swarth,
  They march, most sourly leering every one,
Yet very keen, at Anster loan to share
The merriments and sports to be accomplish'd there.

Nor did Path-head detain her wrangling race
  Of weavers, toiling at their looms for bread;
For now their slippery shuttles rest a space
  From flying through their labyrinths of thread;
Their treadle-shaking feet now scour apace
  Thro' Gallow town with levity of tread;

[1] The student wishing to understand this ladder may consult Plato. *Conviv.* tom. 3, page 211 of Serrani's edit.

[2] A Crail's capon is a dried haddock.

[3] Boar hills.

So on they pass, with sack in hand, full bent
To try their sinews' strength in dire experiment.

And long Kirkcaldy from each dirty street
Her num'rous population eastward throws,
Her roguish boys with bare unstocking'd feet,
Her rich ship-owners, gen'rous and joocse,
Her prosp'rous merchants, sober and discreet,
Her coxcombs pantaloon'd, and powder'd beaux,
Her pretty lasses tripping on their great toes,
With skins as white as milk or any boil'd potatoes.

And from Kinghorn jump hastily along
Her ferrymen and poor inhabitants:
And the upland[1] hamlet, where, as told in song,
Tam Lutar play'd of yore his lively rants,
Is left dispeopl'd of her brose-fed throng,
For eastward scud they now as thick as ants;
Dunfermline, too, so fam'd for checks and ticks,
Sends out her loom-bred men with bags and walking-sticks.

And market-maids, and apron'd wives, that bring
Their ginger-bread in baskets to the FAIR,
And cadgers with their creels, that hang by string
From their lean horse-ribs, rubbing off the hair,
And crook-legg'd cripples, that on crutches swing
Their shabby persons with a noble air,
And fiddlers, with their fiddles in their cases,
And packmen, with their packs of ribbons, gauze, and laces.

And from Kinross, whose dusty streets, unpav'd,
Are whirl'd through heav'n on summer's windy day,
Whose plats of cabbage-bearing ground are lav'd
By Leven's waves, that clear as crystal play,
Jog her brisk burghers, spruce and cleanly shav'd,
Her sullen cutlers and her weavers gay,
Her ploughboys in their botch'd and clumsy jackets,
Her clowns, with cobbled shoon stuck full of iron tackets.

Next ride on sleek-man'd horses, bay or brown,
Smacking their whips and spurring bloodily,
The writers of industrious Cupar town,
Good social mortals, skill'd the pen to ply;
Lo! how their garments, as they gallop down,
Waving behind them, in the breezes fly;
As upward spurn'd to heav'n's blue bending roof,
Dash'd is the dusty road from every bounding hoof.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

MARTIAL *translated by* COWLEY.

[1] Leslie.

GRACE HUNTLEY.

[Mrs. Anna Maria Hall, born in Wexford, Ireland. She married, in 1824, Mr. S. C. Hall, the originator and editor of the *Art Journal* and many other important works. In conjunction with her husband, she has composed and edited about 300 volumes since 1828. Amongst her miscellaneous writings she has produced many books for children, and temperance tales—having powerfully advocated the temperance movement throughout her literary life. Her chief works are: *Sketches of Irish Character; Chronicles of a Schoolroom; The Buccaneer; The Outlaw*, a tale of the reign of James II; *Uncle Horace; Lights and Shadows of Irish Character; The Groves of Blarney; Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*—translated into German and Dutch; *Stories of the Irish Peasantry; The White Boy; A Woman's Story; Can Wrong be Right? The Fight of Faith; Tales of Woman's Trials*, &c. &c. From the latter work we are permitted to quote the following tale. The late Lord Lytton said he considered "*Grace Huntley* one of the best short stories ever written." A dramatic version of the story was produced at the Adelphi Theatre with great success, Mrs. Yates playing the heroine. The *Dublin University Magazine* said of the *Tales of Woman's Trials*, "These is about them a still and a solemn and holy beauty that is worthy of the sacred subject which they illustrate." This work is published by Warne & Co.]

[Grace was the only child of Abel Darley the schoolmaster of Craythorpe. Mrs. Darley had died a few weeks after the birth of her daughter: but Grace, under her father's care, had grown up a pure-minded and generous-hearted girl. She married Joseph Huntley, the handsomest youth in the village; but he was also one of the idlest. Soon Grace was compelled to own that the evil reports about Joseph, to which she had long refused credence, were not unfounded. Her husband was self-indulgent, and too fond of the ale-house. In the course of a few years she was subjected to many painful trials and to much disgrace. Still she strove hard to do her duty as a wife and mother: misery schooled her still more in the ways of virtue.]

In less than eight years after their marriage, her little family were entirely dependent upon her for support. The workshop, filled with implements and materials for labour, had passed into other hands; and the pretty cottage, with its little flower-garden, was tenanted by a more industrious master. For months together Joseph used to absent himself from home, under the pretext of seeking employment. So ruined was his reputation, that no one in his own neighbourhood would intrust him with work; and he was but too willing to follow the wandering bent of his disordered mind. How he was really occupied during these excursions was a profound secret even to his wife. Some-

times he returned well dressed, and with plenty of money, which he would lavish foolishly, in sudden fits of affection, upon his children. On other occasions he appeared with hardly sufficient clothes to cover him—poor, and suffering bodily and mental misery. Then, when from *her* earnings he was provided and fed, he would again go forth, and neither be seen nor heard of for many months.

When chid by her neighbours for the kindness with which she treated this reckless spendthrift, she would reply calmly, "He is my husband—the father of my children; and, as such, can I see him want?"

From the very day she had parted with her first portion of dress to pay the baker's bill, she had toiled unceasingly with her own hands for the benefit of her family. Mrs. Craddock could no longer say that she was unskilled in woman's craft; to the astonishment of all, in a little time she was the most exquisite needlewoman in the neighbourhood. Nothing came amiss in the way of labour. Long before daylight she was busied with her housewifery—the earliest smoke of the village was from the chimney of her neat though plain and scantily-furnished cottage; and so punctual was she in her engagements, that "As true as Grace Huntley" became a proverb in Craythorpe. Humble yet exalted distinction!—one that all desire—so few deserve! . . .

One evening, after a sad interview with her father, Grace returned to her own cottage. Ere she had crossed the threshold, a voice, whose tones could not be mistaken, thrilled to her heart. It was that of her husband! He was standing before the fire, holding his hands over the flame; his figure seemed more muscular than ever, but its fine proportions were lost in the appearance of increased and (if the term may be used) coarse strength. His hair hung loosely over his brows, so as to convey the idea of habitual carelessness; and his tattered garments bespoke the extreme of poverty. He turned slowly round, as the exclamation of "Mother, dear mother!" burst from the lips of Josephine, who had been gazing from a corner at her father, more than half afraid to approach him.

One look—and one only—was enough to stifle all reproach, and stir up the affection of Grace's heart. Want was palpably stamped upon his countenance; and, as her eye glanced rapidly over his figure, she shuddered at the alteration which a few months had accomplished. For some moments neither spoke; at last he advanced and held out his hand to her: as he walked she perceived that his feet were shoeless and bleeding. All his faults, his cruelties, were forgotten—she only remembered that he suffered, and was her husband; and she fell upon his bosom and wept bitterly.

Whatever were the sins of Joseph Huntley, either before or after this period of his life, it is but justice to him to believe that the tears he that night mingled with his wife's were those of a contrite heart. When she asked him how and where he had spent his time during the past months, he entreated her to forbear such questions for a little while, and that then he would satisfy her: but the period never came; and the dislike he evinced to afford her any information on the subject, together with his speedy relapse into intemperate and dissolute habits, checked her inquiries, and renewed her fears for the future well-doing of her eldest son.

In the vicinity of gentlemen's seats there are always a proportionate number of poachers; and it requires more than magisterial vigilance to restrain their devastations. Although it was impossible to fix a stigma of this kind on any particular person in the village of Craythorpe, there were two men, basket-makers by trade, who were strongly suspected of such practices. John and Sandy Smith lived together in a wretched hut on the skirts of Craythorpe Common. No one knew whence they came. Lonely and reserved in their habits, they seldom mingled with the villagers. Little children loved not their approach; and the large Newfoundland dog at the "Swinging Hen" would never form acquaintance with them or their mongrel lurcher: the latter, to confess the truth, was as reserved as his masters, and made but few friendly overtures towards the nobler animal. The only thing connected with the strangers that made a respectable appearance was a fleet and firm-footed black pony, which they maintained and treated with great care, for the ostensible purpose of hawking their brooms through the country; but people did talk; and, indeed, it was difficult to account for various petty peculations that had occurred; or how the landlord of the same "Swinging Hen" obtained his exquisite French brandy. Grace learned with regret that an acquaintance had commenced, and quickly ripened into intimacy, between her husband and these men. Joseph was no sooner clothed and reinstated in his humble cottage, than his bad habits returned and his evil propensities grew stronger and stronger.

Yet the ill-temper so constantly manifested towards his wife and younger children was never extended to his eldest boy, who, happy

in the removal of all restraint, and heedless of the misery his conduct inflicted on his aged grandfather, flung aside his books, and, careless of his mother's injunctions, appealed to a higher power when he was reproved for his frequently repeated faults. He galloped on the Smiths' pony, and made friends with their dog Covey; began by shooting sparrows and titmice with bow and arrows, and ended by bringing home a hare as a present to his mother, which she resolutely refused to dress, notwithstanding the entreaties of the son and the commands of his father.

"Did you see or take any silver away from hence?" inquired Grace, who had been anxiously occupied in looking over her small chest of drawers.

"How could we get at the drawer, mother?" replied Abel quickly, but reddening at the same time.

"Oh, Abel!" exclaimed Josephine.

"If you have taken the money, tell the truth," enjoined his mother, in her clear, quiet voice.

Abel made a sign of silence to his little sister. "Why should I take it?" he said sullenly at last.

"Abel, Abel!" screamed Josephine, attempting to put her hand on his mouth at the same time, "God will hate you if you lie! I saw you take the money—all mother's white shillings; but I thought she bid you do so."

Grace turned slowly round from the table; her face was of an unearthly paleness; no word, no sound passed from between her parted lips; but she stood, like the cold fixed statue of Despair, gazing upon her children. Josephine rose, and climbing on the table, endeavoured to win her mother's attention. Gerald, the sickly brother, getting up from his chair, clasped and kissed her hand. With Abel, there was a struggle—not of long duration, but nevertheless powerful—the struggle of bad habit with good principle; the latter conquered, and he fell at his mother's feet.

"Forgive me—forgive me! God knows I am sorry. It was not for myself I took it—father told me—"

"Hush!" interrupted Grace, "do not say *that* before *these*"—and she pointed to the children; adding, with great presence of mind, "It was your father's money, if it was mine, Abel; but you were wrong in not telling me of it. There, Josephine and Gerald, go into the lane, if you will; I wish to speak to your brother."

With almost inconceivable agony, this excellent woman learned that her son was far gone in falsehood. His heart was opened by the sight of his mother's distress; and it takes time to make a practised deceiver. With the earnestness of truth, he poured forth the wicked knowledge he had acquired; and Grace shuddered, while she prayed that the Almighty would watch over her son in this sore and dangerous extremity.

And now came one of her bitterest trials. She had guarded Abel from the effect of his father's sin, as an angel watches over the destinies of a beloved object,—unceasingly, but unseen. She had never alluded to her husband's faults, nor even to his unkindness, before her children; yet now the time had arrived when she must rend the veil—she must expose his shame: and to whom?—to his own son! Now it became her duty—her painful but imperative duty—to caution Abel openly against his own father—against his influences and habits; and to show the child that the parent was guiding him in the way that leadeth to destruction.

If anything like justice has been done to the development of Grace Huntley's character, this sacrifice will be appreciated. How many a deed of unostentatious but devoted virtue is performed beneath a peasant's roof—amid the lanes and alleys of humble life, unknown to, or unheeded by, the world!

Huntley soon discovered that his wife had been influencing their child's conduct; indeed, the sacred law of truth formed so completely the basis of her words and actions that she did not attempt for a moment to conceal it.

"Then you mean to set yourself in opposition to me?" he said, all evil passions gathering at his heart and storming on his brow.

"Not to you, but to your sins, Joseph," was her meek but firm reply: whereupon he swore a bitter oath, that he would bring up his own child in the way which best suited him, and dared her interference.

"As sure as you are a living woman," he continued—with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury—"as sure as you are a living woman, you shall repent of this! I see the way to punish your wilfulness: if you oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes! You may look for them in vain, until (he added with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the Newgate Calendar."

That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money.

The children crowded round their mother's knee to repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless, heavy kind which yields no refreshment; once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream —or was it, indeed, reality—and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Gerald was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room —"Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother's blessing, speak!" There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband's horrid threat indeed fulfilled—and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin! She opened the door and looked out upon the night; it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her lips separated, yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature; her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth:—had God deserted her?—would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy—her first-born? Her heart swelled and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband's words rang in her ears—"One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes!" Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashing with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity. She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision; and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips: like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange or even remember a form of words; but she repeated again and again the emphatic appeal, "Lord, save me; I perish!" until she felt sufficient strength to enable her to look again into the night. As if hope had set its beacon in the sky, calmly and brightly the moon was now shining upon her cottage. With the sudden change, at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a sharp east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven; numerous stars were visible where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul—she gazed steadily upwards—her mind regained its firmness—her resolve was taken. She returned to her bed-room—dressed —and, wrapping her cloak closely to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Smiths' dwelling on Craythorpe Common.

The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village; the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stubbed underwood, and at one particular point intersected by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace had crossed this stream she came in view of the cottage, looking like a misshapen mound of earth; and upon peering in at the window, which was only partially lined by a broken shutter, Covey the lurcher uttered, from the inside, a sharp, muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had, certainly, been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth, for the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old table and two or three dilapidated chairs; there was also a fowling-piece lying across the table; but it was evident none of the inmates were at home; and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather: she climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the lookout ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband; but where was her son? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the cabin had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view; but in this she was mistaken—for while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form; he surveyed the spot, however, without ascending further, and then retreated, muttering something about corbies and ravens; and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding-place; and, crawling

along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window, so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger.

Merciful powers!—had Grace Huntley suffered so long, so patiently, only to witness such a scene! She almost wished that God in his mercy had stricken her with blindness; she prayed for insensibility—for death—for anything save the knowledge now imparted with such fearful truth. Would that it were a dream! But no—the horrid proofs were before her eyes—in her ears; and the one drop of comfort, the only one, was the information that her son had returned home by a shorter path—that the ruffians feared yet (oh, the import, the dreadful import, that little word carried with it!)—that they feared *yet* to trust him with all their secrets: they feared to bring him *yet* to their den.

"Then there is hope for my poor child," she thought, "and I can—I *will* save him!" With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of food and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

The first gray uncertain light of morning was visible through the old church-yard trees, as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer—came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly and so long.

"I will sleep, Grace," he said, when their meal was finished—"I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast." He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after, Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper; but her lips moved as if in prayer; and even her children still remembered that, as she passed out of the cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Huntley," said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock. "Have you heard the news? Ah! bad people going—"

"True, true!" replied poor Grace, as she hurried onwards, "I know—I heard it all—"

Mrs. Craddock looked after her; surprised at her abruptness.

"I was coming down to you, Grace," said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; "I wished to see if there was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises; as this is a holiday, I thought—"

"Come with me," interrupted Grace, "come with me, father; and we will make a rare holiday."

She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory; but returned no answer to his inquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and as the man spoke, the study door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

"Come back with me, sir!" exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly; "I can tell you all you want to know."

The baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm, as if she were a maniac. Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. "I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel," she continued, in a suppressed, tremulous voice: "not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad."

She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter; her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him and at his daughter with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

"Back, back, I say," she repeated, "I need no witnesses—there will be enough of them soon. Mr. Glasscott," she continued, closing the door, "hear me while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness—woman's weakness—overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole—there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed."

"I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think they call themselves; yet they are but

two. Now, we have abundant proof that *three* men absolutely entered the house——"

"There *was* a third," murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

"Who?"

"My—my—my husband!" and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

The clergyman groaned audibly; he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast in a sterner mould. "We are put clearly upon the track, Mr. Glasscott," he said, "and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction——"

"It was to save my children from sin," exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled them all: "God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what! I tried—I laboured to give my offspring honest bread; I neither asked nor received charity; with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim and my boast; but he—my husband, returned; he taught my boy to lie, to steal; and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, *our* child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children, if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame! Gentlemen, this was no idle threat—last night Abel was taken from me——"

"I knew there must have been a fourth," interrupted Sir Thomas, coldly; "we must have the boy also secured."

The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her—her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his grandchild's danger or disappearance—he knew not which—took possession of his mind; and filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated; and, respectfully uncovering his gray hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonized iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate:—

"I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour."

He repeated this sentence at least half-a-dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons assembled for the apprehension of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last Sir Thomas Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and in his stentorian tone bawled out, "And who are you?"

"The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman's father—and one whose heart is broken!"

So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd—a murmur—and then two officers ushered Joseph Huntley and his son into the apartment.

He walked boldly up to the magistrate's table, and placed his hand upon it, before he perceived his wife, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. The moment he beheld her, he started back, saying, "Whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman."

"Nor have we," replied Sir Thomas; "she is your accuser!"

The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. "She appear against me! Not—not if I were to attempt to murder her!" he answered firmly.

"Grace!" exclaimed her father, joyfully, "here is the child Abel—he is found!" and seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, he led him to her. The effect of this act of the poor simple-minded man was electrical—the mother instantly revived, but turned her face from her husband; and, entwining her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her side. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner; but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes intensely fixed upon his wife and child. In the meantime the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty: the Smiths were apprehended in the village, and the greater portion of the property stolen from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

When the preparations were sufficiently forward to conduct the unfortunate men to prison,

Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful, as well as undaunted, expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips without articulating a syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes at last encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony; her husband saw it, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how truly he had once been loved, and how much of happiness he had sacrificed to sin.

"'Twas to save my children!" was the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured; and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears. The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bedside, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

About fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect, sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel that was steering its course from the shores of "Merrie England," to some land far over sea. The ocean was calm and clear—so very calm that it reflected, as if from a solid surface, every vapour that floated along the heavens; it was like sailing into a new world—a creation whose laws and boundaries must remain for ever unknown to us. How exciting to imagination! So many fantastic forms revelled beneath the transparent crystal, huge rocks looking like castles, exaggerated by the watery distance; bleak Alpine landscapes stretching far away; and then the monsters of the deep moving in the solemn majesty of silence!—living things, without one sympathy for the earth about them; without a single feeling that we can comprehend!—it may be, if our eyes do not weary, that, in fancy, we gaze deeper down, and strange unearthly forms are succeeded by deeps on deeps—the very eternity of waters!—where we can see nothing but the blue abyss!—down—down—down! It is a fearful thing to pass over their mysteries—a great lesson—this teaching us how little we really know of what exists around us—of the marvels that "compass us in on every side,"—of the mighty miracles that are working day by day, night by night, in the infinity of space. Many of the passengers on board this vessel laughed and talked, and speculated on the future, as if they already grasped the wealth of the New World, or had altogether forgotten the old: the solitary woman continued to read, and yet there was a sweetness and forbearance in the expression of her countenance which gave assurance that she would close her book and reply, if any choose to question or speak to her. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck, arm-in-arm, frequently passed her. The elder, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, "You bear the voyage well, dame!"

"Thank God, yes, sir!"

"Ah! you will soon wish yourself back in Old England."

"I did not wish to leave it, sir; but duty compelled me."

The gentlemen walked on.

"Who is she?" inquired the younger.

"A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved, notwithstanding his crimes. She had, at that time, three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them; her warnings and entreaties being alike unregarded: so she made her election—sacrificed the husband, and saved the children!"

"But what does she here?"

"Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him; her second boy, and a father whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are dead; her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk; and Mrs. Huntley, having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, 'whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together.' It is only justice to the criminal to say, that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed."

"And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?"

"She does! She argues that, as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of ever again beholding its white cliffs."

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

BY JOHN KEATS.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
  Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
  By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
  Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
  Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
  For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
  And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
  Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
  And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
  Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
  Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
  And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with beauty—Beauty that must die;
  And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
  Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
  Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
  Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
  His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
  And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

LIFE'S CHASE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHULTZE.)

The chief of the huntsman is Death, whose aim
  Soon levels the brave and the craven;
He crimsons the field with the blood of his game,
  But the booty he leaves to the raven.
Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
  Man shakes
  And quakes
  At his bugle blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee;
  Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
  The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to his foe let each hero stand,
  And await
  His fate
  From a hero's hand.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
  Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
  And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
  Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
  Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
  As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
  For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
  I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
  'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
    Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
    Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
    Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
    And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

BEHAVIOUR.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.[1]

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
Build this golden portal;
Graceful women, chosen men
Dazzle every mortal:
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanting food;
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude.
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground,
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little he says to them,
So dances his heart in his breast,
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants of his doom,
The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

The soul which animates Nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent

[1] See the *Casquet*, p. 211, vol. i. A reviewer in *Blackwood* says, "A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found."

and subtile language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face, and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech, and behaviour?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and, in real life, Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behaviour. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, betters the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them: they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ballroom, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviour not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little expected —a police in citizen's clothes—but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities—but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with: those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us, for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

Their first service is very low—when they are the minor morals: but 'tis the beginning of civility—to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed, and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness, teach them to stifle the base, and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviours are.

Bad behaviour the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless, and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honour to growl at any passer-by, and do the honours of the house by barking him out of sight: I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them, or say something which they do not understand; then the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the perse-

vering talker, who gives you his society in large saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves—a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus, who relies on you to find him in ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe of absurdity; these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be intrusted to the restraining force of custom, and proverbs, and familiar rules of behaviour impressed on young people in their school-days. . . .

Manners are partly factitious, but, mainly, there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favour of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man—mathematician, artist, soldier, or merchant—looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child, which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn-bush," said the Emir Abd-el-Kader, "and sprinkle it for a whole year with water;—it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date-tree, leave it without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date-tree, and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behaviour. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces, which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles, and announcing to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended. It almost violates the proprieties, if we say above the breath here what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmed eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life, and hunting, and labour, give equal vigour to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michel Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision (that of health and beauty), or in strained vision (that of art and labour).

Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one

thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded broadways, and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be signified in the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

If the organ of sight is such a vehicle of power, the other features have their own. A man finds room in the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of all his history, and his wants. The sculptor, and Winckelmann, and Lavater will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its forms express strength or weakness of will, and good or bad temper. The nose of Julius Cæsar, of Dante, and of Pitt, suggest "the terrors of the beak." What refinement and what limitations the teeth betray! "Beware you don't laugh," said the wise mother, "for then you show all your faults."

Balzac left in manuscript a chapter, which he called "*Théorie de la Démarche*," in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical. But, as it has not been given to man, the power to stand guard at once over these four different simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which, in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them, are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is, that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier: and Saint Simon, and Cardinal de Retz, and Rœderer, and an encyclopedia of *Mémoires*, will instruct you, if you wish, in those potent secrets. Thus, it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince, that his head had the air of leaning downwards in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland, that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. In "*Notre Dame*," the grandee took his place on the dais, with the look of one who is thinking of something else. But we must not peep and eavesdrop at palace-doors. . . .

The theatre in which this science of manners has a formal importance is not with us a court, but dress-circles, wherein, after the close of the day's business, men and women meet at leisure for mutual entertainment in ornamented drawing-rooms. Of course, it has every variety of attraction and merit; but, to earnest persons, to youths or maidens who have great objects at heart, we cannot extol it highly. A well-dressed, talkative company, where each is bent to amuse the other —yet the high-born Turk who came hither fancied that every woman seemed to be suffering for a chair; that all the talkers were brained and exhausted by the deoxygenated air: it spoiled the best persons; it put all on stilts. Yet here are the secret biographies written and read. The aspect of that man is repulsive: I do not wish to deal with him. The other is irritable, shy, and on his guard. The youth looks humble and manly: I choose him. Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to

serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here comes the sentimentalists and the invalids. Here is Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world, and has always increased it since. Here are creep-mouse manners, and thievish manners. "Look at Northcote," said Fuseli; "he looks like a rat that has seen a cat." In the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard: the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behaviour. Here are the sweet following eyes of Cecile: it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a parish caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step. As we sometimes dream that we are in a well-dressed company without any coat, so Godfrey acts ever as if he suffered from some mortifying circumstance. The hero should find himself at home wherever he is; should impart comfort by his own security and good nature to all beholders. The hero is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him—an immunity from all the observances, yea, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members. "Euripides," says Aspasia, "has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but," she adds good-humouredly, "the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated."[1]

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste. Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command. Here comes to me Roland, with a delicacy of sentiment leading and inwrapping him like a divine cloud or holy ghost. 'Tis a great destitution to both that this should not be entertained with large leisures, but contrariwise should be balked by importunate affairs.

But through this lustrous varnish, the reality is ever shining. 'Tis hard to keep the *what* from breaking through this pretty painting of the *how*. The core will come to the surface. Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners, and create new; and the thought of the present moment has a greater value than all the past. In persons of character, we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the actions of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civil presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these fames. At least, it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him; as when in Paris the chief of the police enters a ball-room, so many diamonded pretenders shrink and make themselves as inconspicuous as they can, or give him a supplicating look as they pass. "I had received," said a sibyl, "I had received at birth the fatal gift of penetration"—and these Cassandras are always born.

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature for ever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect, is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honour, because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we

[1] Landor: *Pericles and Aspasia.*

visit him, were done in the dark and the cold. A little integrity is better than any career. So deep are the sources of this surface-action, that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger when at ease and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot: go into the house: if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds—you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome bouyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi. . . .

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons, there is always a quick intelligence: they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related of the monk Basle, that, being excommunicated by the pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humour of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated, even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him, attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk, that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying, that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that, in whatever condition, Basle remained incorrigibly Basle. The legend says, his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.

There is a stroke of magnanimity in the correspondence of Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, when the latter was King of Spain, and complained that he missed in Napoleon's letters the affectionate tone which had marked their childish correspondence. "I am sorry," replies Napoleon, "you think you shall find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that at forty, he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve. But his feelings towards you have greater truth and strength. His friendship has the features of his mind."

How much we forgive to those who yield us the rare spectacle of heroic manners! We will pardon them the want of books, of arts, and even of the gentler virtues. How tenaciously we remember them! Here is a lesson which I brought along with me in boyhood from the Latin school, and which ranks with the best of Roman anecdotes. Marcus Scaurus was accused by Quintus Varius Hispanus that he had excited the allies to take arms against the republic. But he, full of firmness and gravity, defended himself in this manner: "Quintus Varius Hispanus alleges that Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, excited the allies to arms: Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, denies it. There is no witness. Which do you believe, Romans?" "*Utri creditis, Quirites?*" When he had said these words, he was absolved by the assembly of the people.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty: that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty.

They must always show self-control: you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of: the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now: and

yet I will write it—that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awakened company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come. An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, "When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you."

As respects the delicate question of culture, I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners?—the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 'tis a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or many of her class, to whom she habitually postpones herself. But nature lifts her easily, and without knowing it, over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable, but undescribable.

LOVE.

In thine April eyes
The watery pearls are set:
For Love?—Oh! sigh no more,
Beautiful Amoret.

For Love?—so cruel-kind
That never will he flee,
So long as he can nurse
In the soul jealousy;

Self-scorn that comes and goes
Doubt which ever flies;
Pale Hope, and radiant tears,
Sad yet pleasant sighs:—

For Love?—so cruel-kind
That seldom will he stay,
While he can leave behind
Remorse and heart decay.

If he cometh not,
The simple joys will rain
Unharming mirth on us:—
But desires vain,

And hot trancing pleasures,
And entangled dreams,
Which the day discovers
Like all idle themes.

Fill his path, and fling—
As the morn-bright hours
In Aurora's path
Flung the rose-leaf flowers.

These were fresh and fair;
But his upas-leaves
Shed a sweet despair,
Till the wrung heart heaves,

With unmingled pain,
Doubt that never flies,
And desires vain:—
So the lover dies.

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THE FLOATING BEACON.

BY JOHN HOWISON.

One dark and stormy night we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured for more than an hour to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quan-

tities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our mainsail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay.

"How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?" cried he, staggering forwards. "This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!"

"No, no," returned one of the crew, "we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind."

"Captain, you are drunk," said another; "you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey *us* now."

"Silence! mutinous villain," answered the captain. "What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze: up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye."

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset if we did not immediately row away; but anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length one of the crew leaped on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment if they did not come on board and return to their duty. His manner was so violent that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up and slowly subsided again without breaking. At intervals our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained for a few moments trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulf, so deep and awful that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides were on the point of overarching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and showed by their motion that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him; but next moment the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvas disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam-ends, and that the noise to which we listened was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals a shrill and agonized voice uttered

some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were; and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated near the spot where the sloop lay, and in a few moments she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but at the moment the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth.

"That," cried one of the crew, "must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it we'll be safe enough yet."

This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and at the same time a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within the reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance; but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin-stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words; but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me

to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required by means of ropes and pulleys. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however I gladly retired to the berth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still raged, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norway coast, lying at eleven miles distance, might be dimly seen. Not a bird enlivened the wide expanse of waters, and I turned pondering from the dreary scene and asked Morvalden, the younger of the two men, when he thought there was a chance of getting ashore.

"Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us a supply of provisions and other necessaries. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing-boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain in a state of inactive suspense till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free them from the expense of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon they employed themselves in trimming the lamps and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in everything.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so sullen and forbidding in her manner that she formed no desirable accession to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

As night approached, after the long, wearisome, and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. As the light of the lantern flashed along the sea, I fancied I saw men struggling among the billows, and at other times I imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away,

and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair, in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the sky-light, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—

"There's a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of anything—and the woman is as bad as him."

I asked what proof he had of all this.

"Oh, I know it," returned he; "that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife's affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations."

"Why do you not leave the beacon," inquired I, "and abandon your companion and guilty wife?"

"Ah, that is impossible," answered Morvalden; "if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea and the moanings of the wind to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile!—a hopeless, despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he, catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard."

"Your lonely situation and inactive life dispose you to give way to these chimeras," said I; "you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose."

"This is not a lonely situation," replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. "Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant."

"Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination," said I; "there is no reality in the things you have told me."

"Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it," returned Morvalden. "I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us might start up and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship aground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and showed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall ever have

courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would that I had no memory! I sometimes think I am going mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence till the period of his watch expired. I then went below and took refuge in my berth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas and dark forebodings expressed by Morvalden weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

[Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused to do. There was a quarrel: Morvalden struck Angerstoff, and Marietta interfered. Thereupon her husband went on deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work he had been engaged in previous to the quarrel.]

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for a reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till mid- ; and as I did not wish to have any com- ation with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his berth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my berth and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand.

"Do you hear that?" cried I.

"Hear what?" returned she; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."

"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.

"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went up stairs."

"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."

"How can that be?" answered Marietta; "Angerstoff is asleep."

"Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs."

"I don't know," returned she; "I am hardly awake yet. Let us listen a moment."

Everything was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"

A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly to no purpose.

"Some one is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty.

"I know nothing of that," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now. Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—What's that?—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are yon looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices—"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned."

His hands and dress were marked with blood,

and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion.

"You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.

"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back; "I'm sure you never saw—"

"Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"

"Has anything happened to him?" inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.

"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"

"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Everything was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however, it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly and said something, but I could only distinguish the words "murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death."

I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff speaking in his sleep filled my ears at intervals—"Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won't burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Curses!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn't go down soon, they'll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!"

Marietta now rushed from her room with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose

up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his berth, and lay down in it.

Next morning when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?

"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.

"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely, —"you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."

"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" inquired I.

He grew pale, and then cried, "You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!"

"I saw it," said I. "I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Angerstoff. "Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end."

He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me.

The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, "Does the wretch mean to make his escape? See you prevent the possibility of that."

"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; "he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care lest I do to him what I did to—"

"To Morvalden, I suppose you mean," said I.

"Well, well, speak it out," replied he ferociously; "there is no one here to listen to your lies, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—"

"Come," interrupted Marietta, "don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—if he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden: for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and more than once seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered in a state of fearful circumspection from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled: I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my berth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed in the course of which I did not start up and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprung from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin. I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said,

"What is the matter? Did you think that —I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest. Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it."

I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and for a time forgot that my situation had anything painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my berth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to anything else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprung from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying,

"It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened."

Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried,

"Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so."

I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming,

"What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand."

They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.

"Well, quite well," replied the former; but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person."

"Strange enough," said the first speaker, laughing. "Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition."

"Overboard!" repeated Angerstoff; "what! —how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore!"

"Why," said the stranger, "the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect from the wounds on his body that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye—Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell."

"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never heard of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."

"So you don't want any fish to-day?" cried the stranger. "Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by-and-by."

I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said,

"Do you believe what that man has told you?"

"Yes," cried he vehemently; "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "what is to become of us?—How dreadful!—We are chained here, and cannot escape."

"Escape what?" interrupted Angerstoff; "girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."

"Yes," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there."

They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed,

"They are coming now!"

Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time he started, and cried,

"I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!"

He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming,

"She will capsize; shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!"

In the midst of this I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause of it for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part

of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard aground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around I neither saw anything distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta.

"No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."[1]

The good ship lies in the crowded dock,
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock:
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her funnel glittering white and bare,
Whence the long soft line of vapoury smoke
Betwixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curled
Like a lost hope fled to the other world:
    She sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his sailor's footfall, quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his steady eye that all things dares:
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brute that leaps and fawns,
And a little shadow comes and goes,
As if heart or fancy fled—where, who knows?
    He sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the serried line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown deep once more:
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—
"This is not parting? return—return!"
Peace, wild-wrung hands! hush, sobbing breath!
Love keepeth its own through life and death;
    Though she sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

[1] *Poems.* London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton Water
Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter:
Christian ship that for burthen bears
Christians, speeded by Christian prayers;
All kind angels follow her track!
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!
All the souls in her for ever keep
Thine, living or dying, awake or asleep:
Then sail to-morrow!
Ship, sail to-morrow!

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

BY ALOISE SCHREIBER.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle which was formerly inhabited by Sibo of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character anything rather than gentle. It happened once in a stormy eve that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise rather for its energetic conciseness than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time Sibo did not take this threat very much to heart, but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd who said, "that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich Mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims." The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:—"It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the knight of Lorrich."

Sibo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibo except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at daybreak and his last at nightfall were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells and crystals and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continual round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the

flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times, "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibo had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibo's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibo grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours,—and a prize beyond all this—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and Heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground; but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho, ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibo, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognize by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in gray, and carry-

ing a lamp, in which burned a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was rivetted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sunbeams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming, "Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and Heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness.

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day perhaps may come when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child." Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The Devil's Ladder*.

POLITICS.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ROBERT BURNS.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

BY WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

H. K. WHITE.][1]

THE PRODIGAL.

To heroism and holiness
How hard it is for man to soar,
But how much harder to be less
Than what his mistress loves him for!
There is no man so full of pride,
And none so intimate with shame,
And none to manhood so denied,
As not to mend if women blame.
He does with ease what do he must,
Or merit this, and nought's debarr'd
From man, when woman shall be just
In yielding her desired regard.
Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[1] "The additional stanza to Waller's song is a happy specimen of imitation. It conveys, in such language as Waller would have used, a better and wiser feeling than often visited him."—SOUTHEY.

THE OYSTER.[2]

There lived in one of the beautiful valleys of Travancore a respectable man named Chunda Gopal, who possessed a small estate in pepper plantations, cocoa-nut groves, and plantain gardens. His house was delightfully situated on a fine river; and in it you would have been charmed to see his affectionate wife Luxana and her children, looking like flowers in a green-house, or pictures in gilt frames. It is impossible for me, if I had a thousand tongues, to exaggerate their happiness. They were all the world to each other. Their pepper brought in plenty of money—their fields yielded them nourishing crops of rice—their fruit-trees were productive to superabundance—and their tempers were sweet and contented. Every morning was spent in superintending the operations of their vegetable gold mines; and in the evening you beheld them seated in the vine bowers with their children, or dancing and singing under the trees on the green, or amusing themselves with hearing stories respecting the achievements of the Hindoo gods, and the innumerable heroes of romance who figure in Indian tales. In short, their children were as good as they were handsome; and you are not more happy among yourselves than they were in every respect.

But no one in this uncertain world is sure of the continuance of fortune's breeze till to-morrow. It will be well, therefore, if you make up your minds to meet everything that *can* happen, as an event that *may* happen; and this, believe me, is very needful in a state where we have reason not only to fear the loss of somewhat every moment, but of our own life the instant Providence may deem it good to stop our breath. It pleased that bountiful source of all we enjoy to shut up the flood-gates of heaven in most parts of India for two years in succession. You may easily conceive what misery this produced in a country where scarcely any kind of grain will grow without frequent and careful irrigation. Severe scarcity soon made its appearance, and all the horrors of want assailed the poor. The fine river on which the house of Chunda Gopal stood became quite dry; his pepper vines drooped and withered under the sun; all his cocoa-nut trees pined with thirst, and yielded not a single fruit; nor would his plantains produce a banana. His rice-fields were equally barren.

[2] From *Forty Years in the World*. By the author of *Fifteen Years in India*. London.

Indeed he had soon to send out for everything his large family required; and long before the famine ceased he saw himself and those he loved reduced to the sore necessity of selling their furniture, their gold ornaments, and every movable they had, to purchase bread. As all the necessaries of life were brought from Bengal, and some other provinces which had not been deprived of the usual monsoon, the price charged for rice was so enormous that it required vast funds to support a family. The roads were strewed with dead bodies, and wretches sinking from starvation; and Chunda Gopal had the melancholy prospect of seeing himself, as he advanced in life, not only deprived of every movable, but forced to put up one part of his estate after another to auction, till he began to fear that the whole would not outlast the famine; for at such a melancholy time, of course, very little would be given for land.

During this mournful period the good and kind-hearted Luxana felt all the emotions of sorrow that can possess the breast of a fond wife and a happy mother. She prayed to all the gods—she shed floods of tears—she made vows of pilgrimages, and offerings—and most earnestly implored favour from Brahma. When in deep distress to whom can we fly for succour with hope, but to God? Even if we receive no direct assistance, the act of entreating it is salutary, because we should not ask a power to help us without believing he had the ability to do so; and therefore, hope being necessarily generated by prayer, something is always gained by it.

It happened that Luxana retired late to rest one night, after fervent devotion and a pouring out of her grief in secret, for fear of increasing the sorrow of her husband. She had implored Indra to instruct her in a dream how she should act to relieve the dear objects of her solicitude. "Great power," said she, "if thou wilt accept the sacrifice of myself to secure the safety of those I love, make but a sign to thy servant, and I shall instantly become ashes." With this heroic resolution she laid herself down, kissed her sleeping husband, and sank into the embraces of sleep.

But her soul, that astonishing never-dying lamp, never-slumbering somewhat, continued to pour its light on her internal orbs of sight. She seemed all faculty; ear, eye, smell, taste, feeling, were as busy as they had been during the day. "I am wide awake," thought she. "Yes—I am in the temple of Indra. I see his benign aspect beaming. He is all fire."—Seated on his huge recumbent elephant, with two attendants fanning him, and numerous peacocks sporting in the fruit-tree which grew out of his head, the god appeared to Luxana. His wife, Indranee, on a huge tiger, fanned by four choury, or yak[1] tail bearers, with her child on her knee, sat near him. They were resplendent as the rainbow. She saw through them as though she had been looking at sunbeams. Indranee waved her hand. Luxana prostrated herself. The gods shook their heads; and golden mangoes fell from the trees. The peacocks in their branches screamed, and spread their celestial plumage in all the gorgeous pageantry of pride. Luxana gathered up the mangoes; and Indra and Indranee smiled and nodded their assent. Soon after, a large ape came forward from among the branches over Indra's head. It was Hunnymaun. Luxana was not sure, it might be the monkey son of the god; for he has one, who is a kind, good-natured creature. But she saw him twist his long tail round a branch, and let himself down on Indra's[2] mighty shoulders, where he perched most respectfully; and applying his mouth to the idol's ear, he asked: "Shall I answer Luxana, O mighty father?" She felt no fear; for when we are ready to die, what can have terror? But a thrill passed through her frame when she heard these words in a deep sullen tone, like the voice of St. Paul's—"It is my will."

"Look at this oyster," said Hunnymaun; holding one up in his great paw, which appeared all light, except a black spot in the centre of the shell, surrounded by an orange rim. "Go to the next auction, and buy the heap in which you shall see this."

The whole vanished into darkness, the deep black hue of which startled Luxana to consciousness that what she had seen was a dream; but her astonishment next morning was inexpressible, when she discovered her sauri[3] full of fine ripe mangoes. She of course imparted her dream to her husband, and showed him the beautiful golden fruit, of which they had not eaten for many a day.

You must know that there is, between the island of Ceylon and the peninsula of Hindoostan, a very valuable pearl fishery, in which some of the most valuable ornaments of diadems have been found. You will be able to conceive what a prize one of these must be, when I tell you that the pearl which caps the crown of England was pledged to the Dutch, by Charles II., for £18,000. Its real value can-

[1] The huge tailed cow of Thibet.

[2] See a representation of this wonderful Hindoo idol in Capt. Seley's *Elora*, page 241.

[3] The piece of cloth which forms the general female dress.

not be estimated till there shall be a market of such; at present there are very few in the whole world like it. Julius Cæsar gave Servilia a Ceylon pearl worth £48,457; and Cleopatra's Ceylon pearl ear-rings were valued at £161,458.

This fishery is farmed out by the government. It yields a very large item of revenue. Sometimes in a hundred oysters one will not be found that has a pearl; so that, as it is such a lottery, they are made up into heaps, or lots, and sold by auction to the highest bidder. Superstition is blended with everything in India. The divers think that the Brahmans, or idols, can save them from being devoured by ground sharks; and the purchasers believe that by making offerings and prayers to the temples, they will get repaid in pearls, purchased with their fortunate lots. Such a place as the oyster auction market you never saw. To describe it is impossible. There are as deep speculators—as ardent a thirst for profit—as mad a risk of certainty on chance—as haggard-looking faces—as great a degree of bustle—as much noise and seeming confusion—and as much distraction, disappointment, and anguish in this trade, as you will behold on the Stock Exchange in London, if ever you stare into the private room, as I have done with amazement. At the pearl auction you would hear fifty voices at once cry *this!*—a hundred roar *that!* You would see sharp, lean-faced, hollow-eyed, pale, shrivelled-up Hindoos, like roguish-looking stock-brokers, running about, seemingly wild with anxiety, and not only at war with the world, but at daggers-drawing with themselves. Such is the torture arising from the spirit of gaming, when it once takes possession of the human heart! The flames kindle there and spread over the whole man, till he appears one fearful volume of perturbation; crackling, and fretting, and wasting him, till at length he becomes a vapour of smoke, and deposits the grain of dust into which all his gold has changed under that great alkahest—that more certain destroyer than fire—Time.

We easily believe what we wish; and readily think ourselves favoured by the gods, because we are inclined to credit the flattery that we deserve special marks of protection and grace. Chunda Gopal, therefore, eagerly drank the tale of his Luxana's vision—ate a mango with uncommon satisfaction—expressed his conviction that somewhat of extraordinary good was about to happen to them; he felt so full of life, of hope, of joy, that he knew there was meaning in his wife's dream. How could the mangoes come into his apartment? No Brahman had been there. It was clear that they had been shaken out of Indranee's head, and gathered by Luxana in her sleep! Indra was smiling on his family. He would not now have to sell his beautiful daughters for dancing-girls, or his sons for slaves. No; he would part with his last cocoa-nut grove—go to the oyster auction, and purchase that lot in which Luxana should see the one with a black spot surrounded by an orange rim.

Well, we need not describe the journey of Chunda Gopal and Luxana, with all their children, to Condatchy Bay. I shall leave you to conceive how they journeyed along, with their little ones riding on bullocks, or carried by father and mother. It is sufficient for me to state that they arrived at the pearl auction mart in perfect safety; and that Luxana of course saw there, in a heap, the very oyster that Indra, or rather Hunnymaun, had shown her, which Chunda Gopal bought, after bidding up to his last rupee against a Brahman, who seemed to know that it was worth a Jew's eye.

When the black-spotted, orange-rimmed oyster was opened, to be sure, out dropped one of the largest, purest, roundest pearls that had ever been seen. It was a gem of light. You could see through it as Luxana saw the transparency of Indra's air-fabricated form. A shout of astonishment was raised. Wonder stood gaping on every face. Thousands of thousands were instantly offered for the pearl; but the agent or pearl merchant of the King of Candy bought it for two lacs of rupees, or about £25,000 of our money. Chunda Gopal and Luxana travelled back to their home, mounted on a pair of elephants in shining howdahs. Their sons all became great men, and their daughters were happy. At length they died, full of years; and I tell you this latter particular, because the philosophers say that no one is blessed till dead.—Thus ends the story of the Oyster.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far.
That showest the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays:
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant; clear, but, oh, how cold!

BYRON.

TWO-FOLD.

[Mrs. Adeline D. Train Whitney, born in Boston, U.S., 1824, has won reputation as a novelist and poet. Her principal works are: *Footsteps on the Seas*, a Poem; *Faith Gartney's Girlhood; The Gayworthys; Hitherto*, a Story of Yesterday; and *Pansies*, a volume of poems from which we quote.]

A double life is this of ours;
A two-fold form wherein we dwell;
And heaven itself is not so strange,
Nor half so far, as teachers tell.

With weary feet we daily tread
The circle of a self-same round;
Yet the strong soul may not be held
A prisoner in the petty bound.

The body walketh as in sleep,
A shadow among things that seem;
While held in leash yet far away,
The spirit moveth in a dream.

A living dream of good or ill,
In caves of gloom or fields of light;
Where purpose doth itself fulfil,
And longing love is instant sight.

Where time, nor space, nor blood, nor bond
May love and life divide in twain;
But they whom truth hath iuly joined
Meet inly on their common plane.

We need not die to go to God;
See how the daily prayer is given!
'Tis not across a gulf we cry,
"Our Father, who dost dwell in heaven!"

And, "Let thy will on earth be done,
As in thy heaven;" by this, thy child!
What is it but all prayers in one,
That soul and sense be reconciled?

That inner sight and outer scene
No more in thwarting conflict strive;
But doing blossom from the dream,
And the whole nature rise, alive?

There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound;
And bear we ever, unaware,
A glory that hath not been crowned.

And so we yearn, and so we sigh,
And reach for more than we can see;
And, witless of our folded wings,
Walk Paradise unconsciously;

And dimly feel the day divine
With vision half redeemed from night,
Till death shall fuse the double life,
And God himself shall give us light!

THE BAGPIPER.

BY W. BARRY.

One day in the leafy month of June an angler wandered by a brook-side in a deep glen. Tall rocks and trees rose at either side, and tinkling silver threads of water ran down to the bigger stream in many places. The spot was lonely but not savage. It was full noon, and so warm that after a while the fisherman left off work and found a moss patch to rest on. And as he rested he heard that native concert which is ever going on in due season and weather amongst birds, and bees, and grasshoppers, and other creatures that rejoice in the summer for the sun in their own language. But of a sudden, in the midst of the soft croon of pigeons, the occasional flute-call of that wonderful musician with the golden bill, the deep and always as it were distant bassoon of the flower-robber, there came the queerest, quaintest tangle of sounds, scarcely more rhythmical or measured than the performances of doves, honey-gatherers, gnats, or river. It mingled with them quite naturally. And when a wind swept for a moment down the glen, and the trees whispered to each other the singular tune, or as it seemed the odds and ends of a hundred tunes, combined also with *that* effect as if the breeze-sigh and leaf-flutter were part of the symphony. And the fisherman gets up to go in search of the accomplished elf who has come out of the hollow hills to practise the airs he must play for his gay companions under the stars by the haunted rath. And he follows the brook path, and the music becoming louder he knows he is approaching the source of it. And this he observed, that as the tune (and it now began to have a distinct or half-distinct outline) was less dispersed by distance, it was not altogether so magical in character, though yet strangely and sweetly becoming the scene over which it was rambling. And finally the angler is drawn by the ear to the very feet of his Orpheus. Think you he saw the ghost of an ancient harper in white, seated like a gray friar on a gray stone, or the fairy fiddler above mentioned, or beheld a figure blowing into a sheaf of reeds with the power of the great god Pan, or any other beautiful daemon or sprite born of a poet's fancy, or of an artist's dream, or say of any ink-bottle (talk of your ocean being kind to us for casting up *one* Venus, how many as beautiful divinities have emerged from our oceans of ink?)—think you he saw—but this reads like a passage of the *Critic*—what he did see was an old man playing the Irish

THE BLIND PIPER.

BLACKIE & SON LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

pipes, with a dog for an audience, unless a goat is to be counted who has stopped munching bush-tops for a moment on the other side of the brook. An old man, obviously blind, dressed poorly but not raggedly. His hat, to be sure, has seen better days; but considered as a ruin, it has a picturesque appearance. And the angler quietly intended to listen to the music without announcing himself, but the dog would not permit such a liberty to be taken with his master's property, and so he barked a sentence of barks as who would say, Master, here is a scurvy fellow who has his ear cocked for the purpose of stealing our tunes; whereupon the pipes left off with a kind of snarl that had nothing at all pastoral or idyllic about it. The piper was on his way to a wedding and a christening in the neighbouring village. He was rehearsing for his performances. It was not difficult to set him going again. Well, he was not Pan, Orpheus, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Virorum. He was a common piper, and yet the music he made amongst the rocks and trees sounded still far more sympathetically than I imagine the music of the best trained orchestra would. I, for I was the eavesdropping angler, dislodged the goat and sat thus some distance from the player. The tunes are all supposed to be cheerful. "The Foxhunter's Jig," listen to that for merriment! The tallyho, tallyho! quite plain on the tenor notes, the hound-music and its echoes, the call of the horn, the death of the *modereen ruadh*, and through it always the dance itself, to which these mimetic references are only asides, garnish. I encore the "The Foxhunter's Jig," and my ancient bard pumps away at it again with such renewed spirit that if he doesn't move the rocks he makes them speak, for they repeat many of the wild cadences, the dog gives an awakened bark of approval, and from behind a doomed shrub peers the big astonished eyes of the goat with his beard and horns, the very picture of a faun! And so again we join the chase, and do double shuffle in the jig besides, and then an end of the Foxhunter business, and we start with "Nora Creina." Nora Creina is not as successful a hit. The musician employs his chanter with bad effect. "Oh my Nora Creina, dear," and similar affectionate passages, are not well translated into orchestral form when the phrase is expressed in hoarse asthmatic tones. You perceive I am candid as to the bagpipes, and no enthusiast about them when the measure of their function and capacity has been exceeded. And now we shall take our leave of the type of piper we have been describing, and sight one from another point of view.

There be pipers and pipers. There are fellows who could give the vagrant armed with the hurdy-gurdy or the leader of a street German band lessons on discord. These offensive pipers —Scotch, or Irish, or Italian—disgrace their craft, which is so ancient that, according to a Celtic legend, one of the fraternity had the honour of playing before Moses. The tradition is embodied to this day in a current form of Irish imprecation. A medal has been found of the Nero period with a representation of a bagpipe in the obverse, from whence it has been reasonably enough conjectured, that when the amiable Roman monarch desired to express his delight at the burning of his city and the roasting of his subjects, he did not employ the violin for that purpose, but poured out the joy of his soul through the *cornamusa*. The instrument, in some shape or other, turns up in every quarter of the globe. It was known in Greece as the *askaulos*, in Germany it is to be recognized as the *sacpfeiff*, in Norway *jockpipe*, in Italy *cornamusa pira* and *zampogua*, in France as the *musette*, in Wales the *piban*, in Lapland the *valpipe*, in Finland the *pilai*, in Persia the *nei aubana*, and in Arab-Egypt the *zoughara*. Sir Robert Stewart of Dublin, in a most interesting course of lectures on the "Bagpipes of Scotland and Ireland," gives these details and much more. He claimed superiority for the latter on account of superior sweetness of tone and its more extensive range. The Irish pipe, he said, possessed a perfect chromatic scale of twenty-five notes (C to C) upon the chanter. It also had three drone basses, violincello C, tenor C, and C below the treble clef. The Scotch pipe had but two drones, A and A, no tenor, and an odd scale of nine notes only consisting of G flat (the G clef note) and above, the eight notes of the scale of A major rather imperfect. Sir Robert was so far unfair to the Scotch instrument that he did not remind his hearers that, while it remains almost in its primitive form, the Irish bagpipe, which he compared with it, is almost a modern instrument. In its original form it had nothing like the range of capabilities which now enables Mr. Bohun to perform on it not only the "Humours of Ballynahinch," "Shaun Dheerig Lanagh," "Paddy Carroll," the "Foxhunter's Jig," and the "Blackbird," but such serious productions as Corentino's song from Dinorah, and Bach's Pastorale in F major. Look for instance at the piper whose picture Sir David Wilkie painted. He certainly is not provided with an instrument which would enable him to attack such a piece as the Pastorale. And yet, I warrant, in his time he made hearts now at

rest beat the quicker for his skill, and faces of old and young light up with harmless pleasure and enjoyment. For he is none of your common street performers. His head has a splendid intellectual contour, and his countenance, rugged though it is, is full of a calm settled spirit of humour, with just that *over*much expression of sensibility, a readiness to quiver and to kindle, which the representative face of a musician ought to have. He is just as ready to play you as sad a tune as "Silence O Moyle" as he is to strike up "Garry Owen," or that fantastic "Rory O'More," which always *sounds* to me like the tossing of the heads of wild flowers in the wind on the side of a particular hill in Munster. Wilkie's piper would scorn to drive you into frenzy like his degenerate imitator of the kerbstone. He was asked, in the good old time, to the house of his honour the squire, where, if he did not sit down with the family, he was respectfully cared for and cheerfully welcomed by the host himself after dinner, and furnished with a jorum of punch, in the consumption of which the squire bore him company. And when the mild potation was over a servant brought in the pipes, and the children were silent; and without any hint as to the exact thing wanted our piper, rambling over the keys a little, brings into the room at his will a dear plaintive air, wandering and wild, and low and loud and irregular, and yet full of meaning; and the squire and his good dame look at each other and remember when this same piper played the same tune how many many years ago, when they were younger than they are! It is all there, the romance of youth and love, in the piper's performance. And his honour when the tune closes takes a moment to clear his throat before he thanks the piper, who has, however, to amuse the youngsters, suddenly dashed into the "Cows amongst the Barley," or some other piece of imitative musical whim for which he is famous. Later on in the evening a dance will be got up—not amongst the servants mind you, *our* piper plays for the gentle folk; and what band of Tinney, Strauss, or Godfrey could equal for heel-powder the rapid rattling articulations of our instrument? Pipers of this quality have disappeared. The Irish gentry who encouraged them and welcomed them have gone also. But in Wilkie's picture we have fixed for ever something more than the likeness of an individual of the class; the portrait, without being idealized to a point of improbability, has still a typical expression, thoroughly Celtic and Irish, in its readiness to respond to the most diverse moods of emotion and sentiment.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

"*Open your mouth and shut your eyes*"—
Three little Maidens were saying—
"*And see what God sends you!*" little they thought
He listened while they were playing!
So little we guess that a light light word
At times may be more than praying.

"I," said Kate with the merry blue eyes,
"*Would have lots of frolic and folly;*"
"I," said Ciss with the bonny brown hair,
"*Would have life always smiling and jolly:*"
"*And I would have just what our Father may send,*"
Said lovable little pale Polly.

Life came for the two, with sweetnesses new
Each morning in gloss and in glister.
But our Father above, in a gush of great love,
Caught up little Polly and kissed her.
And the churchyard nestled another wee grave:
The angels another wee sister.

THE PIPER OF MUCKLEBROWST.

[Richard Thomson, born 1795; died 2d January, 1865. He was for more than thirty years librarian of the London Institute. His chief works are: *The Book of Life*, a Bibliographical Melody; *Chronicles of London Bridge; Illustrations of British History; Tales of an Antiquary*, chiefly illustrative of London, &c. He also wrote various sketches and tales for the annuals and magazines.]

——"He was a stout carle for the nones,
Full big he was of brawn, and eke of bones;
A baggepipe well could he blow and soune."
CHAUCER.

About a century since, in the last "rugging and riving days" of Scotland, before the modern march of intellect had so completely routed the wonderful arts of magic and witchcraft as to leave neither witch nor conjuror in all the broad lands of Britain, there lived a noted fellow called RORY BLARE, who filled the office of town-piper to the prosperous fishing port of Mucklebrowst. He always affirmed his family to be of high antiquity, and as he was disclaimed by the Blairs of that Ilk, and the Blairs of Balthayock, and the Blairs of Lethendie, and the Blairs of Overdurdy, and, in short, by all the other Blairs, he set up at once to be the head of the Blares of Bletherit and Skirlawa', which have furnished Scotland with pipers ever since it was a country. In the course of his life Rory had performed the

various parts of fisherman, sailor, soldier, and pedlar, none of which professions are peculiarly likely to teach a man temperance; and having procured his discharge in consequence of a wound in his head, which carried away a small fraction of his brain-pan, about the sober age of fifty-seven he settled down into a roistering and carousing town-piper. As he had a good deal of those rambling, mischief-loving, satirical characters, called in Scotland *hallen-shakers* and *blether-skytes*, and his strangest tricks were played, and his fun was ever the most furious when the malt was over the meal, all who knew him declared that "he certainly had a bee in his bonnet, puir man! ever sin' he gat that sair paik on his pow in the wars." Rory himself, however, was wont to assert that "he was as gude a man as ever;" which, perhaps, might be true in one sense, as he never was very celebrated for either his prudence or his sobriety.

So much for his person and character; and for his talents as a piper, he could most merrily "blaw up the chanter," as the old song says, with some skill and "richt gude will," untired, even through a long night of active dancing and loud carousal; which, with his mirth and bold demeanour, made him a special favourite throughout Mucklebrowst and its vicinity. Without at all underrating his own knowledge of music, he was fond of attributing some part of his popularity to his instrument, which, he was accustomed to relate, had been found in one of the holy wells of St. Fillan, in Perthshire; thereby inheriting a finer tone and easier breath than any mere mortal pipes could ever boast of, beside the power of resisting all kinds of glamour or witchcraft. The truth of this was never rightly known, though it was whispered that, if the pipes had belonged even to St. Fillan himself, Rory Blare had employed them so differently, that if they ever possessed any virtue it had long since departed.

As the worthy town-piper was always ready to be foremost in any kind of sport, or to bestow his counsel in any case of courtship, marriage, or witchcraft, which occupied the gossips,—that is to say, all the inhabitants of Mucklebrowst—he was everywhere welcome. But, though he distributed his patronage pretty equally, he appeared to be most merry, and to make himself most at home at the Maggie Lauder's Head, a little *public* kept by one Bauldie Quech, whose jovial and careless disposition matched exactly with his own. They would frequently sit till "the sma' hours," driving away time by glass after glass, rant after rant, and song after song, until the decease of Katie Quech, Bauldie's contentious spouse; when, though all expected to see him take a younger and more agreeable partner, and had even settled who it was to be, he suddenly sank into a dismal and melancholy mood, under the influence of which he drank twice as much as before, though he never laughed at all. Rory Blare, however, did not desert his old companion; for indeed the warmth of his friendship very frequently led him to sit piping and drinking with him throughout the whole night; and one dark and windy evening in autumn they were thus engaged, with a single sedate-looking stranger habited in pale gray, who had come in about night-fall.

"Hout, tout, man!" exclaimed Rory, finding that even St. Fillan's blessed pipes had no effect upon his host, "ye're unco hard to please, I trow; and yet yere lugs used to ken whan they heard gude music: but I daur say the deil's cussen his cloak owre ye, as King Jamie said o' his bairn. Ye'll no think now, honest frien'" continued he, addressing himself to the guest, "that the gudeman was ance ane o' the merriest men o' Mucklebrowst, though ever sin' Luckie Quech died he's no had a word for a dog, let alone a blythe lad or a bonnie lassie."

"Let him look for another Luckie, then, and the sooner the better," answered the stranger, "take heart, man, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"And that's true too, though the deil himsel' spak it," rejoined the piper, "I'm thinkin', Bauldie, that I'll hae to play 'Fy, let us a' to the bridal,' before ye yet. And wha shall it be, gudeman? wha shall it be? for ye ken there's a hantle o' bonnie lassies in Mucklebrowst, to speak naething o' them o' Leven, or the limmers o' Largo. But ye'll look to the tocher, billie, and see that the lass has a quick lug for the music, and a light fit for the dance."

"They may hae what they will for me," at length answered the host, with a deep sigh, "and they may be as bonnie as they will for me; but they can nane o' them be either less or mair to me."

"Think again, friend," said the guest, "and you will think better of it, for I've often known as broken a ship come to land. What say ye now to Sibbie Carloups, of Gouks-haven, with golden hair on her head, and gold coin in her pouch; I promise you now, that she'd be the girl for me."

"She was no that unsonsie a lassie, but she was nae muckle better than wud, or a witch, when she leevet there," returned the piper,

"but that's fu' twenty years agone, for she suddenly gaed awa' and no ane kenned where, though folk said she went mad, or was carried awa' to be the deil's jo, some gate about Forfar or Glammis."

"It's a' true!" exclaimed Bauldie Quech, in voice of great distress, "it's an ower true tale, as I ken fu' weel, and fu' sadly, though I didna think to hae tauld what I ken o't to ony ane but the minister: but Rory, ye're a fearless and lang-headed chiel at a hard pass, and as ever ye did gude to a puir body at their wits' ends, ye maun e'en help me now."

"Say awa' then wi' yere story, neebor," returned the piper, "and if it be in the skeel o' man, and I dinna stand by you, may the deil burst the bag o' my pipes, and split the drone and chanter!"

"Weel, weel," answered the host, with more composure, "I'm no misdoubting ye, though I trow it's past your art; but at ony rate it will gie some ease to my mind; so I'll e'en mak a clean breast, and tell ye a' about it. About twenty years back, as ye said, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie, and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel'; and as we foregathered thegither mair than ance, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxpence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-haven, she was departed."

"And did you no follow her, man?" demanded Rory Blare, "ye suld hae followed her ower land and lea till ye met again; I'se warrant she wadna hae 'scaped me like the blink o' a sunbeam."

"I did follow her," said Bauldie Quech, "and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and speir'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to show. Weel, I cam back to Mucklebrowst, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links, o' St. Monan's; and then, as ye ken, she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, man, wad ye think it, she hadna been gane a week or mair, when an auld, ill-fa'ard, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! 'And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?' says I, when I could speak for wonder, and some little o' fear; 'Troth, lad,' said she, 'I canna just tell ye where I hae been; a frien' o' mine has taken me to see the warl', and made me gay rich, but ye see I dinna forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit when ye will.' 'Marry thee!' thought I, 'I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!' But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to come ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. 'Oh, ho! Luckie!' thought I again, 'it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing then for me:' so I drew me back a wee, and then said bauldly, 'I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer; folk say ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes' sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and begone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you.'—'Aha, billie,' then said the auld carline, 'there are twa words to that; if ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying ony body without my leave, and may be do a little mair; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion.' To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay haud on her,—when, fizz! she was gane like the whup o' a whirlwin', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the deil had carried her! And after a' I haena done wi' the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence; but when I gae out I can tak haud o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare. And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say, than that I wad gae half my gudes to onybody wha wad get me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be brunt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar."

"Baith o' whilk I wad do blithely," said the piper, "gin ye could tell me where I could find the witch-carline; for I wadna think muckle o' meeting her and her haill clanjamfray wi' St. Fillan's pipes; I trow I'd gae them sic music as they ne'er dancit to before."

"Waes me! then," exclaimed Bauldie Quech in reply, "for there's nae finding a witch against her will; sae there's nae help for me in this warld."

"But there may be some in another," said the stranger-guest, "and I think I can show

it, if your piper-friend be only as stout and fearless as he seems; I promise you that his success is certain, and that the only danger will be in shrinking back when the work is begun."

"Deil doubt me then," said Rory, "there's my thumb on't: and ye ken I'm no vera sune daunted."

"Then," answered the stranger, "the sooner you set out the better, since you may have a long journey before you; so mount my horse, for he knows the way you're going; ride out of the town towards Glammis, and you will meet a number of persons, with whom Sibbie Carloups will certainly be. Ask them for Gossip Paddock; and say to her, that you come from Melchior the comptroller, who commands her to give up Bauldie Quech's token; but take heed that you have no other intercouse with them, and, above all, that you bring nothing else away with you."

With these instructions and his blessed pipes Rory Blare departed, followed by the anxious hopes and good wishes of the host. He was nothing dismayed at the cheerless appearance of the night, which was overclouded; whilst a violent storm of wind roared round him, seeming as if it raged purposely to impede his progress. He rode on at a rapid pace; but the way looked wilder and more lonely than usual, no person appearing of whom he might make his mystic inquiries. The features, too, of that well-known road seemed altogether altered, since the piper missed the little towns and change-houses with which he knew it to be studded; though he failed not to recognize, with increased terror, the spots which had been rendered famous by any fearful circumstances. At length, however, he entered a deep and spacious glen, covered with dark heather, which was wholly unknown to him; so that he was now assured that he had missed his way altogether.

As the wind still continued to blow furiously, and the rain to fall with violence between the gusts, Rory Blare was rejoiced to see the dim outline of a building appear in the glen before him, one part of which was glowing with lights, and resounding with the loudest notes of merriment. He made up to it, if it were only in the hope of getting some information of his way and a temporary shelter; and arriving at a little stone portal, which was half open, beneath the lighted chambers, he rang, and knocked, and shouted for some time, without procuring any reply. Alighting from the stranger's horse, therefore, and fastening him to the door, he went in and ascended a flight of narrow winding stairs, which terminated in a suite of state-chambers, decorated in the style, however, of three centuries before. The room which he first entered was richly illuminated, and in the centre appeared a table, round which several tall powerful men were seated, playing at cards. They were all habited in the most costly and antique dresses; for there were pall and velvet, steel armour and two-handed swords, and robes of ermine and minever. They swore and stamped at each other, raged and shouted in the most fearful manner, as they won or lost the broad gold pieces which lay on the table before them; but the most furious of all was one old hard-featured baron who sat at the head of the chamber, distinguished from the rest by an immensely long beard. He lost much and repeatedly, tore the cards and dashed his clenched hands passionately on the board, then called for wine, and again engaged in the game, swearing in the wildest manner that he would play on till doomsday.

The terrific features of this scene made even the piper desirous of exchanging it for the stormy night and dark glen without; but upon looking round for the door by which he entered, he found that it had closed, and was covered by hangings similar to the rest of the room, so that it could nowhere be seen. Whilst he was gazing about him for some other passage, he was accosted by the long-bearded nobleman, who demanded of him in a thundering tone "what he wanted, and who sent him there?" Rory felt his blood rather chilled whilst he answered that he had missed his way to Glammis, on the road to which one Master Melchior the comptroller had sent him to inquire for Gossip Paddock, to recover a token from her.

"The fiend take Melchior the comptroller!" exclaimed the ancient baron, "he'll ruin the trade of us a', if he gae on at this rate. And what base carle are ye, whom he has sent on sic a fule's errand?"

"I'm Rory Blare, the town-piper o' Mucklebrowst, if it like your honour," was the reply; "I hae the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan wi' me, and I'll gie ye ane of the Saunt's ain sangs by which he drave awa' the deil on the chanter, an ye wad like to listen till it."

There was something in this proposal not very pleasing to the long-bearded baron, since he ground his teeth and grinned fearfully upon the piper, and roared out fiercely to Nickie Dellstyke to take the canting dog down to the revel in the court-yard, and show him where Cummer Paddock hung her curch whilst she danced. Rory Blare followed the servitor through several winding passages, into what

seemed to him a churchyard, surrounded by a ruined cloister, and part of an ancient chapel, with a running stream forming the lower boundary. Both the building itself, which appeared to be illuminated, and the grassy cemetery, were crowded with a host of females, young and old, fair and foul, dancing furiously to the sound of the deepest and shrillest pipes Rory had ever heard. The tune in general was a loud and continued rant, held on in the same clamorous key, though it often swelled suddenly into a positive howl of wild merriment, increased by the shouts and shrieks of enraptured dancers; which, however, sounded in the piper's ears more like cries of pain than those hearty halloos of pleasure which distinguish the native dances of Scotland.

Rory's guide stopped at a whin-bush beside a fallen column, and pointing to a dark-coloured hood hanging upon it, directed the piper to seize it, and when the owner came up to make his own terms for its restoration, since she would never be able to quit that place without it. He had scarcely laid hold of it, and thrust it into his bosom under the Saint's pipes, when a woman, bent almost double, and with features nearly resembling those of a toad, came up to him, and in a whining flattering voice entreated him to give it back; adding, that she would give him many gifts, and specially teach him to play as never piper played before. All her entreaties, however, availing nothing until she produced Bauldie Quech's troth-pledge, the witch in a rage flung the broken coin upon the ground, exclaiming, "There, you suspicious tyke, will ye no gie me my curch now?"

"Let's see if a' be right first, Luckie," answered the invincible piper, "all's not gowd that glitters, ye ken;" and having taken the pledge from the ground, and satisfied himself that there was no deception, he thrust it into his breast, and approaching the running stream, drew out the witch's hood and hurled it in, saying, "There, cummer, as the gudeman at Mucklebrowst wants nae mair o' yere visits, we'll e'en tak awa' yere power o' making them!"

The witch gave a wild shriek as she saw her magic curch sink down, with a dark flash of fire, in a place where she had no power to follow it; knowing also that the loss of it involved her own instant destruction. A loud shout of exultation immediately arose from the wizard crowd, which came pouring down and whirled away the unfortunate Sibbie Carloups, after which she was never more seen on earth.

The music then changed to a brisk and sprightly tune, still frequently played in Scotland, though formerly condemned as an unhallowed spring—called "Whistle o'er the lave o't." This was a strain in which Rory was considered to have extraordinary skill; and being animated by the well-known notes, and elated by his recent victory, he at once forgot his hazardous situation and the saintly character of his pipes; and leaping up on the broken pillar he cried out, "Lilt awa'! cummers, lilt awa'! yon birkie blaws the chanter unco weel; but I'd play that spring wi' Auld Clootie himsel, sae here goes till ye;" but with the very first notes the bag of his instrument suddenly burst, and the pipes split from top to bottom! "Deil's in't!" exclaimed the alarmed Rory Blare, "if there's no an end o' the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan! God hae us in his keeping! what are we to do now?"—but scarcely had he uttered the holy name when the whole scene was swept off in a howling whirlwind, and he saw no more till he found himself, at daybreak, lying with the broken pipes and the love-token, under the ancient walls of Glammis Castle, upwards of thirty miles distant from Mucklebrowst.

Having made the best of his way back to Bauldie Quech, he found him quite another man, and joyfully preparing for his marriage with Janet Blythegilpie, of the East Green, it being already known that Sibbie Carloups had been carried away in a fearful storm of wind, on Hallowe'en, at midnight; which the piper's story and the production of the broken sixpence were supposed entirely to confirm. It was never very clearly made out how long Rory Blare had been gone, where he had been, or who was the stranger by whose advice he went; for, whilst the piper affirmed that he was absent but a single night, all Mucklebrowst declared that his office had been vacant for a week; and that he was certainly away at the fearful season of Hallowe'en. As to the second point, it was agreed that he had wandered to Forfar, or Glammis Castle, or perhaps had a drunken vision in the ruins of Restennet Priory. The howling of the wind through the arches, and his imagination, familiar with the superstitions of those places, might have supplied the witches, music, and revelry; together with the revelation of that secret chamber, wherein Alexander, surnamed Beardie, third Earl of Crawford, is supposed to be playing at cards until the day of judgment. And lastly, the person by whose counsel he went on the journey was very generally considered to be a famous white wizard, or benevolent magician, who used his art to counteract the powers of darkness.

Bauldie Quech became a person of consequence in Mucklebrowst, being made treasurer; and his name yet lives in its traditions for having kept the municipal moneys in a manner worthy of the most primitive ages of the world. His depositories were nothing less than two large jack-boots, which hung beside his fireplace; into one of which he threw all sums received, and into the other all his vouchers for payments. At the end of the year both were emptied and a balance struck, though it is reported that, as there was some deficiency in the debtor-boot, it was thought more prudent to transfer the trust to other hands; notwithstanding which, the ex-treasurer always asserted that it was the best way possible of keeping the accounts, since every one in his dwelling was of indubitable honesty, and "it saved a wheen hantle o' perplexing buiks and skarts o' writing." The good town also gave Rory Blare a new stand of pipes, by the first maker of his time, but they were never thought to be equal to those of St. Fillan; and to his dying hour he could never be prevailed upon to play the 'witching tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.[1]

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature gathering, seems to crown;
Then of cathedral, with its priestly height,
Seen from below, at superstitious night;
Of ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless, subterraneous deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men;
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
Brute force and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.—

I've thought of all this pride and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks, by the fire-light,
Me and my friends here this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise;
The battle, to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun,
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her many million-starred deeps;
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace, beyond whate'er was spoken.

[1] See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 341. In his *Sketches of Poetical Literature*, D. M. Moir said: "With acute powers of conception, a sparkling and lively fancy, and a quaintly-curious felicity of diction, the grand characteristic of Leigh Hunt's poetry is word-painting; and in this he is probably without a rival save in the last and best productions of Keats." An American critic, H. T. Tuckerman, says: "In the outset of his career his ambition was to excel as a bard. His principal success, however, seems to be in a certain vein of essay-writing, in which fancy and familiarity are delightfully combined. Still he has woven many rhymes that are not only sweet and cheerful, but possess a peculiar grace and merit of their own, besides illustrating some capital ideas relative to poetical diction and influence."

PETER KLAUS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.[1]

Peter Klaus was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen Mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped

[1] This legend will be interesting to the admirers of Washington Irving, as the source of his amusing story Rip Van Winkle.—*See Casquet*, vol i. page 69.

through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on everything with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people whom he met before the village were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him; and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The by-standers looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognized his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!" "And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen Mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—welcome after twenty years!"

THE LUPRACAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

(A RHYME FOR THE CHILDREN.)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
  Up on the lonely rath's[1] green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird[2]
  Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?
  "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
    Tick-a-tack-too!
  Scarlet leather sewn together,
    This will make a shoe.
  Left, right, pull it tight;
    Summer days are warm;
  Underground in winter,
    Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour—
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lupracaun singing shrill
  As he merrily plies his trade?
    He's a span
    And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
    And you're a made
      Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
  How would you like to roll in your carriage,
  Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!
  "Big boots a-hunting,
    Sandals in the hall,
  White for a wedding-feast,
    Pink for a ball.
  This way, that way,
    So we make a shoe;
  Getting rich every stich,
    Tick-tack-too!"
Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
  And where the cormorants build;
    From times of old
    Guarded by him;
    Each of them fill'd
    Full to the brim
      With gold!

I caught him at work one day, myself,
  In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded elf,
  Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
  Silver buckles to his hose,
  Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
    "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
      Tack-tack-too!
  (A grig skipp'd upon my cap,
    Away the moth flew)
  Buskins for a fairy prince,
    Brogues for his son,—
  Pay me well, pay me well,
    When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt;
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph," says he,
  And pull'd a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
  The queer little Lupracaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
    And, while I sneezed,
      Was gone!

—From *Fifty Modern Poems.*

[1] "Rath," ancient earthen fort.

[2] "Yellow bird," the yellow-bunting or *yorlin*.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

[Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., born in Boston, 17th January, 1706; died in Philadelphia, 17th April, 1790. Statesman, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer. Lord Brougham said that Franklin's name, "in one point of view, must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrated the eighteenth century." In statesmanship and philosophy he was equally distinguished, "and his efforts in each were sufficient to have made him greatly famous had he done nothing in the other." He was the youngest but two of seventeen children. He began his active career as a printer; he became President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and in 1787 sat with Washington in the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. His experiments proved that lightning and electricity are the same; he wrote numerous political, historical, scientific, and moral essays; he founded the institution which subsequently became the University of Pennsylvania, and he established various useful periodicals—amongst which was *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The following was one of his most successful popular essays; it was read by everybody, but of late it has been somewhat overlooked.]

Courteous reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being

come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth like rust, consumes faster than labour wears; while the used key is always bright' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that 'There will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;' and 'He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;' while 'Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;' and 'Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands;' or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones;' and 'By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou are not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.'

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

> "'I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be.'

And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' And again,

> "'He that by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for 'In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable; for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.'

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and

> "'Many estates are spent in the getting.
> Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
> And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

> "'Women and wine, game and deceit,
> Make the wealth small and the want great.'

And further, 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the *Almanac.* Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths;
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With akirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leafits are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily,
On blos'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends, farewell!

TO A SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

FROM AN OLD WOMAN.

[Justus Möser, born at Osnabrück, 1720; died 8th January, 1794. He studied law at Jena and Göttingen, and held various important appointments under government. His short essays upon social subjects, and his zeal for the improvement of the condition of the poor, obtained for him the title of the Franklin of Germany.]

You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labour and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labour and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased; your reciprocal position—but by no means his love, as you imagine—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not like him to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you, in livelier colours than ever, those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion; that he would lead your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do; the best husband is also the

most useful and active member of society; and when love no longer demands toil and trouble, when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last, when success has lost something of its value, along with its novelty, the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly, by the silver brook or under the beech-tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. "The joy with which you receive me," said he, "does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look; I see what you want—that I would sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of the church-steeple on a rope-ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are passed and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What has once been sacrificed to my self-love ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery, and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I used all the virtues I possessed as steps by which to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher."

Little as I relished the notion of the church-tower, or the honour of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which came within my department; and when we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals, whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on the correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by having mind of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber, and my hand makes as good a figure in our cash-book as his; we are accustomed to the same order, we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one rule in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with ennui, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noontide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently awaited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy; or have been compelled to find refuge at the card-table—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment yourself and your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times, and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

I still sometimes sing to my little grandchildren, when they come to see me, a song which, in the days when his love had still to contend with all sorts of obstacles, used to throw him into raptures; and when the little ones cry, "Ancora! ancora! grandmamma," his eyes fill with tears of joy. I asked him once whether he would not now think it too dangerous to bring me down a rope-ladder from the top of the church-steeple, upon which he called out as vehemently as the children, "O, ancora! grandmamma, ancora!"

P.S.—One thing, my dear child, I forgot. It seems to me that you trust too entirely to

your good cause and your good heart (perhaps, too, a little to your blue eyes), and do not deign to try to attract your husband anew.

I fancy you are at home, just as you were a week ago, in society, at our excellent G——'s, where I found you as stiff and silent as if you had met only to tire each other to death. Did you not observe how soon I set the whole company in motion? This was merely by a few words addressed to each on the subject I thought most agreeable or most flattering to him. After a time the others began to feel more happy and at their ease, and we parted in high spirits and good humour.

What I did there I do daily at home. I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers we see, full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

SIR THOMAS WYAT (1503–1541).

OH, OPEN THE DOOR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

LORD GREGORY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may not be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

CHILDREN.

[Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, born 21st March, 1763, at Wonsiedel, Baireuth; died 14th November, 1825. Carlyle says of him, that with "his hundred real and ten thousand seeming faults," he possessed the "spirit of a true poet and philosopher. A poet, and among the highest of his time we must reckon him, though he wrote no verses; a philosopher, though he promulgated no systems; for, on the whole, that 'divine idea of the world' stood in clear ethereal light before his mind; he recognized the Invisible, even under the mean forms of these days, and with a high strong not uninspired heart, strove to represent it in the Visible, and publish tidings of it to his fellow-man." He wrote numerous miscellaneous papers, and many novels which would be more appropriately designated studies of life. His chief works are: *Greenland Law-suits*—"a collection of satirical sketches full of wild gay wit and keen insight"—*Selections from the Papers of the Devil; Invisible Lodge; Hesperus; Titan; Wild Oats* (Flegeljahre); *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces; Life of Quintus Fixlein; Parson in Jubilee; Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess; Fibel's Life; Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath; Schmelzles' Journey to Flätz; The Comet*, or *Nicholaus Margraf; Autobiography*, &c]

The inner man, like the negro, is born white, but is coloured black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the earth is by a flitting comet; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years; and as, according to ancient theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves, in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life.

HOW CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP.

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child. Signal calamity, rare success, a great crime, a noble action, are the spots upon which to erect the child's tabernacle of worship.

Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. These will extend to them, unveiling at length the object by which they are excited, though at the beginning they are awe-struck with you, not knowing wherefore. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus became, without words, a teacher of religion to children.

Instead of carrying children frequently to public worship, I should prefer simply to conduct them upon great days in nature or in human life into the empty church, and there show them the holy place of adults. To this I might add twilight, night, the organ, the hymn, the priest, exhortation; and so by a mere walk through the building, a more serious impression might remain in their young hearts than after a whole year of common church routine. Let every hour in which their hearts are consecrated to religion, be to them as absorbing as that in which they partake for the first time of the Lord's Supper.

Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the road-side —the same as to the ancient Druidical oak of his ancestors. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men, as different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE SENSES.

Who has not felt with me, that frequently a rural nosegay, which was our delight when we were children in the village, through its old fragrance produces for us in cities, in the advanced years of manhood, an indescribably rapturous return to godlike childhood, and like a flowery divinity wafts us upward to the first encircling aurora-cloud of our earliest obscure sensations. But could such a remembrance so forcibly surprise us, were not the child's perception of flowers most powerful and interior?

JOYOUSNESS.

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold—Cupid in a German coffin—or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.

TOYS.

You need not surround your children, like those of the nobility, with a little world of turner's toys. Let their eggs be white, not

figured and painted; they can dress them out of their own imaginations. On the contrary, the older man grows, the larger reality appears. The fields which glisten for the young with the morning dew of love's brightness, chill the gray, half-blind old man with heavy evening damps, and at last he requires an entire world, even the second, barely to live in.

TRUTH.

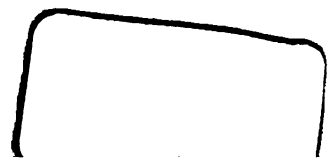
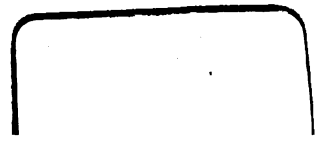
Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength. The weak, whether they will or not, must lie. As respects children, for the first five years they utter neither truth nor falsehood—they only speak. Their talk is thinking aloud; and as one half of their thought is often an affirmative, and the other a negative, and, unlike us, both escape from them, they seem to lie, while they are only talking with themselves. Besides, at first they love to sport with their new art of speech; and so talk nonsense merely to hear themselves. Often they do not understand your question, and give an erroneous, rather than a false reply. We may ask, besides, whether, when children seem to imagine and falsify, they are not often relating their remembered dreams, which necessarily blend in them with actual experience.

Children everywhere fly on the warm, sunny side of hope. They say, when the bird or the dog has escaped from them, without any reason for the expectation—"he will come back again soon." And since they are incapable of distinguishing hope, that is, imagination, from reflection or truth, their self-delusion consequently assumes the appearance of falsehood. For instance, a truthful little girl described to me various appearances of a Christ-child, telling what it had said and done. In all those cases in which we do not desire to mirror before the child the black image of a lie, it is sufficient to say, "Be sober, have done with play."

Finally, we must distinguish between untruths relating to the future and the past. We do not attribute to a grown man who breaks his word in reference to some future performance, that blackness of perjury which we charge on him who falsifies what has been already done; so with children, before whose brief vision time, like space, is immeasurable, and who are as unable to look through a day, as we through a year, we should widely separate untruthfulness of promise from untruthfulness of assertion. Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course, it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

REVERENCE FOR LIFE.

Only place all life before the child as within the realm of humanity, and thus the greater reveals to him the less. Put life and soul into everything: describe to him even the lily, which he would pull up as an unorganized thing, as the daughter of a slender mother, standing in her garden-bed, from whom her little white offspring derives nutriment and moisture. And let not this be done to excite an empty enervated habit of pity, a sort of inoculation-hospital for foreign pains, but from the religious cultivation of reverence for life, the God *all-moving* in the tree-top and the human brain. The love of animals, like maternal affections, has this advantage, that it is disinterested and claims no return, and can also at every moment find an object and an opportunity for its exercise.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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